THE DEEPER FAITH

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By

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To
J. I. C.

It fortifies my soul to know
That, though I perish, Truth is so:
That, howsoe'er I stray and range,
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.
I steadier step when I recall
That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

A. H. Clough.

FOREWORD

THE following pages of collected notes—for they can lay claim to no more dignified title—are not to be taken as an attempt, carefully to formulate and logically to develop an exigent creed of life. They are rather to be viewed as the stray musings of one who, whatever his failings and limitations, has brought to the pursuit of truth the earnestness born of deep and enduring joy. Such unity as this little book possesses will be found to lie in the attitude toward life underlying it as a whole—an attitude, one might say, as old as the human race, and which is continually and forcibly reasserting itself, in spite of the instinctive and oftentimes violent opposition of the masses of men.

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I

THIS universe is certainly not the best universe which we can imagine to exist —it is much better than that. Truth is sweeter than the sweetest song the lips of the poet have molded; it is not only stranger but also more admirable than fiction. Far beyond the noblest vision of prophet and of saint, beyond the echo of the celestial harmonies, is the dwelling place of Reality, and our ideals are but the gossamer filaments which unite us to an unimaginable Beauty, transcending the creations of mind and heart. Every true philosopher foresees his ultimate failure ere ever he begins his task. He knows —who so well as he—that no system of human thought can adequately express the Glory that is beyond the stars. "Expand your vision as you will," says to him a secret

voice, "purify it, free it from all that seems to you gross and earthy, pour into it all that is truest in your soul, yet will it remain at the last but a scratched and clouded mirror, which distorts, even while it dimly reflects, the splendor of Reality."

II

In these days of dying creeds and of "new religions," of quack doctors of the soul and their impossible panaceas—in these days of mental confusion and consequent spiritual cowardice, it is well to remember that no true child of Beauty can ever perish, and that nothing which is not beautiful is immortal. If this thing be of God, if it have in it the life-giving breath of Beauty, it will endure, mauger all the syllogisms which logic may marshal against it. For a beautiful dream is invulnerable—save only in the face of a more beautiful dream. In the spiritual realm there are only pleasant surprises. Zeus over-

throws Cronos, and Jehovah Zeus; and always man's conscience approves the victory. Always the fittest God survives, and always the fittest is the best. Idea clashes with idea, system with system, but in the end emerges Beauty, chaste, serene, her garments unsoiled by the dust of conflict.

III

If we will but open our eyes we shall see that there is no such thing as disillusionment. Smiling and unafraid we shall welcome each new discovery in the realm of scientific and philosophic thought; for we shall understand that nothing can become true until it has first become beautiful. For Truth is the expression of fact in terms of Beauty; and there is no fact which is incapable of being thus apotheosized. Therefore it behooves us to remain undisturbed in the face of the most threatening fact which the future may hold in store; since it is but for us to remember that

the fact which to-day seems most inimical to the peace of our souls, to-morrow either will have ceased to be or will have been transmuted into a truth even more consoling than that to which we now cling with all the ardor of our deepest desires.

IV

It is not possible that we should be too confident of the future. We know the worst of life, but "the best is still to be." It is not from too great sorrow that the gods deem it necessary to protect us; it is from the light of a too intense happiness that they have shaded our eyes with their merciful wings. Man may look upon hell with unfaltering determination, but the glory of heaven is not for mortal vision. The pure white light of Truth must be broken into a thousand lesser rays by the prism of our illusions ere it can serve for the strengthening of our eyes and the nourishing of our souls. Evil stares us in the face, a

naked, shameless fact; but Goodness is modest beyond all the dwellers on Olympus. She is a virgin who veils her countenance from the gaze of her too ardent lover. She knows well the madness of desire which one glance at her unveiled loveliness would arouse in his soul. And she is merciful: she will not madden him with the vision of the unattainable. Only for a favored few, whose spiritual sight has been strengthened by self-discipline, has she consented to draw aside a little corner of the veil; that they might glimpse, as in a dream, a fragment of her shining self. And they remain her slaves. These are the saints and heroes of humanity, in whose eyes is a reflection of the light that never was on land or sea. But for us is only the silver wonder of our dreams, and a tremor of awe at thought of that which lies beyond—with steadfast groping on and on from truth to greater truth. And at the last is the Vision—a seeing face to face. But not now. Now we must be content with a mystic beauty, dim and elusive; for if we should, even for an instant, behold Reality

in its pure, crystal splendor, our hearts would break with joy.

V

In writing of Stevenson, Mr. Chesterton says: "It is quite inappropriate to judge *The Teller of Tales* by the particular novels he wrote, as one would judge Mr. George Moore by *Esther Waters*. These novels were only the two or three of his soul's adventures that he happened to tell. But he died with a thousand stories in his heart." Perhaps were these thousand untold stories the best of all Stevenson's stories. Perhaps what is most worth while in each of us is that which we cannot express in words, even to our dearest friend. It seems that the divine in us can never receive adequate expression in this life, that the highest faculties of our souls have no relation to the souls of others. It seems that we are doomed from birth to a sublime isolation, and that peace can be found only in accepting the decree of destiny

that we should live in large measure lonely lives.

Herein lies the inadequacy of utilitarianism, that it overlooks the uselessness, from a social standpoint, of much that is noblest in the human heart. What the individual is to society is only a fraction of his real worth—sometimes, indeed, there is no relation between the two. Many immoral men have been of the greatest use to society (as witness, Napoleon) while the life of the saint seems to us often wasted.

What we are to ourselves is the measure of our true worth; for the mark of character is the ability to live alone. Solitude is the crucible in which the metal of our souls is tested. Only the happiness that has passed unscathed through the wilderness of spiritual isolation, can be called genuine and enduring.

VI

What is the essential difference between the Greek and the Christian views of life?

It seems to me to lie in the absence in Greek thought of the Christian's sense of a certain inconsistency between the subjective and the objective worlds. The inner life was to the Greek adequately expressed by external achievements; the inner life to the Christian transcends all objective expression. The Greek had no concept of the Inexpressible, that concept which lends so much poignancy to Christian thought.

> "All I could never be,
> All men ignored in me,
> This I was worth to God,—"

Such a sentiment is quite alien to Hellenic thought. The individual and the social were to the Greek perfectly equated, and that is perhaps why his concept of immortality was so shadowy. He had no knowledge of powers of the individual soul which cannot find adequate embodiment in the life of earth.

From this point of view it is easy to understand the perfect balance and harmony of Greek art. The Hellenic artist attained ex-

haustive expression of his conscious self in his works, and for this reason his art lacks a sense of mystery. Greek art triumphs by what it expresses; Christian art by what it suggests. This is easily demonstrated by comparing the Parthenon with a Gothic cathedral.

VII

There are many Hellenists among us to-day; and they have an important part to play in the regeneration of our civilization. In fact it is to them rather than to the Christians that we must look for the great social leaders who shall bring us out of the wilderness of social wrong into which we have strayed. For the danger of the Christian point of view lies in this: that while it emphasizes the discord between the individual and the world, it places its hope in the personal development of the isolated soul rather than in the ever more adequate expression of the inner life of the soul in the common life of earth; and thus

it tends to make its adherents indifferent to social progress. However, it is only in attempting to mold the world to the fashion of our dreams that we strengthen our dreams so that they can transcend the world. The loftier the things which we learn adequately to express, the loftier becomes our concept of the Inexpressible—that concept which is the ultimate source of all our spiritual strength.

VIII

In the last analysis all love is the love of the Unknown. If to know all is to forgive all, it is perhaps because to know all is to become indifferent; and it is so easy to forgive when one does not care. Life may be defined as the presence of the Unknown; and every living being is simply the incarnation of a mystery. The more life we have, the more incomprehensible we become; that is why Jesus was misunderstood and crucified.

IX

Perhaps it is not too much to say that there is in each one of us something which God Himself does not understand. Otherwise how could He love us as He surely does? If man yearns with all his heart to understand God, it is not at all impossible that God may be yearning no less fervently to understand man. Perhaps this mutual yearning constitutes what we call prayer. And since God and man are both infinite there is no danger that they will ever reach that complete mutual understanding which means the death of love.

X

But if we love only the Unknown why do we strive so mightily after knowledge? In our quest of knowledge are we not disobedient to the voice of love? Should we not rather take ignorance as our ideal? Not so. Only through knowledge do we enter into relation

with the Unknown. He who knows nothing is ignorant even of the existence of the Unknown. On the other hand, every new truth is a window opening upon the infinite beyond. The realm of the Unknown is so constituted that the more of it man conquers and subdues to his service the more remains to be conquered. For every apple we pluck from the tree of knowledge there immediately grow two others.

Men are to be judged according to their relatively greater or less appreciation of this truth. Some there are who have filled their days to overflowing with its smiles and fragrance, to whom every moment is an awful moment. These are the mystics or divine lovers.

