



EVEN
AS
YOU AND I
BOLTON
HALL

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

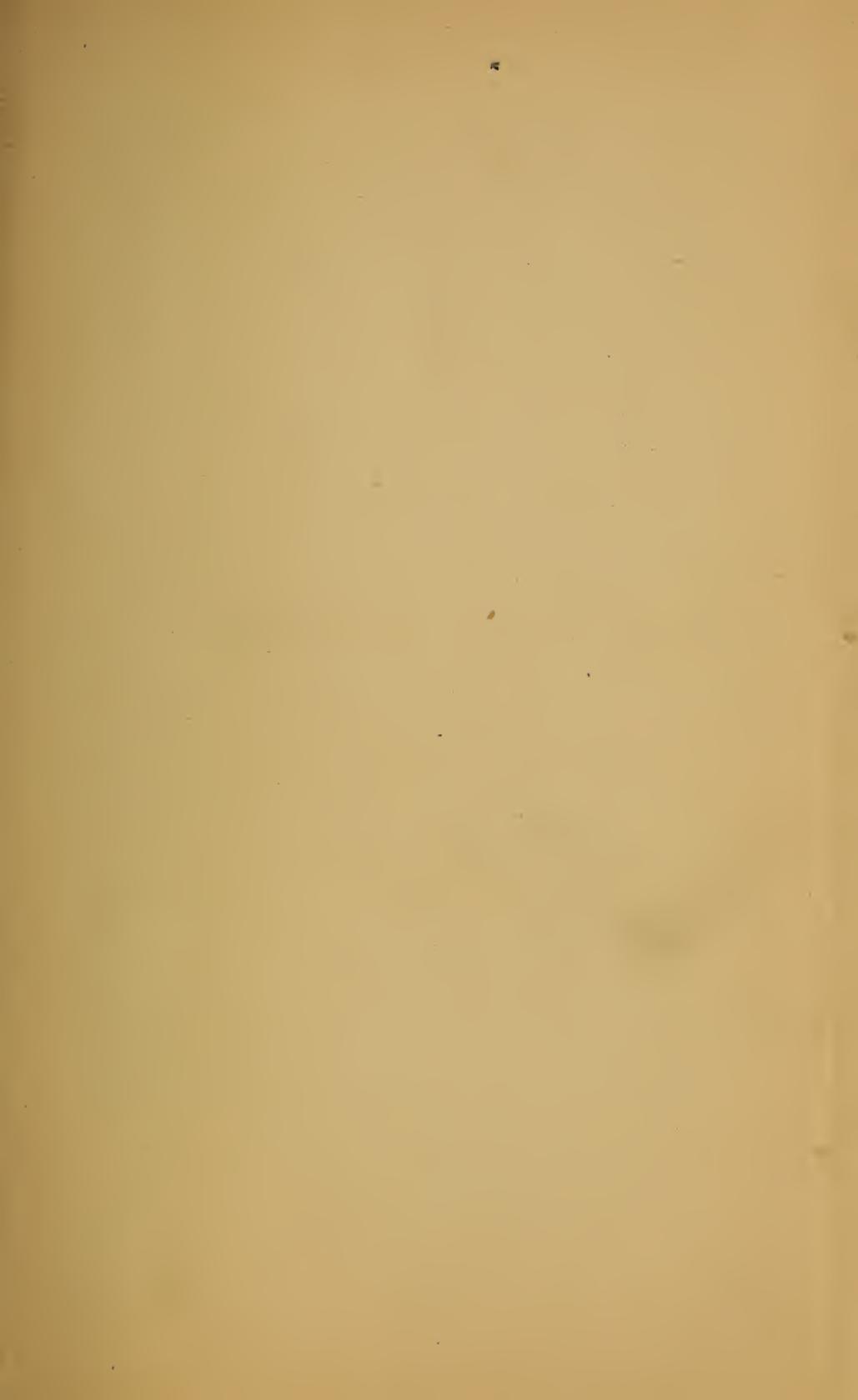
Chap. Copyright No.

Shelf BR 125

H 26

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

1900





EVEN AS YOU AND I

BY BOLTON HALL

THINGS AS THEY ARE

With an introduction by

GEORGE D. HERRON

Cloth, ornamental, gilt top, \$1.25

SMALL, MAYNARD & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS, BOSTON

EVEN
AS YOU AND I

PARABLES
TRUE LIFE

BY /
BOLTON HALL
"



Boston
Small, Maynard & Company
1900

4

Copyright, 1897, by
F. Tennyson Neely

BR125
.H26
1900

Copyright, 1900, by
Small, Maynard & Company
(Incorporated)

Entered at Stationers' Hall

81198

| |
|---------------------|
| Library of Congress |
| TWO COPIES RECEIVED |
| NOV 27 1900 |
| Copyright entry |
| Apr. 5, 1900 |
| No. a 8788 |
| SECOND COPY |
| Delivered to |
| ORDER DIVISION |
| NOV 28 1900 |

Press of
George H. Ellis, Boston, U.S.A.

As enlarged and many times revised, this book is affectionately dedicated to the few to whom it is given to guide, if not to lead, into the paths of Righteousness that restless social host, which, if it further stray, must drag with it, to irremediable ruin, everything that is worth having.

THE AUTHOR'S PURPOSE.

This book is an attempt to express in simple and clear form the fundamental doctrines of earth's great teachers. These doctrines are of one piece. The parables but illustrate its various aspects, and can develop only what is already in the reader. If the reader apply the teaching to his neighbor only, the book may amuse him, but it will not help him.

The account of Tolstoy's philosophy is taken mostly from his difficult work, "Of Life." Not knowing Russian, the author has had to be content with the French version by Mme. Tolstoy and MM. Tostevin, and the English translation by Isabel F. Hapgood.

What Thomas à Kempis has shown in the light of Religion, what Drummond has shown in the light of Humanity, Tolstoy shows in the light of Nature. He shows that the golden rule does not "presuppose its own fulfillment," but that it fulfills itself, and is, consequently, practical here and now. This it is that makes Tolstoy accept the economic theory of Henry George.

It will be noticed that Tolstoy does not distinguish between the mental and the spiritual development in man, so that some of his teachings found here may seem impracticable counsels of perfection, still there is no one that will not get good in his or her own life from considering such a teacher's views of the realities of life and its true object; and how Happiness may be found upon earth.

Some of the parables have been pub-

*lished from time to time in "Collier's
Weekly," "The Voice," "The Arena,"
"The Outlook," and other reform papers.*

CONTENTS.

PART I.

PARABLES.

| | PAGE |
|---|------|
| I. The Learned Teacher Concerning Methods of Teaching. | 13 |
| II. The Perfected Man The Nature of Man. | 15 |
| III. The Stones of Charity Patching. | 17 |
| IV. The Ascent of Man The Growth of the Spirit. | 20 |
| V. The Captains of Industry Misleaders | 21 |
| VI. The Charitable Man The Natural Method. | 25 |
| VII. Columbus I., Land Owner Shutting up the Storehouse. | 27 |
| VIII. The Ship of State Stopped Short of the Kingdom. | 35 |
| IX. The Earth Hath he Given for an Inheritance, Appropriation of Nature's Gifts. | 40 |
| X. The Troubled Water A Wheel in the Machine. | 43 |

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| XI. A Revised Version The Reduction to Slavery. | 45 |
| XII. "How the Other Half Live" (upon Us) A Dream of Tame Bees. | 47 |
| XIII. The Plan of the Universe Points of View. | 51 |
| XIV. Doing the Next Thing; or, The "Practical" Reformer Make Shifts. | 52 |
| XV. An Unpractical Politician Raising a Standard. | 54 |
| XVI. The Walks of Life Things as They Are. | 57 |
| XVII. The Tree of Equity Wrong Remedies. | 71 |
| XVIII. Because They Were Asses The Unminding Millions. | 73 |
| ✓ XIX. How the Doctors at Last Agreed Society Saviours. | 78 |
| XX. 1776 to 1897 A Change of Masters. | 81 |
| XXI. A Nineteenth Century Samaritan Organized Charity. | 83 |
| XXII. A Social Arrangement Modern Political Economy. | 86 |
| XXIII. The Fire Their Works do Follow Them. | 92 |
| XXIV. Labor's Journey A Cure All. | 94 |
| XXV. A Sacrament of Deceit Expediency. | 100 |

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| XXVI. A Cure for Conscience | 102 |
| The Ideal Made Real. | |
| XXVII. The Deserving Horses | 107 |
| A Simple Solution. | |
| XXVIII. The Fruits of Wrongs | 114 |
| The Harvest We Sow. | |
| XXIX. A Divided Inheritance | 119 |
| The Pre-empted Kingdom. | |
| XXX. All Very Good | 125 |
| The Sweet Uses of Perversity. | |
| XXXI. The Kingdom at Hand | 130 |
| The Deliverer. | |
| XXXII. The Reverend Heavenly Holmes on Sin . | 137 |
| The Gospel according to Mammon. | |
| XXXIII. Tolstoy's Ideal of Life | 144 |
| Inevitable Success. | |

PART II.

TRUE LIFE.

| | PAGE |
|---|------|
| I. False Ideas of Life | 149 |
| II. The Law of Life | 165 |
| III. The Higher Life | 181 |
| IV. How to Attain It | 192 |
| V. The Effect upon One's Self | 212 |
| VI. The Triumph of Life | 242 |

INTRODUCTION.

ERNEST H. CROSBY says Tolstoy thinks that "most men lead only an animal life, and among these are always some who try to teach the meaning of life, without understanding it themselves. To understand life, we should begin our researches with that which alone we know with certainty, and that is the 'I' within us.

"Man's body changes. His states of consciousness change. What, then, is the 'I'? Any child can answer when he says: 'I like this. I don't like that.' The 'I' is that which likes, which loves. It is the relationship of

a man's being with the world, that relation which he brings with him from beyond time and space.

“Life is what I feel in myself, and this life science cannot define. Nay, it is my idea of life which determines what I am to consider as science; and I learn all outside of myself solely through knowledge of my own mind and body. We know, from within, that man lives only for happiness, and his aspiration toward happiness and the pursuit of it constitute his life. At first he knows the life in himself alone, and hence he imagines that the good which he seeks must be his own individual good. His own life seems the real life, while he regards the life of others as a mere phantom. He soon finds that other men take the same view of the world, and that the life in

which he shares is composed of a vast number of individuals, each bent on securing its own welfare, and consequently thwarting and destroying others. He sees that for him to contend in such a struggle is almost hopeless, for all mankind is against him. If he does by chance succeed in carrying out his plans for happiness, he does not even then enjoy the prize he anticipated. The older he grows, the rarer become the pleasures; satiety, trouble, and suffering increase; and before him lie old age, infirmity, and death. He will go down to the grave, but the world will continue to live.

“The good of the individual is an imposture, and if it could be obtained it would cease at death. The life of man as an individual seeking his own good, in the midst of an infinite host of

like individuals engaged in bringing one another to naught, and being themselves annihilated in the end, is an evil and an absurdity. It cannot be the *true life*.

“The quandary arises from looking upon this animal life as the real life. The real life is the life outside ourselves; and our own life, which originally appeared to us the one thing of importance, is after all a deception. Our real life begins with the waking of our consciousness to perceive that life, lived for self, cannot produce happiness. We feel that there must be some other good. We make an effort to find it, but, failing, we fall back into our old ways. These are the first throes of the birth of the veritable human life.

“This new life appears only when man renounces the welfare of his animal person as his aim. By so doing

he fulfills the law of reason, the law which we all feel within, the same universal law which governs the nutrition and reproduction of beast and plant. Our real life is our willing submission to this law, and not, as false science would have us hold, the involuntary subjection of our bodies to the laws of physical existence. Self-renunciation is as natural to man as it is natural for birds to use wings instead of feet. It is not a meritorious or heroic act. It is simply necessary to genuine human life. This new human life exhibits itself in our animal existence, just as animal life does in matter. Matter is the instrument of animal life, not an obstacle to it; and so our animal life is the instrument of our higher human life and should conform to its requirements. Life, then, is the activity of

the animal man in submission to the law of reason. Reason shows man that happiness cannot be obtained by a selfish life, and leaves open for him only one outlet, which is love. Love is the only legitimate manifestation of life. It has an activity which has for its object the good of others. When it makes its appearance, the meaningless strife of the animal life ceases.

“Real love is not the preference of certain persons whose presence gives one pleasure. This, which is ordinarily called love, is only a wild stalk on which true love may be grafted, and true love does not become possible until man has given up the pursuit of his own welfare. Then at last all the juices of life come to nourish the noble graft, while the trunk of the old tree, the animal man, pours into it its entire

vigor. Love is the preference which we accord to other beings over ourselves. It is not a burst of passion, obscuring the reason; on the contrary, no other state of the soul is so rational and luminous, so calm and joyous; it is the natural condition of children and of the wise.

“Active love is attainable only for him who does not seek his happiness in his individual life and who also gives free play to his feeling of good-will toward others. His well-being depends upon love as that of a plant depends on light. He does not ask what he should do, but he gives himself up to that love which is within his reach. He, who in this way loves, alone possesses life. Such self-renunciation lifts him from animal existence above the limitations of time and space, which are incompatible with the idea of real life.

“Christ knew that he would continue to live after his death, because he had already entered into the true life which cannot cease. He lived even then in the rays of that other centre of life toward which he was advancing, and he saw them reflected on those who stood around him. And this every man beholds who renounces his own good; he passes in this life into a new relation with the world, for which relation there is no death; on one side he sees the new light, on the other he sees refracted through himself its action on his fellows; and this experience gives him an immovable faith in the immortality and eternal growth of life.

“Faith in immortality cannot be received from another; you cannot convince yourself of it by argument. To have this faith you must feel immor-

tality; you must establish with the world in the present life the new relation of love, which the world is no longer wide enough to contain.

“Upon this Christian philosophy, as summed up by Tolstoy, is founded the view of what True Life is, as set forth in the following pages.

“Count Tolstoy’s door to the mysteries is simply active love. According to him, preoccupation in working for the happiness of others has a reflex action in the depth of our being, which makes us feel eternal life. It is this intensely practical side of his mysticism which preserves its equilibrium. Other mystics have made much of love, but it has almost always been an internal love of the Deity discouraging action and giving free scope to a diseased imagination.

“ We are asked to test the theory in our own experience, and this is possible for each of us, for love is to a certain extent at every one’s command.”

Tolstoy does not distinguish the animal (or physical) stage, the mental (or intellectual) stage, and the spiritual stage. For his purpose it was not necessary that he should. The animal life is not conscious of its own condition: it is unconscious or without conscience and, in so far, is in harmony with its environment. Self-consciousness is the work of the mental stage; this stage brings dissatisfaction with everything, the hell upon earth of “civilized” man.

The spiritual stage is the true “understanding” of the Hebrew scriptures, the selflessness or at-one-ment with the divine universe.

PARABLES



PARABLES.

I.

THE LEARNED TEACHER.

AT the forks of the Highway of Life a man set up a guidepost to point the way to the Heavenly City. He wrote it in beautiful Aramaic, and put it behind a tree.

Still the people went astray.

