

ADORN

(By Prof. NICHOLAS DE ROERICH,
NAGGAR.)

Boy, beware of things,
Often the object that we possess
Is filled with snares and malice
More dangerous than all upheavals.
With us we carry for years an evil-doer
Not knowing that this is our enemy.
At the consul of property, a small
Knife is always hostile to us.
Hostile is also a staff.
Often a rising upheaval are
Lamps, benches and bolts.
The books disappear, we do not know
where.
To the upheaval sometimes adhere
The most peaceful objects ;
To save one's self from them is impos-
sible.
Under fear of deadly revenge
One lives long years,
And during the hours of meditation
and loneliness
You caress the enemy.
If one is spared from people
Then he is helpless against objects.
Many colours are shining all thy
things.

Thy life with benevolence

ALORN.

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The Sceptre

2

(BY NICHOLAS ROERICH)

All I have heard from grand-father
I repeat to thee, my boy.

From grand-father heard also my
grand-father.

Every grand-father speaks;

Every grand father listens.

To thy grand-child, my beloved boy,

Thou wilt relate all that thou
learnest.

They say that the seventh grand-
child will fulfil.

Do not fret overmuch if

Thou shouldst not do as I have said.

Remember that we are still human
beings.

But I can strengthen thee.

Break off from the nut-tree

A branch; carry to see

Under the ground, that given by me—

The sceptre.

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