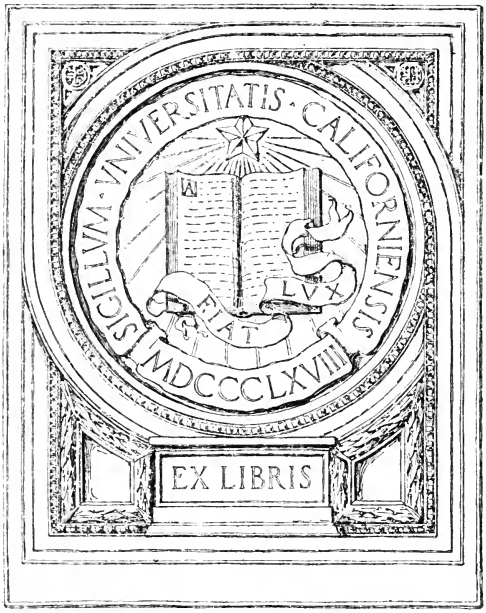
THE MINISTRY OF BEAUTY

STANTON DAVIS KIRKHAM



THE MINISTRY OF BEAUTY

BY

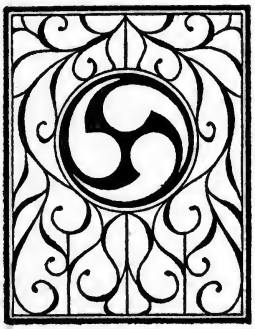
STANTON DAVIS KIRKHAM

AUTHOR OF

"WHERE DWELLS THE SOUL SERENE"

"AS NATURE WHISPERS"

Beauty is a soul-perception. It is nearest akin to the speech of angels. It is the archangel of expression, the trump of whose harmonies shall waken the deadened Soul in the name of Beauty—for only to loveliness of soul is loveliness fair.



PAUL ELDER AND COMPANY

SAN FRANCISCO AND NEW YORK

THE TOMOYE PRESS

All seems beautiful to me,—
I can repeat over to men and women : You have done such good to me I would do the same to you.
I will recruit for myself and you as I go.
I will scatter myself among men and women as I go.
I will toss a new gladness and roughness among them.
Whoever denies me it shall not trouble me,
Whoever accepts me he or she shall be blessed and shall bless me.

Song of the Open Road.

PREFACE

Over and above all common necessity is the divine necessity of beauty: beauty encircling all, back of all, in all, and its purpose moral, its perception joy; hence, if for no other reason, its bearing upon life and the problem of happiness. As with a glass we focus the sun's rays, so do the laws of the universe converge in our daily thought. We are here under the sway of the grandest laws and inseparably linked with the sublime and unutterable, as every drop of water is hitched to the moon and every grain of sand tied to the center of the earth.

To be wise and kind is to enlist the universe in our behalf, to focus cosmic rays of love here in our hearts. Witness then the Ministry of Beauty drawing us ever from circumference to center; from bluebirds and violets and the blossoming apple, from snowy range and midnight sky and the expanse of moonlit ocean, to the love of these, to the ultimate recognition of the nature and purpose of beauty itself, the perception that beauty is within, that only to an inner loveliness is the landscape fair, that to an inner sublimity alone is any outward grandeur.

From the self-same source have we the elixir of love divine and the milk of human kindness, from thence beauty forever flows to refresh the worlds and to stimulate man to its recognition.

CONTENTS

I. BEAUTY

EVER THE dense earth tends to fade and crumble before our philosophic vision, this too solid flesh to melt away. The adamantine foundation of the ancient hills is divested of its seeming ponderous reality, and proves illusive as a dream, ethereal, intangible; not solidity, but motion, motion, motion,—these atoms also imponderable, ghostly—a dream-mist; resolved out of matter into lines of force. All weight, all dimension, resolved into force, motion, energy—what you will; but this latter not resolvable. These unerring senses—gay deceivers all. The physicist has reduced the world to a series of vibrations. We are told there are but silent vibrations of the silent air, invisible vibrations of the invisible ether. In us, then, is sound, in us light. Without, there is vibration only. So the outer reverts to the inner, and there finds its root. These solid worlds—dream-worlds; this substantial matter—motion; the cosmos a scale of vibration. Trembles the old earth beneath our feet; vague and undefined grow the massive hills. All objects resolve themselves into the mist of vibration. Specters we in a spectral world.

There is then no physical beauty, for it is not beauty till it enters the domain of perception; to the sense it is vibration merely. Nor would it help us greatly should we discover the marvelous psychic process wherein vibration becomes beauty and the soul answers to itself.