Then he set a woman in the road to point out the guidepost.

The people could not understand it: (it was excellent Aramaic). He got a professor to help her. The professor translated it to everybody.

The people said they did not believe that either the woman or the professor knew the way themselves; and that they were a nuisance, anyhow.

Then the man set up an arrow on a post. The people saw it, and went the way it pointed.

II.

THE PERFECTED MAN.

A GREAT Sculptor made a beautiful Image in clay. But when it was finished, Necessity pressed upon it, and Toil bent it down. Famine pinched it, and Tyranny hammered it, and Monopoly cast it out from the place which the Sculptor had ordained for it.

It lay in the kennel, rejected and unclean. Theology passed by on the other side and said: "See how depraved it is—it is fit only to be cast into the fire."

But Love lifted the Image up and wept over it. And as her tears fell upon the clay it softened in her arms, so that she smoothed out the bruises with her hands.

Then Justice set it again in its place and men said: "Behold, it was made in the image of God!"

III.

THE STONES OF CHARITY.

I WAS tired and greatly discouraged. I saw greed and crime and oppression and hunger as a dark foul swamp; and, brooding over it all, like a mist, the dull stolidity of the rich, and even of the poor. So I lay down, and God sent sleep, and in my sleep a dream.

I saw an angel, who gathered what seemed like pebbles from the ground. And in the quagmire I saw poisonous vipers, and I smelled the fetid mist. But troops of angels passed it by and smiled.

And at that I was grieved, and I cried: "How long, O Lord, wilt Thou—" But God said, "Look." So I looked, and lo, the angel cast into the mire that which he had gathered on the earth.

I said, "Lord, I see no good from his labor at all. He will never fill up the swamp. Let me work in his stead." So I lifted up great stones and cast them in, and they sank; they sank and left no trace. I said, "Ay, Lord, I will yet fill up a corner." The angels passed by, and on their faces there were tears. With bleeding hands I made that corner firm. But I saw that the rest of the swamp spread but the further; my strength was gone, and I fell into a faint.

When I awoke, behold the quag-
mire was dried, and in its place
was a beautiful grove, like a grove
of Eucalyptus trees, and in it little
children played.

And I wondered, until God said
to me, "You cast in stones, but
that which was in my servant's
hand was seed of the tree which
men call Equity." Then I knew
why the angels smiled.

IV.

THE ASCENT OF MAN.

ON Man's heart fell the seed of Sympathy and from it grew the tree of Helpfulness ; and it brought forth the buds of Charity.

When the flowers were withered and the leaves had dried into Alms, there fell from the tree the heavenly fruit of Justice.

V.

THE CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY.

THE great army set out to take the Kingdom of Heaven by force. There was none to guide it, and none cared for his fellow, so that the regiments fell upon each other, and in the camp there was rest neither day nor night.

Therefore the strong made themselves Captains. The soldiers did not choose them, nor did the Great King commission them, but each one appointed himself, and they whom power, and cunning, and chance

avored, became the Leaders. And often they wandered from the way, and always the Army followed them.

The Captains used the Army in their private quarrels; nevertheless they exacted tribute from the Soldiers. "For," said they, "are we not taking care of you?"

The Soldiers were ignorant and foolish; but they made schools for themselves, and the Captains encouraged them, for, thought they, "Education will make them better fighters."

Some of the Soldiers said, "These wars are not our wars." And the Captains ordered their comrades to shoot them for mutineers.

Then they harried their neighbors

all they left in the border nothing but earth and sky. Yet they did not find the Kingdom of Heaven.

Nevertheless, the Army marched on, and came to a pleasant land where the earth brought forth abundantly. Each Captain took for himself all the land he could fence about. And hunger and crime and want and misery settled among the Soldiers.

Then one arose and cried: "It is written, Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His Justice." The Soldiers listened and said: "That means that we should choose good leaders." Still they made Captains from those whom cunning and choice had brought forward, and the Captains made themselves rich.

When war harassed the legions from without, and strife harassed them from within, the poor soldiers said, like you and me: "We must go yet a long march to the Kingdom of Heaven."

VI.

THE CHARITABLE MAN.

ONCE upon a time a man owned a herd of cattle, which were lean even to starvation, and their bones stuck out of their skins. He owned also a luxuriant pasture, from which his cattle were excluded by a strong, high fence. But this owner, whatever might be said of his wits, was a kind-hearted fellow, who occupied himself daily in pulling handfuls of grass from the pasture and shoving them through the fence to the hungry animals outside.

Nevertheless, the weaker cattle starved and died. One day a passer-by said to him :

“Friend, do you own these cattle ?”

“I do.”

“And do you own the pasture ?”

“Yes.”

“Then why don't you let down the bars, so that the cattle can feed themselves ?”

Said the owner: “I have as yet failed to see that letting down the bars would be a panacea for all the leanness these cattle are heirs to. Instead of broaching far-away theories, do something practical; jump over the fence and help me to pull some grass and feed it to the calves.”

VII.

COLUMBUS I., LAND OWNER.

ACCORDING to the doctrine of Zoroaster, men, according to their deserts, live over again greater or lesser parts of their former lives in every cycle of ten thousand years. Some memory of this former period may account for the strong sense which every one sometimes feels of having passed through exactly the same events in the same order once before. The reënactment of our sins, and the reëxaltation of our own dead virtues form the future reward

and punishment. The Lords of Life and Death showed to the writer, as in a vision, events in his life of a former æon.

Thus they befell. He sailed in a curious high-pooed ship, and under a great commander named Columbus. Hardships there were, which the quiet and simple sailor shared, and mutiny with which he would only argue. The story has been told from the reënacted experience in our own æon, how at last land was sighted and a new world discovered.

After Columbus stepped on land in that primal age, he did a great, though unremembered wrong, and for this sin, in our later age, the course of events was changed to

error and misfortune for him. What he found on shore—the disappointment which he suffered in that later age of 1492 A.D.—we know. But it was not so in the beginning. In that earlier, purer cycle, in which the writer figured, Columbus at least wrung from the hapless natives no tribute of gold—he searched for no Eldorado—he practised no cruelties—he sent no slaves back to Spain. No; having found a better country, he sought not to return to the vices and strifes of already overcrowded lands. This great and gentle soul merely announced that, by the right of discovery and of preëmption, he owned all the land of America, and there would make his home. His

wants were few—a handful of his faithful followers, by a little toil, furnished him with all that he could consume and all that he needed for his comfort. His mental vigor gave way under the strain of owning so much. He became fat, stupid and lazy—but he held on to the country; and those followers who served him best he allowed to work upon his land.

In return for the privilege of living in the recesses of his continent, two or three of the docile Indians gladly brought him all the game and fruits he and his friends could use; but the problem was what to do with the “unemployed.” There was no demand for labor. The commander was naturally un-

willing to allow his dependents to work on land for which they could not pay him rent, and, as he already had all the goods that his leisure and the capacity of his stomach allowed him to consume, there was nothing valuable to him with which they could pay.

It would have struck at the foundation of rent to have allowed the overpopulation of Indians or the surplus sailors to use the land for nothing. It would have been neither wise nor right, for then no one would have paid any rent; and "progress would have stopped; the leisure class have been abolished and society overturned."

Everything that an obese mortal could do Columbus did to "improve

the condition of the poor." He wrote a book upon "Agricultural Depression." He ate five meals a day so as to increase consumption. He counted the cases of starvation, and tabulated the fatal cases as due to atavism, drink, gluttony, inertia, ignorance, shiftlessness, vice, and (possibly) lack of work.

He deeply felt the distress, and donated to the poor fund all the unripe fruit which fell of itself; and all the diseased animals he gave for charity; but the depression continued. He educated the Indians in the use of traps, so that they could catch more game, but there was less and less market every day. Prices fell fearfully low, for the few who were allowed to produce

anything could find none who had anything to exchange for the product. Columbus established a tariff and precluded further immigration, so as to make work. He appointed a Commissioner to figure out that his people were getting high wages, but they began to complain; they became socialistic and formed trades unions; they "struck," and would not work for less than they could live upon; but day by day, as civilization advanced, and the country was surveyed by Columbus, and "developed" by his captains (who planted a grant instead of a banner), living became harder. Columbus instructed his philosophers to teach that this was due to a single standard, but the writer

taught that it was due to over-production (Columbus made him a professor.)

The priests taught religion, and the people heard them gladly, yet disease and crime followed famine in the land.

It seems clear that these people were totally depraved. Their sufferings were the result of their original sin. Tumults arose and huge uproar—Columbus was one against many.

What then? Darkness streaked with red!—then sunlight.

The vision passed from me and the dream was closed.

VIII.

THE SHIP OF STATE.

AGES and ages ago a great ship set sail for the Port of Happiness, and on her voyage she ran aground in the darkness. But the passengers took no notice of it, and the officers, seeing that they would be blamed, made as if all were well. The weeds and barnacles grew about the ship and it seemed that she had always stood still. As for the crew, they said, "Why should we care if only we earn our usual pay?" But the ship was straining and in danger of going to pieces

She pounded heavily upon the sand. "Those noises," said the captain, "are strikes. We have always had such troubles."

One day a Fisher came to the coast, and when he saw the ship he began to push at it; the passengers laughed at him. Others passed by, and to them he called, "Come and help me." And now and then one joined him. The officers said: "These people are disturbers of the peace. They must be driven off." And others said: "If they push the ship off, no one knows where she will go or what will become of her."

Then a passenger stood up and shouted to those who worked: "You fools, your intentions are

good, but you are ahead of the times, and the wind is against you." The Fisher replied, "The tide is rising." And still he cried aloud for help. Some of the passengers came and helped him push, and the timbers cracked. "That," said the ship's doctor, "is the necessary strife of nature." And some of those who were on board grew sick in the hot rays of the sun, so that their groans annoyed the officers, and they put the sick in the hold.

He who pushed cried out, "The Kingdom of God is at hand." The officers did not understand him; therefore they put him to death.

Nevertheless the commotion attracted many, and now and then one left his work and hauled or

pried with a lever, or fastened a float under the ship. And some, though meaning to strengthen the ship, fastened weights on her sides. These they called reforms and charities. The Pilot said: "To try to get the ship off is Utopian. Let us make the people as comfortable as possible, so that they will be quiet."

But as the toilers strove wearily and almost discouraged, a wind from God came out of the west, and when all pushed, the great ship moved off, and behold, it had tarried almost in sight of the Kingdom.

And many of those who were pushing died in the chill water, and some were drowned and many for-

gotten. But their names are written in the book of remembrance of Him who cried, "The Kingdom of God is at hand."

IX.

THE EARTH HATH HE GIVEN FOR AN INHERITANCE.

A FATHER provided a feast for his children. When all was ready the eldest boy went early to the door, and when the rest came he said :

“ Before you can get any of this provision you must pay me for a place at the table; I got here first.”

“ Why, brother,” said a little girl, “ you can’t eat all that food, nor sit in all those chairs. There are more than enough places for us all to sit in.”

“No,” said the boy, “but when you get hungry, you will give me all your toys for one place.”

Just then the second son came in; he was large for his age, and rather rough, so he took the little monopolist by the neck and threw him out.

“Now,” said he, “I’ll take those toys, please, and if you wish to come back, you may gather them in for me—then I will let you take a little of the food.”

His smart little sister said: “Brother, I can make those things much nicer. I will cook the apples, and sugar the pies—if you will let me have the seats down at the end for myself.”

So he agreed, and she rented out those few seats, hired a servant to

do the work, and got so much to eat that it made her sick.

But the youngest boy was smarter yet. He ran in, crying: "A big circus is passing, and the lion has broken out and is fighting—" The rest of the children were too weak from hunger to take much notice, but the small seat owner and his tenant ran out to see. "Now," said the little fellow, "I have the seats. We have had a great deal of disorder, and we, who are so many that we can keep those usurpers out, must make an agreement to establish my title, so as to stop this continual change."

The innocent children agreed and grew hungrier still.

X.

THE TROUBLED WATER.

“We seem no nearer, though we started twenty days ago,” said the water in the low-pressure Boiler, “we will never get there; I can’t push this ship of Progress any faster, and yesterday we stopped. Think of how all my drops are wasted, keeping the electric light alive, and the saloon heated and the donkey-engine going and the fog-horn sounding (when there’s fog we hardly go at all, for I waste myself in blowing)

and the decks washed and the galley faucets hot and —”

“Don’t be worried,” said the Engine, “the Engineer will attend to those; you have only one thing to do,—keep boiling.”

XI.

A REVISED VERSION.

“THE Lord bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths which spring out of valleys and hills (which thou mayest hire of the water companies): a land of wheat and barley (which thou mayest raise upon shares), and vines and fig trees and pomegranates (which will help thee and thy children to pay the hire of thy lot); a land of olive oil and honey; a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness (if thou canst give the price for the

field); thou shalt not lack anything in it (save only the rent thereof).

“A land where stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass (for those who hold the title to the hills).” Deuteronomy viii. 7, 9.

XII.

“HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES”
UPON US.

LONG ago there was a great swarm of Bees working together, and they made much honey. And because the Drones ruled the hive, they took what honey they could use. And each worker made a little honey to help the government, and there was plenty for all.

The Bees multiplied and spread out over new fields. Then they devised boxes which held the comb in place; some of the Bees made

the comb, some gathered honey, and some cared for the young.

So they got much honey, and the hive increased till no one dared attack them; and they made laws for themselves.

Some of the Drones began to take the filled boxes for themselves. "We get these," said they, "because we govern the Workers who make honey in our fields."

They stored up these boxes, and the honey fermented, so that the Drones were drunken on it. Still they took more boxes. "We take these," said they, "because we permit the Workers to get honey in our fields."

Then the Drones began to change the laws to profit themselves. Some

of the Workers objected and buzzed and showed their stings. The Drones said to them, "Why oppose us? Rather come in with us, and you also shall be drunk with honey." And the agitators took a very little honey and were stilled.

So the Drones took still larger boxes of honey. "You must pay us these," said they, "because we can prevent the Workers gathering any honey in our fields."

And it came to pass that there was not enough honey for all, and there were no fields open to work, so that some Bees were starved. The Drones said with a sigh, "Verily, the poor we have always with us (else we would have to work)."

The stored-up honey began to stink, and to breed disease; the Drones gave away a little of the spoiled honey in charity; and the Queen Bee cried, "It is God who sends this suffering. How mysterious are His ways!"

XIII.

THE PLAN OF THE UNIVERSE.

“ Now, let us get to a common basis. Those rows of beets run north and south ! ” shouted the Socialist.

“ East and west, you mean, ” said the Single-Taxer, standing on the other side of the field.

“ I have a compass ! ” cried the Anarchist, “ and, if you will come over here, you will observe that the rows run south-east by north-west. ”

“ Just look at the sun, which is behind me, ” remarked the Communist, “ you will see that they run south-west by north-east. ”

“ They are arranged in order, ” said the Prophet, “ from whatever point you look. ”

XIV.

DOING THE NEXT THING—OR, THE
“ PRACTICAL ” REFORMER.

A BENEVOLENT Man set out to lead men in the paths of Peace, but his steps were turned in the other direction.

