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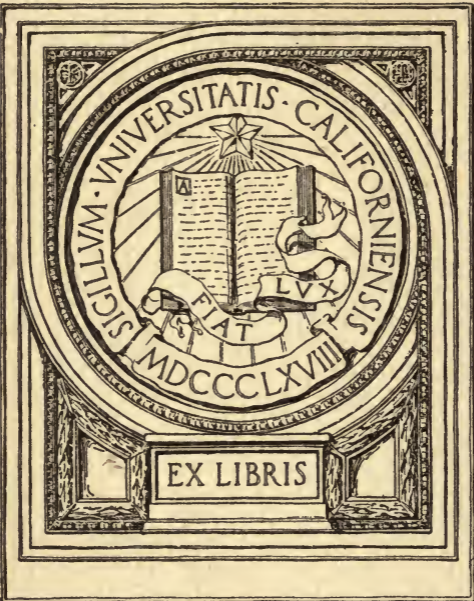


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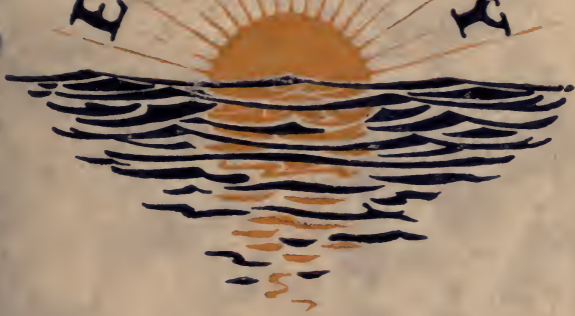
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ETERNITY



**A POEM**  
**WITH INFERENTIAL PROLOGUE**  
**BY NIN S. HAND**

and

28/18



NIN S. HAND, Author



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# ETERNITY

A POEM

WITH INFERENTIAL PROLOGUE

BY NIN S. HAND

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*What is to to be, forever IS,  
And what has been will EVER be,  
The attributes of God are His,  
And ne'er can change Eternally.*

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THE

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Dedicated to my Esteemed Friend  
and boyhood Preceptress

MRS. S. J. ORGAIN







## THE FINITE SPHERE

An Inferential Prologue to the Poem "Eternity."

BY NIN S. HAND

Mysteries of yesterday  
Are Simplicities of today.  
What will the morrow unfold?



Man is unquestionably the most intelligent, wise and wonderful of all living creatures. He reasons, thinks, invents, plans, builds and also solves many of the most intricate and perplexing problems of life and nature.

He harnesses and controls many natural forces, applying and using them for his own benefit and progress. He scans the heavens and visible universe, and through his intelligence, inventions and acquired knowledge of mathematics, science and logic, fathoms untold cosmic depths, measuring the exact orbits, speed and velocity of planets,





worlds and suns, velocity of light, sound, electricity, etc. etc.

He analyzes all known substance—or matter,—reducing it to its most minute or apparent primal atom,—even to the point of invisibility, or *utmost limit of human comprehension*; but, after all this is accomplished and done, (even though he may be the most intellegent man or advanced scientist of the present day) he awakes to find himself more bewildered and confused than when he first began his investigations and studies, for he then more fully realizes how really great and indefinable are the problems, mysteries and wonders of the universe, and, above all, *How Comparatively Little He Knows*.

Intelligent thought obviously, logically and necessarily precedes all substance, force or action. We cannot conceive the existence of anything, visible or invisible, without a prior intellectual creative force, nor can we conceive an intellectual force without life as its attribute; hence, *Mind*,





*Life and Force* must be co-existent and eternal, having *no beginning or end*.

Human science, reason and experience—apparently—prove that “all elements (as we know them) are indestructible,” which obviously would make them non-creatable and eternal; but, as the first statement is manifestly the truer one, and, further, from the fact that “we cannot analyze or comprehend matter beyond the range of our visibility,” we are forced to conclude that *visible substance* (or so-called “*Created Matter*”) is but the “*Concentrates*” or *manifestation of invisible force—or Mind*, thus proving *Mind* to be the *only primal element* and creative force of *all* that appears to be.

Every tree, plant, flower, animal, insect, worm or reptile is but an instrument to give visible expression to intelligent life and continuity of species and thus are emblems of Eternity,





As "Self preservation is the first law of Nature," it must follow that *no intelligent living thing can be wholly unselfish*. Without selfishness there could be no incentive to preserve the varied species and reproduce in kind. Without Love, Hate or Aversion, there could be no choice, like or dislike. There *Must* be opposites in the physical world—positive and negative, male and female, good and bad, etc., *Mind* or *Intellect* being the arbiter of choice.