XI

Humanity may be divided into two great classes: those who pray to live; and those who live to pray. It is to the second class that belong the saints and mystics whose lives are

torches kindled at the altar of love to light men through the caverns of doubt and the valley of the shadow into the splendor of God's eternal presence. These are they who, beholding all the joys which earth can offer, count them as nothing when compared to the ecstasy of spiritual union with the Beauty that is beyond the stars. They come to God not in the fond hope that in so doing they shall escape misfortune, defeat, and pain, and whatever other ills the flesh is heir to, but as to a Friend whose love more than compensates for all the suffering which existence upon this earth inevitably entails upon every son of man. They know that in the world they shall have tribulation, but they know also that divine peace has overcome the world. Far from praying that they be released from the bonds of pain, their only petition is that they may be allowed to suffer with their Master; that they may have the courage and the strength to take up their cross and follow him. And if the cross be not sent them from on high they hew it from the wormwood of

their consequent grief. They inflict needless suffering on themselves; since love must suffer for the beloved or die. And they ask of God no reward but the joy of His presence, and the light of His countenance. "Well hast thou written of me, Thomas," spake to the angelic doctor the voice from the crucifix, "what reward wouldst thou have?" And swift came back the answer: "None other than thyself, Lord."

XII

It is scarcely to be denied that the religious attitude is not confined to religion. We are all religious about something in life; for to be religious about an object is simply to treat that object as the ultimate good to the attainment of which every other desire is to be subordinated. Some of us have a religion of money; others of fame and power; others of art; others still of morality. May we not say that the mystic is unique in that he is religious about God? To be at one with God, that is,

ideally at least, the motive of his every thought and deed. Even morality is but the means of a closer union with the Eternal; the good is the unblemished marble from which are hewn the steps that lead to the throne of the Spirit. We must climb the steps, but only as the preliminary to seeing God face to face. For contemplation is the highest form of activity; and the hour of prayer more to be honored than the day of labor. It is for this reason that the Catholic Church ranks the passive virtues above the active. She teaches her children to work better that they may pray better; and all the other activities of the Catholic life are by her directed to adoration as a final end.

XIII

This is the distinction between superstition and true religion: that whereas the former seeks to enlist the aid of supernatural agencies in man's behalf in his struggle to

survive, the latter raises man himself above the consideration of his personal welfare into the shining realm of spiritual values where abides the peace that passeth human understanding. The one degrades the gods into hirelings of man's pleasure, making them subservient to his cupidity and lust for power; the other, crushing every selfish desire, transforms man into the son of God, an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven.

XIV

No man may count himself free of superstition who has not fully accepted the truth that "it is only when the soul is simply uplifted on high that prayer can be beautiful." Conversely, to make that truth one's own, to try the virtue of one's prayer by the fire of an ideal so pure, is to rise above the dust and turmoil of earthly living, and to find the peace of home in that super-personal heaven where alone the bird of human happiness sings, and

nests, and multiplies. It is to be loosed from the bonds of nameless fears, the haggard offspring of superstition. It is to declare truce between those ancient enemies, science and religion; to evaluate each in the light of the whole of existence; to recognize, in science the mistress of earth, in religion the scaler of the skies. Finally, it is to feel the discords of being resolve into exquisite harmonies, to hear in the hush of the daybreak the morning stars singing together.

XV

There are some people who assert that they never pray; and it is among these people that one frequently finds many of the nobler forms of prayer most highly developed. I have come to believe that the artist in the hour of completing his masterpiece, the mother pressing her new-born baby to her heart with sobs of joy, the lover looking silently into the eyes of his beloved, two friends

clasping hands after a long absence—I have come to believe that all these, and many more, do indeed utter prayers as beautiful as any which have sprung from the devotions of the mystic and the saint. For even as that is no prayer which does not lift the soul above the consideration of its own welfare, so conversely every form of adoration which induces self-forgetfulness contains the elements of true prayer. Since there is nothing above us but God, to be lifted above oneself is always in some measure to be lifted into God, and to forget oneself is to remember Him. Thus it happens that many who do not know Him with their conscious minds, worship Him unconsciously in the works of His creation. And perhaps is this the best and surest way of worshiping Him, the one least likely to mislead us into the penumbra of superstition. It is not easy to mistake a sunset, a dog, or even a man, for God; it is far easier to accept the image of the Eternal in our minds for the transcendent Reality it vainly strives adequately to express.

XVI

There is in the lowest being wearing human shape, in the criminal, the drunkard, the prostitute, and nameless creatures infinitely beneath these—there is in each one something higher than our highest conception of God. And with this Something every true prayer brings us into communion. It is "the Unseen behind the Seen; the Unknown behind the Observed." Jesus, dogmatizes the rationalist, Jesus was after all a mere man. Let us not tremble at the insinuation; it is not true. No man is a mere man—not Jesus nor another.

XVII

This, I suppose, is the essence of Christianity, as it is of all true religion; that things are more than they seem, and that about every human head there is a halo, a reflection of the central Light,—had we but eyes to see! But we are blind; we see only a moun-

tain, a star, a man, not the glory they were intended to reveal. Too often it is with us as it was with Hellriegel in *Und Pippa Tanzt;* we must be blinded to the beauty of the material world before we can see the palace of the Spirit and "the great, golden steps" leading thereto.

And yet there is surely for each of us, somewhere in this narrow little world of ours, a holy place, a shrine made glad with flowers, where we can bow the knee and beautifully adore. For each of us there exists a threshold which we dare not cross except we loose the sandals from our feet. Perhaps it is more often the threshold of a heart than of a church; perhaps it is rather in the kiss of the beloved than in the absolution of the priest that God's forgiveness is poured out upon us. In either case the simplest, most commonplace word we utter in the shadow of the sanctuary is in reality a prayer, beautiful and pure. Brother, go thou into thy temple, and I will go into mine; and though thine be built of precious stone and costly metal, and mine of the in-

nocent laughter of a little child and the sacred depths of his mother's soul, yet will our prayers be *common* prayer. We shall be nearer one another than if we were kneeling side by side at the altar of a Church to which we were both strangers. Our prayers shall meet before the throne of God, and know each other, and kiss, and bow hand in hand before the Father.

XVIII

It does not matter to whom we pray, nor what words we use; what matters is the motive. The peasant woman whose worship of the Blessed Virgin is, in part at least, the expression of sincere admiration for the divine purity of the maiden called Mary, is far less superstitious than the rationalizing Protestant philosopher who, scorning intermediaries, petitions God the Father for success in the daily affairs of life.

There is finally but one form of idolatry: that which makes of man's intercourse with

the divine a means rather than an end. All sincere worship, even if it be but the worship of a god of stone, is accepted of the Spirit.

XIX

It may be that we are moving toward unity in religion; but it is surely not the unity of explicit agreement. It is unity in diversity; the unity which is always present when two or three seekers after truth are gathered together in a spirit of perfect tolerance.

The old phrases, the ancient formulas, which have so long and faithfully served the spiritual interests of the mass of humanity, are proving less and less efficient. They are loyal servants, grown feeble with age, whose willing feet are no longer able to bear them on their master's errands. So long as man desires it so long will they strive to do his bidding; even though many, unable to reach their destination, stagger and fall exhausted by the wayside. Were it not better to retire them

from service? A new generation is at hand; let us welcome them, unafraid. See, there are many—enough for all. And they are stronger and swifter than the old.

XX

Truly the time seems at hand when each of us must give vent to the insatiable mysticism within him in words of his own choosing. Some also there will be who will find words themselves inadequate, and who will embody the ineffable longing of their souls in a kiss or a silent tear. And every kiss that is more than passion, and every tear that is other than self-pity, is a true prayer. Was it not, according to the legend—and the legends are the great truths gleaned from the facts of history—was it not by a kiss that the Virgin Mary, whom we may well call the spirit of prayer incarnate, was immaculately conceived? And every child is potentially a prayer incarnate—even the children of the imagination that exist only in our souls.

XXI

One summer evening I was walking along the shore of the Atlantic. The great moon was rising from the waters, and as she began her majestical ascent she deigned to send a greeting to me, lonely wanderer on the shores of earth—a single silver ray that floated on the dark waves like a fairy ladder woven of the locks of naiads and sea maidens. I wandered on; and still the ladder followed me; up and down, backward and forward, I could not escape its insistent, luring glory. And it came to me that for every human being there is a ladder to the moon; though all are hidden from my sight save this which gracious heaven has given to be mine. But in the sky the ladders melt into a perfect orb.

XXII

We all, like Cyrano, are homesick for the moon. Earth with its glories that endure for a day can never satisfy us, lonely exiles from

the kingdom of the Eternal. All the fruits of the garden of pleasure will not still the hunger of the soul. In vain have we striven to drown the still, small voice of the Spirit in the roar of the whirling torrents of the active life. In vain have we wrested from the earth the hidden treasures of her wealth; in vain have we bridled the forces of nature and made them obedient to our desires; in vain all our industrial enterprise, our material success. In the twilight hour of silence and rest come the words of our condemnation: "To be is more than to do—and does more."

XXIII

As a people we have chosen prosperity as our ideal; and by thrift and industry, the virtues which man shares with the ant and the bee, we have in large measure attained the desired ends. We are prosperous, we are successful. And what, in effect, has prosperity brought us? Greater happiness? Is

the American millionaire happier than the Italian peasant? Has he attained a deeper, surer peace of soul? Does he offer greater reverence to the trinity of goodness, beauty, and truth?

I wonder if it is not high time that we closed our Franklins and opened our Emersons; that we turned from the multitudinous volumes on how to succeed with which our bookshelves are laden to the rare masterpieces of literature, which teach us how to fail. It is so much easier to succeed than to fail! And the time cries aloud for men with the courage to snap their fingers in the face of fortune, and to embrace poverty and pain, and the contempt of their fellowmen, for a dream's sake and the love of their persecutors.

