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THE PROPHET by Kahili Gibran. Alimustafa, the chosen and the beloved, who was a dawn unto his own day, had wailed twice he month of reaping, the climated the hill without the city wails and looked seaward: and no beheld his ship, coming with the mist. The he may the present the sea, and the cleesed his sey, and prayed in the selences of his soul, But as the center of the month of reaping, the climated his heart were tung open, and his gold year is a sea, and the cleesed his sey, and prayed in the selences of his soul, But as the center of the sea, and the cleest his sea, and 
give of yourself that you truly give. For what are your possessions but things you keep and guard for fear you may
less sand as he follows the pilgrims to the holy city? And what is fear of need but need itself? Is not drea
                                                                                                                                                                                                                            need them tomorrow? And tomorrow, what shall tomorrow bring to the overprudent dog burying bones in the track
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      d of thirst when your well is full, the thirst that is unquenchable? There are those who give little of the muc olesome. And there are those who have little and give it all. These are the believers in life and the b
h which they have--and they give it for recognition and their hidden desire makes their gifts unwh
ounty of life, and their coffer is never empty. There are those who give with joy, and that joy i
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        s their reward. And there are those who give with pain, and that pain is their baptism. And ther
e are those who give and know not pain in giving, nor do they seek joy, nor give with mi
e. Through the hands of such as these God speaks, and from behind their eyes He s
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              ulness of virtue; They give as in yonder valley the myrtle breathes its fragrance into spac upon the earth. It is well to give when asked, but it is better to give unasked, through
                                                                                                                                                                          ndf
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         reater than giving. And is there aught you would withhold? All you have shall so not your inheritors'. You often say, "I would give, but only to the deserving." hey may live, for to withhold is to perish. Surely he who is worthy to receiv
understanding; And to the open-handed the search for one who shall receive is
                                                                                                                                                                          joy g
and
me day be given; Therefore give now, that the season of giving may be yours
The trees in your orchard say not so, nor the flocks in your pasture. They
                                                                                                                                                                                                   hat t
                                                                                                                                                                           give 1
e his days and his nights, is worthy of all else from you. And he who ha
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      to drink from the ocean of life deserves to fill his cup from your little st
                                                                                                                                                                           s des
                                                                                                                                                                                                   ervec
ream. And what desert greater shall there be, than that which lies in t
                                                                                                                                               he co
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          the confidence, nay the charity, of receiving? And who are you that
                                                                                                                                                                           urage
                                                                                                                                                                                                    and
men should rend their bosom and unveil their pride, that you may
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            naked and their pride unabashed? See first that you yourself deser
                                                                                                                                                                          eir w
                                                                                                                                             see th
ve to be a giver, and an instrument of giving. For in truth it is life
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               -while you, who deem yourself a giver, are but a witness. And yo
                                                                                                                                                                          unto
u receivers--and you are all receivers--assume no weight of g
                                                                                                                                                        ude, les
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 yoke upon yourself and upon him who gives. Rather rise toget
                                                                                                                                                                        you l
                                                                                                                                                                                                  ay a
her with the giver on his gifts as on wings; For to be overmi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    doubt his generosity who has the freehearted earth for moth
                                                                                                                                        ndfu
                                                                                                                                                        I of your
                                                                                                                                                                                                s ito
er, and God for father. Then an old man, a keeper of an in
                                                                                                                                                        id, Spe ak to u
                                                                                                                                                                                                s of
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      Eating and Drinking_. And he said: Would that you could I
                                                                                                                                       n, sa
ve on the fragrance of the earth, and like an air plant be
                                                                                                                                                       ained by the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           But since you must kill to eat, and rob the newly born o
                                                                                                                                        sust
                                                                                                                                                                                                 light.