*It is as natural for the BODY to die as to live*, and a necessary transformation, or refining, as it were, to meet the requirements of the ceaseless progression toward *perfection*. If *All* the alloys or bodies of life's tenements were *eternal in character, composition and structure*, there could be *no goal or progression, no incentive for further action or development, no intuitive or selfish desire for*





*reproduction, preservation or perpetuation of the varied species and distinct forms of life.*

Things we *Know* exist and cannot see, feel or understand, we *Naturally* fear or regard with awe, and are often inclined—*through our ignorance, credulity and mystification*—to reverence, or even *Worship*.

*Creeds, Dogmas and Religions* are but *Varied* mortal theories, based principally on *Fear, Ignorance and Superstition*; *Knowledge or Truth* is the *Destroyer of Both Fear and Superstition*, and thus of *Creeds*.

*God* must necessarily be *Impersonal, Without Passion*,—*unaffected by any sense of pleasure, pain, grief or sorrow*. His *Laws* are *Absolute, Perfect, Merciless, and Immutable, Incapable of Revision or Change*,






nor can they be *Altered, Amended, Suspended* or *Varied* through *prayer, supplication, atonement, sacrifice* or other human ceremony, hence the folly of all creeds, dogmas and religions not in *Perfect Harmony* and *Conformity* with *Infinite Law, Truth* and *Love*.

It is only *natural* for mortals to *scoff at truths*, and even deny the existence of things they cannot *perceive, comprehend* or *understand*, and yet it is mentally and physically impossible for the human mind to grasp, conceive or comprehend infinity of *Time, Numbers* or *Space*, or *Anything Without Limits, Bounds, Beginning* or *End*, or the whole as a *Unit*, or, vice-versa, the unit as a *Whole*.

Man measures and judges all things according to the abbreviated standards of his own mortal or finite sphere, basing all calculations on his sense





of *perception, observation and experience*, beyond which he becomes *lost, bewildered and confused*; and still, he *Intuitively Knows There Can Be "No Beginning or End,"* and *Must Be Room For Unlimited Extension—or Contraction—of Time, Numbers and Space*, otherwise he could make no comparisons or measurements. Thus, it seems, the comprehensive limit of the human brain lies—like a restless prisoner—within the narrow confines of this mortal or finite sphere, the outer walls of which *appear as insurmountable barriers* to prevent further investigation and progress through the fields of science and knowledge, as though seeming to say, "*Thus Far Shalt Thou Go and No Farther,*" and yet, *Intuition—the "Voice of the Soul"*—ever bids us "*On and On*"—toward the goal of *Infinite Truth, Light and Wisdom*.

SHALL WE REACH IT?



# ETERNITY

BY  
NIN S. HAND

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I

Oh thou subtle soul of man,  
Clothed in doubt and mystery,  
Ope thy book that I may scan  
Some of life's strange history.

II

Take me back to neb'lous times,  
When the eons of age begun,  
Ere the new creation's chimes  
Echoed forth from sun to sun.

III

'Midst those awe inspiring scenes,  
Teeming with chaotic strife,  
Let me view the dawning gleams  
Heralding the birth of life.

12





## IV

If 'twas here life's star arose,  
 Beaming forth in ecstasy,  
 Lift the veil that hides the throes  
 Of this great expectancy.

## V

Should this not be the time or place  
 This rapturous morn of joy could be,  
 Then lead me on through endless space  
 To the portals of Eternity.

## VI

And tell me *how* and *where* and *when*  
 This vital spark of mystic trend;  
 This soul of substance first began,  
 And *what will be the final end.*

## VII

If life is not a child of time,  
 Or creature of reality,  
 Unfold the glorious plan—Divine—  
 Of blissful immortality.

## VIII

And teach me of this Holy tie,  
 This Hallowed link 'twixt God and man,  
 And of the soul which ne'er can die,  
 And Life's sublime eternal span.

## IX

And tell me of this providence,  
 This bounteous boon munificent,  
 And this Supreme Intelligence,  
 This Power and Love Omnipotent,

## X

Then guide me to the Fountain-head,  
 The source of Mind—the primal base—  
 From whence the seed of substance sped  
 Unto the voids of boundless space.

## XI

And more of substance tell to me,  
 The cosmic mite—the germ of worlds,—  
 The atoms of infinity  
 That feed time's vortex as it whirls.

## XII

Then tell me of the birth of stars  
 And countless worlds, of vague alloys.  
 The myriad swarms—the nebulars,—  
 Are these Fate's tools or Nature's toys?

## XIII

Pray, why this grand array of might,  
 This onward rush of Majesty,  
 These cosmic throngs in whirling flight  
 Unto an *endless destiny*?

## XIV

And why such varied hues and kind,  
 Such myriad forms of living clay,  
 The progenies of Thought and Mind  
 Aborn to thrive—and fade away?

## XV

And why this fleeting mortal breath,  
 And struggle for supremacy,  
 This ceaseless war 'twixt life and death,  
 With mould'ring dust the legacy?