XXIV

Nature is one great struggle, the blundering incarnation of the will to live; and the natural man is still in all his acts under the spell of the domineering mistress. To free him from that anachronistic spell is the pur-

pose of all true religion. This alone is redemption; this is joy; to be able to say, "I have done with the struggle for mere existence; I care not to live, but only to live well; beyond all change is that which abides, and that alone is Reality to me."

But how far from this spirit of other-worldliness have not our modern religions wandered! Those who should be spiritual leaders have grown impatient; they have come down from the lonely peaks, from the rarefied atmosphere of the ideal, to make truce with the unaspiring multitude in the valleys. They have come down; and they have left the ancient beacon lights to be extinguished. They waited so long for humanity to mount to them! Nevertheless they should have remained on the heights. They were nearer the stars.

XXV

And yet, though few in number, they are with us to-day, as they always have been

with us—the saints and the martyrs. Silently, without ostentation, they pursue the path of renunciation, and we are scarcely conscious of their presence until they are taken from us. Then, indeed, it seems that a certain glory has passed from the earth; and we cannot understand how the departure of one whom the world long ago proclaimed a failure could affect us so deeply. Is it perhaps that the useless things are the most divine? Or that greater than the man who teaches us how to use the resources of the world and nature for our aggrandizement is he who proves to us of how little value they are in solving the problems of human existence? It may be indeed that the man who demonstrates to us that we can attain the highest happiness without wealth is a greater genius than the inventor of innumerable machines for the production of wealth; and that in the firmament of human greatness the star of Emerson outshines that of Edison.

Socrates, Jesus, Saint Francis, Giordano Bruno, Karl Marx—the great failures! It is

to them that humanity builds its loftiest monuments in marble and song!

XXVI

Lord, grant us the will to fail! Be that our morning, and our evening, prayer. Grant us to be accounted knaves, so but Thy Goodness be brought a little nearer earth; grant us to be accounted fools, so but Thy wisdom find a haven in men's hearts; grant us to be accounted outcasts, so but Thy beauty brighten the days of the humble; grant us to suffer all things and to die, so but Thy kingdom come.

XXVII

The will to fail—is it not after all but another name for love? And in using the word love I am thinking not only of that larger, cosmic emotion which teaches us to stretch out our arms to the universe to em-

brace it, but also of that individualized, personal affection to which we turn for comfort in the night of discouragement when the stars seem more than usually remote. Surely there were hours in the public career of Jesus of Nazareth when even the inveterate consciousness of his exalted mission would have proved insufficient protection against the barbed shafts of multitudinous indifference and hate, without the warm, fragrant smiles and thrilling handclasps of Peter and John and Mary of Magdala. And even at the last when, apparently deserted by all his followers, he was left alone with God and his own soul, perhaps it was the memory of one supremely glorious Sabbath on which he walked amid the yellow fields of ripening corn with the disciples whom he loved, and the sun shone as never before, and the birds sang to the listening heart,—perhaps it was some such memory as much as the expectation of approaching triumph in heaven, that saved from surrender his strained and staggering will. In that wonderful silence before Caiaphas, the

most eloquent silence in the world's history, who shall say that it was not the remembered warmth of a mother's kisses on his boyhood lips that kept those lips inviolate from the staining words of anger or reproach!

XXVIII

Somewhere in one of Ellen Key's remarkable books there occurs a lengthy discussion of that universal, all-embracing love which is the ideal and the way of Buddhism and of Christianity. Ellen Key finds such a love impracticable, and in any case undesirable, since its triumph in the hearts of men would in her opinion spell the destruction of that individualized, personal, affection which is indeed the very crown of human life. Is it not better, she seems to ask us, to love one than all?—implying by the query that the two forms of love, the universal and the individual, are mutually exclusive. Nay, the very nature of love itself makes any command

to love all men indiscriminately meaningless and absurd. Love is an instinctive choosing of one from among many; and to attempt to spread it over the many is simply to dilute it into good-natured indifference. Furthermore, love is based upon contrast; to love certain people is to hate others.

Such is the argument; and it may be that it has sufficient plausibility to deceive the more casual reader, even though it is based upon a fallacy that must be quite obvious to the thoughtful critic. I mean the fallacy of attempting to measure the possibilities of so infinite a spiritual force as love by the inconsequent deductions of logic.

For there is no limit to be set to the possible development of love; its future is as unbounded as that of the universe itself; and the higher the starting point the nearer heaven shall we be at the sunset hour. Let us begin with the universal love of humanity, the charity of Saint Paul. Is it impossible to build beyond that? By no means. Universal

charity is the foundation upon which is to be built the glorious superstructure of individual affection; and the firmer and broader the foundation the more enduring will be the superstructure. If I love all men as brothers I shall love my brother with more than a brother's affection. If I learn to honor and respect all women, even the fallen and degraded, by so much shall I increase the honor and respect which I cherish for my mother, my sister, my wife. There is no antithesis between universal and individual love; on the contrary, they rise and fall together. The nobler our love for all humanity becomes, the nobler becomes likewise our love for the few whom we call our friends. Thus it was that Jesus, who loved humanity with a love so profound and all-consuming that after nineteen centuries it shines on as the light of the world with undiminished intensity and grandeur, loved Lazarus and Mary and John with an individualized affection no less exceptionally beautiful and enduring.

XXIX

He who would increase his love for the noble can best accomplish that purpose by learning to love the ignoble. Try to admire the sinner if you would broaden and beautify your worship of the saint. The problem of enriching the life of the soul is the problem of finding God in the lowest. When you have discovered the divinity that hides in the heart of a rose do you think that you are less likely to see God in the eyes of a friend? Do you hesitate to love the Magdalene lest in so doing you make less beautiful your worship of the Virgin Mary? It is a vain and foolish fear; for there is no love which does not render the heart more capable of beautiful worship.

XXX

It may be that contrast is of the essence of love; but it is not the contrast between love and hate, it is at most the contrast between love and love. In the heart of the mystic

there is no room for hate. He does not hate the sinner for he sees in him an undeveloped saint; he does not hate the evil, for it is just good in the making.

XXXI

Of course in all this I am thinking of an idealized personal affection far removed from the selfish passion which so often to-day passes current as love in the sexes. "Is it not strange," said a friend to me not long ago, "is it not strange that so often as a man and a woman learn to love each other they become daily more self-centered and indifferent to others? They seem to lose all sense of obligation to parents, to friends, to the suffering, struggling world of men, and to think only of the attainment of their desire in mutual exclusive possession." It is not strange when one considers how important a part selfish passion still plays in the love of man and woman for each other. For this is the difference between passion and love, that

the former weakens the sentiment of universal charity in the human heart, the latter strengthens it. He who truly loves a woman will love all women for her sweet sake; yes, all life will seem sacred to him because she has smiled upon it. He will find new wonder in. the sunset and a strange melody in the running brook. The stars will shine with an unforeseen tenderness, and the children open their hearts to reveal secret treasures of goodness and beauty. And all this independent of whether his beloved returns his affection, or not. But he whose love is just passion will be blinded to all the splendors of God's universe, and see only the one woman for the possession of whom he will fight as a beast for its prey, selfishly, without pity. And should he fail to win her, then will life itself lose all meaning for him.

XXXII

"It seems to me," said one day a woman who is of the pure in heart that have seen

God, "that the tragedy of many marriages arises from the fact that whereas a woman's love grows ever stronger and more wonderful, a man's love too often ceases to develop after marriage, or even diminishes and dies away, as a tide that has reached its flood." It is because woman's love is usually built upon a surer foundation, a broader spirit of charity, an instinctive understanding of sorrow. So it happens that a woman's love is seldom an unhappy love, for whether or not she possesses the man she loves, her love itself will be a light and a comfort to her. It will glorify all her life. This is doubtless what Byron meant when he said that love was woman's whole existence. It is not that she has greater need of the man than he of her, but that she lives more constantly in the presence of her love. She takes it with her to her daily tasks and allows its splendor to transfigure all the little relationships of common life. Her love becomes so great and pure that it overflows the capacity of the man she loves, and she stretches out her arms to the whole universe to embrace it.

XXXIII

In that splendid epic of modern American life and love, Robert Herrick's *Together*, there is portrayed a woman in whose heart burns the fire of the highest love. Margaret and Robert, predestined lovers, have snatched from fate a few days' supreme happiness, but are now forced to part, each to return to the path of stern and unrelenting duty. And the woman speaks: ". . . . It can never be as it was before for you or me. We shall carry away something from our feast to feed on all our lives. We shall have enough to give others. Love makes you rich—so rich! We must give it away all our lives. We shall, dearest, never fear." And again: "My children, my children," she murmured, "I love them more—I can do for them more. And for dear Mother Pole—and even for him. I shall be gentler—I shall understand. . . . Love was set before me. I have taken it, and it has made me strong. I will be glad and love the world, all of it, for your sake, because you

have blessed me. . . . Ours is not the fire that turns inward and feeds upon itself."

"Love makes you rich—so rich! We must give it away all our lives." So speaks the highest love, burning away forever the false antithesis between individual and universal, and rising through the passionate yearning for at-onement with the beloved to the mysticial desire for union with the Spirit in all created things.