f its mother's milk to quench your thirst, let it then be
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           your board stand an altar on which the pure and the in
                                                                                                                                                      t of worship, A
                                                                                                                                                                                             nd let
                                                                                                                                      an ac
nocent of forest and plain are sacrificed for that whi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              cent in man. When you kill a beast say to him in you
                                                                                                                                               purer and still mor
                                                                                                                                                                                               e inno
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              med. For the law that delivered you into my hand sh
feeds the tree of heaven." And when you crush an
heart, "By the same power that slays you, I too am
                                                                                                                                              ; and I too shall be
                                                                                                                                                                                              consu
all deliver me into a mightier hand. Your blood an
                                                                                                                                  d my b lood is naught but t
                                                                                                                                                                                              p that
apple with your teeth, say to it in your heart, "Y
                                                                                                                                our see ds shall live in my bo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   s of your tomorrow shall blossom in my heart, A
                                                                                                                                                                                dv. And t
                                                                                                                                                                                               he bud
nd your fragrance shall be my breath, And tog
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     sons." And in the autumn, when you gather the
                                                                                                                                                    shall rejoice th
                                                                                                                                                                                rough all
                                                                                                                                                                                                the sea
grapes of your vineyards for the winepress,
                                                                                                                       say in you
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      nd my fruit shall be gathered for the winepress
                                                                                                                                                    r heart. "I too
                                                                                                                                                                                 am a vine yard, a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         there be in your heart a song for each cup; A
And like new wine I shall be kept in eterna
                                                                                                                    I vessels.
                                                                                                                                                       And in winte
                                                                                                                                                                                      r. when
                                                                                                                                                                                                    vou dr
                                                                                                                                                                                                                           aw the wine, let
nd let there be in the song a remembrance
                                                                                                                  for the au
                                                                                                                                                      tumn days,
                                                                                                                                                                                     for the v
                                                                                                                                                                                                    ineyard
                                                                                                                                                                                                                          , and for the winepr
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         ess. Then a ploughman said, Speak to us of
_Work_. And he answered, saying: You w
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           I of the earth. For to be idle is to become a
                                                                                                               ork that y
                                                                                                                                                                                      with the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           the sou
                                                                                                                                                                             pace
stranger unto the seasons, and to step
                                                                                                               out of lif e's p
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           mission towards the infinite. When you wo
                                                                                                                                                                           t ma
                                                                                                                                                                                   rches in majesty an
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             ud sub
rk you are a flute through whose heart
                                                                                                                                                                                  o music. Which of yo u would
                                                                                                               the whispering o
                                                                                                                                                     f the hours tur ns t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             umb and silent, when all else sings toget
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              reed. d
her in unison? Always you have been
                                                                                                              told that work is
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               you work you fulfil a part of earth's furt
                                                                                                                                                    a curse and la bou
                                                                                                                                                                                 r a misfortune. But I
                                                                                                                                                                                                                say to you
hest dream, assigned to you when th
                                                                                                             at dream was bor
                                                                                                                                                      n, And in ke epin
                                                                                                                                                                                 g yourself with labou
                                                                                                                                                                                                              r you are in
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                h lovin
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                g life, And to love life through labour is
to be intimate with life's inmost secr
                                                                                                                                            our pain call birt han
                                                                                                             et. But if you in y
                                                                                                                                                                                 affliction and the sup port of the f lesh a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  written upon your brow, then I answe
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 curse
r that naught but the sweat of your b
                                                                                                             w shall wash aw
                                                                                                                                         ay that whic h is w ritten
                                                                                                                                                                                 You have been told
                                                                                                                                                                                                               also that li fe is dark
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 ness.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  and in your weariness you echo what
was said by the weary. And I say th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  e is knowledge, And all knowledge is
                                                                                                             life is indeed
                                                                                                                                       darkness 'sav e wh en the
                                                                                                                                                                              re is urge, And all ur
                                                                                                                                                                                                                 ge is b lind save w
