

The First Sun Ray

The Lord crept in at my window with the first red ray of the sun,
(‘Twas not my Lord, but an Angel and he whispered this message to me:)
“My son, continue your studies, stand fast by thy highest ideals;
Some lessons lay written before thee, some lessons thou hear with thine ear,
Some lessons come through experience, some thou learnst ere thou came,
But the greatest of lessons is that which is writ deep down in the depths of thy heart.”

“My son, continue thy studies, be true to thy Murshida,
The greatest of teachers is he that has been the best of all students.
Murshid and Mureed they are not two—thou canst not find the line
Divining them, but humble thyself, continue in this Path;
List and love, learn and love, love and still more love,
Forgetting self till love will melt all ties twixt thee and Me.”

“O Blessed Angel of the Lord that riseth on the ray,
May I be true to all thou sayest and open keep my heart,
May I be like a little child to trust and love and learn,
May I be wanting in worldly pride but not in gratitude,
May I be wanting in self-pity but not in sympathy,
May I follow all the precepts written in His Laws.

“O Blessed Angel of the Lord that bideth on the beam,
A humble traveler may I be and walk in all His ways,
The path of the prophets may I tread, my life a pilgrimage,
(No thought of **path** be in my mind, no thought save of the One)
And may I see, O Blessed Angel in thee and all His works,
But a metonymy and that ‘Nought is except the One.’”