

**PART II.**



**THE ADEPT.**



## PART II.

## INVOCATION: THE SOUL'S LITANIES. \*

Thou who dost dwell alone,  
Thou who dost know thy own,  
Thou to whom all are known  
From the cradle to the grave,  
Save, oh, save!

From the world's temptations,  
From tribulations,  
From that fierce anguish  
Wherein we languish,  
From that torpor deep  
Wherein we lie asleep,  
Heavy as death, cold as the grave,  
Save, oh, save!

When the soul, growing clearer,  
Sees God no nearer,  
When the soul, mounting higher,  
Sees God no nigher,  
But the arch-fiend Pride  
Mounts at her side,  
Foiling her high emprise  
Sealing her eagle eyes;  
And when she fain would soar,  
Makes idols to adore,

\* The beautiful lines here quoted were selected from a spiritual journal, entitled *The Principle*, and sent by the editor some years ago to the Chevalier de B——, who has ever since adopted them as his favorite expression of prayerful aspiration; he also deems them the most appropriate possible prologue to the second part of his autobiography.—ED. GHOST LAND.

Changing the pure emotion  
 Of her high devotion,  
 To a skin-deep sense  
 Of her own eloquence,  
 Strong to deceive, strong to enslave,

Save, oh, save!  
 From the ingrained fashion  
 Of this earthly nature  
 That mars thy creature;  
 From grief that is but passion,  
 From mirth that is but feigning,  
 From tears that bring no healing,  
 From wild and weak complaining,  
 Thine whole strength revealing,  
 Save, oh, save!

From doubt where all is double,  
 Where wise men are not strong,  
 Where comfort turns to trouble,  
 Where just men suffer wrong,  
 Where sorrow treads on joy,  
 Where sweet things soonest cloy,  
 Where faiths are built on dust,  
 Where love is half mistrust,  
 Hungry and barren and sharp as the sea.  
 Oh, set us free!

Oh, let the false dreams fly  
 Where our sick souls lie,  
 Tossing continually!  
 Oh, where thy voice doth come,  
 Let all doubts be dumb,  
 Let all words be mild,  
 All strifes be reconciled,  
 All pains be beguiled!  
 Let light bring no blindness,  
 Love no unkindness.  
 Knowledge no ruin,  
 Fear no undoing!  
 From the cradle to the grave,  
 Save, oh, save!