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 hen the
vain save when there is work, And
                                                                                                                                                                              love; And when yo u work with love y ou bind
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     yourself, and to one another, and to
                                                                                                             I work is e
                                                                                                                                   mpty save when
                                                                                                                                                             t here is
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 vourself
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         to
God. And what is it to work with I
                                                                                                            ? It is to
                                                                                                                           weave the cloth wit
                                                                                                                                                          h threads
                                                                                                                                                                             drawn from your he art, even as if your
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    beloved were to w
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     that cloth. It is to build a house wit
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        ear
                                                                                                                       well in that h
h affection, even as if your belove
                                                                                                                                                     ouse. It is to
                                                                                                                                                                            sow seeds with ten derness and reap
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   the harvest with joy,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     n as if your beloved were to eat the
                                                                                                           ere to d
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        eve
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       watching. Often have I heard you
fruit. It is to charge all things you
                                                                                                    hio n with a breath of your own spirit, And t
                                                                                                                                                                            o know that all th
                                                                                                                                                                                                       e blessed dead ar
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  e standing about you
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        and
                                                                                                 wor ks in m arble, and finds the shape of h
say, as if speaking in sleep, "He
                                                                      who
                                                                                                                                                                            is own soul in th
                                                                                                                                                                                                       e stone, is nobler
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    than he who plough
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       oil. And he who seizes the rainbo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        he s
                                                                                                                                                                                                       But I say, not in s
w to lay it on a cloth in the likene
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       ss of noontide, that the wind spe
                                                                                           an, is m ore tha n he who makes the sanda
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   leep but in the overw
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        fulne
aks not more sweetly to the gia
                                                                nt o aks t
                                                                                       han to the least of all the blades of gra
                                                                                                                                                                        ss; And he alon
                                                                                                                                                                                                      e is great who tur
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   ns the voice of the w
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            ind i
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         song made sweeter by his own
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        nto a
                                                                                                                                                                                                       is better that yo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       k and
oving. Work is love made visibl
                                                                e. A nd if
                                                                                                   nnot wor k with love but only
                                                                                                                                                                        with distaste, it
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    u should leave you
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          sit at the gate of the temple and
                                                                                      you ca
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            r wor
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          if you grudge the crushing of th
                                                                                     r if you
take alms of those who work w
                                                                ith jo y. Fo
                                                                                                    bake bre ad with indifference
                                                                                                                                                                      , you bake a bitte
                                                                                                                                                                                                       r bread that feed
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     s but half man's h
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            unge
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         And
                                                                 pois on in
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          oices of the day and the voices
e grapes, your grudge distils a
                                                                                     the wi
                                                                                                     ne. And if you sing though
                                                                                                                                                                 as angels, and love
                                                                                                                                                                                                       not the singing, y
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      ou muffle man's e
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             ars to
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        the v
of the night. Then a woman sa
                                                                id, Sp
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       ked. And the self
                                                                         eak
                                                                                    to us of _Jo y and
                                                                                                                Sorrow_. And he a
                                                                                                                                                            nswered: Your joy is yo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        well f
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          om which your laughter rises w
                                                                                                                                                                                                       ur sorrow unmas
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             same
as oftentimes filled with your
                                                                tears. And
                                                                                    how else can
                                                                                                       it be
                                                                                                                ? The deeper tha
                                                                                                                                                        t sorrow carves into your
                                                                                                                                                                                                        being, the more
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        joy you can con
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              in. Is
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        not th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          e cup that holds your wine the
very cup that was burned in t
                                                                he pott er's
                                                                                     oven? And
                                                                                                         is n ot the lute that s
                                                                                                                                                oot hes your
                                                                                                                                                                       spirit, the very
                                                                                                                                                                                                          wood that was
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         hollowed with k
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       niv
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             es?