XXXIV

It is in the realm of spiritual values that every true marriage takes place, for it is there that human souls approach nearest one another. It is there that, lifted above ourselves, we are most ourselves. It is there that the pearl of purity which lies buried in every human heart is brought to light; the pearl of great price which one dare not cast before swine. It is there, on the heights of the spirit, in the face of God's heaven, not in the dark

valley of passion, that every child should be conceived.

XXXV

The period of courtship is usually one of pure idealism; but how often marriage, instead of being the fulfillment of love, spells its destruction! How often beneath the words of the priestly benediction lurks the unspoken venomous curse of fate! It seems indeed that the physical element which enters at marriage is destructive of all but the highest love, and that the first embrace of the bridal night will prove disastrous to every affection that was born in passion. Let but the suggestion of selfish indulgence intrude itself and find a moment's welcome, and immediately the spell is broken. Immediately the physical loses its symbolic, sacramental efficacy, and becomes, instead of an instrument of the spirit, a flaming barrier from which the timid soul recoils in terror.

It is vain to prate of a lawful indulgence of passion; since there are no lawful indulgences. The physical for its own sake is always sin; and to lust after one's own wife is as bad as, perhaps worse than, to covet the wife of one's neighbor. "They would have her go," says Guido, the husband of Monna Vanna, "they would have her go and yield up to him that body which no man ever dared to think on with so much as a passing breath of desire, so virginal did it appear; from which I, her husband, ventured not to draw the veils but with a charge to my hands, my eyes, to keep perfect reverence, lest I should sully it by one ill-governed thought."

XXXVI

There is a kiss which blinds and degrades; it is the kiss of passion. But there is another kiss which is just the expression of the longing of two personalities to become one; a kiss which illumines life and draws the soul nearer

the invisible loveliness which is at the heart of things. It is the kiss of the highest love.

Again, and yet again! and here and here.
Let me with kisses burn this body away,
That our two souls may dart together free.
I fret at intervention of the flesh,
And I would clasp you—you that but inhabit
This lovely house.

So speaks the voice of the highest love, to which every desire has value only as the path to something beyond itself. Passion is transitory and finite; it seeks its own satisfaction, and no sooner has it attained its desire than it begins to wane. It is as a runner who, breasting the tape victorious, in the moment of triumph staggers and falls dead. But the highest love is infinite, never finally satisfied; since it seeks only to give and still to give, and in giving grows stronger and more beautiful day by day. This is the love which is born in the realm of spiritual values. And this love is eternal and ever patient; fearing not bodily separation nor death; knowing not jealousy nor deceit.

XXXVII

The entrance of the intellectual element into love, through the emancipation of woman, is destined to play an important part in the ennobling of love in the sexes. It is not possible to lust after a woman with whom one has shared the loftiest beliefs of one's heart; and a degrading passion can exist only between two beings that have never looked into each other's soul.

XXXVIII

As long as woman was intellectually a child, she was content to be loved as a child; but now that she has been allowed to grow into the full stature of a human being, now that her personality has been granted the inalienable privilege of self-development, she will demand of love not only spiritual and physical, but also intellectual satisfaction.

"First of all," says Ibsen's Nora, "I am a human being like you," and in those burning words of sudden, lightning-like conviction is voiced the credo of the modern woman. Deeper than masculine and feminine is the human, and on this common ground must man and woman meet if their relationship is to be beautiful and enduring. The portal to every personality is the intellect; and woman, as a developed personality, may be approached only through her intellect. Great and pure thoughts stand sentinel at the outposts of her soul, and if one would gain entrance to the inner sanctuary one must know the passwords. One must be able to answer her questioning eyes ere one presumes to ask of her the spiritual treasures that lie hidden in the depths of her being. If you cannot enter into the thoughts of the woman you love, all your devotion and sacrifice will be in vain; you will never win her deepest affection. Once, when woman was only feeling, it might have been possible; but it is no longer so.

XXXIX

Let us not fear that in becoming more intellectual love will lose its emotional intensity. There is nothing so emotional as thought, and an ideal is more ravishing than the most beautiful goddess. In this connection one may recall the anecdote related of Gounod, how one day, on having the Copernican system explained to him by a friend, he burst into tears and cried, "How beautiful!" Because Wagner was the most intellectual, he was also the most emotional of composers. In his Niebelungen Ring he set metaphysics to music, and produced a work so freighted with intensity of feeling that it almost oversteps the boundaries of art. Beside this how pallid seem the efforts of the Italian composers, dealing as they do with the petty passions of men and women who do not understand life! Wagner is not content with arousing our sympathies for this man or that woman, he wishes to make us feel for the common aspirations of all humanity, nay, of

the whole universe; and as the universe transcends the individual being it contains, so does Wagner's sympathy transcend that of a mere opera composer. The emotion which springs from a great thought is always more profound than the emotion which is simply the reflection of a perceived emotion or the answer to the stimulus of a sense impression. Great as is my admiration for the physical beauty of the woman I love it is as nothing compared to my admiration for the ideal of beauty which she cherishes in her soul; nay, it is primarily as an expression of the inner ideal that her physical loveliness has value.

XL

Consider, also, that there is no beautiful thought which does not become more beautiful the moment it is shared with a woman. I bring to the woman I love all my purest thoughts, my most cherished dreams; and she has no sooner smiled upon them than they

begin to shine with a new radiance. It seems, indeed, that a woman's smile is like the magic diamond in *The Blue Bird;* it makes visible the essence of things, which is Beauty. I never knew how beautiful were my ideals until one day I saw them shining in the depths of a pure woman's soul. Then indeed it was revealed to me; and I have never since doubted that the highest privilege a human being may possess is the privilege of living and dying for a dream.

XLI

Once it was deemed that true love must be unchanging; now, however, we begin to see that the highest love changes constantly. It gains in depth and compass with the addition of every new ideal. Day by day it reveals fresh wonders to us; day by day our dreams become more beautiful as we learn to share them with the being we adore; day by day our love itself grows purer, since there is nothing

more fatal to unworthy passion than a common fund of ideals. Every thought that you share with your beloved is a bond of union stronger than a thousand kisses. Should death separate you from her to-night do you think it would be the memory of an embrace which would be of greatest comfort to you in your lonely life beyond the grave? Would it not rather be a beautiful ideal which a few chance words of hers revealed to you one evening as you walked side by side beneath the stars?

XLII

We hear much, in life and in art, of the conflict between love and duty. How many of the great tragedies has not the putative clash of these two forces in the hearts of men and women brought forth? Corneille, it seems, could think of nothing else. And yet, as one attains a deeper insight into the natures of love and of duty, one realizes that any real conflict between them is impossible, that

what seems so must be illusory, or at most a conflict between greater love and less. If in order to possess the woman I love I disobey the clear dictates of conscience, I am sinning perhaps not so much against duty as against love. I have made my love less beautiful than it might have been; I have placed between my soul and the soul of the woman I adore the accusing body of a slain ideal. There are thus people who say that they love each other, whose souls are in reality separated by an impassable field of carnage, whereon are the mangled forms of dead and dying dreams and aspirations.

XLIII

Every time I obey the voice of duty I am brought one step nearer the woman whom I love. It may be that duty has forbidden me ever to see her again; it does not matter; our souls are approaching each other day by day. I know that she is watching me with the eyes

of the soul; that she sees every step, that she smiles upon me when I am strong, that she encourages me when I falter, that she comforts me and helps me to rise when I have stumbled and fallen.

XLIV

Have you never, in an hour of spiritual depression, experienced a sudden, mysterious tremor of joy that stirred your torpid blood into a new ecstasy? You do not know what it is nor why it visits you, this healing ray from an invisible sun of gladness; but it may be a secret messenger of the Spirit who comes to tell you that someone you love has just accomplished a noble act of self-sacrifice, or has given voice to a divine truth, or has gazed reverently upon beauty.

XLV

We hear it often asserted that love justifies everything, and we are asked to sympa-

thize with those who for their love's sake have sacrificed honor, faith, ideals. But there is only one thing that love can justify, and that is goodness. It is the absence of love that excuses, if it does not justify, the commission of an evil deed. He who has never known the joy of a supreme love, he is at a disadvantage in his struggle to live nobly, purely. We must judge him more leniently than his brother to whom has been granted the unshaken flame of the lamp of personal love by which to guide his footsteps through the Dædalian grottoes of human existence. The highest love brings responsibilities, not privileges; and he who truly loves knows himself under special obligation to live the faithful warrior of divine virtue.

XLVI

There is no compelling reason why a man and a woman who love each other should live

together. The right to cohabit is dependent upon many other considerations besides the existence of a mutual affection, and it is only in heeding the injunctions of the social conscience that love remains love. Physical separation cannot kill love; infidelity to the ideal of duty can and does. Sometimes the only way a man and a woman can remain true to each other is by parting.

This willingness to surrender the beloved at the first summons from the clarion voice of duty is the supreme test of the worth of a love. He who remains with the woman he adores after conscience has bade him depart, is a traitor to the highest love. If you cannot live without your beloved, you may be sure that your affection is still of an inferior quality. If in loving her you have not learned to love life more, if the divinest of passions have not awakened in your soul a realization of its own powers of blessedness independent of every external support, then you have not yet reached the inner sanctuary.

XLVII

He who could not live without God does not love God as He surely desires to be loved. What he loves is not God but the sense of personal security with which the belief in the existence of God inspires him. Too often the fear of the misfortunes which we imagine would immediately overwhelm us were we obliged to live without the help of our God induces us to cling to an outgrown, unworthy conception of God; such a conception, for example, as that of a God who makes belief in His existence requisite to man's salvation; since only a God who knew that His continued existence was dependent on man's belief in Him could attach so much importance to that belief.