A Wise Man said: “ You are going astray. You must turn about face.” He answered, “ Your theory may be good in the abstract, but I cannot stop to consider it. I am doing the immediate practical work of overcoming the obstacles at hand.”

The path which he made led many astray, and the Wise Man

repeated, "If you would succeed, you must turn to the right." "I have no time," replied the Benevolent One, "to discuss panaceas; if you really wish to do some good, come and help me fill up yon social gulf or bale out that landlocked Sea of Misery."

And because he was a Benevolent Man many followed after him and they made men sick with toil, forsaking Justice for Expediency.

XV.

AN UNPRACTICAL POLITICIAN.

THERE was a mighty people which dwelt in great darkness. Because of the darkness the oppressors came and spoiled them, and Evil Beasts took possession of the land.

Each citizen said to himself, "The thick darkness can be felt; affairs are in a hopeless state." A woman said, "Nevertheless, I will lift up my light." When she had lifted it up, the savages attacked her, and even her own people murmured: "You but help the Robbers and show them where to strike."

Others cried: "You dazzle the eyes of the people so that they know not where they are going." The crowd pressed upon her, so that it did not seem any the brighter for her solitary light, and she was well-nigh discouraged.

Nevertheless she fought on, defending her little gleam, and her light did shine.

But the leaders loved the darkness, therefore they said: "You are attracting the enemy." She thought in her heart: "On one side and on the other there are surely some who have their lamps burning. They cannot see each other, and each thinks he is alone. My ray they may see, and know that they are not without companions."

Around her the fight raged still more fiercely; there was none to help; her strength was almost spent—and her light was trampled out. As she sank down to die, one behind her took courage of her, and lifted up his light, and there gleamed other lights, and behold another and another.

But she did not see them.

Yet her light does shine. “Yea,” saith the Spirit, “they do rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.”

XVI.

THE WALKS OF LIFE.

SUNDAY'S text was, "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." At the time I said it was a very good sermon; but to-day, in my walk in the everyday world, I said to myself that, like a great deal else in the New Testament, it was meant only for the Jews; the times have changed all that. For I passed by, and saw a footman standing in the bitter cold, coughing; so I asked the lady who came out of the great house if it was needful to have him out on such a day? She said gently, "Do

I not pay him for it? Others would be glad to do it for less; and I give him and the coachman employment—waiting. I hope my horses have not got cold while I was inside doing sewing for the unemployed—which would sell for eighteen cents.” Then I told her if the horses got pneumonia, that would give more work still to the veterinary, and the footman could go to the hospital free. But she said that was cruelty to animals, and had nothing to do with her men; so I passed on.

Then I saw two little children playing marbles, only they had no marbles, nothing but little round stones which they had searched out; and their father sat gloomily

on the doorstep. He is a stone-cutter, a steady man, and would work for twelve dollars a week—the rent is four—but he has no work. It is hard to get work in the winter, so he must stay and mind the two younger children while his wife goes out washing at a dollar and a quarter a day. But she cannot get enough to do. On the next block I could see the office of the “Aid to Employment Society,” so I said to myself, “This is not very sad after all, because if he is worthy—that is, in danger of starving—he can get food at the “Down Town Relief Bureau” or the “Leake Dole of Bread;” so I passed on.

Then the wind blew my hat off,

and a gentle-looking man caught it and handed it to me, and looked so pleased, as though I had done him a favor, that I, who am a garrulous old fellow, talked to him too. He was a copyist—an elderly man—and he was looking for work. I do not think he can have been very capable; he said that the Young Men's Christian Association taught a great many stenographers at their free evening classes, and that girls were doing the work too, and that makes it hard. He never had been able to save anything, and sickness had brought him in debt; he would work for eight dollars a week. "But," said I, "life for you and your wife is not worth having on so little as that; I would rather starve at

once." "Well," said he patiently, "I go to the reading-rooms of the Cooper Union, and that is pleasant, only they will not let me smoke my pipe, and my daughter (she is only a factory girl now), belongs to the 'Girls' Friendly,' while my wife gets a little help (not charity, you know) at the Mothers' Meeting." So I said to myself that this was all very good ; and I passed on.

I went into Nineteenth Street. Near Sixth Avenue there is a dark alley, ill-smelling, foul. I thought to myself, this is very strange that there should be such a place so close to the rich lady's great house ; so I went in. In the front is a tumble-down tenement, and in the rear is another. I climbed up a

crooked little stair covered with ashes, thrown there for lack of a worse place, and knocked at the door of the top story. It was a room a little higher than my head, and about as big as your butler's pantry. There were three other "rooms" opening into it, for all of which the mother pays nine dollars a month. The three "rooms" are dark closets, one of which, however, has a little window. They were not very clean, because in each of them the bed fills the whole space; there our sister lives with nine children. Nevertheless she had a guest, a stranger whom she took in from the streets the night before. The place was not very healthful, for in the yard between it and the front

house were the closets used for both buildings. I talked with her, and found, sure enough, she did drink sometimes, which I thought to myself was very unnecessary when she could amuse herself and her children so well in her home. Downstairs they told me all about her. I fear she was not a nice woman, but perhaps refinement does not grow in such a place.

Downstairs they took me for a health officer, and owned up that there were two families on every floor (which probably meant four). And I saw two vacant lots in the next block; so I supposed they could go and live there, or at least they could be industrious and save money and buy the lots. So I said

to myself that this misery was the will of God ; and I passed on. As I went out a girl hissed at me from behind the shutter, and I stopped to speak even to her. She said that she took to that way of life because she loved nice clothes (that seemed to me natural ; all good women love these), and drudgery was hard, and she had no friends or amusement. I supposed that she could have got a place as a trained servant, and that she richly deserved all that she suffered ; so I passed on. Then I said to myself, I could get her a place, or at least, one for her little sister. But no one would take the child. One said she did not look strong, another that she was not

energetic, another that she was ignorant. So I asked the great ladies how many of their friends were not delicate, or lazy, or ignorant, and if they knew any of them who would make good waitresses? But they said no, that they were the upper classes, and did not need to be so good as common people. So I said to myself, these are not really our sisters; only the upper classes were made in His image, and each will find her proper place; so I passed on. The scrubbing woman went out as I did. She said, "Good-evening, your honor," which was very respectful, so I talked with her. She is seventy-five years old, does not drink; her husband is sober too; he is

seventy, quite a young man, she said; he was a watchman, and got the rheumatism; now he could only watch in houses; he could give good references, so when they had a house to take care of in the summer, they did nicely, but they had never been able to save anything. She did not look as though she spent money on dress, but I suppose she could not have been economical, otherwise they would have been rich. Then I said to myself that this also must be as it should be, because—because—but you will have to think that out for yourself. So I passed on.

I saw that there was no real scarcity of money, because in the basement there was an embroiderer

filling in an elaborate blanket for a baby's cradle. It was to be raffled for at the church fair; and I suppose that the old bachelor who gets it (we manage such things at bazaars) will give it back again; and the young ladies will laugh, and kiss the roses and sell them to him at a dollar apiece, and there will be a great deal of fun and jollity, and the good Lord will get money thereby to carry on the work of His church.

Then I said to myself, we have also the Charity Ball, where there is dancing, and harmless mirth, and ladies expose their innocent breasts, and get lots of champagne, and behold, the hospital coffers are filled with money, yet no one misses it.

And I supposed that I saw the decrees of Providence even in that ; so I passed on.

Then I said to myself, what a foolish old sermon that was ; all that about, "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of my brethren, ye did it not unto me." Our latter-day people will be able to explain to the Lord that the "brethren" he meant must have been tramps, at the least, or they would not have got into prison ; they must have been lazy. For Mr. Carnegie (who is a very kind man) says that no one willing to work need be out of employment in America. If they were naked it was their own fault, or at least God's doing, because He said, "The

poor ye have always with you." Besides, Mr. Atkinson says that ever since those days the laborer has been getting "an increasing share of an increasing product." If they were hungry, their own strikes and labor combinations were responsible, and even then they could have gone to the soup kitchens.

So I said to myself, I will ask the minister to read no more of that chapter in Matthew, nor about such things as "adding field to field till there be no place," because such preaching only makes us respectable people feel uncomfortable, and unsettles the working-classes about our owning the earth. We are contented with our lots; why are not they contented with theirs, when

every professor says the land-owning system is the best possible, because no enlightened nation has ever even tried any other? Then I said to myself, there is no connection between land and labor. So I passed on.

XVII.

THE TREE OF EQUITY.

IN the Garden of the King stood a beautiful Tree; a fountain nourished it with the water of Love, and beneath its boughs the Children did their wholesome work and played.

Some of the King's Servants said: "This Tree is good for shade; but in the world we have seen charitable trees which give food, and drink, and medicine, and raiment, as well as shade. Therefore we will plant such trees beside the other."

And these new trees grew up and shut off the winds of heaven from the Tree of Equity, so that it twisted and waxed weak. Moreover, the water of the fountain was drawn off. Therefore the leaves of the Tree of Equity withered away.

And when its shade was lost the fierce heat of Competition beat down and sucked up the springs of Love, so that the sap dried out even from the earthly trees, and those who sought shelter from the heat were mocked by withered boughs.

XVIII.

BECAUSE THEY WERE ASSES.

THE Monkeys, being as lazy as you and I, began to ride the Donkeys. A big Monkey would ride in front of the herd; this he called "being their leader;" although, since the Donkeys were strong, he had in the end to go the way the Donkeys wished.

Sometimes the Donkeys kicked. Then the Monkeys called them "Anarchists."

The Monkeys grew so fat and heavy that the Asses had no

strength remaining to get their own food.

They began to complain, and to seek for causes and cures. A sweet girl Monkey said: "I will take them some flowers to allay their discontent—we will establish a Flower Mission." The Monkeys subscribed liberally.

A dear little Monkey added: "I will hold a Charity Fair, which will raise enough from the Benevolent Apes to send some of the young Asses' Colts to the fields for a week." The Monkeys called that "Enlightened Charity." A long-eared Monkey cried: "No, preach temperance; those Beasts of Asses drink so much that they have no

time to eat and nothing to eat in the time if they had it." The Monkeys restricted the sale of drink—to Asses.

A Big Ass said: "What we need is a high wall around so as to keep out pauper hay—then the Monkeys will give us employment cultivating hay fields, and pay us with some of the hay." The Monkeys made a wall so close that the Asses could not see through it. Said a small Donkey: "We need cheaper money so that we can buy some leisure time from the Monkeys who make the money." The Monkeys did not like this—they were only Monkeys.

"Now," said an Ecclesiastical Ape, "sin is at the bottom of all

this. These Monkeys are on top of you because your hearts are corrupt.” So he preached to the Monkeys about the depravity of Donkeys.

“I have discovered,” said a Mule, “that it is because lower-class animals are lazy—too lazy to graze—that all this want and suffering exists.” (The Monkeys made that Mule a Professor.)

Still the Asses kicked.

“Have we not done all that we could for you?” said the Monkeys. “What you really need is a Strong Government, to provide formidable Arms for us, and to insure the stability of the Social Order.” Then the Asses voted additional appropria-

tions for all these things, and many enlisted in the "National Guard."

The Monkeys had the spending of the Money.

XIX.

HOW THE DOCTORS AT LAST AGREED.

A PATIENT with a rope twisted tight around his feet was brought to the Sociologic Hospital. His skin was chafed and bruised by the cord, and fever burned him so that he was like to perish outright.

Said Dr. Divine: "We must first make you and your fellows religious, so that you won't come to such dreadful straits."

"No," said Dr. Socialis; "first do away with competition, which makes men enemies, then if the patient

needs religion, it may be administered."

Dr. Charitas said: "Good homes would prevent all this. Now here is a plan for improvements——"

"Too much animal food," said Dr. Vegetaria; "he must learn to live on oatmeal; then wounds will readily heal—indeed, no one will inflict them."

Says Dr. Monomet: "Take the gold cure, my good man—one pill after——"

"That's just the matter—too much gold now," remarked Dr. Coin. "But here are some silver-coated pills. Take sixteen——"

"Nonsense," said Dr. Ballot. "When the complexion is all right,

your whole body is well. I have here an Australian wash which will fix you right up."

"First take this aqua pura to steady your head," cried Dr. Prohib. "Here is a prescription, the effect of which combined with——"

"Nonsense," said Dr. Legis, "he needs a law forcing him to have less of that fever which is eating him up."

Cried Master Freedom: "Cut the rope which causes——"

Then all the doctors united in yelling: "Anarchist, Visionary, Crank, Quack, Radical, Utopian, Revolutionary, Fool!"

Meanwhile the patient died, and the coroner's jury decided that his death was due to natural causes.

XX.

1776 TO 1897.

A LION used to feed upon a herd of Cattle, taking whatever he pleased, because he owned the Colony. He called this a Monarchy.

Some of the Bulls, however, having grown formidable Horns, in the West, sent the Lion word that Taxation without representation was Tyranny, and declared War. After an unsuccessful struggle with them, the Lion handed down the following tradition :

Said he: "My Legitimate Offspring will take one-third of your Increase; while you vote for your Representatives. We will call my offspring Landlords, and they will tax you all. This will be a Democracy." The Bulls were perfectly satisfied, or seemed to be so.

MORAL :

THIS Fable teaches that Eternal Vigilance is the price of Liberty, and that this price is too high for the Quality of the article which you and I get; also that the Landlord is perfectly Just, because if you are strong or cunning enough, you can become one yourself.

XXI.

A NINETEENTH CENTURY SAMARITAN.

A CERTAIN man went down from Jerusalem to America and fell among land lords and tax-gatherers, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him and departed, leaving him half dead.

And, by chance, there came that way a certain priest (who was supported by the land owners), and when he saw him he said, "Nothing but the Gospel can eradicate crime," and passed by on the other side.

And likewise a philosopher (who owned a little land), when he was at the place, came and looked on him and said, "Suffering is necessary and inevitable;" and passed by on the other side. But a certain Samaritan ground owner, as he journeyed, came where he was, and when he saw him he had compassion on him.

And he went to him, and gave him a dispensary card, and called a police ambulance and gave him the address of a free night lodging-house.

And on the morrow he took out a ticket to the Charity Organization Society, and gave it to him that was wounded, and said unto him,

“Take care of that; and if thou needest more, when I come again I will give thee a letter to the wood-yard.”

Which one thinkest thou was neighbor unto him that fell among thieves?

And he said, “He that showed mercy on him, and politely turned aside to let him die.”

XXII.

A SOCIAL ARRANGEMENT.

“I WANT some room in this world,” said the Baby.

“You haven’t any capital with which to buy land,” said the Emeritus Professor of Social Economics and Political Economy, “therefore you can’t have it.”

“Capital,” said the Baby, “what’s that?”

“Things used to produce more things,” replied the Emeritus Professor of S. E. & P. E.

“That seems clear,” said the Baby.
“Are there no such things which you call ‘capital’ in the world?”

“Oh, yes; there is an overabundance of capital. It goes to waste because we can’t find employment for it.”

“Lend me some of it,” said the Baby. “I’ll use it.”