We are thus brought to the conclusion that man is not this sorry insect, this bug feebly crawling upon the face of the real and tangible earth, but in our essential nature *we* are the real, we the enduring; we project and contain it. In the immeasurable abyss of the soul rises and sets the sun; within, the stars take their course; within us is the dawn of the worlds, the twilight of the gods. Within are the seasons: there sit night and day; from thence flow the hours. It is we who give birth to the Graces and the Muses. In the soul, beauty has its origin. Its source is spiritual and that is to say ethical—its purpose ethical. Whatever beauty we appear to see without we are to refer to the soul; its perception, soul-perception, its perception spiritual, purposeful, educational with reference to the consciousness. We may infer the central purpose to be the education of the world-consciousness to perceive all-beauty, all-truth, all-love.

Beauty thus comes to be to us a certain measure of soul-perception. It is unthinkable that we see in the reflection jot or iota other than we bring to bear. We find without exactly as we have realized within. It is thus to an inner poverty the world is barren. Let the world separate the esthetic from the moral sense as it will, the fact remains that beauty ever springs from moral grounds. It is our life, the quality of our thought, which makes the lake to be beautiful, the springtime fresh and joyous. Pervert the one and we mar the other. Beginning with a perception of an apparent sensuous beauty alone, there tends always to a more spiritual perception, and with the higher feeling the early illusion of any purely sensuous beauty is destroyed. In our unfolding soul-perception, the

idea of womanly beauty constantly evolves to higher and still higher standards. Only moral grandeur can know sublimity. Immorality must always invest its object with a coating of slime. The perception of beauty with reference to art then must in the nature of things exact of its devotee, moral culture, purity of life, singleness of purpose; of its master and adept, moral grandeur. It takes sacred devotion indeed to paint the divine face of woman. Nothing less than a perception of the divine feminine is adequate to the task.

Beauty is perceived in the ratio in which the consciousness is educated and developed, spiritually, morally, esthetically. The very meanest man perceives somewhat of beauty, is aware of color effects, and to a slight degree of concordant sounds, and responds to these dimly in feeling and a sort of dull emotion, if not yet in intelligence and that higher feeling we name worship. And here, be it said, begins the Ministry of Beauty— beauty which portrays itself first as objective, leading man ever on and up the moral scale; educating him to perceive its subjective character and leading him thus ever out and away from his besetting materialism.

We shall divest ourselves of the notion that beauty is incidental or haphazard, or that it exists merely to please. It is the cosmic necessity, and leads us whenever we are able to perceive it, from beauty of appearance to beauty of fact; from this outer world to an inner radiant one where moral beauty sits enthroned. It is not accident that these young leaves of the oak have such rich hue, and shall again in autumn be transfigured, and these unfolding grape leaves and the

blossoming sassafras such loveliness. The cones cannot fall from the pine nor the petals from the rose without arranging themselves in lines of beauty. Rubies and emeralds and diamonds are scattered over the lawn, and vanish but to reform again. What can the jeweler show us equal to a white clover blossom? Nor is it accident the summer pastures are touched with sorrel and with the wild mustard, the waste places with riot of sunflower and joepye-weed. The plumage of grosbeak and oriole, the music of crickets, the perfume of flowers, operate that there shall be eggs laid and seeds formed and again orioles and wild roses and dreaming crickets. And what is this but beauty perpetuating itself? Whether we consider the constellations or the commonest shrub in the bogs, it is all the same. There is one law of beauty for Perseus in the heavens and Andromeda in the swamp. Nature blossoms into beauty, and out of decay springs ever a new beauty. The fallen leaves nourish the tree that it shall be clothed anew. The grasses clothe the fields, the lichens and mosses the rock. The scarred and desolate face of the moon shines with a silver light. Dust in the sunlight is gold. Bare branches are fine fret-work against the winter sunset. Snowflake and dewdrop are fashioned according to this law as surely as the snowy range of the Himalaya. If we dig into the bowels of the earth it is there in the crystal of beryl, in sapphire and ruby. The sea obeys it when it lays down its marble floors. So too does Pluto serve in the depths. To think that clay and muck should conceal diamonds; that whole mountains should be filled with garnet crystals, and again others should be made of dolomite, and islands of coral; that a little mist

should make the rainbow, that ice should imprison it and it should live in the opal and the oyster shell. But what are garnet and sapphire and rainbow to the burrowing woodchuck, or mother-of-pearl to the oyster drill? They must needs pass through the alembic before they can see these. But there must be oyster drills and woodchucks before there can be men; the natural man again before the spiritual man. Creation takes its laborious way to the recognition of the spiritual facts wherein beauty lies.

