

# **THE BOOK OF SYMBOLS**

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The Book of Symbols by Henry A. Wise Wood

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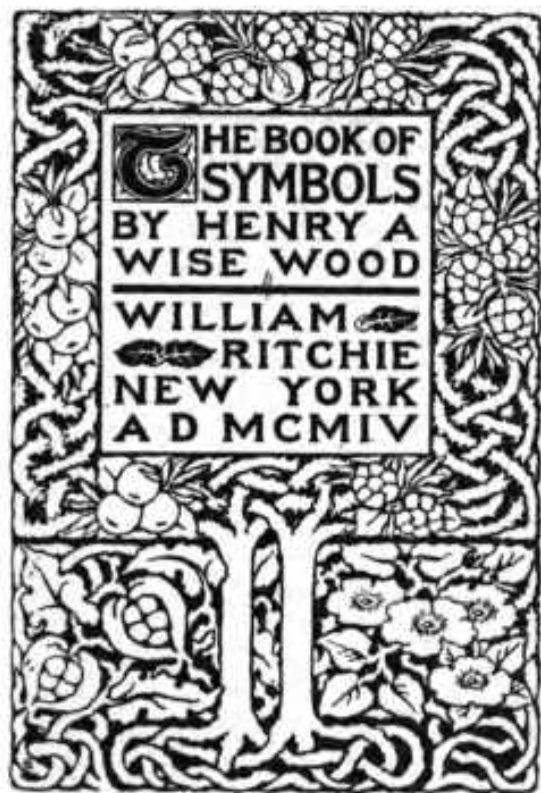
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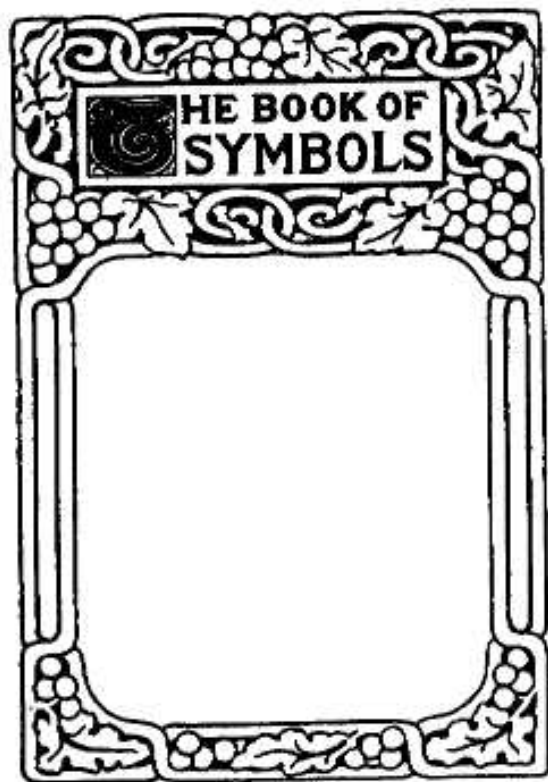
**HENRY A. WISE WOOD**

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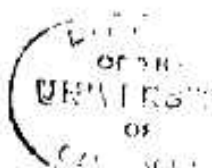


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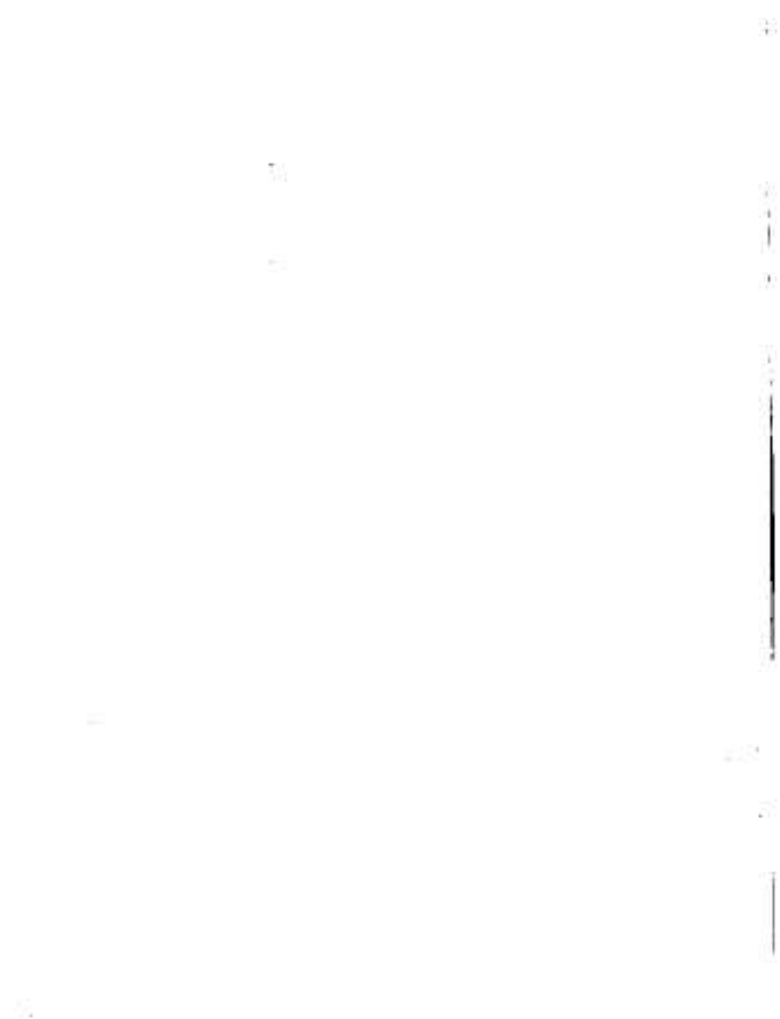


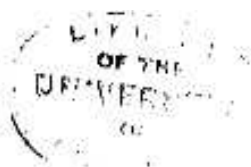


*THE* spell of ages settled on my  
dream,  
And, through vague, haunting  
wraiths of Man's old hopes,  
I saw his myriad temples, naked  
to the winds,  
Whence came thin voices, cry-  
ing ceaselessly:  
Insatiate Time, thou slayer of  
spent beliefs,  
Where sit our Gods? — Where  
serve their worshipers?









**I**N early youth I had from my Mother a Casket curiously fashioned, and of many precious metals. Quaint, animate carvings of ancient scenes were upon its sides: the Garden of Eden; an elaborate edifice which seemed to span the void between earth

and heaven; the Crucifixion. These, showing the labor and the wear of ages, were wrought with exquisite skill.

Upon the cover of the Casket were carven a firebrand and a stake, and between them the mouth of a pit. The latter was conceived in so singular a fashion that looking never so far into its depths one could not fathom it. Above ran the words: *This is Hell, approach it not, for they who disclose its mystery are taken of a sickness, and all things change in their sight.* To me this inscription seemed terrible; I dared not gaze into the pit, and, when the box rested with its cover uppermost, I