“You can’t, for you have no land to use it on,” replied the E. P. of S. E. & P. E.

“Is everybody working who could use it for me?” persisted the troublesome child.

“No,” replied the Professor. “Not exactly. You don’t seem to understand the law of Supply and Demand.”

“What is this law of Supply and Demand?” asked the Baby.

“It is,” said the Professor, “that when people want things others make them for them—that is—well—ah—you are too young to understand that. They need capital.”

“Where does capital come from?” asked the Baby again.

“Why, men make it by work, out of land, and the products of land.”

“If I made some would I own it?”

“Yes—that is—er—certainly you ought to.”

“All right,” said the Baby. “My father will work and make some capital for me; so now let me have room for my cradle.”

“I told you before,” replied the Professor, “there is too much capital already.”

“Well, let me have a place to stand, and I will do some work.”

Said the Professor: “Nobody wants your work.”

Said the Baby: “I want it myself. If I don’t work, how can I live?”

“You can’t have it,” answered the Social and Political Economist. “There is an overproduction of goods, a large number of persons who want goods, and so many people to work that they can’t find anything to do.”

“I don’t understand that,” said the Baby.

“Neither—do—I,” said the Professor slowly.

“When I grow up I’ll buy some land with the capital I make.”

“There won’t be any land for sale by the time you grow up. It will be just like England.”

“Isn’t there enough land? Is all the land there used?”

“Oh, dear, no, it isn’t all used, but it is all valuable, and there is a short supply.”

“What makes land valuable?” asked the Baby.

“The increase of persons there,” said the Professor promptly —“even a baby ought to know that.”

“Have I given a value to this land by being born?”

“Certainly,” replied the E. P. of S. E. & P. E.

“Then I want a share of that value which I have made,” said the Baby.

“But,” said the Professor, “that belongs to the owners of the land.”

And as the Baby had nothing to live on, it died. And afterward the Professor died, and then God asked him some questions about Social and Political Economy.

XXIII.

THE FIRE.

THERE was a great fire in a pit. It had been built with toil, and it was fierce and bright. Huge logs blazed up, heating each other, and the flames roared hungrily.

On the edge of the pit, beyond the fire, a fagot had been blown. No one saw it. The outside of it was charred and cold. But its heart glowed. It was a little fagot.

The great fire died out, for all its fuel was consumed. The air grew damp and chill.

There came a wind from God, and the fire in the little fagot waked. Slowly a wreath of smoke curled out, slowly a little tongue pushed up, and the fagot burst into flame. Softly the flame crept through the grass; it touched a tree and vaulted wildly up—the forest was afire, and its brightness lighted up the World.

The little fagot's mission was fulfilled, and it burned out, like the great fire. No one noticed it. Its fuel also was consumed.

XXIV.

LABOR'S JOURNEY.

A STRONG horse set out on a never-ending journey, and, because the way was steep, and the flints sharp, and his Driver stern, he fell lame the very first day; but in process of time his feet hardened, and by Natural Selection, he learned to pick out the smooth places, and to avoid the rocks; so when he came to where the road was smoothly paved with Invention, the Prophets said: "Surely he will one day come to the end of his journey."

But he passed across the common

lands, and a great thorn ran up into his hoof, so that he fell lame worse than before. But the driver, Necessity, lashed him all the harder.

Then the Doctors considered his case; they saw that he was shod with the iron Law of Wages, and that Competition pressed him down.

So they bound his feet with Unions, lest he should take too long steps, and decreed that he should work but eight hours a day. They brought him thin broth called Charity, and put a check rein on him for "Protection."

But he grew only the worse, and began to bite and kick at those against whom he stumbled.

Then the Prophets said: "He

is depraved and ignorant, and he must be taught."

So they made a law for Compulsory Education, but he became more discontented still, and great blotches broke out on his body.

"These," said they, "are Social Evils." So they plastered them with Expediency, and he checked his fever with Drink. Necessity lashed him only the harder. Then they organized a Society for the prevention of cruelty, and made labor laws; yet he went all the more painfully.

"This," said they, "is the result of overcrowding in the stables," and "we must take measures," they said, "for the suppression of sweating."

But these gave no relief.

A certain Radical looked at him and said: "Let us first take out the thorn, Monopoly."

But the Sages answered: "If you take out the thorn, there will be no stimulus to work, and Progress will stop."

The Radical said: "The natural condition is the best."

But they answered: "Did not you see that he was lame before he picked up the thorn?"

He said: "Let us take out the thorn?"

A Moral Teacher replied: "The Churches have sanctioned that thorn—remember that there is no panacea. I will bandage his foot with Resig-

nation; then I will get upon his back, with the clergyman, and he will go much better.

And for a time the horse did seem to go better, until he could stand the pain no longer. Then he bucked off even the Clergyman.

The Clergyman said that was Original Sin.

And the Radical repeated: "Let me take out the thorn."

But the Politicians cried: "Anarchist! Visionary! Fool! if you take out that thorn you will break up his System—and besides he will not let any of us get up again on his back."

But again the Radical said: "Take out the thorn."

And the Professors said: "You are a parrot, and do not understand Political Economy; we must provide work for him; and the State must own his harness, so that there will be no lack of straps and no fault in them."

Still the Horse grew wilder and worse, and the pig-headed Radical said only, again and again: "Take out the thorn."

A Prohibitionist said: "I think he has other diseases, due to Intemperance."

"No! due to Wickedness!" cried the Minister.

"It may be so," repeated that narrow-minded Radical, "but I will take out the thorn."

L. of C.

XXV.

A SACRAMENT OF DECEIT.

THERE was a man who wished to serve the great King; for, he said to himself: "I am strong of hand and loving of heart, therefore I will help forward the coming of the Kingdom."

He took up the lamp of truth and went against the hosts of darkness, but when the adversary pressed upon him he was afraid, and, laying down his lamp, he hid himself in a refuge of lies.

Now, when the enemy had taken

up the lamp, they saw through the wattled walls of falsehood, and, falling upon the poor soldier within, wounded him and left him for dead.

It chanced that another of the children of light passed that way, and when he was asked, "Is your army of such as this?" he thought, "Why should we be ashamed in the face of the foe?" Wherefore, he said: "This was not of our people."

So, when the wounded man revived, the enemy thought that there had been a mistake, and because they spoke softly to him, and because their General's promises were large, he joined the enemy.

To him the Kingdom came not at all.

XXVI.

A CURE FOR A CONSCIENCE.

A CERTAIN Man was troubled with a conscience. He felt that his life was not what it should be. Therefore he resorted to the physicians. He asked a statesman if politics would agree with his conscience. The statesman replied that conscience had a place in politics but that if we followed conscience we could accomplish nothing, for in politics, obedience to conscience is an iridescent dream.

“We must,” he explained, “dis-

cover the best issue presented, and vote for that, though it be not abstractly right, else we shall throw away our votes. If we act thus we may not only serve the state, but attain to office." The Man thought, "I like not the morality of the politician." (This Man was a dangerous man.) The Man then asked a high priest if his conscience could be made useful, and the priest answered: "Yes, man is nothing without a conscience—on Sundays; on week days it were well for him to leave his conscience in church." The priest added: "The teachings of Christ are counsels of perfection. If every one would obey them you also might do so, but here you must

act as best you can, and if you do the best you can, all will be right with you in the next world.” “But,” said the Man, “I live in this world.” The Man asked a man of this world what he should do with his unsatisfied conscience. The captain of industry answered: “You would better put your conscience in cold storage. The laws of business and the penal code embody the moral law; you have only to consider them. If your conscience is uneasy smash it with the ledger and heap upon it the revised statutes. So may you get—rich.” And the Man with a conscience went away sorrowful, for he had much conviction. Yet was the

Man not discouraged. He asked the theologians, and they answered variously: "If you would have peace—believe," "sacrifice," "work," "fast." And nearly all said "give," but not a single one said "love." Then the Man went to a prophet of God, and the prophet said: "Seek first the Kingdom." The Man asked, "Shall I get thereby high office?" "You will be a servant of servants." "Shall I get riches?" "You must leave all to follow the light." "Shall I have a quiet mind?" "It is written, 'I come not to bring peace, but a sword.'" "What, then, do you offer me if I seek the Kingdom?" "I offer you only a love for men and the joy of a spiritual life."

The Man said: "The road to the Kingdom is dark." And the prophet answered: "The light is within you, and it is written, 'The path of the just is as a shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.'"

XXVII.

THE DESERVING HORSES.

A HERD of Horses grazed on a great plain, and because grass was easy to get, they would work for no one but themselves.

The Riders began to put fences about the best pastures (in order to preserve the country). Then the Horses were willing to work for the Riders, but only if they could get corn to eat. Therefore the Riders passed laws to regulate the hire of Horses, and the Horses

jumped the fences, and would work for little less than before.

The Riders made an outcry that wolves were coming, so that the Horses huddled together. Then the fences were extended around the whole herd. When the Horses wished to run against the fences to break them, the Riders cried: "Stand by us, and we will protect you." Nevertheless, when the wolves did come the Riders only drove out some of the Horses to trample upon them. And they made the fences strong and high.

The Horses starved in the pens, and the charitable among the Riders began to consider the Condition of Society. Said they: "The rate of

mortality among Work Horses is frightful."

"That," said a noted Driver, "is because their habits are filthy. Look at that pen!"

"I think rather," said a Ring Master, "because they are ignorant. These Horses do not even know how to act, else I would mount them and care for them."

"No," said a Horse Doctor, "it is because it is their nature to crowd together."

Said a Teamster: "The Horses are lazy."

"It is drinking too much," said a Farrier, "that makes them hungry."

"They are improvident," said a Horse Dealer.

“Right,” said a Huntsman. “Now look at this horse of mine. He used to break the fence, so I took him and fed him well. Any Horse might improve his condition that way.”

“The Horses are all right,” said a Horse Breeder, “except for inherent badness. They should be content with the condition in which Providence, and we, for our own wise purposes, have placed them.”

Many of the Horses died, and their bodies began to breed a plague. “This,” said the Riders, “is intolerable. Something must be done.” So they bought scent bottles for themselves.

They established a day nursery

to care for young Colts while their Mothers were tilling the Riders' fields, and the Horses were looking for work.

They made a Hospital where sick Horses were experimented upon, and their corpses dissected gratis; and the diseased and ricketty Horses, instead of dying off, produced offspring still more miserable.

They established a Fresh Air Fund to take the Colts (for a week) from the fetid pen. This looked rather inadequate, yet what saving of life it made still further overcrowded the pen.

They built model stables. These seemed to take up still more room. They established charitable employ-

ment bureaus, and taught the Colts to do Horses' work.

They gave them salt at cost, and Horse labor became cheaper yet. They gave free food. Then some the Horses said, "If we can live without working, why should we work at all?" These they called tramps.

And, seeing that some Horses, being hungry, would steal, and being tormented, become vicious, they made prisons so fine that all the Horses wanted to escape into prison.

They made Sanatariums and Solariums. They helped the helpless, which then became more helpless still. Finally a cry was raised

that the Horses were being Pauperized.

Said the Master of a Pen at Detroit: "We should let each deserving Horse use a vacant lot, so that Horses can get their own fresh air and food. They will live cleanly on the land. Do not bring the hay to them, but let them gather for themselves, and care for their own colts."

The Riders said that would be an interesting Experiment—if on a small scale—and appointed from the Association for Improving the Condition of the Horses, a Committee on the Cultivation of Vacant Lots by the Unemployed.

XXVIII.

THE FRUITS OF WRONGS.

A PRIMITIVE man went out to sow ; and in the minds of men he sowed that which was dear to his heart (for what can a man sow else?). And the seeds were Injustice and Deceit, and he fenced them about with Violence.

Then he kneeled down and prayed : “ Lord, guard the fields which I have planted. Let Thine Arms defend them, and let the sanctions of Thy Church overshadow them.”

Afterward he was gathered to his fathers, and thorns came up, and his children tended the thorns.

“For,” they said, “there was a desert of sand where nothing was, and in it our Father made these trees to grow.”

But the thorns tore their tender skins. They said one to the other: “These thorns have done much good. But for them the winds had swept the whole country into the sea; therefore they will some time bring forth grapes.” And they nurtured them carefully.

The thorns grew rank and pierced the hands of the children.

They said: “We shall never root up that which our holy father

planted. It is necessary to society." And they propped up the branches with laws. They made benevolent institutions under the shadow of them, and on the sharp points they put little loaves of bread. "Surely," said they, "it is our tree and it bringeth forth good fruit."

And the poisonous thorns festered in their flesh. They said, "Culture is everything," and they gathered grapes of the Vine of Love, and tied them on the thorns.

"Did we not say," they cried, "that our thorns would one day bring forth grapes?"

But the grapes withered, and the hungry scoffed at them, and called them Alms.

Some of them cut off the points and the tall branches, and from them fetid sap dripped down like clots of blood ; but yet the thorns grew thicker and longer and stronger still.

The children prayed, and said :
“ Lord, these were planted by ancient sages, and we have made the soil about them good. Have we not nurtured them, oh, so carefully, with tears and blood ! Surely now, O Lord, shall our thorns bring forth grapes.”

But it came to pass that the Fire swept over them, and in the fire which licked up the thorns many good trees were burned, and in their place was left nothing but

blackened stumps. And many of the children died in that fire.

The children said: "We had the best Intentions; they should have brought forth grapes."

XXIX.

A DIVIDED INHERITANCE.

A CERTAIN Laboring Man died and presented himself at the gate of Heaven. The Gatekeeper said: "There is no room." "No room?" said the Laborer. "But is it not written 'I go to prepare a place for you?' Did He not prepare one?" "Well, yes," said Peter. "He did, but you see that was long ago, and since then all such places have been taken up. We are overcrowded now." "But," the poor man urged, "surely I see a vacant lot over there." "True," answered the

Keeper, "but that belongs to one of the Disciples ; he has had it for nearly two thousand years ; certainly, if anything does, that gives him a good title. You can hear him singing 'My Country 'tis of thee, sweet land—'" "Well," interrupted the applicant, "is not that an unused field right next the gate?"

"Yes," replied the Gatekeeper, "but that is the property of the Apostles. You know it was promised that to him who left houses and lands for the Truth's sake they should be restored sevenfold : that is their portion : you would not deprive us—they, I mean, of their hard-earned property?"

“Up there on the wall,” the Man persisted, “there is a place where I could stay—I would not be in anybody’s way.”

Said the Keeper of the Gate: “You could, if you had anything to pay the rent, but I perceive that you have ‘taken nothing with you.’”

“That is the way it is done on God’s Earth,” said the Laborer, “but here I supposed that men were not so selfish and would let me live.”

“Now, my dear Brother,” gently replied the Apostle, “don’t talk like that. We are not selfish; we would be glad to help you, but we must be reasonable. If these Saints were to let people go there rent free, why all the City would flock up there,

and we would get no ground rent at all for any of our mansions. Selfish ! why, there is no selfishness here, but we are just to ourselves and to each other.”

“ See here,” said the Laborer discontentedly, “ how did these people come to own the promised land in the first place ?”