We can by no means describe beauty as it appears to us in nature. We can say nothing worthy of a single red maple glowing in the swamps, let alone the sunrise and the mountains. We are without any language worthy of the occasion, and all our attempts must fall short. Beauty is itself the language, and will not bear translation. It is hopelessly idiomatic; it is wrapped about in delicate idioms for which, when we come to translate, we have but rough and common forms of speech. In poetry we supplement the words with rhythm which is more subtle and conveys some impression over and above the words. Notes may express what words cannot; in their combinations they acquire still more subtle force, and the harmonies of sound express that which is not to be found in any known tongue. Perhaps it is nearest the speech of angels. The master of such harmonies is then the archangel of speech here on earth. The trump of his harmonies shall wake the dead in the name of beauty.

Let us be charitable of the din that assails us in the name of music, remembering that back of expression stands the yearning for beauty. It is as though all the wheezy horns, the scratchy fiddles and droning

bassoons, the cracked flutes and superannuated trombones should feel impelled to express themselves in vague, unwitting sign of that divine principle of harmony whereby they were called into existence as musical instruments; there would arise such a wheezing, tooting, snorting hubbub as never was before. And aware of this remarkable impulse we would feel the result to be pathetic rather than culpable. It is largely so, when in obedience to certain yearnings — vague aspirations it may be — there arises the measured thumping of heavy hands and the shrilling of cracked voices. Close we our ears then but not our hearts. Said Teufelsdrockh at last: "Truly, the din of many-voiced life, which, in this solitude with the mind's organ I could hear, was no longer a maddening discord, but a melting one: like inarticulate cries and sobbings of a dumb creature which in the ear of heaven are prayers."

We stand on the plain in the presence of unutterable majesty. Clouds, rose-tinted, wondrous, such as cannot be described, sail overhead in endless procession. The marvelous blue dome encircles us tenderly almost. The pines sigh and beckon to us — they whisper with their myriad green tongues; buttercups under foot like eyes in the grass — eyes through which shines the soul of earth; birds, true birds of paradise, chant their divine songs. Surely the door of heaven is open. But no. Perchance we have brought with us our debts, our grievances, and for us the sublime is not; unheeding our ears, unseeing our eyes. We have neglected to invite the Muse; instead we have brought the Furies, and out of the blackness they grin at us hideously. But this may not be. The sky

is tender; the earth-soul loves us. The spirit of beauty will not be balked of its purpose. The starry eyes never cease looking into ours, nor falter the whispering pines; the chant of the birds, the sweet rustle of leaves, the rose-tinted cloud-palaces — all assail us in the name of beauty. They din in our ears, they invade our eyes. How can we withstand it? To the Furies 'tis as the sign of the cross to Mephistopheles; they cower away into nothingness. Now gently knocks the Muse at our hearts. 'Twould melt the heart of a stone, this tender ministry. Our eyes are opened, our ears unstopped. We need thee now, thou tender earth-soul; we heed thy dream-utterance; we see thy starry eyes; we will bear witness in our thoughts to this divine ministry.

If I go into the woods and am not kind and just, nature gives me no inspiration, and beauty is veiled. To my hard-heartedness all looks bare and hard. But let me open my heart, and as if by enchantment, the sunshine mellows, the light softens, and there is an influx of beauty. We see that Beauty is born of Truth and Love. When compassion first enters into the heart of the boy and he sees it to be foolish and unkind to shoot at the frog in the pond or the squirrel in the tree, with that compassion comes the first true inkling of beauty. When pity is born in the hunter at last, therewith comes the awakening to the beauty of life; he puts off the old man and puts on the new. Before, he saw game, antlers, and the carcass, now he sees life, beauty, intelligence. Today opens an era in the history of the chase — the era of the camera. The bold hunter shall become the humane hunter; it shall be his pride that he spared rather than slew. His

compassion shall be the best fruit of the chase. It is not too much to expect that the thoughtful man will pursue his game with camera and spy-glass and note-book: and thoughts and observations and pictures shall be his spoils.