XLVIII

Is it not the fear of never finding Truth, and of the consequent dispiriting sense of

failure and disillusionment, which urges so many philosophers to accept as ultimate Truth some meticulous creation of their overwrought brains? "Eureka," they cry; "I have found it!" And the greater is their fear of being mistaken the louder do they shout; as a child, terrified by the darkness, tries to reassure itself by the sound of its own voice.

This is the lust of the intellect which is but another name for fear; the single deep-grounded selfishness of the human heart, the essential egotism whose poisonous tendrils are so entangled with the roots of our conscious spiritual life that it sometimes seems as though we could not extirpate the evil without blighting the good, that we must allow wheat and tares to grow side by side unto some far-off, uncertain harvest. Nevertheless it is possible to purify the garden of life; as the great and good men of all ages have amply proven. It is but necessary that we have courage and patience.

XLIX

Let us compare for a moment two modern thinkers who illustrate the antithesis between love and lust in the world of philosophy.

Maeterlinck is free of lust, as of fear. He is the most chaste of modern thinkers. His love of Truth is purged of selfish motives, lofty and enduring; for he has learned to live without Truth, to clear his vision and purify his heart, in awaiting the gift of the gods, and to find in these very processes the quiet strength of soul sufficient for a beautiful and happy existence.

There is something majestic about Maeterlinck's progress toward Truth: he moves with the royal tread of one who knows himself supreme ruler of the noblest of kingdoms—his own soul! Looking back over the way he has trodden, as indicated by the successive works that bear his name, one is struck by the absence of dust—as far as the eye can see the road stretches away smooth and undisturbed. He travels always on foot and so

quietly that he disturbs nothing; even the birds do not cease singing at his approach. There is naught of interest on the journey that escapes his notice, not a flower whose joy he has not shared; and yet, if he does not hurry neither does he delay, nor will he think of resting till he has reached the far horizon.

Contrast with this the headlong, vertiginous rush of Nietzsche's imagination, posting with wanton haste from mistress to mistress, and embracing each new illusion with the same greedy, relentless passion, until madness mercifully ends the pitiful debauchery of a gifted intellect. Nietzsche is the Don Juan of modern philosophers, Maeterlinck the Saint Francis of Assisi. And it is to Saint Francis that we go for Truth.

L

There is a kind of slavery from the evil influence of which few indeed can boast exemption: it is the slavery to an ideal. And

just because an ideal is more ravishing than the most beautiful of goddesses it is expedient that we be emancipated from this last form of bondage. For, as history amply demonstrates, slavery to an ideal gives birth to many of the most despicable passions of which human nature is capable, fanaticism and hatred, and their concomitant cruelties. We have but to recall the religious persecutions with which the pages of European history are stained to realize the dire and necessary outcome of the enslavement of the human mind to an ideal—in this case that of theological conformity. And this dire outcome is inevitable however noble in itself the enslaving ideal may be.

Maeterlinck desires to free us from bondage to our ideals. He urges us to open the windows of our souls that the free air of heaven may sweep through them, making all things sweet and radiant. He calls us out of ourselves, out of our dreams and aspirations, to breathe a while the purer if rarer atmosphere of the Unknown. He shows us that our loft-

iest ideals are less lofty than eternity, that beyond Beauty and Goodness and Truth lies the mystery that transcends all things, and that in this mystery our souls may find certain refuge when every other source of comfort seems to fail.

LI

Does this mean that in finding peace of soul to be independent of the realization of our ideals we shall love these ideals less, shall strive less earnestly for their attainment? By no means. I have written all in vain if I have not shown that freedom from slavery to our ideals means before all else freedom to love them with a love more profound, enduring, and beautiful—a love in which there is no admixture of selfish fear of failure. We begin now to love them solely for what they are in themselves, and not for any benefit which we may expect to receive from their realization. We love them although we cannot be sure

that we shall ever attain them. "Those who fight only for victory," says George Tyrrell, "grow slack when victory is hopeless. Those who fight for hate or love will fight till they drop." We can lust after the attainable; but we cannot lust after the unattainable—we can only love it. Perhaps it is in the service of a God of whose very existence we are not sure that our souls become conscious of their deepest possibilities, of a nobility and beauty grounded in the Infinite.

LII

As the soul of man develops, the number of things which he deems necessary to his welfare diminishes, until finally the entire objective universe, with all it contains of wonder and beauty, is seen to be after all a luxury. To the fully enlightened man the only necessity is his own soul. The Eastern mystic's contempt of the phenomenal world is perhaps simply the revolt of the spiritually minded against every form of waste and extravagance

carried to its logical conclusion. The Buddhist initiate objects to the world process of birth, growth, and decay, because it is unnecessary. Since Brahm is eternally, why have we need of time and its illusions?

We have no need. But what the Brahmin seems to forget (in theory if not in practice) is that the useless things are the most divine. It is precisely because life is like a play without deeper significance than its own joyousness that we can accept it without injury to our souls. But in order to enter the kingdom of heaven we must become as children, who, without overestimating the larger significance of their activity, or constructing a cosmic philosophy from the elements of baseball, take endless delight in playing the game for its own sake.

LIII

One great truth, however, we moderns have still to learn from the ascetic: that the only path to the free joyousness of the play-

attitude toward life is the path of renunciation. Not until we have learned to live without the world should we begin to enjoy the world. True other-worldliness is not hostile to the natural joy of living; on the contrary it alone produces that inner freedom which is the prerequisite of all innocent appreciation of the good and fair things of earth. It is Saint Francis, not Don Juan, who understands and loves the glad melody of bird song and the awful beauty of the rose of dawn. Renounce the world in order to enjoy the universe: you have no sooner done so than you rediscover the world in its proper place in the cosmic order. Thus only does the world become beautiful to the spirit; for the beauty of an object is revealed only to the heart that senses the relation of the object to the Whole.

LIV

Let us return now to a consideration of personal love and see if these few and neces-

sarily somewhat vague philosophical reflections will cast any new light on the spiritual value of such love. If in order to enjoy the world without endangering our inner freedom we must be capable of renouncing the world, this will be no less true if we substitute for the world, the people whom we love. "I shall never marry," said a woman with pride, "I shall never marry unless I meet a man whom I believe to be absolutely necessary to my existence." But this is precisely the man she should under no circumstances marry; for in marrying him she will become not his wife, but his slave. Not until she knows herself capable of living wisely and beautifully apart from him should she consent to live with him.

LV

If there is anywhere in the world a being whose presence is necessary to the peace of your soul you are as much in a state of bondage as the meanest slave of an oriental despot.

However, love comes to free us, not to enslave us; and he may not boast the highest love who does not know the mystic joy of solitude. The test of the depth and value of your affection is not whether you are happy when you are with your beloved, but whether you are happy when you are alone.

LVI

There is profound spiritual significance in the fact that we reserve the glorious title "free love" for that love which is of all, the most in bondage to blind passion. It seems we have not yet learned that in disregarding the social welfare for the sake of love we prove, not that our love is free, but that we are slaves.

LVII

There were two men who loved a woman. And when the first man learned that his love was not returned, he went out in despair, and

hanged himself. But the other said to the woman: "Do you know what I shall do now that I know you do not love me? I shall think more beautiful thoughts, I shall dream more beautiful dreams, I shall do greater deeds because I have known you. And then, perhaps I shall some day awaken in you the love that understands. For I begin to believe that it is my fault that you do not love me, that it is always our fault if those about us do not love us as we desire to be loved. And even if fate should decree that I should never see you again, I should still find life sweet; I shall cling mightily to existence, for existence would mean to me before all else the thought of you."

Which of these two men, therefore, loved with the greater love?

LVIII

By the gift of happiness which it bears in its arms, tenderly as a mother her babe, may

we judge the spiritual value of the love that is knocking at the door of our hearts. We must open only to the goddess who approaches smiling. Or if there be tears in her eyes they must be peaceful tears, unstained by bitterness or regret, tears that reflect and crystally enhance the beauty of the soul which gives them birth, even as the dewdrop mingles in its depths the azure of heaven, and the softer blue of its patron violet, enriching both.

LIX

"She is capable of a wonderful happiness," wrote to me a friend in reference to a woman whom we both loved. This was indeed high praise, for it would be difficult to conceive a loftier ideal for the individual than this of making himself worthy of a wonderful happiness. A truly sublime happiness is attained only by the cherishing and developing of all that is purest and best in the soul. It is a royal guest to whom one dare not offer an

unswept and ungarnished chamber lest he take offence and hurriedly depart.

"It is happiness that ennobles," says Ibsen's Rosmer. Christianity has been prone to overemphasize the value of misfortune and suffering in the purification of the soul. It is not always in the dark hours of personal grief that the surest faith in an Unseen Power is born. It is not always when one is weary of earth and its passing pleasures that one experiences the profoundest yearning for heaven and its divine peace. There is a happiness so great that it snaps the chains which confine it to earth and rises toward the sky and the Beauty that is beyond the stars. There are times when the soul is uplifted on the wings of importunate ecstasy, when nothing seems too good to be true, and one stretches out one's arms to the whole universe to embrace it. Perhaps is the faith in life born of such an hour of sunshine a more beautiful and enduring thing than the faith conceived and brought forth in the night of personal grief.