The good Peter looked a little uneasy. “ Well,” he answered, “ some, I am afraid, did not get it very honestly—that was in the time of Lucifer. I don’t remember having heard of any grant from the Creator, and I have heard something about the Kingdom of Heaven being taken by force, but it is now nearly all in the hands of innocent purchasers.”

“Then,” said the Laborer, “I’ll take some by force.” “Oh, no,” says Peter, “that wouldn’t do. Time and we have sanctioned the titles, and to take them away would be confiscation. You haven’t read the Duke of Argyll’s essay, I think, nor Huxley, nor Spencer, nor even a late book of Mr. Lecky’s, have you?”

“Are those some of the Saints?”

“Well, not our Saints,” was the answer, “but—in fact,” says Peter, “you don’t understand these things.”

Said the Laborer: “Why won’t God make some more room here?”

Peter hesitated. “He did make more room some years ago, but the Prophets saw how valuable it would

be, and therefore laid claim to it all, so it didn't seem to do much good."

"And where shall I go?" says the Laborer.

Said Peter: "Well, really it seems strange, but I don't think there is any provision in Earth or in Heaven for the man who only makes things and doesn't own the Land."

Then said the Man: "I see that knowlege of the way, rather than regeneration of the heart, is needed in order that all may share in the bounties of the Lord."

XXX.

ALL VERY GOOD.

HONESTLY and without self-seeking I had been doing good in the world. Yet it seemed to me that things grew worse instead of better, and for myself I knew that I was growing old.

I looked for no reward of all my sacrifice. It seemed to me that I might have found a little gratitude, but there was none. Each seemed to expect a full return for all he gave or did. I said to myself that it was even so with the children of

light—do not they also look for a heavenly crown! For myself I required no crown, but only that I might see the work of my hands and be satisfied.

And, because I was utterly sick of envy, and suspicion, and of human selfishness, I went out into the forest. There man was not, and all was beautiful. I lay down under a tree and looked up at the leaves and thought that every one of these was unremembered, as was I; but there the likeness ended, for with them all was in the order of Nature, just as it ought to be.

It was very still, and I heard the leaves murmuring to themselves that it was near their fall, and that

nothing had been done in their lives; each chafed against another, yet through them came the breathing of the tree.

They told each other that the blossoms, which were so beautiful, had fallen. They had sheltered the blossoms, and watched them kiss and marry with each other; but now death had taken them, and death—the leaves shivered.

The wind stirred the tree and some of the leaves fell. The others trembled forlorn on the branches, and sighed that their time was drawing nigh.

The leaves lay moldering on the ground. The wind died down again; and it was very still. And

in the silences a voice came whispering through the stiffening boughs that when these dead leaves are ready for their higher use, the tree will touch them with its roots, and take them up again into itself ; that upon man and upon nature is the blessing and the curse ; that men are also part of nature and that the faultiest of men are in the Plans of God.

I looked attentively at the leaves and found not one unbroken or without a spot. But as the light shone on them, each itself and altogether ; they were beautiful. The voice shaped into words for me my wandering thoughts, and I went out to preach that men are but as leaves,

through every one of which God breathes, and every one draws higher up the strength of God ; and every leaf God uses to express himself. By every one of them he brings forth fruit.

XXXI.

THE KINGDOM AT HAND.

LONG before Moses was born, says a fable, a certain Hebrew opened his eyes and saw how the people sighed under oppression, and he said, "We are on the borders, let us rise up and be free." The people stared stupidly at him and bent again to their tasks. He repeated, "We have but to go over the Red Sea, and our bondage will be at an end." They answered, "You are a Visionary and a Revolutionist; would you upset Society?"

But the Visionary agitated the more. He would not be stilled.

The high priests of Monopoly said, "He teaches confiscation. Did not the rulers buy this people with their hard-earned money? The laws of nations have sanctioned the purchase."

He answered, "Let us go that we may serve the Lord."

The Lawyers said, "This man is a crank—a monomaniac—yet he is right; we would like to see this experiment of Liberty tried--somewhere—on a small scale."

The Monomaniac cried, "We are more and mightier than they. We will not submit to a few."

A certain Philosopher of the

Egyptians said, "Yes, theoretically he is right. We never had any title, and if this rabble will compensate us for what we have spent on feeding them, and on their sick, and on their little ones, they should be set at liberty." This Revolutionist repeated, "Let my people go."

Others of the Wise Men murmured, "It is we who rob them, not they who would rob us. They are entitled to freedom—but they can never attain it. Why, then, inflame the classes?"

This Incendiary shouted, "You have no right to us, nor to our children, that we should be your servants."

The Egyptians said, "There is injustice ; the people suffer, but we cannot help it. Let us establish charities that they may be more contented—lest this people should rebel."

So they sent a few children to the country for a week, and they established Hospitals, and Professors taught the people. But the people grew more discontented and turbulent still. They instituted strikes here and there, and the Egyptians said, "This is Anarchy," and put them to the sword. The old Priests said, "The Promises are Parables. Still, we may let these laborers go—a little way into the wilderness." But the people were afraid and

would not go up into the land to possess it.

Many thousands whispered, "What the Seer tells us is true; but," each one added, "I am only one, and what can one do alone?"

Some of the Israelites said, "Yes, we must be free, but it will not be in our time. We want no theories. Shorten our hours, inspect our dwellings and give us old age pensions."

This crack-brained Theorist answered, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His just doing, and all things shall be added unto you."

So they blasphemed among themselves endlessly, saying, "Ours is an evil world, and in it there is no

better state." "You must change human nature before we go." "That would be the Millennium." "This Promised Land is but a dream, or it is so far off that it is not worth while to start." And they disputed together about money, and tariffs, and factory regulations.

This Dreamer answered, "We lack nothing but the Promised Land." And when they would not hear, the Dreamer's heart was broken and he died, and even his name was forgotten, and his words were but dimly remembered.

But, in the fullness of time, Moses was born, and he allied himself with God, and led the people out from

their bondage. Yet because the people are of little faith, and because they will not go forward, they linger still upon the edge of the Promised Land.

XXXII.

THE REVEREND HEAVENLY HOLMES
ON SIN.

“DEAR brethren, not ‘dear’ only in the sense of dear at any price, but in the sense that an immense amount of the bounty of God and men is required to keep even the meanest of you. My text this morning is, ‘The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked.’

“Now the heart is the symbol of the fleshly affection. These fleshly affections you have overcome, for,

if you had not, you never could live as you do, in the presence of so much misery. The allusion is, therefore, of course, to the lower classes, who have still some heart left, to 'the poor that we have always with us,' or, as we prefer to render the verse, 'that we shall have always with us,' or, at least, that we intend to have.

“It makes us shudder to think how wicked the rest of the world really is. I turn to the report of the New York Charity Organization Society, for a copy of which each one of you, my brethren, should write to the United Villanies Building in New York City. Their table of statistics shows that of those who come under their

notice as needing alms, no less than forty per cent. are between the ages of twenty and forty-five, the prime of life; and nearly seventy per cent. are married couples. Think of the abyss of wickedness which makes married persons in the heyday of life willing to accept alms. We are careful to explain to all such that what they need is 'not alms, but a friend'; it is much cheaper.

“ But the worst is yet to come; these people throw upon us the care of their children. Nearly all the rest of the indigent are children under fourteen years of age, and this, notwithstanding the efforts of the Children's Aid Societies, which

kindly imprison self-dependent children.

“Three in every two hundred of the applicants to this society are single men,—men too wicked, too deceitful to marry.

“My brethren, did you ever reflect that these people are our own — eh — tenants ; they are laborers. We look after them to see how they are getting on, and if they seem to be in danger of becoming rich and forgetting God, we raise their rents. Then they come to our societies, and practically demand that a part of what we have gotten as our legal rent should be returned to them as charity. It is no less than an attack upon the propertied classes.

“But, my brethren, ‘Godliness is profitable for all things,’ and charity is more so. Charity is a saving grace. All that we give to these wretches is returned into our bosoms with tenfold interest. We get it back first in our pay-rolls. Because, where two of these wicked have to compete for a job, the one that can live the cheapest by using all aids will be able to underbid the other. And charity is returned again into our bosoms, in our rents. For, since we righteous — that is, respectable — people own all the land, we can charge as rent all that our tenants can afford to pay. Charity enables them to pay more, and also attracts population to our

city, so that they have to pay it.

“It is the poor, you see, that are depraved and discontented with the situation in which Providence, through our agency, has put them. Ay, regardless of the blessings promised by Holy Writ to the poor, in the next world, they madly strive to get rich. Instead of being willing to render humble and efficient service to us and to God, they strive to rise above their stations in life. Like the servant with one talent who ‘hid it in the earth’ and lost all, they are always seeking to invest in land, so that they will not have to work for us.

“But it is the blessed privilege

of Christian men to sell them out-lying lots, and it is the special duty of the Church to soothe their restlessness when the devil puts it into their hearts that they are robbed under the forms of law.

“Therefore, my brethren, be ‘fervent in spirit, not slothful in business,’ especially in church fairs and at the charity ball, for in so doing you are laying up treasures in heaven and getting the interest on them on earth.”

XXXIII.

TOLSTOY'S IDEAL OF TRUE LIFE.

UNDER the cold, dry earth grew a little root; yet it was the root of a great Tree; and around the Tree the plain was bare.

The root pushed up toward the light and heat, while its fellows pushed toward the water underneath.

When the root came to the light, it burst into a shoot, and put out a green top, and the shoot said, "All the plain is bare, and I am far from the tree; I can do nothing." Nevertheless it pushed upward.

A drove of cattle passed by, and trampled down the little top, and it said, "This is death, and I have accomplished nothing."

Nevertheless, the root drew strength from the great Tree, and blossomed again into a shoot.

At last it pushed high up, and then it saw other shoots peeping from the ground about the Tree.

And some of them withered away and moldered on the earth, but some waxed strong, and spread, and the branches covered all the plain.

The tree is God, the root is Life, the light is Love—and the shoots are ourselves, my Brothers.

TRUE LIFE

TRUE LIFE.

I.

FALSE IDEAS OF LIFE.

Each lives for his own good—To get this, seemingly involves conflict with others—And if we get this “good,” it is unsatisfactory—And ends with Death—Yet we think it will bring happiness—This is a mistake, and if true, would be unnatural—Such is the teaching of the Prophets—Scientists teach that our own good is the object of life—So-called Christians teach that attainment of a future life is the object of this present life—Each thinks some other knows what good is—Science says it is exercise of faculty—Christian pessimists say that there is no good in this life—It is not better to live for others unless their

lives are worth living for—We know that we should have happiness, yet we find it unattainable—This is because our aim is not even a single one—We seek animal good, but long only for spiritual good—Yet in subjecting material desires to the higher nature, we can find satisfaction—The Higher Reason shows us how to do this—This is the message of all the great religious teachers—The study of matter will not teach us the true end of life.

You and I live for our own good; each of us seeks for the conditions which will make us happy, for we cannot imagine life without the desire for happiness.

We find, however, that all other persons also live for their own particular good, which they too, think will bring happiness to themselves; and they believe that this good of

theirs requires the sacrifice of your desires and mine. For the sake of such good, and for their own petty happiness, living beings are willing to deprive other beings of greater happiness and even of life itself, so that every one is always contending against hosts of others. At the end of the struggle we see Death, which we believe to be the loss of consciousness, or at best, a change to a spirit life, which seems to us a strange and terrible transformation.

Though we succeed in the struggle, we feel that the good which we seek would be incomplete, even if it were to last; and we know that it will not last, that the good

which we seek will be but for a moment in our hands.

Feeling only our own desires, we imagine that the good for which we live and true happiness are the same.

We shall find, as we go on, that this must be a mistake.

True happiness cannot consist in seeking our own good, nor, even unconsciously in trading off our work intended by us to do good to others, for their work designed by them to do good to us. Nor is such selfishness as that really natural at all. In truth, to seek the happiness of others and to sacrifice our own desires for the good of others is as natural to uncorrupted men as it is

for an animal to sacrifice its life in defending its young.

Such is the gospel of all great religious teachers. Herbert Spencer and other scientific men deny this doctrine, saying that the object of life is simply the satisfaction of our desires. The Christian pessimists also deny this doctrine, saying that, futile as is the plan of life, it can be amended by faith in a future life—to be carried out more perfectly, but on the same principles.

What is life and what is the good in life which will give us happiness? Each one thinks some one else must know, and so he follows the observances which he sees some other follow.

Science answers that life is the struggle of persons, races, and species for existence; and that the good of life is success in that struggle, "the highest exercise of faculty." This is the answer of those whom we may call the Scribes.

Ecclesiastical teachers, who are like the Pharisees, generally answer that happiness consists only in the hope of a future life, for, say they, there is not, and never can be, good in this life.

The time has already come when it is clear to all who will consider it, that the idea of renouncing this life for the sake of preparing for a life for one's self beyond, is a delusion.

It is no improvement on this to say that it is good to live for myself in the present, for experience teaches us that our individual life, if so used, is evil and senseless. Nor is it better to live for the family, for society, for one's country, or even for mankind. If the life of each person is miserable and senseless, then the life of any collection of persons is also miserable and senseless, for the mass is no better and no more worthy of sacrifice than are the individuals which make up the mass.

Men believe that life consists of a desire for happiness for themselves and for those about them, but they feel that to all, evil and

death will come. We all know that we must live, yet we find circumstances such as make it impossible to have a perfect animal life, and so, appreciating no other life than that of the animal, there begins a strife with ourselves which results in misery. We have an uneasy feeling that what we think and desire about life is not right. But insects and beasts, which submit to the law of their being, have no such struggle, and live a joyous and tranquil life.

We, however, are surrounded by conditions and circumstances which make a perfect life an impossibility—that is, of the kind which unreasoning feeling demands. Striving

for two objects, when it is possible to attain only one, produces an inevitable struggle which is the cause of most of our unhappiness, and which creates in thinking minds restlessness in regard to the mysteries of life. These can be removed only by willingly subjecting ourselves to the law of our higher being.

Our difficulty arises from confusing our animal life with our true life—that is, with the spiritual life. Of both these existences we are conscious; the natural life we know by the feeling that we exist; the spiritual life we know by the feeling that we love. We feel that there are in us two contradictory

natures; but we know that there is only one true life.

This seeming contradiction in ourselves recalls the sensation of one who, crooking two fingers, one over the other, rolls a little ball between them, and *feels* as if there were two balls, but *knows* that there is only one.

The renunciation of personal happiness, followed by life in accordance with the higher nature, is as natural to man as is flying to a bird. If the bird wills only to run, that fact does not prove that it is not the bird's nature to fly. So if we see about us, men with unawakened minds, men who think that their lives consist in securing their own

happiness, it is not thereby proved that there is no higher life. To search for our good in gratifications for our own selves is to make ourselves like an animal which might think that its life consists in submitting to the laws of gravity by not moving, but which is fretted, nevertheless, by appetite and desire for exercise.

This state of dissatisfaction must come to every one who thinks; so we say that "thought is pain;" and every one thinks to himself, "I am a strange mixture." It can be escaped only by a merely animal existence, or by seeking the new and better life.