It is the same with dress. The only sacrifice required by beauty is self-sacrifice. In the sacrifice of birds then, there is no beauty. It is a sacrifice at the altars of Death and Ugliness. From the esthetic standpoint this has not yet been perceived; from its humane and moral side it is now beginning to be known. But they are one and the same. All is vanity with us albeit we have great kindness. Despite the ghastly methods of the procurers of seal and Persian lamb and gulls' wings, gentle mothers must wear them. But in face of the cruel facts they are as beautiful only as human scalps. If I persist in writing skull and bones on my back, skull and bones on my menu, small wonder it dances on my horizon, clouds my vision, and writes itself over my door at last. If I will not let live, how shall I have life? We are robed, we are fed with the price of suffering. Such robes become us not. We would have the world die that we may live. Yet it is *we* who must die that we may have life. So it is a masquerade after all. Nonetheless today opens yet another benign era, — the age of the humane in dress. Already we lift the curse from grebe and heron; very faintly we hear the just plaint of gull and tern — pointing to that far-off happy time when dress shall no longer bear the taint of the shambles, and we shall say to the wild things — Go in peace. Great expectations these in view of that inheritance we have in Adam; none too great in view

of that far greater heritage we have in truth. That vanity the moralist calls the besetting sin is but a false concept of what is life — what beauty. Every reason there is to seek beauty in dress. If we have not taste, then will our dress be unbecoming, our house ill-designed,— unworthy of him to whom faculties are given wherewith to serve the ends of beauty. If we dress for appearances, build for appearances, then do we live for appearances, and there is as yet no real life in us. But if taste dominate the outer life it is evidence of conviction that truth and beauty are one. In that beauty is moral, it is also free. We may conform to fashion with any show of wisdom only in so far as it is worthy: this may be much or it may be little according to the times. Despite much to the contrary, there is an evolution in fashion toward good sense and fitness and freedom,— as though the consensus of opinion recognizing these as ends, dimly strove after them. While fashion makes fools of us all, it would seem to be in an ever-lessening degree.

Health is recognized more and more as a measure of personal beauty. But health is reality — it disappears before shams. False living and false ideals work against it and so against beauty. The criterion of beauty will no longer accept powder and paint and wigs, but will have health and reality. Here then is evidence of some culture. A little out-of-door life is opening our eyes to see the natural is true. Consider the Chinese standard; consider the foot-binding, head-flattening, nose-piercing, tattooing standards, and there is ample evidence we are approaching the true. Consider the heron and the gull, and it would seem that we are as yet far from it. As the standard

evolves from the false and the artificial to the natural and the true, natural eyes are found superior to the effects of antimony and bella-donna, wholesome complexions to painted ones, natural hair to dyed locks. The simpering beauty and the pretty doll have had their day.

Beauty then is in its nature spiritual. Whatever dress it wears it is still this. It is principle underlying all aspects and toward which we are led by these, that in us its divine mission may be accomplished. The midnight sky, the flush of dawn, the rhodora glowing in the woods become to us not isolated beauties, but reflections of the one Beauty — that beauty which inspires as well the sweetness and the serenity in the human face; which shines above all in love and compassion. Approach we then His altar of beauty who gave flavor to the apple, bloom to the plum, and perfume to the rose, which utility can claim only in the name of beauty: He who so contrived that floating dust specks should give us the blue of heaven.

Beauty is my redeemer. Beauty it is which shall lift me from the slough of despond with faint whisperings of the soul; beauty which shall be to me token of a higher life here concealed amidst coarser things — token of divinity at the heart of all. Beauty it is that shall minister to me in the silent watches of my life; that shall be to me companion, and hope, and joy; among my thoughts ever and anon sifting rose petals; standing beside me an indefinable presence; passing over my dreams a subtle influence.

Alas for those impoverished minds, who live to that alone they deem utility, failing to perceive the

utility of beauty. They live like woodchucks, yet are not woodchucks, and hence the impoverishment. But they are rare in whom the waters of beauty do not bubble occasionally and send forth a feeble rill. Utility may not rightly be considered apart from beauty—finds there perhaps its consummation. The wise merchant knows the effect of environment upon the feelings of his employees, and is aware of the stimulus it may afford to work and interest, nor would imprison his factory girls in inhospitable barns to eke out a stygian toil. He counts light and sunshine, green lawns and flowers and pleasing architecture all as adjunct to his business no less than the practical expression of his good-will and humanity. From such a factory comes better work because fresh air and sunshine and brightness have added their quota. In such a factory hearts are not crushed nor minds wholly benumbed. We see here that cheerful minds mean nimble fingers. If a man have no heart in him, let him put up no factories, engage in no trade: fit society he for Gabriel Grub: fit digger of graves—till haply the goblins take him in hand.

The neglect of the esthetic, the failure to cultivate taste—which should be a main consideration—is responsible for callings that arise to supply the deficiency of the thoughtless who may be lacking in this culture. The fault is not in employing the work of others, but in employing their judgment and looking to others to create our environment; as great a folly in its way as looking to some one to order our moral life and make our prayers.