I say "*personal* grief," for there is an impersonal sorrow which is no less beneficent than a wonderful happiness. It seems, indeed, that the nobler and loftier happiness and sorrow become, the nearer do they approach each other; until at last one may no longer distinguish between them, and it is not possible to say whether a smile or a tear is fraught with greater comfort to the soul.

LX

What is most shocking in the spiritual condition of the masses of men is their inability to sympathize with a happiness that is not closely identified with their personal welfare. Their joys and sorrows are no greater than themselves. In short, they are incapable of a wonderful happiness; and that is the substance of their condemnation. This is the fault of the present economic structure of society, which encourages man to concern himself primarily with his fate as an in-

dividual, to degrade those sublime words, happiness and unhappiness, to the service of so petty a matter as his personal fortune. There are, of course, those who defend the present system of brute selfishness with the specious plea that it is in the struggle for personal supremacy that man develops the best of his powers. But we need not waste words in refuting an argument the mere statement of which is sufficient to discredit it in the eyes of every unprejudiced student of life. Lust and greed and criminal hate, these are the too obvious products of man's acquiescence in that blind struggle for existence which was nature's makeshift method of progress before she conceived intelligence and brought forth the free human soul. Those who deny the inapplicability of a crude law of animal survival to man in the fullness of his divine stature, deny at once and the same time the primary posit of every true religion and the collective testimony of the noblest beings that have walked this earth.

LXI

One says truly that suffering purifies the soul; but let us not deceive ourselves, the question here is of spiritual, not of physical, suffering. It is they that hunger and thirst after *righteousness* who are blessed. A heart hungering for love, not an empty stomach, is the proper receptacle for the bread of life. The fear of the Lord, not the fear of starvation, is the beginning of wisdom.

LXII

Not in the struggle for existence, but in the struggle for life—eternal life, is the soul of man made beautiful. Was it in the process of earning his daily bread that Shelley rose to the sublime genius of *Frometheus?* Was it in the sweat of his brow, toiling at the bench of a carpenter, that Jesus of Nazareth revealed the all-embracing fire of his love? Or was it rather in the useless and beautiful tears which he shed over Jerusalem, the slayer of the prophets?

LXIII

The new ideal of social justice, which already to-day shines as a guiding star on the hearts of millions of awakened men and women, aims at giving to the toiling masses of humanity their due share of a wonderful happiness. True, one cannot bestow happiness upon another. Happiness is an inner state born of the individual soul. But one can bestow leisure; and it is in the hour of rest that the soul labors.

LXIV

There are those who assure us that enforced toil is a blessing, that it develops character by strengthening the will. History gives them the lie. Primitive man was of necessity far more industrious than are we; yet his soul slumbered within him. Strictly speaking he had no character; he was moved by forces outside his will. It was not until he could

afford to be less industrious, until he was the possessor of periods of time in which he could do what he willed to do, that he became in any real sense a moral being. In those first divine hours when, freed from economic necessity, he grew conscious of deeper forces within him seeking expression, he began the construction of his masterpieces: religion, philosophy, art. The Spirit at last awakened from the sleep of centuries, and started on the long journey upwards to the sunlit heights of freedom and happiness. Man, no longer mere animal, walked upright and faced the heavens with eager, questioning eyes. Had the race been compelled to depend permanently upon enforced industry for progress we should today be savages roaming the forest wilds with no loftier desires than for food and shelter.

LXV

Social justice means the equable distribution not so much of wealth, as of leisure. No

doubt there will always be a certain amount of enforced work for each of us. But let us not dissemble the truth: enforced work is a curse, not a blessing, and our aim should be the reduction of it to a minimum for all men. The ideal of social justice is born of a belief in man, in the divine in him, which needs freedom from every form of external compulsion adequately to express itself.

Of course there will be those to whom freedom will mean license. There are doubtless those to-day who are not vicious simply because they have not time to be. But their numbers are small in comparison with those whom overwork drives to all forms of excesses, and cruel pleasures. Besides, virtue born of necessity is not genuine virtue. Only the free choice of goodness for its own sake has moral value. Suppose that from this moment to the end of your life every moment were your own absolutely, to do with as you liked, what use would you make of the gift? By your answer to that question will I read your spiritual horoscope!

When men are free we shall at last be able to distinguish essential goodness, the goodness of the soul, from the artificial, apparent goodness which is dependent for its continuance upon external, unwelcome circumstances. The sheep will be separated from the goats without the assistance of a mechanical Judgment Day, and in a few generations there will be no more goats.

LXVI

Freedom will not necessarily make men happier. Leisure produces its Schopenhauers as well as its Goethes. Doubtless the amount of sorrow will be as great as that which exists to-day, but it will be a lofty sorrow, so lofty that it will seem, as I have said, indistinguishable from happiness. It will be a sorrow that springs not from personal misfortune but from sympathy with the eternal travail of the universe. It will be a sorrow far worthier of men than the trivial pleasures with which

to-day the masses must content themselves. The barriers of selfishness will be burned away by the pure flame of mysticism, and soul rush to soul, and love, and grow beautiful. And whether it be a common sorrow or a common joy that unites two souls what does it matter, so but their union be productive of beauty!

LXVII

No one in recent times has more clearly perceived the supreme end of human existence than Guyau: as the following quotation from *L'Irréligion de L'Avenir* will demonstrate:

"One day when I was seated at my desk my wife came up to me and exclaimed: 'How melancholy you look! What is the matter with you? Tears, mon Dieu! Is it anything that I have done?' 'Of course not; it is never anything that you have done. I was weeping over a bit of abstract thought, of speculation on the world and the destiny of

things. Is there not enough misery in the world to justify an aimless tear? And of joy to justify an aimless smile?' The great totality of things in which man lives may well demand a smile or a tear from him, and it is his conscious solidarity with the universe, the impersonal joy and pain that he is capable of experiencing, the faculty, so to speak, of impersonalizing himself, that is the most durable element in religion and philosophy. To sympathize with the whole universe, to wish to contribute to its amelioration, to overpass the limits of our egoism and live the life of the universe, is the distinguishing pursuit of humanity."

LXVIII

The history of humanity is indeed the history of the struggle of eternity with time. The human soul is the battleground upon which these two ancient cosmic enemies come to a desperate and determined grapple.

There is no hope of parley: the duel is to the death.

LXIX

We are intended to be the channels of the Eternal, and it is through us that the Beauty that is beyond the stars seeks to express itself upon earth. We were created for the service of a queen whose face we may not look upon; only in fighting her battles do we fulfill our destiny, and though we turn traitor and enlist under the gaudier banners of time yet will our defection bring us only pain and weariness of spirit, and we shall find no peace till we return to the arms of our long-suffering mother.

LXX

We are alone in our vision of a Truth that endures. No other being on this earth knows what we know, can read what we read in the cryptic messages of the intuitional soul. All are blinded by the light of the physical sun,

all are in the service of things that pass away. We stand in spiritual isolation; in the midst of a world of growth and decay we have dreamed of a Kingdom where change shall be no more. And it is this dream alone which separates us forever from the rest of nature. Intelligence we share in varying degrees with other animals; morality, too, is not exclusively a human possession; but what living creature besides man has produced a mystic?

LXXI

Happiness for us is dependent upon our rising above the sharp barrier that separates one moment from the next, so that "life may no more jolt nor jar but glide." "Eschew the pleasure of the moment, that is, the pleasure which can exist only in a temporal order of things," so speaks to us the voice of our deepest convictions. There is a joy that has no reference to time and place; this is the joy toward which we must yearn with all our

hearts. This is the joy that lives only in the innermost recesses of our being, at the meeting point of the soul and the Unseen Reality. This is the joy which accompanies the highest love, whether individual or universal.

LXXII

It is of contrast that the pleasures of the moment are woven. Abundance spells satiety. Were there no past pain with which to compare it our present pleasure would lose much of its intensity. But the happiness of the Eternal is incomparably unique; there is nothing with which one may contrast it. Furthermore the capacity of the soul is limitless. One can never have too much of the peace born of communion with the Beauty that is beyond the stars.

LXXIII

I have said: "It seems indeed that the nobler and loftier happiness and sorrow be-

come, the nearer do they approach each other." Is this not true of all our experience? As we strive to ennoble the individual hours of life we find that they tend to grow more and more alike, as people that live together are wont to do, until it is with difficulty that we can distinguish between them. Finally they will merge and become part of a timeless, transcendent Reality. Then there will remain neither past nor future; but only a limitless present which is as a window through which the benign rays of the Eternal pour in unsullied glory. This is the Nirvana of Buddhism, perhaps, after all, the noblest creation of the religious faculty.

LXXIV

Man achieves immortality, then, by the deliberate choice of his conscious will. Socrates was right in his assertion that to know the good is to do the good; he was wrong in limiting knowledge to the realm of the intel-

lect. Truth is a matter of the whole man, and it is only in developing all our powers that we clarify our vision of Reality. Mere intellectual assent to a proposition is not knowledge; nor until we have felt and willed the good which our intellect perceives, do we know it to exist.

LXXV

By the renunciation of temporal goods, under the influence of the highest love, man enters into Eternal Life, which is simply life lived in the conscious presence of the Eternal Values. His salvation consists in the realization of himself as the organ of these Eternal Values, as part of a divine and infinite Unknown; and social progress is to be measured by the extent to which the mass of men have attained to such self-realization.