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      When y
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           ou are joyous, look deep into y
                                                                                   at which has gi our delight. So
our heart and you shall find i
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            you shall see that in truth you
                                                                t is onl y th
                                                                                                               ven you sorrow th
                                                                                                                                               at is
                                                                                                                                                       givin
                                                                                                                                                                    g you joy. Whe
                                                                                                                                                                                                       n you are sorrow
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         ful look again in
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        yo ur he art, and
                                                                                                                                    Jo
                                                                                                                                                                ter than sorrow,'
are weeping for that which h
                                                                as bee in y
                                                                                                             me of you say, "
                                                                                                                                                                                                      and others say,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        Nay, sorrow is t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         gr eater
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            say unto you, they are insepa
                                                                                                                                             y is g
rable. Together they come, a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           scales between your sorrow a
                                                                nd whe no
                                                                                    ne sits alone wit h you at your boa rd
                                                                                                                                            remem
                                                                                                                                                            ber that the other
                                                                                                                                                                                                      is asleep upon you
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        r bed. Verily you
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        sus pend ed like
                                                                                    re you at stand still and balanced . W hen the
nd your joy. Only when you a
                                                                re emp
                                                                          ty a
, S
                                                                                                                                                         e treasure-keeper
                                                                                                                                                                                                      ifts you to weigh h
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       is gold and his sil
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 ver, nee ds m ust you
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            r joy or your sorrow rise or fa
                                                                                    peak to us of Houses . And he a ns wered a
                                                                nd said
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     er in the wilderness
                                                                                                                                                                                                  our imaginings a bow
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  ere you build a hou
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            se within the city walls. For ev
                                                               gs in y
less. D
en as you have home-comin
                                                                                     twilight, so ha s the wanderer
                                                                                                                                                                                                nd alone. You r hous
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   e is your I arger bod
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 y. It grows in the su
                                                                           our
                                                                                                                                   in you, th
                                                                                                                                                       e ever distant
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           n and sleeps in the stillness of
                                                                                     not your hou se d ream? and
the night; and it is not dream
                                                                           oes
                                                                                                                                       reamin g,
                                                                                                                                                       leave the
                                                                                                                                                                                              r grove or hillto p? W
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 ould that I could g
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  ather your houses
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             into my hand, and like a sow
                                                                                                        alley s were your
                                                                                                                                                                                             s your alleys, t
er scatter them in forest and
                                                               meado
                                                                                    ould the v
                                                                                                                                       street s, a nd the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                you mig ht seek one
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  another through
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             vineyards, and come with the
                                                                                                                                                                   eir f ear your forefathers ga
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            fear shall endure a little longe
fragrance of the earth in you
                                                               r garme nts.
                                                                                     But these t
                                                                                                       hing s are not yet
                                                                                                                                        to b e. In
                                                                                                                                                                                                                         the red you too near tog
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 ether. And that
r. A little longer shall your cit
                                                               v walls
                                                                                    arate your hea rths from your fi
                                                                                                                                       elds . An
                                                                                                                                                                 tell m e, pe op le of Orphal
                                                                                                                                                                                                                       e, w hat hav e you in thes
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            And what is it you guard with
                                                                           sep
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           g arches that span the summit
                                                                                                                                                          ve your em em br ances, the
fastened doors? Have you p
                                                               eace, th
                                                                           e qu
                                                                                     iet urge that re
                                                                                                                  veals your po wer? Ha
                                                                                                                                                          w ood an ds to ne to the hol y mou
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            houses? Or have you only co
s of the mind? Have you bea
                                                               uty, tha
                                                                                       ads the heart f rom things fashi one d of
                                                                                                                                                                                                                             ntain? Tell me, have you these in your
                                                                                          thy thing that enters the house ag
                                                                                                                                                                                                                      t, and then a master? Ay, and it becomes a tamer
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           , and with hook and scourge
mfort, and the lust for comfor
                                                                                                                                                        ues t, and th en b ecomes a hos
                                                                                                                                                                                                                 p only to stand by your bed and jeer at the dignity of th
make's puppets of your larger
                                                                              . Thoug