Rejoice you who in your attics cherish one little plant; nurture it and care for it out of the love of

your hearts, for love such as this the rich man knoweth not. Rejoice you who cherish one little patch of earth there to hoe and dig, and plant with the seed out of the fulness of your hearts, against the time when scarlet poppies and spicy pinks shall return you love for love. The rich man as he looketh abroad over his acres knoweth no such joy. And you who devise and contrive in endless ways and out of your thrifty lives and ingenious minds evolve, with the aid, too, of your own hands,—stone upon stone, nail after nail,—that which shall thenceforth be to you home, rejoice you as well, for your lines have fallen in pleasant places. For that most is home which out of our hopes takes form, which from our own minds and hearts and efforts comes into view at last. Sweeter is it for the denials and renunciations for which it stands, and it stands for this reason upon foundation such as palace never had—proceeding from character and to character adding. We are skeptical of compensation because we look to the surface of life. But inwrought in the nature of being it lies nonetheless, and is often made in beauty.

Where beauty and utility are seen to serve the same end we receive a double benefit. Where the two are forcibly separated and falsely regarded as antithetical, it arises from a failure to grasp the basic idea that beauty is itself the supreme necessity in man's development. Barren must he be of true and lasting thought without this. Of all his work it is that alone is builded to beauty that lasts any considerable time. Impermanent as are all works of man, yet while time aims to destroy, many forces enlist themselves to protect and preserve the work of beauty. It outlives

generation after generation. It becomes the child of centuries and still does not lose the freshness of its youth. Epic and ode and psalm are endlessly republished and thus given a million lives. Museums are built and nations assume protection of the painting and the statue. A whole people cherish their carvings and stained glass, their tapestries and ceramics. And where they become indifferent, the neglected soon passes to the control of those anxious to preserve and venerate.

But the natural man in relation to nature is a destroyer; to him vandalism comes easy. He hacks the forest and blasts the rocks and uses his God-given powers to invent death-dealing guns and engines of destruction. When he lays out an estate or a park he puts Nature in frills and curl-papers and makes her ridiculous in the eyes of her more sympathetic children. With the rise of beauty in the consciousness, however, he goes to work at once with pen and brush and chisel as if it depended upon him to atone for the remissness of his dull-witted and unseeing brethren, and to redeem the earth from their vandalism. Redeem the earth he cannot, for the forest is melting into shingles and pulp before our eyes. But stimulate the perception of beauty, and so redeem the unregenerate mind of man, this much he can, and this is his mission. He becomes the apostle of beauty — his work a protest against the sin of the unbeautiful. To him all praise then who fans the divine spark in man; to him thus consecrated, patiently delving with unremitting effort to be a worthy witness of beauty, the world-consciousness owes its slow redemption more than to the moralist or the reformer.

You with palette and brush! You with chisel! You child of melody! You with the pen! Poet, preacher, painter, musician! Agents are you all of this great ministry of beauty; you are the regenerators of the race. In every age it is you who foster this spirit in man. Work then in the name of truth wherein beauty is and you its ministers. Live and work to perfection; forever work to greater things. You of consecrated lives, great is your mission. The perception of beauty, not the praise of men, must be your reward, your heaven; the consciousness of inferior work, your hell. You are to battle with the commonplace and carry courage and hope to the struggling millions in the sea of dread necessity who yet yearn for better things and a diviner life. There are such — their name is legion — who have not the gift of expression, but in whom the love of the beautiful is inextinguishable. They struggle feebly in that dreary sea, and the glimpse of the sunset, the lines of the poet, the memory of springtime days are the gleams in their murky sky. Minister to these through your work and it shall be blessed. While all the world grows old, you remain young. In the midst of cold, dead globes you are the radiant suns which shall warm them to at least a reflected light. Glory enough this and praise enough. Through your work you shall enter many homes and leave them brighter, enter many hearts and leave them happier.

For the artist there is all hope so long as he cleaves to the moral purpose of beauty,— from thence draws his inspiration, with that fills his life. But let him depart from that and he is lost. Art, then, must be the temple wherein he worships the Sublime; his

life a worship and his work the evidence of such — the greatness, the virility, the purity of his work but the greater evidence. His inspiration must come from above and within. He must see beauty only, and know that beauty is spiritual. Let him live in his Quartier Latin if he choose — genial master of a lofty purpose with eyes only for the ideal. Art must be his bride, and art is but one form of worship of the immanent God. But if he cannot so live, let him forsake art. It is no use for him to fly to the top of the Altai Mountains. His weakness dwells there as well. To the strong sane man Paris is a vain show, and he ceases to be aware of anything but the purpose that brings him there, and bends all things to his work. But to the weakling it is a vicious school; he is soon infected with the prevalent immorality and a little slime added to his paint.