Some never look up from their

muck rakes; but if one does and sees for a moment that there is a better life, he can never again satisfy himself with the worse.

The source of this dissatisfaction lies mainly in this, that, while the things for which we strive consciously should be attained as unconsciously as is digestion, that for which we should strive consciously is either unknown to us or disregarded by us.

The higher reason which the Bible calls Wisdom (*logos*), is the only guide we have to a true life.

The fact that the insignificant teachings of Aristotle, Bacon, Comte and others remain, and always will remain, the property of a few,

can never control the masses, and are therefore never corrupted by superstitions, is considered by learned men to be proof of their truth. But the teachings of the Brahmins, of Zoroaster, Lao-dzi, Confucius and Christ, which in their essence are really one, are accounted superstitions, merely because they have changed the lives of millions. The real teaching of these men, though in varying degrees of perfection, is that the true life is more than the life of the body; which is the sum of all human wisdom.

Reason has been directed toward the discovery of truth by the study of the origin and history of mankind, and to the circumstances with

which mankind is surrounded. Later, we have taken to studying the minds of men by the laws of matter, in the hope that thereby we may learn the cause of man's activity.

These studies are instructive; but from them we cannot find the true meaning of life; any more than a tree, if it could study the physical and chemical changes which take place in it, could learn from them the theory of collecting and distributing sap for the growth of the leaves and fruit. So the study of these laws will not afford us the slightest guidance as to what to do with a bit of bread in our hands; whether to give it to our daughter,

to a stranger, to the dog, or to eat it ourselves; whether to defend this bit of bread or to give it to the first who demands it. But really, living is entirely made up of decisions of this and similar questions. On such decisions happiness depends.

Things at a distance seem simple because we cannot see the complexity of their details, and such things, therefore, attract our attention, while that which is seen close at hand appears complex. Accordingly, men think that they understand what happiness is, and what time and matter are, but that they do not understand themselves.

In the case of a mere animal, sound reason consists only in care for its

physical well-being. So, we can understand the life of an animal, because we see in it, as in ourselves, a striving for happiness, and the necessity for it also to submit to reason. For we really know things not in proportion to how simple they are, or seem to be, but in proportion to their nearness of association with ourselves.

Now, the true life of man, the better part, which all may choose, is found in that which is nearest to us, and therefore seems complicated, although it is really simple. It consists in control of the animal life by the reason.

II.

THE LAW OF LIFE.

The true theory of life—It seems abstruse, but is really self-evident—That true life consists in the control of the lower nature by the higher, which is true, willing self-denial—If self-denial is willing it becomes a joy—The mere recognition of this truth is the first step toward the higher life—If the good which we seek be the good of others, it will not end at death—A life of this kind seems unnatural, but it really accords with the higher nature—The human race is making progress in this direction—Simple-minded men recognize this doctrine as reasonable, but “cultivation” hides it from our sight—The interdependence of the human family.

To give up our own happiness as animals is the true law of life, al-

though, on account of the complexity of our animal life (which we perceive because that life is near to us), it seems to us that the true object of all our life must be the satisfaction of bodily demands. But reason shows that this is not true. In the case of a mere animal, an activity which is opposed to its own welfare is renunciation of its life; in the case of a man the reverse is true.

If we do not renounce animal happiness willingly in our lives, we must renounce it unwillingly at our deaths.

For, the body, with its occupation and functions, is merely one of the instruments of life. The animal

exists through force and matter in harmony with their laws, and to the animal that is all there is of life. A man exists in the same way, but to him that is only an incident of life.

Renunciation of animal happiness is the law of man's life. If it be not accomplished freely, by submission to the higher reason, then it is accomplished violently in every man at the death of the flesh, when, in consequence of the burden of suffering, he desires only to escape from the torturing consciousness of a perishing personality, and to pass into another form of existence.

Regeneration, or spiritual birth, consists in learning that animal hap-

piness is not the object of our lives. Those who have not had this birth can no more understand what it is than the dry seed can anticipate its bursting into a plant.

Although feeling that happiness for himself is impossible, each man spends his life in pursuit of it. Though conscious that our effort is in vain, we strive to make others prefer our happiness to their own. But happiness can be obtained only by every one's preferring the good of others to his own; only so can be ended the useless contest, in which we are all involved. To admit the truth of this doctrine, even if we cannot now put it in practice, is to abandon the false and material

Subject of life, which, the more we pursue it, gets further away.

And, when we admit this doctrine, the fear of death vanishes, for that is but the fear of losing the happiness of life by the death of the flesh; but if we can base our happiness on the happiness of others, then this death would not seem to be the discontinuance of happiness.

“But,” replies the troubled and erring heart of man, “that is not life. Renunciation of life is suicide.” Then rational feeling rejoins: “I know nothing about that. I know that such is the life of man, and that there is no other, and that there can be no other. I know that such a life is true life and happiness,

both for one person and for all the world.”

“I know that what you call enjoyment will become happiness for you, only when you shall not take for yourself, but when others shall give of theirs to you; and that you will then recognize your enjoyments to be superfluous and irksome, as they really are, when you seize them for yourself. You will free yourself from actual sufferings, only when others, and not you yourself, shall release you from them. You cannot by yourself avoid sufferings in life. You know this; even now, through fear of anticipated sufferings, you would deprive yourself of life itself, by suicide.

“The more I love myself, and strive with others,” continues rational feeling, “the more will others hate me and the more viciously will they struggle with me ; the more I hedge myself in from suffering, the more torturing will it become, and the more I guard myself against death, the more terrible will it appear. I know that, whatever a man may do, he can attain to no happiness until he shall live in harmony with the law of his life.”

A reasoning man cannot fail to see that if we admit the possibility of replacing the striving for our own happiness with a striving for the happiness of other beings, life will become rational and happy. Until

we do see this our lives are all poverty stricken and valueless.

Humanity is making some progress in this direction, for those who have been in the habit of killing other creatures are beginning to "exploit" them, or to tame them, and to kill fewer of them, and to subsist on the eggs and milk, rather than on the flesh. They are learning to restrain their destructiveness. For the same reason we condemn the search for mere gratification, and we approve abstinence, and worship self-sacrifice for the good of others.

We recognize, in short, that there is no good but Love.

Simple men, who labor with their

hands, more generally acknowledge that the best life is to give themselves for others. It is the "cultivated" intellects which defend selfishness on economic or philosophic or moral grounds. They give their time to gratifying the appetites for knowledge, or power, or beauty; in trying to satisfy wants and desires which grow stronger the more they are recognized. It is not by cultivating and stimulating these, and then trying to satisfy them, that happiness is to be obtained; but rather by discarding desires and submitting to true reason.

These "desires" are as numerous as the radii of a circle, and can never be satisfied; one who looks in

the shops, or in the libraries, may realize that all the things that a man does show the existence of desires; but even one of them, if dwelt upon, may take possession of a man's whole being.

How can it be otherwise when our acknowledged teachers admit that the highest perfection of man consists in the number and development of all sides of his refined desires. Such teaching makes men think that they feel only such desires, and that to renounce these is unnatural, and therefore impossible.

(NOTE.—We know the saying of the Greek philosopher, “I like to go to the market-place and see how many things there are, which I do not need.”)

It is not, however, the renunciation of our individual desires that is required, but their subjection to the higher, reason or "Wisdom." Herein is the true law of life.

This belief is not merely an intellectual perception arrived at by study. If it were, it might be found by examining matter. It is a spiritual understanding, and is perceived by a spiritual illumination, which can be had by any one who opens his soul to it by willingness to receive and act in accordance with the law of life.

Entrance into life, and the course of life, is like the experience of a horse, which the master leads from the stable for harnessing; on com-

ing out of the stable into the light, and scenting liberty, it seems to the horse that in that liberty is life, yet he is harnessed and driven off. He feels a weight behind him, and, if he thinks that his life consists in running at liberty, he begins to kick, falls down, and indeed may kill himself. But if he does not fall he has two alternatives left to him ; either he will go his way, and drag his load, finding that the burden is light to him, and that trotting is not a torment, but a joy ; or else he will kick himself free, and then his master will lead him to the treadmill, and will fasten him by a halter ; the platform will begin to slide beneath him, and he will walk in

the dark, confined to one place, suffering ; but his strength will not be wasted ; he will perform his unwilling labor, and the law will be fulfilled in him. The difference will lie in this, that the first work would be joyful, but the second compulsory and painful.

The satisfaction of all simple normal wants is guaranteed to man, as it is to the bird and the flower ; provided that in his own sphere, man shall live a simple reasonable life, as they do in their spheres. (See Matthew vi. 20, to end.)

The larger part of mankind believes this truth, under the name of Buddhism ; but the vast spread of that religion renders it subject to

corruptions, and these corruptions are regarded by cultured persons as disproving the truth of the religion itself.

The fact that the larger part of mankind does so understand the law of life, and gets from its observance quiet of mind; and that it is impossible to understand life in any other way, does not in the least trouble the Pharisees and Scribes: they think that progress and invention have superseded such old-time "theories."

The Hindoo sees that there is a contradiction between the life for the flesh and the higher life, and he is solving it according to his light. So far he truly lives. But the

modern materialist is like a beast which does not yet perceive that there is any higher life.

Yet the perception of the altruistic life is the most valuable product of the experience of the ages.

There is this distinction, however, between the states of beasts and of men. The higher the animal is, the more complex are its parts and the more dependent are the parts upon each other. If a worm is cut in two, we have two worms; if the higher animal is cut in two it is all dead. So with the state of mankind. The bird and the fish live, from their nature, each to itself; each is but slightly dependent upon any other; each suffers for its errors

mainly in itself. With the higher organism of Man the parts are more dependent upon each other. Interior happiness, therefore, we can get each for himself, by opening our eyes to look for and follow our better nature. "Peace I give unto you," said Jesus. Exterior well being we can get only by inducing our fellows also to come out into the light. We are an army marching together, in which "no man liveth to himself and no man dieth to himself."

III.

THE HIGHER LIFE.

The pessimists cannot see that there is a higher life—The higher life is the life of self-sacrifice—This alone is a reasonable life—In each one's heart is love which leads him toward such life—To make this our object, solves the apparent contradiction of life by making an end of self-seeking—Even the miseries of others, if we strive to relieve them, help us to higher life—Love seems, to many, a painful feeling, and as temporary as earthly life—This is because they think of love only as a desire—Such love is but selfish care for *my* friends—Real loving means the doing of good; not the getting of good at the expense of others—The self-sacrifice of such love has no limits—Nor does it discriminate between its objects—Nor does it favor our-

selves, even in order to enable further service—What is usually called love, however, is only the preference of some elements of one's own happiness to other elements—From this, however, real love may be developed.

THE argument of pessimistic philosophy, and of the commonplace suicides, is that there is one "I," in which "I" there is an inclination for full animal life; and that this "I" and its inclination cannot possibly be gratified. They think there is a second "I" which has no inclination for life, seeing the futility of it all.

If, say they, I yield to the being which is inclining to animal life, I live senselessly; there is no good in it; if I yield to the being which

sees the futility of life, there remains to me no desire for life (for the second "I" does not believe that it is good to live for God or for others); therefore, say such persons, when life becomes tiresome I leave it. This is "the darkness which comprehendeth not the light." This is the contradictory idea of life which men had reached before Solomon's time, before Buddha's, and to which false teachers like Schopenhauer and Hartmann would lead us back.

The teaching of the Truth has ever been that mankind does possess, here and now, an inalienable and actual happiness, which is within the reach of every one. This is the

happiness which is familiar to every one, and to which every unperverted human soul is drawn. Children and the unsophisticated know the feeling which solves all the contradictions of human life, and gives the greatest possible happiness: this is Love.

Love is one form of the animal nature brought under the rule of the higher law. Its highest development is the only reasonable activity of mankind.

The animal personality of man demands happiness; true reason from the heart shows us the misery of strife; shows us that there can be no happiness in selfishness; and that the only real happiness possible

for us is one for which there shall be no contest, no satiety, and no end.

And lo, like a key made for this one lock, each man finds in his own soul a feeling which gives him the very happiness which his reasonable heart tells him is the only possible one.

This Love not only solves the contradictions of life, but uses the contradictions of life to show itself; for the animal individual suffers, and to remedy this suffering constitutes the chief activity of Love.

The animal individual strives to use others, but Love gives itself to others, and inclines us to the extremest sacrifice of our fleshly exist

ence for others, and so takes away the fear of death.

“But,” say those who see nothing in this life but the animal existence, “love involves pain while it lasts, and it will end.” Therefore, to them love seems as lamentable and as deceptive as all other states of mind, though they recognize in it something peculiar, and more important than the others; often it seems to them something irregular and torturing. Something like this feeling must be the effect of the sunrise upon an owl.

This misconception is because such persons think of Love as one only among the numberless desires of life, and not as the object of life.

They think that a man should sometimes study, sometimes make money, sometimes love. They think only of that love which is a form of selfishness; the sacrificing of others for "my child," or "my friend;" that feeling which makes the father, to his own torture, take the last bit of bread from hungry men in order to provide for his own children. It is the feeling because of which he who loves a woman suffers through this love, and causes her to suffer, seducing her, or killing both himself and her because of jealousy. It is the feeling which impels men belonging to one association, for the sake of upholding their own fellows, injure those of other associations.

It is the feeling which makes a man render himself, and others miserable, also, over his favorite occupation. It is the feeling which renders a man unable to endure an insult to his "beloved" fatherland, strewing therefore the plain with the dead and wounded of his own country and of others.

But to love means to do good. For those whom we love we desire good, but we find that to get that good for them alone means the injury, or at least the neglect, of others.

How far, then, am I to sacrifice myself for the service of others, and whom shall I serve? How much care may I now take of myself in

order to be able later, since I love others, to serve them ?

This was the difficult question which the lawyer put to Christ, "Who is my neighbor?" For we must know that every happiness in the flesh is received by one person only at the expense of the possible happiness which might be obtained by another, or which, at least, might be given to another.

How, then, are we to decide at whose expense, and in what degree, we shall help those whom it is necessary to serve? All people, or our fatherland? Fatherland, or our friends? Our friends, or our own wives? Our wives, or our children? Our children, or (in order that we

may be able still further to serve others later) ourselves?

All these persons make demands of love, and all the demands are so interwoven that there is no possibility of serving some without depriving others.

For these difficulties, that which the world calls love offers no solution.

Most of the evils among men spring from this feeling, falsely called love, and which is no more like real love than the life of the animal is like the life of man. What people generally call love is only the familiar preference of some elements of our personal happiness to other elements. When a man

says that he loves his wife or child or friend, he usually means merely that the presence of those persons heightens the happiness of his individual life.

But these feelings, preference for certain beings, or things, or occupations, cannot be called love; for they have not the chief mark of love—activity, which has for its aim and end the happiness of the loved one.

This violence of preference for some people over others is merely the stock upon which true love and its offshoots may be grafted.

IV.

HOW TO ATTAIN IT.