                                                                                            h its hands are s ilken, its he art is
                                                                                                                                                               iron. It I ull s you to sl ee
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           e flesh. It makes mock of your
                                                                desires
sound senses, and lave t
                                                                                        like fra gile vesse Is. Verily the lu
                                                                                                                                                                                                                 comfort murders the passion of the soul, and then walks a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           rinning in the funeral. But vou
                                                                                                                                                  Your house shall be not an anchor but a mast. It shall not be a glistening film that covers a wound, but an eye
children of space, you restles
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           lid that guards the eye. You sha
                                                               s in rest,
                                                                                you shall not be trapped
                                                                                                                          nor tamed
                                                                                 through do or
                                                                                                       s, n or ben d your
                                                                                                                                       heads that they strike not against a ceiling, nor fear to breathe lest walls should crack and fall down. You shall not dwel
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         I in tombs made by the dead for
Il not fold your wings that you
                                                               may pass
                                                                                                       d our
                                                                                                                                                       house shall not hold your secret nor shelter your longing. For that which is boundless in you abides in the man
the living. And though of magn
                                                                 ificence
                                                                                  and splen
                                                                                                                  , your
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         sion of the sky, whose door is th
                                                                                                                                                       . And the weaver said, Speak to us of Clothes. And he answered: Your clothes conceal much of your beauty, ye
e morning mist, and whose win
                                                                 dows ar
                                                                                 e the songs
                                                                                                       a nd
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        t they hide not the unbeautiful. A
                                                                                                                                                        harness and a chain. Would that you could nieet the sun and the wind with more of your skin and less of your raim
                                                                   the free
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       ent, For the breath of life is in the
nd though you seek in garments
                                                                                  dom of priv
                                                                                                      acy y
                                                                                                                    ou
                                                                                                                y,
t n
                                                                                                     ou sa
                                                                                                                                                       who has woven the clothes we wear." And I say, Ay, it was the north wind. But shame was his loom, and the softenin
sunlight and the hand of life is in
                                                                    the win
                                                                                   d. Some of y
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      g of the sinews was his thread. A
                                                                                                                            ot that modesty is for a shield against the eye of the unclean. And when the unclean shall be no more, what were modesty but a fetter and a f
nd when his work was done he la
                                                                                   n the forest.
                                                                                                     Forge
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     ouling of the mind? And forget no
                                                                     ughed i
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    and you shall not want if you but kr
                                                                                                                             g to play with you r hair. And a merchant said, Speak to us of Buying and Selling. And he answered and said: To you the earth yields her fruit,
that the earth delights to feel your
                                                                       bare 1
                                                                                   eet and the
                                                                                                       winds
ow how to fill your hands. It is in e
                                                                                   ging the gifts
                                                                                                                of t
                                                                                                                                                      you shall find abundance and be satisfied. Yet unless the exchange be in love and kindly justice, it will but lead some to greed and others to hunger. When in the market
                                                                       xchan
t place you toilers of the sea and fie
                                                                                                                                                et the weavers and the potters and the gatherers of spices,-- Invoke then the master spirit of the earth, to come into your midst and sanctify the scales and the reckoning the
                                                                          lds a
                                                                                    nd vineyards m
                                                                                                                                                                                                              transactions, who would sell their words for your labour. To such men you should say, "Come with us to the field, or go with
at weighs value against value. And s
                                                                            uffer
                                                                                      not the barren-h
                                                                                                                                        anded to take part in your
                                                                                                                 ea shall be b
                                                                                                                                                                                                                 to you even as to us." And if there come the singers and the dancers and the flute players,--buy of their gifts also. For they
our brothers to the sea and cast your
                                                                  net; For
                                                                                      the land and the s
too are gatherers of fruit and franking
                                                                                                                                                                                                eams, is raiment and food for your soul. And before you leave the market place, see that no one has gone his way with empty hands. Fo
                                                                  ense, and th
                                                                                       at which they bring
                                                                                                                     , though fashio
                                                                                                                                                                  ned of dr
                                                               sle ep peacefully
                                                                                          upon the wind till the n
r the master spirit of the earth shall not
                                                                                                                                eeds of the least of you are sa
                                                                                                                                                                                 tisfied. The none of the judges of the city stood forth and said, Speak to us of _Crime and Punishment_. And he answered, saying: It is when you
r spirit goes wandering upon the wind,
                                                                                          nd unguarded, commit a wrong unto others and therefor
                                                                                                                                                                            e unto yourself. And for that wrong committed must you knock and wait a while unheeded at the gate of the blessed. Like the ocean is your god-self; It
                                                               Tha t you, alone a
remains for ever undefiled. And like the
                                                                 ethe r it lifts but t
                                                                                                                                                                         ws not the ways of the mole nor seeks it the holes of the serpent. But your god-self dwells not alone in your being. Much in you is still man, and much in
                                                                                             he winged. Even like the sun is your god-self; It kno
                                                                                                                                                                   And of the man in you would I now speak. For it is he and not your god-self nor the pigmy in the mist, that knows crime and the punishment of crime. Often but a stranger unto you and an intruder upon your world. But I say that even as the holy and the righteous cannot rise beyond the highest which is in each on
you is not yet man, But a shapeless pigm
                                                                                               ep in the mist searching for its own awakening.