I paint my character into my picture, I write it into my poem, I build it into my house. These then declare for my perception of beauty whether it be real or superficial merely, whether it spring from love or is personal and vain. Weakness of character is as unsightly as leprosy. But force of character,— decision, strength, tempered with great love,— is the real beauty, and will project itself in art such as no lesser worth can create.

Poet, artist, musician — one and all must rise to the universal. What have they to do with personality — who should live solely to beauty! Yet as a fact they are too often encumbered with a monstrous egotism. They forget that personality is an opaque glass and lets no clear sunlight through. He who would consecrate himself to harmony must first of

all come into harmonious relations with its fellows. How may he give fit expression to the universal so long as he is warped, crabbed, bigoted in his outlook? Children of beauty — their responsibility is greater than is dreamed of, and the mills grind exceeding fine. If I have not risen out of myself, my brush convicts, my voice tells on me. I must give myself wholly to beauty of life and beauty of thought; my heart must be right, or beauty will not use me.

We are impressed by those examples of art wherein we feel the universal had free play. It is this that makes them to be great. In the masterpiece it is beauty apart from race and place — grace and beauty personified. These are not so much Greeks as men and women. On San Miniato we are sensible, not of a biblical David, but of an emblem of youth and courage. Not so always with the paintings of the old masters; despite their technical marvels we feel them to have been limited by subjects which had not the elements of universality, but sprang from dogma and so do not stir us. With all our wanderings through the Louvre, the Vatican, the Pitti and Ufizzi, 'tis to feel at last we care not a fig for their saints and madonnas, and would see no more gruesome heads of the Baptist nor arrow-stuck Sebatians so long as we live. We look at the traditional madonnas, but it is *motherhood* and *childhood* that hold us. The tradition we may have outgrown, but motherhood and childhood we never outgrow.

Few of us can find inspiration in Egyptian art, few of us in Japanese paintings. We feel they do not appeal to universal sympathies, but were done for ancient Egyptians, or again for almond-eyed folk.

We have not the key; cannot see it with our kind of eyes. But with ceramics, form takes precedence and is for all time. Etruscan and Egyptian and Japanese vases all appeal to us in virtue of this. It is a writing in a universal language.

All this of course refers to the best value of art — its universal element. Other elements there are, and an historic value in reflecting what is purely local in sentiment. But somehow the landscape is never local, is ever universal. The same sun and sky and sea, the same light and shade. Nor are men ever purely local, but all strung as it were on one common strand wherein are twisted certain emotions, passions, aspirations. It is this element in the picture that impresses the beholder, and for lack of this he is not impressed.

In literature it is the universal again. For this reason we turn to the Bibles and there find solace. Who pretends to be interested in David or Job? But they voiced *humanity's* despair and its hope, and it is for this we continue to read. It is the vice of literature that whatever a man's ideals he must rush into print. If his philosophy lead to despair, he must nonetheless publish the fact — he who of all men should keep silence. If he has literary ability so much the worse. It will gravitate by unfailing laws to the already despairing — fog to the befogged, fear to the fearful. Paint the bright side or paint none; the reverse is your disease. Why chronicle pathologic views — there's a world of hospitals and asylums without! We love Fra Angelico for his angels, not his devils. To the gloom-enshrouded comes the raven-thought of Poe, and because of genius is made welcome. To the unanchored comes opium De Quincy.

To the morbid, Rousseau exploits his personality. What excuse have the melancholy and dyspeptic for writing books, — Carlyle excepted, — for what could still the thunder of that mighty man, prophet of the everlasting yea? But his utterance would have been clearer, more prophetic, had it been serene. What possible excuse for some of the writings of Swift? It was a slimy age that needed the satire of Rabelais; much like the medicine the Chinese give the sick — pounded frogs and lizards, and worse. On the other hand, what more remarkable than that a Greek slave should have written as did Epictetus, a Roman emperor, like Marcus Aurelius — most wonderful man! Well do we know why we must ever be endeared to the gentle Elia. They who know the world's debt to Thoreau — free apostle of truth and beauty that he was, and doughty champion of the real — must nevertheless wish that the man had brought life nearer to his heart. Emerson has come close to our hearts because of his kindly wisdom, his serenity; we esteem this the backbone of his philosophy. And big Walt Whitman — it is for his great heart he is loved. For this we forgive him his discordant twanging on the chord of sex, which is harmony to very fine ears only. It was mischievous of him to so conceal his meaning and in such guise that only prophets can read between the lines. But big-hearted, soul-stirring, liberalizing Walt Whitman we love. He wrought for beauty — the beauty of spiritual things, of comradeship in the truth, of broad mind-vistas.