REAL happiness begins only with the rebirth, when we recognize that the highest point is not to seek good for ourselves—when one can honestly say “For myself I want nothing”—Other love than this increases capacity for misery—Not by seeking means of happiness, and distributing them to those whom we choose, but by renouncing them, is true good attained—It is to be had by grasping every opportunity to benefit others regardless of ourselves—Love is the sacrifice of one’s self and one’s desires—This is the way to eternal life. Such spontaneous love is common among children—Older persons often do not recognize it at all, or prefer the animal love—Life runs onward toward the destruction of the animal being—Yet

we strive in vain to preserve only that animal being—Partial success in such efforts brings, first satiety, then increasing pain, and ends in failure at death—The fear of death lies in the desire for a rich life—The enjoyments of such a life are at the expense of others, and preclude love—The increase of wants and the obtaining of things to allay them is useless and unsatisfying.

THE possibility of real love begins only when man has comprehended that there is no happiness for his animal person. Only he understands genuine love who has not only understood, but has by his life confessed, that he who loves his soul loses it, and that he who hates his soul in this world preserves it to everlasting life.

Love is the preference of other

beings to one's self, to one's animal personality. This state is a state of affection toward every person and toward every thing; which is part of the life of children, but which, in grown persons, arises only on renunciation. This is the "confessing of Christ," in our lives.

But, let every man try, at least once, at a moment when he is ill-disposed toward other people, to say to himself, honestly and from his soul, "It is all the same to me, I need nothing;" and even if only for a time, to desire nothing for himself; and every man will learn, through this simple inward experiment, how instantaneously, in proportion to the honesty of his

renunciation, all malevolence will disappear. Let him notice how afterward, affection toward all people and all things will gush from his heart, which until that time was sealed. This process corresponds in some degree with the "denial of evil" of "Christian science."

But, if he would find full happiness, he must not stop there. In order entirely unselfishly to love any one it is first necessary to forgive every one, those who have injured us, and those who treat us unjustly. We must do more than that; we must cease to desire their merited punishment and wish them well, even in the enjoyment of their ill-gotten gains. The thought that the

wicked must suffer in this life or in another, is born of our desire that they should. This we must put away from us. It may well be that a lower evil nature gets in its wrongdoing the highest happiness of which it is capable, just as the cuckoo, devoid of affection for its young, does not in consequence suffer, but only loses the unspeakable joy of maternity, of which it could not even conceive. When we accept the order of Nature showing forth God's infinite kindness, and so free our hearts of all bitterness; when we will do this, begins for us the real sweetness of life.

Only from such universal affection can spring up genuine love for

certain persons, one's own relatives or strangers. Such love alone solves the apparent contradiction of the animal to the reasonable existence.

Any Love which has not for its foundation the renunciation of individuality, and, as a consequence, affection for every one, is merely the life of the animal, and is subject to the same misery and to even greater miseries, and to still greater folly, than is life without this fictitious love. The feeling of passion, called love does not remove the conflict of existence, does not free an individual from the pursuit of enjoyments, and does not save from death ; but, on the contrary, merely darkens life

still more embitters the strife, augments the thirst for pleasures for one's self and for others, and increases the terror of death for one's self and for others.

The man who seeks his life in the happiness of his animal person, who increases, during the whole course of his life, the means of animal happiness, by acquiring wealth and hoarding it, will make others contribute to his animal happiness, and will distribute that happiness among those individuals who are most useful to him for the welfare of his own person. But how is he to give up his life, when his life is supported not by himself, but by other persons? And still more diffi-

cult will it be for him to decide to which of the persons whom he prefers, he should give the benefits which he has attained.

Before he shall be in a condition to love, that is, to do good, sacrificing himself, he must cease to hate, that is, to do evil; and he must cease to prefer some persons to others for the sake of the happiness of his own person.

The happiness of the life of a man who has acted thus through love is as natural as is the well-being of a plant in the light. As the covered plant cannot inquire, and would not in any way inquire, in what direction it is to grow, or whether the light is good, or whether

it must not wait for some other and better light, but takes the only light that exists, and stretches toward it—so the man who has renounced individual happiness does not argue about how much he must give up of that of which he has deprived other people, and to what beloved beings he should give it; and whether there is not some better love than the one which makes the demand, but gives himself, his being, to the love which is accessible to him and which lies before him. Only such love gives full satisfaction to the reasoning nature of man.

Love is love only when it is the denial of one's self. Only when one

gives to another, not merely his time and his strength, but when he spends his body for the beloved one, gives up his life for him—only this do we all acknowledge as love ; and only in such love do we all find happiness, the reward of love.

Exactly in this manner does every laborer for the good of others give his body for the nourishment of another, when he exhausts himself with toil, and brings himself nearer to death. But such love is possible only to the man who knows no limit to the sacrifice, either of himself, or of those beings nearest and dearest to him.

“ ‘Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all

thy soul, and with all thy mind.' This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it: 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.'" Thus, from the old Testament, quoted the lawyer. And Jesus replied, "Thou hast answered right, this do"—that is, love God and thy neighbor—*and thou shalt live.* (Matthew xxii. 36-38, with Luke x. 27-8.)

"We know that we have passed from death to life," says a disciple of Christ, "because we love the brethren." (I John iii. 14.) True and real love is the life itself.

Who among living people does not know that blissful sensation which is most frequently experi-

enced during early childhood, before the soul is choked up with the lie which stifles the life in us? Who does not know that blessed feeling of emotion, even if but once experienced, during which one desires to love everybody, both those near to him, his father and mother, his brothers, and wicked people, and his enemies, and his dog, and his horse, and a blade of grass? This is the light which Walt Whitman came to show. When a man feels thus he desires one thing—that it should be well with everybody, that all should be happy, and, still, more, he desires that he himself may act so that it may be well with all; that he may give himself and his whole

life to making others comfortable and happy. And this, and this alone, is that love in which lies the Life of Man.

This love manifests itself in the soul of man as a hardly perceptible, tender shoot, in the midst of coarse shoots of weeds resembling it, which are the various material desires of man, usually called love. It seems to men, and to the man himself, at first, that from this shoot must grow the tree of real love in which the birds shall shelter themselves; and it seems also that all the other shoots are of the same kind.

Men prefer, at first, and cultivate the weeds, which grow faster; and the one shoot of life is stifled and

languishes; but what most frequently happens is even worse; men have heard that among the number of those shoots there is one which is genuine, life-giving, called Love, but not knowing which it is, they trample it down, and begin to rear another shoot from the weeds, calling this love.

Worse yet, men seize the shoot with rough hands, crying: "Here it is, we have found it, now we know it, let us train it, love! love! the most elevated sentiment, here it is!" And they begin to transplant it, to correct it; and handle it; and, fighting for it, crush it until the shoot dies before it has flowered. Then they say: "All this is non-

sense, folly, sentimentality." But Love needs but one thing—that men should not hide it from the sun of righteousness, which is another name for justice, and which alone will promote its growth.

Yet man, who understands the merely visionary and delusive character of the animal existence; and, that setting free the one true life of love within him alone confers happiness—man whose whole physical existence is a gradual annihilation of his person, and who cannot but become aware of this on the approach of that person to inevitable death, strives in every way to preserve that perishing existence, to gratify its desires, and thereby

deprives himself of the possibility of the only happiness in life, which is love.

The activity of men who do not understand life, is always directed to a conflict for their own existence, to the acquisition of enjoyments, to their own deliverance from suffering, or to the putting off of inevitable death.

But the increase of enjoyment itself increases the strain of conflict and sensitiveness to suffering, and brings death nearer.

In order to hide from themselves the approach of death, such men know but one means—still further to increase pleasure. But the pleasures reach the limits where they

cannot be further increased; they pass into suffering and leave only sensitiveness to suffering, and terror of death, which approaches ever nearer and nearer.

To those who do not understand life, the chief cause of this fear lies in the fact that what they regard as pleasures (all gratifications of a rich life), are of such a nature that they cannot be shared equally among all men; they must, therefore, be taken from others, must be obtained by force, by evil, by destroying the possibility of that kindly inclination toward people which is the root of love.

That kind of pleasure is always directly opposed to love, and the

more intense it is, the more it is opposed to love. So that the more intense the activity for the attainment of pleasure, the more impossible becomes the only happiness accessible to men, which is love.

It seems as though the increase of happiness proceeded from the best external arrangement of one's existence. But the best external arrangement depends upon greater violence to other men, which is directly opposed to love.

It seems as though the existence of a poor laborer or of a sickly man were evil, unhappy; and the existence of a rich or healthy man good and happy: and men bend all the strength of their minds to escap-

ing an evil, unhappy, poor and sickly existence, and to obtaining for themselves a good, rich, healthy and happy one. They think that the advancement of mankind consists in devising and handing down better means to gain such a life; therefore men vie with one another in endeavoring to delay death, by maintaining, as well as possible, that pleasing life which they have inherited from their parents, or by organizing for themselves a new and still more pleasurable life. All of which is erroneous and futile.

Whatever crusts of prejudice, then, we have to break, however painful it may be, we must, each one of us, stamp into our own hearts

this truth, that there is no good but love and no evil but self-love. To these words alone, opens the door of Happiness.

V.

THE EFFECT UPON ONE'S SELF.

Truth cries out "There is no death"—and man's heart responds, "There can be no death"—To the unenlightened this seems an absurdity—Yet death is but a natural change—Former natural changes have proved so good that we desire to continue the state into which we have come—Either, life consists in the common changes of nature—(This is the oldest thought of the world, now only re-stated—and if it were a true thought, continuous life would be terrible, not the natural order)—Or else life consists in the consciousness of each of us—We know that this consciousness began for each of us in countless ancestors—Why then should we think it will end with us?—What we really fear is the obliteration of this consciousness—We confuse the two, and think that

something unnatural will occur in nature, this we call "death"—The apparent contradiction causes uncertainty and fear—Men fear natural death because it shows the need of a true life which they feel that they do not possess. The body is only an incident and expression of Consciousness, the thinking, feeling part is one's true self—The body is not continuous, it is always changing—gradually, or in periods; and consciousness ends, day after day, in sleep—Hence consciousness cannot be dependent upon the body—Hence, our real self, which we fear to lose at death, cannot be dependent upon the body—This "self" is that which likes and dislikes, and so becomes a part of the world—One's self is that which loves—This is the essence—Everything that we think we can lose is but an accident—During changes our submission to the law of reason increases, and love and happiness grow proportionately. Knowing that we have received and developed our lives from a past which we do not see, we feel no fear about a future which we do not see—My

brother's consciousness, his self, influenced me in this life; being dead, it still influences me—That is, our relation still continues and will forever continue—Undeveloped men try to satisfy the longing for immortality by referring to the immortality of the race. We know ourselves only by our true life or consciousness—We see that this consciousness is subject to laws—Therefore we infer that what happens in it is also subject to laws—And do not complain because we cannot see what is beyond our sight—Upon looking calmly at what is about us, it ceases to be gloomy or terrible.

“THERE is no death,” says the voice of TRUTH. “I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And every one that liveth and believeth in me shall never die.”

“THere is no Death,” say all the

great teachers of the world ; and millions of men who understand life say the same, and bear witness to it with their lives. And every living man whenever his soul sees clearly, feels the same truth in his heart. But men who do not understand life, cannot do otherwise than fear death. They see it, and believe in it.

“How is there no death ?” cry these people in wrath and indignation. “This is sophistry ! Death is before us ; it has mowed down millions, and it will mow us down as well. And you may say, as much as you please, that it does not exist, it will remain all the same. Yonder it is.”

I shall die. What is there terrible about that? How many changes have taken place, and are now in progress, in my fleshly existence, and I have not feared them? Why should I fear this change which has not yet come, and in which there is nothing repulsive to my reason and experience; which is so comprehensible, so familiar, and so natural for me, that during the whole course of my life I formed fancies in which the death both of lower animals and of persons have been accepted by me, as a necessary and often an agreeable condition of life. What is there terrible about it?

For there are but two strictly logical ways of looking at life; one

the false view—that by which life is understood as these seeming changes which take place in my body from my birth to my death; the other the true view—that by which life is understood as the unseen consciousness which is within myself. Both views are logical, and men may hold either one or the other: but in neither, held by itself is the fear of death consistent.

The false view, which understands life as the visible changes in the body from birth to death, is as old as is the world itself.

Although we think that we have just discovered this false view by our materialistic philosophy, we have only carried it so far that it

seems absurd. It finds expression among the Chinese, and among the Greeks. And among the Hebrews, the thought appears in the Book of Job, the oldest of all their books: "Dust thou art and to dust shalt thou return."

This view, as held at present, may be thus expressed: "Life is a chance play of forces in matter, showing itself in space and time. Consciousness is the spark which flashes up from matter under certain conditions. All is the product of matter, infinitely varied; and what is called life is only a certain condition of dead matter."

Such is one way of looking at life. This view is utterly false. It con-

fuses life with its direct opposite, dead matter. From such a conclusion, death should not be terrible, but life ought to be terrible, as something unnatural and senseless, as indeed it appears to the Buddhists, and to the new pessimists, like Schopenhauer and Hartmann.

The other view of life is as follows. Life is only that which I recognize in myself, when I meditate upon it. I am always conscious of my life, not as I have been, or as I shall be, but I am conscious of my life thus—that I am, that I never began anywhere, that I shall never end anywhere. And, according to this view, death does not exist.

Neither as an animal only, nor as

a rational being only, can a man fear death ; the animal has no consciousness of life and does not see death ; and the rational being, having a consciousness of life, cannot see in death anything except a natural and never-ending change of matter. But, if man fears, what he fears is not death, which he does not know, but life, that is, his animal existence with its chances, which he does know. That feeling, which is expressed in men by the fear of death, is only the consciousness of the inward contradiction of life ; just as the fear of ghosts is merely the feeling of a deluded mind.

There is a merely physical shrinking from death, due to the inherit-

ance of a desire to avoid it. Like the impulse to reproduction, this has strengthened itself out of proportion to other desires, because those men or beasts in which this desire was strongest were incited to the greatest exertions to avoid death. Succeeding, in a measure, they left offspring endowed with the same race-feelings.

Those, on the other hand, which had little repulsion to death, earlier succumbed to attacks, and so, earlier ceased to multiply offspring. Even the offspring which they did leave more readily surrendered in the struggle for existence, thereby cutting off that branch of the family.

But, such a momentary, physical shrinking is not what tortures men, making them think of "a grim spectre," "a destroyer," and so on and so forth.

Superstitious fear of death is not fear of death at all, but fear of a life after the throes of death, which life is imagined to be as unreasonable and inconsistent with the nature of Man and of God, as we have made this present life to be.

"I shall cease to be, I shall die, all that in which I set my life will die," says one voice to a man.

"I am," says another voice, "and I cannot die, and I ought not to die.

I ought not to die, and I am dying.”

Not in death, but in this contradiction lies the cause of the terror which seizes upon a man at the thought of death of the flesh: such fear of death lies not in the fact that man dreads the curtailment of his animal existence, but in the fact that it seems to him that that will die which cannot and must not die.

Men are not terrified by the thought of the death of the flesh because they are afraid that the life will end with it, but because the death of the flesh plainly demonstrates to them the necessity of a true life, which they do not possess.

In such persons the fear of death always proceeds from the fear of losing their special self, which, they feel, constitutes their life. They think, "I shall die, my body will molder, and destroy my self."