                                                                   y th at walks asle
times have I heard you speak of one who c
                                                                     om mits a wrong
                                                                                                    as though he were not one of you,
e of you, So the wicked and the weak canno
                                                                             t fall lower tha
                                                                                                                   n the lowest whi
                                                                                                                                                       ch is in you also. And as a single leaf turns not yellow but with the silent knowledge of the whole tree, So the wrong-doer cannot do wrong without the hidden will of y
ou all. Like a procession you walk together to
                                                                             wards your god-self. You a
                                                                                                                                              re the way and the wayfarers. And when one of you falls down he falls for those behind him, a caution against the stumbling stone. Ay, and he falls for those ahead of him, w
                                                                              not the stumbling stone. And this a
ho though faster and surer of foot, yet removed
                                                                                                                                     Iso, though the word lie heavy upon your hearts: The murdered is not unaccountable for his own murder, And the robbed is not blameless in being robbed. The righteous is not inn
ocent of the deeds of the wicked, And the white-
                                                                               handed is not clean in the doings of the felon. Yea, the guilty is oftentimes the victim of the injured, And still more often the cond
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      emned is the burden bearer for the guiltless and unblamed. You cannot
                                                                                om the wicked; For they stand together before the face of the sun even as the black thread and the white are woven toget
t separate the just from the unjust and the good fr
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            her. And when the black thread breaks, the weaver shall look into
he whole cloth, and he shall examine the loom also
                                                                                   If any of you would bring to judgment the unfaithful wife, Let him also weigh the heart of her husband in scales,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                and measure his soul with measurements. And let him who wo
uld lash the offender look unto the spirit of the offen
                                                                                      ded. And if any of you would punish in the name of righteousness and lay the ax unto the evil tree, let h
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  im see to its roots; And verily he will find the roots of the goo
                                                                                          d together in the silent heart of the earth. And you judges who would be just, What judgmen
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    t pronounce you upon him who though honest in the flesh
d and the bad, the fruitful and the fruitless, all entwine
yet is a thief in spirit? What penalty lay you upon him w
                                                                                                    ho slays in the flesh yet is himself slain in the spirit? And how prosecute you
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         him who in action is a deceiver and an oppressor, Yet w
                                                                                                             nish those whose remorse is already gr
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        eater than their misdeeds? Is not remorse the justice wh
ho also is aggrieved and outraged? And how shall you pu
ch is administered by that very law which you would fain se
                                                                                                                     rve? Yet you cannot lay remo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     rse upon the innocent nor lift it from the heart of the guilty.