But why talk of literature—the necessity confronts all men equally that they shall improve the quality of their thinking, build out of their mind-stuff some

adequate structure and carve somewhat worthy of beauty. Here is the chief difference in men — not their outward means, but the character of their thoughts. We are redeemed from the commonplace by our perception of beauty, which is at once evident in us. If we think like squirrels and mice only of the common necessity, we live to small purpose. We only think as becomes men when we rise out of this into the higher necessity of beauty. That life should appear commonplace to any man is evidence that he has invested it with the coarse habit of his thinking. Life is beautiful to whomsoever will think beautiful thoughts. There are no *common* people but they who think commonly and without imagination or beauty. Such are dull enough. If we are without freshness or originality in our thought and are mastered by no ideals, we are of the common people.

I must have some motive aside from providing for myself, or I cannot possibly appear other than commonplace. If I but get bread for another and put my heart into doing that, I am redeemed. Somewhere I must get out of myself and let the soul loom, if ever so dimly, through the fog of my thoughts. Every beautiful thought is an effort to break through the crust of materiality and selfishness which we have made to environ us, and every such effort works some little change and lights up the mist with a faint tinge of beauty; without this a man were little better than a beetle, and his speech but disturbs the silence like the buzz of flies. It is poor excuse that I have not money, or have to work hard. There is always time to read the newspapers, always time for gossip and idle talk, and sixteen or more hours a day the mind

works like a mill and pumps out its foolish flood of commonplaces into the immeasurable sea of ignorance. There's time enough to think — for none but a Yogi can stop thinking. But there is little time it would seem for any wise or serene thoughts. And yet unless we improve the quality of our thinking, infuse into our daily thought some little beauty, the years pass and we are no nearer the truth. Beauty is not to be left solely to poets, is not a little gleam for Pindarus alone, but the light which lighteth every man.

II. LIFE

IT IS significant that we talk nowadays of the occult. Occult and psychic activities there are in abundance; our life is made up of them, influencing our environment and conditions and relationship, man to man, and to the world-thought as well. Conceive then that the earth is enwrapped in this blanket of the world-thought, encompassing us as does the atmospheric sea; that we are projected into this psychic sea as we are born into the ærial expanse. Its elements are largely belief, tradition, custom — in a word, ignorance. And the natural man for a time breathes in these elements, knowing nothing better. As a consequence his spiritual life is insufficiently nourished and he becomes a creature of strange beliefs and abnormal tendencies, having little, if any, knowledge of his true estate. Thus he considers himself a material being, nor is aware of the absurdity and pathos of such an hypothesis. He creates material laws, and for lack of insight or humor, or both, imagines himself subject to them; unaware at the same time of the spiritual law to which he is subject and in obedience to which he must ultimately obtain freedom. He is projected then into this psychic sea of ignorance in which he goes woolgathering, and breathes in the lifeless musty thought which his fellows have inspired and respired since the days of Cheops — a very little ozone and a superabundance of carbonic acid. No wonder a spiritual

lethargy ensues, that he takes this to be his natural food and conceives himself to be some strange sort of fish made to digest these things and to gaze around him with dull, fishy eyes; or that some are occasionally taken with mad desire to get out of their carbonic, stifling sea, and reasoning from false and flabby hypotheses, jump wildly out and flounder pitifully on some unknown and inhospitable shore, to lie gasping at last, the poor fishy eyes staring hopelessly into the unknown. Ah, pitiful indeed! And yet the tern and kittiwake are soaring overhead on easy wing.

The most fatal poison — the most benumbing tradition — in our psychic sea, is the false concept of life, the belief that life is several, divided and disconnected, subject to a different law at one period than at another, susceptible of different aims, or with a different purpose. We mistake our false concept of life for life itself. What we need most is light on the present. 'Twill be easy consorting with angels, but how to live in harmonious and true relations with these our fellows! Whatsoever outward conditions may seem to impose themselves upon us in our subsequent wanderings in the unknown, life must ever remain spiritual and hence moral in its purport. A relation we shall always have with the Infinite: from thence we shall ever have our life, from thence derive our inspiration. A relation, too, we shall always have with mankind, or angelkind if such it become, a relation to which the present offers analogies; a divine association, or a senseless, selfish, babbling intercourse, fraught with pain and inharmony — divine ministry in themselves, urging to something

truer, nobler, diviner. If I choose I may make my intercourse with men spiritual now, but I would fain postpone it until we have been buried — as though that would further it. A relation again must obtain between the soul and whatever form it may invest itself with in its further manifestation; and the conditions of this outer must ever depend upon the inner. It is plain we shall reach no heaven where happiness is not conditioned by wisdom. Whether on Mars or in the moon, self-seeking must bear thistles and self-renunciation the fairest fruit. Lessons learned here must be good for all times; truth is the same here as there.