XVI

If this transmittant vital chain,  
And sateless claim of mortal toll,  
But leads unto a *higher* plane,  
Then *where*, Oh *where*, can be the goal?

XVII

And now reveal the guiding hand,  
The power that holds obsessive sway,  
The Master-mind—which gives command—  
That turns the wheels of night and day.

XVIII

And last unfold the flawless plan,  
The *faultless, grand, eternal scheme*,  
This blended rhythm—since time began,  
And tell me, pray, *What Does it Mean?*





PART II.

I

Then Intellect and Soul replied—  
Through Reason's lips and voice of Truth—  
The answers—which thy senses hide—  
Dwell in the words—“*Eternal Youth.*”

II

The scroll of life—which thou wouldst see,  
The source of power, and substance too,—  
The keys of Immortality  
*Lie in thy grasp, IF YE BUT KNEW.*

III

*There is no time, or reck'ning rote,*  
No morn or eve, nor fleeting year,  
No era nigh or age remote  
In this eternal *Now and Here.*

IV

Man's days and years of measured tread,  
And flight of time—which seems to be,—  
His chronicles of ages dead,  
Are symbols of Eternity.



## V

*There are no lines or bounds to space,  
No cycle large or segment small,  
Nor can there be another place,  
For All Is One and One Is All.*

## VI

The metric bounds ye comprehend,  
Thy measurements of far or near,  
Thy concepts of a source or end  
Are narrowed to thy finite sphere.

## VII

The cosmic realms to *thee* so grand,  
Which lie within thy gaze so fond,  
Are likened to a grain of sand  
Compared to those which lie beyond,

## VIII

And yet within the tiniest grain  
Which mortal eyes can scarcely see,  
Move myriad worlds of "vast" domain,  
And so—to all infinity.





XI

*There is no zone or temperature,  
No thermic mode or changed degree,  
No regions dark or realms obscure  
In all this vast Eternity.*

X

*Thy sense of place and fleeting time,  
Of varied hues and changefulness,  
Of light—and sound—and fickle clime,  
Are mortal moods of consciousness.*

XI

*There are no voids in time or space,  
No variant modes,—no altered state,  
No fountain-head or primal base,  
In ubiquarian fields of fate.*

XII

*What is to be forever IS,  
And what has been will EVER be,  
The attributes of God are His,  
And ne'er can change eternally.*



## XIII

*There is no chaos or turbulence,—  
No wasted force or energy,—  
No errant schemes or accidents,  
For All Is Peace and Harmony.*

## XIV

*The seeming discord, storm or gust,—  
E'en cataclasms—which worlds may rend,  
Are Nature's modes to readjust  
And but the means unto an end.*

## XV

*There is no death or real decay,  
No vital lapse or waning power,  
No substance born to pass away,—  
The vine but sheds the withering flower.*

## XVI

*What ye call death is but a change,—  
A morphic veer—which needs must be,  
Nor should ye deem it sad or strange,  
For Life Endures Eternally.*







XVII

Thy life—eternal,—blissful boon,—  
Thy faculties and power of will,—  
Thy mind and soul—which hold commune—  
Are *lent* thy frame for good—or ill.

XVIII

Thy brain is but an instrument,  
A mortal tool of subtle cell,—  
Thy body frail a tenement,  
A *temporal* place for life to dwell.

XIX

Thy reasoning power—man's highest trait,  
Which links thee to the Infinite,  
Reveals thy past or future state  
According to thy mental light,

XX

Thy sense of joy—thy fear—thy pain,  
Thy love—or hate—which make thee brave,—  
Thy selfish lust and greed for gain  
But make of thee thy passion's slave.

## XXI

Wouldst thou but learn and understand  
 The power of Love and Truth—Divine,  
 No selfish thought or beck'ning hand  
 Could tempt thee from this Hallowed shrine.

## XXII

And so this mortal finite sphere,  
 This primal school of sensuous mien,—  
 But maps the way through doubt and fear—  
 To realms of joy and peace serene.

## XXIII

*There is but one—the natural state,—  
 No mite or whit canst thou destroy,  
 Nor aught can mortal man create,  
 Or change a jot—save in alloy.*

## XXIV

The elements which ye proclaim,  
 And vainly seek to analyze,  
 Are but conceptions of thy brain,  
 And mere *illusions* in thine eyes.



XXV

In nature's *stern reality*,  
Beyond the pales—by *man* defined—  
There is no vague plurality,  
For *Mind Is All*—and *All Is Mind*.

XXVI

Thus *all* Creation's monuments,  
And mighty worlds which mind hath wrought,  
All living forms and tenements  
*Are but the fruits of forceful thought.*

XXVII

And so with *Life*—and *Power*—and *Force*,  
And constant forms of energy,  
There *cannot be an end or source*,  
For this is *God's Eternity*.

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