

EDITORIAL SECTION
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The Great Recurrence

By Kahlil Gibran

Famous Poet and Writer of Lebanon.



MADONNA OF THE OLIVE BRANCH.

Many centuries ago they said that the humble shepherds of Judea and the wise Kings of Persia came to a manger to worship the infant Jesus. They also said that the shepherds sang of peace and good will, and of love that blinds man to man; and that the wise Kings laid gold and frankincense at the feet of the blessed babe.

Now we children of the vast yesterday come to a manger, which is in truth our solitude; each one of us a shepherd who would have peace in the pasture of his thoughts, and the good will of all the other shepherds—and each one of us a king of his own destiny, who would lay gold and frankincense at the feet of his greater self; gold for assurance and frankincense for dreams.

You and I and all our neighbors would



SISTINE MADONNA.

kneel before the anointed genius of mankind, which is in us all.

And they say that Jesus was born in a cave even like his forerunners, Orpheus and Melhra and Zoroaster. They said this for they knew that only the secret depths can give birth to great heights.

And today, we, too, believe that vast souls, even as vast worlds, move from darkness to light, and from oblivion to recognition, from hidden roots to blooms that laugh in the sun and dance in the wind.

But they said that the King of Judea decreed, in his fear, the slaughter of all the newborn in the land, for he was told even by the Persian seers that the infant Jesus should overrule him and deprive him of scepter and diadem.

Today we in our fear of the unknown tomorrow would slay the innocence in us

that it may not be a stumbling block in the path of our governing intelligence.

But, thanks be to the heavens above, there is for some of us an Egypt for an escape and golden sands and palm trees for safety.

We go there in faith, knowing that that which we would save in us is the truth and the beauty which the angel of our white nights so graciously taught us to love and protect.

Yes, it was in that distant yesterday when the genius of our heart's desire was born, and the secret in our depth was revealed to us, and the innocence in us sought escape from the designing which is in us also.

And all this shall come to pass many times before we reach our homecoming. It is the mystic recurrence of the divine mystery before the face of the Son.

Gigantic Sums for Warfare

Nations Spend Lavishly in Spite of Moves for World Peace—Five and One-Half Million Men Under Arms