LXXVI

Judged by this standard the existent social order has little to recommend it. A small

minority of the living, more favored of fortune than their fellows, have succeeded in partially extricating themselves from the whirlpool of selfishness which we call civilization. They have attained to a certain measure of self-realization, and know the peace of soul which the world cannot give. But into the sordid lives of the trodden masses such blessedness can find no entrance. Brutalized by the pitiless struggle with their fellows for the means of subsistence, and dwarfed in body and mind by the insistent weight of enforced joyless labor, they live and die with no vision of a happiness deeper and more enduring than the fleeting, selfish pleasures with which they blindly seek to console themselves for the keener pangs of existence. Their religion is purely formal, for they have no time to experience spiritually the truths in which they profess to believe. Art and philosophy are abracadabra, the mere foam of words, pale and without substance. So they live and so they perish, full in the clutch of time who mumbles them for his sport.

LXXVII

What is to be the remedy? How are we to bring to the mass of men that consciousness of their high destiny which is happiness? I have said before, we cannot bestow happiness upon another. Happiness is born of the individual soul, and the happiness of each soul is unique. What the masses need is not reformation nor education, both in their present forms the social weapons of the snob and the egotist, nor religious creeds nor pseudo-philosophic jargon,—but simply leisure. They need to be left alone, they need the healing influence of solitude without which the soul of man cannot develop in harmony and beauty. They need the gift of free time; for it takes time to overcome time.

LXXVIII

The trouble with the reformer is that he has completely forgotten the presence in human-

ity of the Unknown. He goes about the education of the masses with the confidence of the omniscient. Why should he hesitate? He knows the things that satisfy his nature; he sees the mass of men deprived of and even indifferent to, these things. He follows the dictates of a too obvious logic. He becomes scientific; which is the final stage of human degradation. For what clearer evidence of total spiritual blindness could one give than the resolve to treat man, the incarnation of mystery, with the impersonal exactitude of science?

LXXIX

Let us remember always that the final value of knowledge is as a window to the Unknown. Education is simply the development of the sense of wonder. The value of a civilization is to be measured by the extent to which it permits the entrance into human life of a supernatural, or at least superterrestrial, radiance; and every Utopia is foredoomed to

failure that does not take into account the fact that man is "incurably religious."

LXXX

When shall we learn to respect the unknown god who resides in every human being? Not until we have come into communion with the god in our own hearts. Then we shall understand that what our less fortunate brothers demand of us is not so much food and clothing and shelter, or education, or any manifestation of brotherly concern and affection, but the simple gift of leisure, free hours sufficient for self-realization, the cup of solitude into which alone God pours the wine of life.

LXXXI

This, then, is the problem that society has to solve: the more equable distribution of those leisure hours which are breath of life

to the soul. Industry must be so organized that to each man there shall be a goodly portion of free time in which to seek the self-realization which is peace. This can be only achieved by the elimination of the waste of competition, by the substitution of the ideal of coöperation as the most efficient method of industrial production, and by the simplification of the standards of living, that human labor may no longer be prostituted to the production of worthless and harmful luxuries.

LXXXII

But however much he may desire the coming of justice, for the enlightened man there can be no weapon of warfare but persuasion, there is no victory but the victory of bringing light to another soul. He who wholly and heartily believes in the omnipotence of the divine will inevitably disparage the use, either by the individual or by society, of any form of restraint in dealing with the evil-doer.

After all, law exists not by reason of its inherent merit as a means of combating evil but solely because of the good man's cowardice, his lack of faith. Arbitrary punishment is always baneful in its influence, for it fosters in the social consciousness the idea that goodness is not attractive enough to win men without extraneous sanctions. Every time we punish a crime we make it so much harder for those tempted to commit this crime to conquer their desire; for we are nourishing the conviction that crime in itself is so attractive and remuneratory that only by inflicting the severest penalties for its commission can we dissuade men from constantly resorting to murder, robbery, and so forth.

If a thief steals my purse and I have him sent to prison I am fostering in his mind the conviction that my purse is a very valuable thing, and he will be tempted to try to steal it again should he have the opportunity. If, however, I turn to him and say with a smile, "Who steals my purse steals trash! You are welcome to it. Worldly goods are of no ac-

count," he will begin to have his doubts about the advantages of theft.

This is the attitude which society should take—an attitude of utter fearlessness, the attitude of heroic souls.

LXXXIII

It was the principle of non-resistance, as exemplified in the lives of the saints and the martyrs, which brought about the triumph of the Christian religion in the centuries after Christ. When the Church renounced that doctrine, took up arms and became a world power, her doom was sealed. For the sermon on the mount is not the impossibly ideal moral code of a fanatic; it is the only sane and practical program of enduring reform.

LXXXIV

We have thrown about the teaching of Jesus the same forbidding glory that sur-

rounds his person. The unique deification of Jesus by Christians relieved them of the obligation to live as their master lived. To make Christ God is the easiest way of weakening the exigent beauty of his personality. It thus becomes impossible to cite to a Christian, as an example of what man should be, the life of the prophet of Nazareth. He will shake his head wisely and murmur, "Ah, but Jesus was God, we are only men." By making their heroes more than human men discreetly free themselves from the necessity of living great and good lives.

LXXXV

God punishes evil-doers by the fact of His existence, and that is the only punishment He needs to employ. That the good is and that it is destined to triumph, persuade the wicked man of this and you have at one and the same time punished and reformed him. Persuade him of this by demonstrating your own utter

faith in Right and its ultimate triumph, which does not need bars and gyves or the guillotine to accomplish its ends. Instead of that you kill or imprison him, thus proving to his entire satisfaction that he was right in believing that there is nothing between evil doing and success but physical force—the force of the cowardly majority of "good" men.

LXXXVI

But must we not at least protect the weak from the brutalities of the strong and wicked? Shall we stand by idly, without protest, while evil triumphs and the heathen rage? The good need no protection but the consciousness of their own goodness; and the better a man becomes, the more emphatically will he decry the use of force in his defense. Jesus rebuked Peter grasping the sword; at no other moment of his career did he evidence more clearly his utter faith in the omnipotence of Goodness.

LXXXVII

It does not matter if good men perish: Goodness endures. It is at the heart of things, it is the universe. The triumph of Truth is not dependent on our feeble efforts: Truth triumphs eternally; It is, though worlds decay. We do not need to build the kingdom of heaven, we have only to open our eyes and find it perfect, complete, as it has been from all eternity, as it shall be forever. It does not need us, but we need it. Our one duty is to save ourselves, to discover the divinity that resides within us, that our souls may be free of every external compulsion.

LXXXVIII

It is not the good who need to be protected from the cruelty of the wicked, it is the wicked who need to be protected from the cowardice of the good; for it is cowardice that blurs man's spiritual vision and makes him incap-

able of seeing things in their true proportions. The cowardly good stand between the wicked and the regenerating light of Truth. How can we expect the wicked to believe in Goodness if the faith of the good is so weak that it is afraid of suffering and death?

LXXXIX

Says Mr. Paul Elmer More: "It would be hard to exaggerate the importance of this discovery, made so many years ago in the forest of India, that the eternal and infinite expectation of the soul is not to be sought in submission to an incomprehensible and inhuman force impelling the world, nor yet in obedience to a personal God, but is already within us awaiting revelation, is in fact our very Self of Self." This is the Truth that saves, the knowledge that God is within us, that every sin is a sin against Self. How are we to persuade men of this truth? By relinquishing every form of arbitrary punishment,

by leaving the wicked to the vengeance of the divinity in their own hearts. For every time we punish a human being we make it so much harder for the voice of conscience to speak to him; but every sin that we forgive is an exigent summons to the Unknown God that slumbers in the heart of the offender. Let us show the evil-doer that what stands between him and success is not the revengeful power of just men but the more potent sorrow of his own outraged soul.

XC

The only legitimate function of social organization is the production of enlightened human beings. Now the salient feature of enlightenment is self-sufficiency. This is the Rome to which all roads of spiritual endeavor lead. And he who arrives at the goal finds himself freed of fear and of every desire to punish. "No one can harm me but myself."

XCI

It is not an easy doctrine, this of non-resistance, nor one likely to find wide acceptance in our hesitant age of efficiency, when waste is the one unpardonable sin. Of our spiritual leaders, as of our men of affairs, we demand immediate results; and no prophet may hope for a hearing among us who cannot first of all convince us that he is a practical man. And to be a practical man means neither more nor less than to be driven by the fear of remaining personally ineffectual to the adoption of compromise as a method of achieving reform.

XCII

There is no subtler, and consequently more dangerous, form of egotism than that which leads us to confuse the success or failure of the ideals for which we stand with our personal success or failure. Once let a man become

convinced that the ideal which he loves can never become effectual among men save through his personal efforts, and there is no foreseeing to what depths of trickery and base compromise he may descend to achieve his purpose. And the more passionately he loves his ideal the greater will be the temptation to sacrifice everything to its attainment.