Men prize this self of theirs ; and, assuming that this self is the same as their fleshly life, they conclude that they must be annihilated with the destruction of fleshly life.

But my self is only that which has lived in my body for so many years.

Neither my body, nor the length of its existence, in any way determines the life of my self. If I, every moment of my life, ask myself (in

my own mind) "What am I?" I reply: "Something thinking and feeling," that is, bearing itself to the world in its own peculiar fashion.

But this self, which thinks and feels, had its origin, and began to take its character, thousands of years ago in my ancestors, and in that from which they sprung.

It is continuous; it began before my body was formed, and cannot then be a mere part of the body, which will end with it, or change with it. "I never was not, nor shall I hereafter cease to be." (Báag-wat Gita.)

Our body is not one, and the mind which supposes this changing

body to be ours, and to be always the same, is not itself continuous, but is merely a series of states of consciousness. We have already, many times, lost both body and consciousness. We lose our body constantly; at least once in every seven years it changes entirely, and we lose our consciousness every time we fall asleep. Every day and hour we feel in ourselves the alteration of this consciousness, and we do not fear it in the least.

Hence, if there is any such thing as our self which we are afraid of losing at death, then that self cannot reside in the body which we call ours.

What is this something which

binds in one all the states of consciousness which proceed in it, and which succeed each other hour by hour, but that fundamental *Self*?

On this, as on a cord, are strung one after the other, the various consciousnesses which follow each other, day by day. This is our real self.

It is that which says "I love this, and I don't love that."

Every being is separate. If I know a horse, a dog and a cow, and have any intelligent relations with them, I do not know them by their external marks, but by that peculiar relation to the world in which each one of them stands, by the fact that each one of them, and in its degree,

likes and dislikes, loves and does not love.

This peculiar property of men, of loving one thing in a greater or less degree, and not loving another, is usually called character.

The idea that the life consists neither of the perceptions of body only, nor of those of mind only, nor of the perception of body and mind combined, is becoming familiar to us, through the teaching of "Mental Scientists" as well as through the new interest in the doctrines of Buddha and in theosophy. Neither mental nor "Christian" science, nor theosophy claims to be new, but only to be the distinct enunciation of great and world-old truths.

Consequently their teachers refer to the oldest sacred books for statements of the transcendent nature of man.

Man fixes his eyes upon a small, insignificant bit of his life, does not wish to see all of it, and trembles lest this tiny fragment which is dear to him should be lost. The imaginary danger to an existence, which he totally misunderstands, becomes a real terror. This recalls the story of the madman who imagined that he was made of glass, and who, when he was thrown down, said, "Smash!" and immediately died.

One who has entered into the knowledge of life knows that this

love of his to some, and dislike to others, which has been brought into his existence by himself, is the very essence of his life; that this is not an accidental property of life, but that this alone has the essential of life, and he places his life only in this essential, the growth of love.

He remembers that his relation to the world has changed, that his submission to the law of reason has increased. He remembers that the strength and scope of his love have grown constantly, giving him ever more and more happiness, quite independent of his personal existence, and, sometimes, directly contrary to it, and even increasing in propor-

tion to the decrease of personal existence.

Such a man, having received his life from a past that is invisible to him, perceives its constant and unbroken growth, and transfers it not only calmly but joyfully to the unseen future.

My friend, my brother, has lived precisely like myself, and he has now ceased to live as I live. His life has been his consciousness, and it has been passed in a bodily existence. My brother has been, I have had relation with him, but now he is not, and I do not know the place, if there is any place, where he is.

“Nothing has been left behind”

—thus would speak a chrysalis, a cocoon, which had not yet released the butterfly, on seeing that a cocoon lying beside it has been left empty. But the cocoon might reasonably say this, if it could think and speak, because, on losing its neighbor it would, in reality, no longer feel it in any way. It is not thus with man. My brother has died; his cocoon, it is true, has been left empty. I do not see him in the form in which I used to see him, but the fact that he has disappeared from my sight has not destroyed my relations with him. I retain, as the expression goes, “a remembrance” of him.

Not only a remembrance of his

hands, his face, his eyes, but also a remembrance of his spiritual form.

The forms of crystals and of animals disappear; no remembrance of them remains among crystals and the lower animals.

This recollection of my brother is something which acts on me, and acts precisely as the life of my brother acted during his earthly existence. This remembrance demands of me now, after his death, what it demanded of me during his lifetime. I cannot deny his life, because I am conscious of its power upon me. I may no longer see how he holds me, but I feel in all my being that he still holds me as before, and hence that he exists.

As Henry George said at the funeral of his co-worker Croasdale:

“ But that which we instinctively feel as more than matter, and more than energy ; that which in thinking of our friend to-day we cherish as best and highest—that cannot be lost. If there be in the world order and purpose, that still lives.”

Christ died a very long time ago. His existence in the flesh was brief. We have no clear idea of his person ; but the power of his wise and loving life, his attitude toward the world, and nothing else, acts to the present day upon millions, who take his mental attitude to themselves, and live according to it. What is it that acts ? What is it that was

formerly bound up with the existence of Christ in the flesh, and which constitutes the continuation and the growth of this same life of his? We say that it is not the life of Christ, but its results. And, having uttered these words, utterly destitute of meaning, it seems to us that we said something clearer and more definite than that this power is the living Christ himself.

Surely, this is exactly the way in which ants might talk, while clustered about an acorn which has grown up, and become an oak. The oak tears up the soil with its roots, drops branches, leaves, and fresh acorns; it screens from the light and the rain, changes everything that

formerly grew around it. "This is not the life of the acorn," say the ants, "but the results of its life, which came to an end when we dragged off the acorn, and buried it in the ground."

Every man who fulfills the law of life, submitting his animal personality to reason, and to the manifestation of the power of love, has lived, and, after the disappearance of his corporal existence, will live through others with whom he is one.

However contracted may have been the sphere of man's activity, whether he be Christ or Socrates, a woman, an obscure, self-sacrificing old man, a youth—if he lives renouncing his personality for the

happiness of others, he has already entered here, in this life, upon that new relation to the world which is the real business of mankind.

In order to save themselves from fear of death, some men try to assure themselves that the animal existence is their rational existence, and that the immortality of the animal race of men satisfies the demand for immortality which they bear within them. But they can realize immortality only by comprehending that life is that eternal movement which in this life seems but as a wave. "As the swallow darting in and out of thy halls," said the heathen philosopher, "such, O King, is the life of man."

The great change in your position at the death of your body is terrible to you, but the same great change took place with you at your birth, and nothing bad came of it for you, but, on the contrary, so good a thing came of it that you do not wish to part with it at all.

The visible life is a part of the endless movement of life.

Our true life exists ; we know it only ; from it we know the animal life, and that this semblance of the true life is subject to unchangeable laws ; why should not what happens in the invisible life itself be also subject to laws, and to the results of those laws ?

But to complain because I cannot

now understand much that happened before my present visible life, and that which will take place after my death, is the same as complaining because I cannot see what is beyond the limits of my eyesight.

“But,” persists the troubled consciousness, “though I cease to fear death for myself, it takes my wife, my child, my friends; this loss I cannot but feel and I miss them sorely. That is a grief. How is it possible I should not fear that?”

NOTE.—Is not all the “mystery of life” like the mystery of the forest, ominous and dark, both in front of us and behind, but light enough for each one where he is? In truth, “the mystery of life” seems to consist in trying to see behind things up to which we have not yet come.—B. H.

Such grief, however, is but a refined form of selfishness. The remembrance, the influence, in short, the "spirit" of our dear ones is still with us, and still moves our thoughts and desires. It is but our individual gratification that we miss and lament.

"That may be so," replies the erring consciousness again, "but it is the gratification of our noblest part, the affection; such gratification feeds the very love of which you talk."

"True," answers the higher reason, "but in love for all and in self-sacrifice on their behalf, instead of in gratification by their means, those affections will find a larger field.

In that larger love is happiness instead of regret.”

And the narrower our love the more pain we suffer from it; the largest love embraces, understands and forgives everything, and knows no disappointments, and no end.

VI.

THE TRIUMPH OF LIFE.

The apparent purposelessness of earthly suffering shows that this life of the person is not all of existence—Its true explanation lies in the connection between error and pain—Suffering is the spring of activity—When we recognize it as the result of ill-doing in ourselves or in our fellow-beings, and the guide and stimulus to cure the evil, it ceases to be mysterious or terrible—There is a limit to the capacity for pain—To the unreflecting being even the memory of it is short-lived: and the developed mind can rise superior to it all, on seeing that it is necessary to progress—It warns us also of the parting with the flesh, and develops in us the higher Life of Love—If the pain caused by the sufferings of others arouses in us efforts to

allay those sufferings, that activity deadens the pangs in us as well as in them, and allays despair—The conclusion is that the happiness for which we strive may be had by all of us when we recognize and submit to the higher law.

THE inexplicability of the sufferings of the earthly existence proves to man, more clearly than anything else could prove it, that his life is not a mere personality, which began at his birth and which ends at his death.

Wolves rend a man who is alone in the forest ; or a man is drowned, frozen, or burned to death, or simply falls ill alone, and dies, and no one ever knows how he suffered. There are thousands of such cases.

Of what use can this suffering be to any one ?

For the man who understands his life as an animal existence, there is not, and there cannot be, any answer to this question, because, for such a man, the bond between suffering and error lies only in what is visible to him, and this bond is utterly lost to his mental vision in the sufferings which precede death.

To such a man, suffering is torture ; but, in the natural order, suffering is only a sensation which calls forth activity ; the activity in turn banishes this painful sensation and calls forth a state of pleasure.

Suffering, therefore, is that which

moves life, and hence it is what should be; then for what does man inquire when he asks:

“Why, and to what end is suffering?”

The beasts do not ask this.

When the perch, in consequence of hunger, torments the dace, when the spider tortures the fly, or the wolf devours the sheep, each is doing what must be, and each is accomplishing the very thing which must be fulfilled; and therefore, when the perch, and the spider, and the wolf fall into the like torments from those stronger than they, they resist, and wrench themselves away and flee, but they accept what they are doing as part of that which

must be done. In them there cannot be the slightest question that what is happening to them is precisely that which must happen in the course of Nature.

The depression and horror of death which seem to affect animals at the shambles may be due to their unnatural subjection to the power of pitiless intelligence. Such fear Caliban might reasonably have of Setebos.

I perceive in my errors in the past, and in the errors of other people, the cause of my suffering, and if my efforts are not directed to the cause of the suffering—to the errors—and if I do not try to free myself from them, I neglect

that which should be done. Therefore suffering presents itself to me in a way in which it should not, and not only in imagination, but in fact, does it grow to frightful proportions, which exclude all possibility of normal life.

The cause of suffering to the animal is the violation of the law of animal life; this violation makes itself known by pain, and the disturbance consequent on the violation of the law is directed to the removal of the cause of the pain. The cause of suffering to rational consciousness is also found in a violation of law, and makes itself known by "sin," and the disturbance consequent on the violation of the law

is directed to the removal of the cause of the error—the “sin.” As the suffering of the animal calls forth activity directed to remove its pain, and this activity deprives the pain of its torture, so the sufferings of a rational being call forth activity directed to remove error, and this activity itself frees suffering from its horrors. All men know in the depths of their own souls that suffering is indispensable to the happiness of their lives, and they go on living, foreseeing it, or submitting to it. Nevertheless, they rebel against sufferings, because, with the false view of life, which demands happiness for their personality only, interference with this

happiness appears as something unnatural, and therefore disturbing.

Pain in the brute and in the child is very well defined, and slight in intensity, never attaining to that anguish which it reaches in beings endowed with rational consciousness. In the case of the child, we see that he sometimes cries as piteously from the sting of a wasp, as from an injury which destroys the internal organs.

And the pain of a being which does not reason leaves no trace whatever in the memory. Let any one endeavor to recall his childish sufferings from pain, and he will see that he is even incapable of reconstructing them in his imagination.

The impression made on us by the sight of the suffering of children and of brutes is our suffering more than theirs.

Before the rational consciousness has been awakened, pain serves only as a protection to the person, and is not acute.

Not to mention the martyrs, not to mention the troops who sang in the fire at the stake, like Huss, simple men, merely out of a desire to exhibit courage, endure without a cry or a quiver, what are considered the most torturing of operations. There are limits to the pain, but to the diminution of sensation under it there is no limit.

For persons who think their

life lies in the existence of the flesh, the anguish of pain is really frightful. Yet, if the gods had created us without the feeling of pain, we would very soon have begun to beg for it; for, women free from pains of childbirth, would have brought forth children under conditions where hardly any would have remained alive; children and young people would have spoiled their bodies, and grown people would have known neither the errors of those who had lived before them, nor, what is most important of all, their own errors. In this life they would have had no rational object of existence, for they would not have known what they must do:

they could never have reconciled themselves to the idea of impending death in the flesh, and they would not have known love, because they would have had little opportunity for its exercise.

Were there no pain, man would have no indication when he had transgressed the laws of nature. If rational consciousness suffered no pain, man would not know the law, that is to say, would not know the Truth.

“But,” some retort, “you are talking about your personal sufferings, but how can you reject the sufferings of others?” The sight of these sufferings constitutes the most acute suffering.

This they say, not in full sincerity.

For sympathy is really a healthful and natural emotion. If, in consequence of it, we do nothing, we create a morbid state of our minds, such as is common among women who read many novels. If, however, we bend every energy and exert every power to relieve the suffering which appeals to us, sympathy with it ceases to be a pain. We feel even a pleasure in our activity, and in its partial success in relieving the suffering, and yet more in remedying the evil which causes it. Above all, we find that it calls forth in ourselves, even if not in others, the feeling of Love.

Activity directed to the immedi-

ate, loving service of the suffering and to the diminution of error, which is the general cause of suffering, is the only joyful labor which lies before man, and gives him that happiness in which life consists.

No claim of novelty is made for this teaching. It is that of Christianity—of the Christianity of the Sermon on the Mount, as distinguished from that of the Council of Nicea. It virtually says to us: “Renounce your selfish ends; love all men, all creatures, and devote your life to them. You will then be conscious of possessing the joy of the Spirit, and true life, which is eternal, and to you there will be no death.”

CONCLUSION.

THE life of man is a striving after happiness, and that for which he strives is given to enlightened man.

Evil, in the form of death and suffering, is visible to man only when he takes the law of his corporeal animal existence for the law of his life. Only when he, being a man, redescends to the level of the beast, does he even see death and suffering.

Happiness is to be found in the service of our fellow creatures,

through which we come to be one with the mind of the Universe. It does not depend upon what success we may see in this service. The effort to remove the causes of the sufferings of others and especially to enable them to think rightly, so that they may themselves avoid evil, is in itself a joy.

Death and suffering are only crimes committed by man against the law of life in himself or in others. For a man who lives according to his law, there is no death and no suffering.

“Oh death, where is thy sting?
Oh grave, where is thy victory?”

NOV 27 1900

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: April 2005

PreservationTechnologies

A WORLD LEADER IN PAPER PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

BR
125

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 085 413 A