Unbidden shall it call in the night, that men may wake and ga
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   ves. And you who would understand justice, how shall you
                                                                                                                           ze upon themse
nless you look upon all deeds in the fullness of light? Only the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                n shall you know that the erect and the fallen are but one man
tanding in twilight between the night of his pigmy-self and the da
gher than the lowest stone in its foundation. Then a lawyer said, But
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            y of his god-self, And that the corner-stone of the temple is not his
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        what of our Laws, master? And he answered: You delight in laying
down laws, Yet you delight more in breaking them. Like children playin
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    g by the ocean who build sand-towers with constancy and then destroy
them with laughter. But while you build your sand-towers the ocean brings
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                more sand to the shore, And when you destroy them the ocean laughs with
you. Verily the ocean laughs always with the innocent. But what of those to w
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              nom life is not an ocean, and man-made laws are not sand-towers, But to who
m life is a rock, and the law a chisel with which they would carve it in their own l
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         ikeness? What of the cripple who hates dancers? What of the ox who loves his
oke and deems the elk and deer of the forest stray and vagrant things? What of the o
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    d serpent who cannot shed his skin, and calls all others naked and shameless? And
of him who comes early to the wedding-feast, and when over-fed and tired goes his way
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               saying that all feasts are violation and all feasters lawbreakers? What shall I say of these
save that they too stand in the sunlight, but with their backs to the sun? They see only their
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       shadows, and their shadows are their laws. And what is the sun to them but a caster of shado
ws? And what is it to acknowledge the laws but to stoop down and trace their shadows upon the ear
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              th? But you who walk facing the sun, what images drawn on the earth can hold you? You who travel
with the wind, what weather-vane shall direct your course? What man's law shall bind you if you break yo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       ur yoke but upon no man's prison door? What laws shall you fear if you dance but stumble against no mar
's iron chains? And who is he that shall bring you to judgment if you tear off your garment yet leave it in no man's
and the skylark not to sing? And an orator said, Speak to us of _Freedom_. And he answered: At the city gate and by your fireside I have see
                                                                                                                                                                                                                          path? People of Orphalese, you can muffle the drum, and you can loosen the strings of the lyre, but who shall comm
                                                                                                                                                                                                n you prostrate yourself and worship your own freedom, Even as slaves humble themselves before a tyrant and praise him though he s
lays them. Ay, in the grove of the temple and in the shadow of the citadel I have seen the freest among you wear their freedom as a yoke and a handcuff. And my heart bled within me; for you can only be free when even the desire of seeking freedom becomes a harness to you, and
when you cease to speak of freedom as a goal and a fulfilment. You shall be free indeed when your days are not without a want and a grief, But rather when these things girdle your life and yet you rise above them naked and unbound. And how shall
ou risé beyond your days and nights unless you break the chains which you at the dawn of your noon hour? In truth that which you call freedom is the strongest of these chains, though its links glitter in the sun and dazzle your eyes. And
what is it but fragments of your own self you would discard that you may become free? If it is an unjust law you would abolish, that law was written with your own forehead. You cannot erase it by burning your law books nor by washing the foreheads of your judges, though you pour the sea upon them. And if it is a despot you would dethrone, see first that his throne erected within you is destroyed. For how can a tyrant rule the free and the proud, but for a tyranny in their own freedom and a shame in their own pride? And if it is a care yo
u would cast off, that cart has been chosen by you rather than imposed upon you. And if it is a fear you would dispel, the seat of that fear is in your heart and not in the hand of the feared. Verily all things move within your being in constant half embrace, the desired and the dreaded
the repugnant and the cherished, the pursued and that which you would escape. These things move within you as lights and shadows in pairs that cling. And when the shadow fades and is no more, the light that lingers becomes a shadow to another light. And thus your freedom w
hen it loses its fetters becomes itself the fetter of a greater freedom. And the priestess spoke again and said: Speak to us of _Reason and Passion_. And he answered, saying: Your soul is oftentimes a battlefield, upon which your reason and your judgment wage war against your passion and your appetite. Would that I could be the peacemaker in your elements? Your reason and melody. But how shall I, unless you yourselves be also the peacemakers, nay, the lovers of all your elements? Your reason and