XCIII

It is this very sense of false responsibility that has so much to do with the overwhelming fear of failure which is the curse of modern life. From this foul stalk springs the terrible carrion-flower of international jealousy and hate. Thus we Americans have convinced ourselves that we are the divinely appointed guardians of political liberty and that were America, the land of the free, to perish in the struggle for existence, the ideal of political liberty would perish with her. So we reinforce our natural egotism by the

assumption of a moral purpose, and in the name of liberty prepare to defend ourselves against the attack of a foreign enemy. Thus, also, England, under the guise of assuming "the white man's burden" of educating inferior races to the broad intellectual outlook of British Philistinism, has felt called upon by the voice of God to subjugate and rule every portion of the inhabitable globe on which she can successfully lay the heavy hand of empire.

And as it is with nations, so also with individuals. Do we not know men in public life who have used every means, however vile, to further their own advance, on the plea that it was necessary for them to attain to political prominence before they could carry out the reforms which lay so near their hearts? Do we not behold similar instances in our industrial world? How often is it not urged in extenuation of some financial giant that though the means he used to attain his position of control may not always have been above suspicion yet the use which he has

made of his power is ample justification for whatever in his past will not bear a too close scrutiny. Is not our civilization poisoned at the very source by the fetid doctrine of expediency?

XCIV

The means justifies the end! So they have ever argued, who love life and success more than the Eternal Values. And it seems we have not yet realized the absurdity of a theory which divides existence into two disjunctive entities, which does not see that every means is itself an end, that Eternal Life is above all a question of this present moment. Now and again some prophet of God's truth raises his warning voice against the cowardly temporizing so characteristic of our generation, but deafened by the insistent sophistries of our practical reformers, we cannot hear, we cannot understand.

XCV

And yet, were we to study the lives of the great and good men of all ages, we should surely learn that there is but one way to live for an ideal, namely, to live as though that ideal were already a reality. Act as you would act were the world of which you dream the real world; so speaks the voice of the Spirit. Is it not true that the reality of our ideals is in large measure dependent upon ourselves, that we create the environment in which we live? If I believe in justice it is not necessary that I should wait until all men accept that ideal before making it a reality in my life. It is necessary only that I should be just, it is necessary that I should not compromise with injustice. If, however, in order to reach a position of power in which I may make justice accepted of all men I descend to the accomplishment of one act of injustice I have nullified in advance the effect of all my efforts.

XCVI

Let us live always in the highest world which we can conceive to exist; it is the most effectual way of helping others as well as ourselves. The highest is still the best; and there is no fear that our most beautiful dreams can ever exhaust Reality. Let us refuse to descend into a lower sphere in order to attain a greater degree of efficiency. All the lower levels of vision are more plentifully inhabited than ours, and the higher we climb the fewer are our companions. Nevertheless we must not waver. If we succumb to the cold of the summits, others, stronger and no less determined, will follow. . . . And we shall at least have lived our deepest lives.

XCVII

Compromise is essentially a living down to the public—a thing to be shunned as pestilence by all to whom the art of noble living is

a holy and enduring joy. So thought Jesus when he gave himself to be crucified rather than compromise with the authorities, so thought Luther, and Shelley, and Karl Marx. So thought our own Sidney Lanier, when after having endured years of penury rather than for one moment prostitute the high gift of poetry that was in him he penned those sublime words: "It is of little consequence whether I fail; the I in the matter is a small business: 'Que mon nom soit flétri, que la France soit libre!' quoth Danton; which is to say, interpreted by my environment: Let my name perish—the poetry is good poetry and the music good music, and beauty dieth not, and the heart that needs it will find it."

XCVIII

There is an argument in favor of compromise not infrequently employed in these latter days even by men of spiritual insight, an argument the more dangerous because it

makes its appeal to one of the finest moral attributes, the spirit of tolerance. It begins with the universally acknowledged postulate that human beings are weak and erring creatures, passing from this to the conclusion that it is not just to demand too much of their undeveloped spiritual powers. One must be willing to meet them half way. One must allow for the fact that man is still in his childhood, that he has not attained to the self-control and balance of maturity. One must not expect him to aspire to the unattainable.

Now in so far as this course of reasoning tends to make us more charitable toward our neighbor, his shortcomings and inconsistencies of conduct, his failure to attain the ideal, it is wholly salutary in its influence. We cannot be too tolerant of one another; we cannot be too ready to forgive and to forget. The growth of the spirit of universal tolerance is surely one of the most inspiring facts of the modern era. Nothing is more certain than that every attempt on our part to pass moral

judgment upon the act of another is impertinent and absurd; for not until we know all the antecedents of an act can we judge as to its moral value, and granted such omniscience we should doubtless find that there was nothing to forgive.

We must be tolerant even of ourselves. It is not always easy to forgive others their trespasses against us; but it is more difficult to forgive ourselves. And yet one is perhaps not truly good until one has forgiven oneself everything. Indeed it is possible that forgiveness of others is somewhat of hypocrisy in him who has not yet learned to forgive himself. Is not remorse, after all, only a subtle form of vengeance? And if I cannot learn to forgive a sin in myself how shall I forgive the same sin in another?

But when it is urged, as it often is, that because man is morally frail therefore we must lower our ideals to fit the exigencies of human nature, the plea becomes at once specious and entirely harmful in its influence.

For while it is impossible that we should be too tolerant in regard to the shortcomings of men, their failure to realize their ideals in their daily lives, it is no less impossible that we should be too exacting in demanding of men the very highest ideals of which they are capable. We must indeed be tolerant of the failings of actual humanity, we dare not and must not be tolerant of any blemish in that glorified humanity which should exist as an ideal in the soul of every man and woman. We must not make our heaven less beautiful in order to make it more attainable. For by so much as we lower our ideals by so much do we lower the real; and conversely to ennoble our ideals is to ennoble in like measure the course of our daily lives. The distance between the ideal and the real remains ever constant; they move on different planes but they never vary their relative positions. "Be ye perfect," said Jesus to his disciples, knowing well that they could not fulfill his injunction. They did not become perfect, doubtless, Peter, and James and John, and

the rest; but they approached nearer perfection than they could have done had their Master offered them an ideal less lofty, a goal within reach of their attainment.

XCIX

Are we not justified, then, in assuming that only in uncompromising fidelity to the highest ideal which we can conceive do we fulfill our destiny? This alone is happiness, this alone is success, that one should have utter confidence in the impulses of the soul, following them gladly and freely whether they lead to the scaffold or to the throne. And as for efficiency and achievement, who shall judge of these things? Or why should one be greatly troubled by such considerations, bred as they are of an unworthy fear of failure, since in trusting the soul one knows oneself in harmony with the Unseen Reality in which is neither impotence nor defeat?

C

Finally, let us remember that it is always possible to die. Death has been too often regarded as the enemy of man, the cruel destroyer who drags us from the feast of life just when the merriment has reached its height. In reality, death is the kindest and most loyal of all our friends. He is the defender of things virtuous, he is the eternal guardian of the inner freedom. To the good man he is the source of courage in the battle, of new hope in the hour of defeat; through the agony of the torture chamber the martyr glimpses the approaching form of the last liberator and steels himself to bear what yet remains of his portion of earthly suffering. Were man not mortal the triumph of evil upon earth would be complete; for who of us could boast the will to defy the ungodly and bear an eternity of unmitigated torture for the sake of an ideal, however beautiful? It is the knowledge that the power of the wicked, and of the foolish, also, is limited by the

boundaries of the kingdom of the dead, it is this divine knowledge alone that can imbue us with the unfaltering passion for the highest in life, with the determination to give ourselves in all things to the service of the Eternal Values.

CI

And, again, Death is the unfailing reminder to us of the existence of the Unknown. Immersed in the petty cares and pleasures of daily living we are prone to forget the mystery that surrounds our souls as the atmosphere surrounds our bodies. We grow sordid and selfish and unheeding of the things that abide; the lamp of the deeper faith flickers painfully in the fetid atmosphere of spiritual stagnation. Then it is Death who takes pity of us, it is Death who with the swift cruelty of love startles us from our torpor and revivifies the languid sinews of the soul. Kneeling beside the dead body of one whom he has loved, every man is a mystic.

CII

If it were not for Death it would be far more difficult to believe in God. We should perhaps accept the conclusions of a false science and see in the life of earth, in the behests of Nature, in the meaningless struggle to survive, the complete explanation of our complex spiritual selves. But so long as Death is, so long shall we know by the invincible logic of the heart that there is a Beauty beyond the stars in which and for which we live, that there is a Love that transcends time and that cares for us. For, as Hauptmann has said, "Death is the masterpiece of Eternal Love."

CIII

So with the glory of Life and the tenderness of Death as eternal witnesses of the inexhaustible goodness of the universe there is no reason why we should hesitate to live the

highest life of which we are capable. All things speak to the soul urging it upward.

He who thus throws himself blindly, confidingly, upon the Unseen Breast, renouncing every appeal to human law and sanction, trusting implicitly in the Spirit to do all things well, he finds the freedom and the peace which the world cannot give. In him is fulfilled the synthesis which is perhaps the goal of our present search; the merging of the mystic and the humanitarian. He will have great pity of the sorrows of men, and greater pity of the inner blindness which alone lends sorrow its bitter sting. He will be no idle dreamer; he will do his share toward making the world a nobler, fairer dwelling place. But he will never forget that in order to enjoy the world, one must be ready at a moment to renounce all things and die, should the spirit so ordain. He will respect the free personalities of men; he will strive, not to save others, but only to give them the opportunity of saving themselves. He will know how to honor woman, and in the eyes of

a child will read strange, glad tidings. And ever in and beyond created things he will feel the presence of the Unknown, Source of all being and its ultimate desire.