d your passion are the rudder and the sails of your seafaring soul. If either your sails or your rudder be broken, you can but toss and drift, or else be held at a standstill in mid-seas. For reason, ruling alone, is a force confining; and passion, unattended, is a flame that burns to its ow
n destruction. Therefore let your soul exalt your reason to the height of passion, that it may sing; And let it direct your passion may live through its own daily resurrection, and like the phoenix rise above its own ashes. I would have you consider your j
ndestruction. Therefore let your soul exait your reason to the neight of passion, that it may sing; And let it direct your passion with reason, that your passion may live through its own daily resurrection, and like the phoenix rise above its own asnes. I would nave you consider your and live through its own daily resurrection, and like the phoenix rise above its own asnes. I would nave you consider your and support the your house. Surely you would not honour one guest so who is more mindful of one should rest in reason." And when the storm comes, and the mighty wind shakes the forest, and thunder and lightning proclaim the majesty of the sky,-then let your heart say in awe, "God rests in reason." And since you are a breath in God's sphere, and a leaf in God's forest, you too should rest in reason and move in passion. And a woman spoke, saying, Tell us of _Pain_. And he said: Your pain is the breaking of the shell that encloses your understanding. Even as the store of the fruit must break, that its heart may stand in the sun, so must you know pain. And could you keep your heart in wonder at the daily miracles of your life, your pain would not seem less wondrous than your joy; And you would accept the seasons of your heart, even as you have always accepted the seasons that pass over your fields. And you would watch with serenity through the winters of your grief. Much of your pain is self-chosen. It is the bitter potion by which the physician within you heals your sext the physician, and departs the passion. And he answered, severally the process to the days and the nights. But your earts to the sext and the passion of your expensed to your expe
hy our fingers the naked body of your dreams. And it is well you should. The hidden well-spring of your sea; and the treasure of your the sea; and the treasure of your would be revealed to your eyes. But let there be no scales to wour unknown treasures, and the treasure of your sea; and the treasure of your the sea; and the fingers the naked body of your dreams. And the treasure of your unknown treasure of your unknown treasure of your the sea; and the fingers the naked body of your dreams. And the treasure of your unknown treasure of your the figure of your unknown treasure of your eyes. But let there be no scale the would be revealed to your dreams. And the treasure of your unknown treasure of your unknown treasure of your infinite to the sea; and run murmuring to the treasure of your infinite to the sea; and run murmuring to the treasure of your eyes. But let there be no scale the hights will have found in the lights will have found in the
u to the threshold of your own mind. The astronomer may speak to you of his understanding of space, but he cannot give you the ear which arrests the rhythm nor the voice
that echoes it. And he who is versed in the science of numbers can tell of the regions of weight and measure, but he cannot conduct you thither. For the vision of one man lends not its wings to another man. And even as each one of you stands alone in God's knowledge, so must e ach one of you be alone in his knowledge of God and in his understanding of the earth. And a youth said, Speak to us of _Friendship_. And he answered, saying: Your friend is your needs answered. He is your field which you sow with love and reap with thanksgiving. And he is your friend speaks his mind your friend speaks his mind your fear not the "nay" in your own mind, nor do you withhold the "ay." And when he is silent your heart ceases not to listen to his heart; For without wo
ds, in friendship, all thoughts, all thoughts, all desires, all expectations are born and shared, with joy that is unacclaimed. When you grieve not; For that which you love most in him may be clearer in his absence, as the mountain to the climber is clearer from the plain.
And let there be no purpose in friendship save the deepening of the spirit. For love that seeks aught but the disclosure of its own mystery is not love but a net cast forth: and only the unprofitable is caught. And let your best be for your friend. If he must know the ebb of your tide, le him know its flood also. For what is your friend that you should seek him with hours to live. For it is his to fill your need, but not your emptiness. And in the sweetness of friendship let there be laughter, and sharing of pleasures. For in the dew of
little things the heart finds its morning and is refreshed. And then a scholar said, Speak of _Talking. And when you can no longer dwell in the solitude of your heart you live in your lips, and sound its a diversion and a pastime. And in much of your talking, thinking is half murdered. For thought is a bird of space, that in a cage of words may indeed unfold its wings but cannot fly. There are those among you who seek the talkative through fear of being alone. The silence of all
oneness reveals to their eyes their naked selves and they would escape. And there are those who talk, and without knowledge or forethought reveal a truth which they themselves do not understand. And there are those who have the truth within them, but they tell it not in words. In
the bosom of such as these the spirit dwells in rhythmic silence. When you meet your friend on the roadside or in the market place, let the spirit in you move your lips and direct your tongue. Let the voice within your voice speak to the ear of his ear; For his soul will keep the truth o
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