What have we to do with the occult affinities of the stars, then, if we have not first perceived the occult relations that exist here between man and man, whereby love forever acts for us and the reverse against us, whereby our sowing ever comes to fruition, thistles from thistles, figs from figs? Foolish manikins, that we should think for a moment to subvert the established order and gather figs from thistles or to live to the body and reap the freedom of the Spirit. Let us explore the nature of man if we would circumnavigate all seas and hold them at last in the hollow of the hand. What concern have we with messages from the Beyond till we have heard the whisperings of the soul? The secret of the ages is, Be sufficient unto thyself; get wisdom! How shall I truly estimate the thought of another unless I have first established in myself a certain measure of understanding?

But we can arrive at no conception of life so long as we look at this small span as though it were a whole and not the infinitesimal fraction it is. The arc

implies the circle and must be studied in its relation to the circle. Men live as though the arc were all. Hence their lives are marred by continual haste. We are in such haste to adapt ourselves to the arc that we fail to establish any true relation to the circle of which the arc is but the merest fraction. We do not in the least take into account the nature of the journey, but prepare for a day's march only. These are perhaps trite observations, and yet in view of the facts it will never cease to be surprising that men are content to so live. We must at least recognize that any plan of life based on this small span only can be of little value from an absolute point of view; hence so much that is tentative and provisional in science and philosophy which renders them neither scientific nor philosophic. We are wise economists neither of our time nor our energies, for we continually accumulate what we cannot retain. We are at pains to provide ourselves with a medium of exchange that will not be current in other stages of the journey; as though a man were to set out for Paris with only some coins of the Roman Empire to defray his expense. Were we not lacking in spiritual acumen we would readily see that a large part of our possessions are encumbrances merely. And if we have them not, we are none the less encumbered with the insatiable desire for them. He only is free who neither has them nor desires. Since it is love and truth alone that we may justly argue to be current in all phases of life, they only are worthy of our consecrated efforts. For these we should make all sacrifice. Justly speaking, history mentions only a very few rich men. Jesus, Buddha and Socrates were men of large possession in the

currency of the universe. But for the most part it is an account of the doings of *poor* men, the annals of the world's poorhouse.

Sensation which is commonly mistaken for life is purely incidental to the temporary expression of man on this plane to the end that he may here carry out the divine purpose. Eating and drinking does not constitute life; neither can this give life, though upon this depends its expression peculiar to this plane. Presuming we have other bodies than this apparent one, they are doubtless of finer nature and depend upon finer media for their continuance. But men have mistaken the process of objectification for life itself.

We cling to the theory of physical causation as once we clung to Satan. Everything cried out against the sacrilege of relinquishing the devil. The world-scheme seemed to fall asunder once we removed this factor apparently so essential to its stability. Yet we are adapting ourselves to the new order. The old dualism seems now as inadequate as once it appeared essential. So will it be with this dualism of mind and matter. We are finding that the diabolical illusion of material causation with all its attendant imps is slipping from us, and yet no cataclysm appears likely. We are sustained in spite of it and greatly relieved.

Again self-seeking and the maze of personal motive is mistaken for life — a far more subtle illusion than the preceding and still more persistent. The world fosters this belief and all its institutions uphold it — none more than ceremonial religion. Philosophy pricks the bubble from time to time, but few are aware of it. The spiritual life itself, however, is its own most able advocate. All things tend to draw us

to God, whether we will or no. Every rose of pleasure has its thorn, and for a purpose. All personal quests end in disappointments. Happiness eludes. I may lay up for myself — but the faculty of enjoyment is denied me.

Philosophy and religion have failed of any permanent good if they have not brought home to us over and over again the conviction that man is spirit here and now — that life is one, and that spiritual. The fact of a spiritual world beyond concerns us much less than the fact of a spiritual world here; the doings of the discarnate not so much as the perception of our present and eternal spiritual life. It should be evident that phenomena are important only with reference to principle which underlies them. This is not to discredit the phenomenal but to assign it its true significance; for how often are we misled by ignorance of values. There is need of judgment with reference to ideas and concepts. What will they yield in character and serenity — there is the test. It is the province of philosophy to grasp these principles, for of such is life eternal; to show that life is one, not diverse — now material and again spiritual — but ever and forever spiritual, moral, ethical. And in whatever investiture the soul is clothed, 'tis of small moment; whether we dwell here or there, merely incidental. Principle holds none the less, and I, embodied or disembodied, am still subject to one cosmic law of love in obedience to which alone am I free. And were this not so the universe were built on air and would rock before the winds of chance.

The import of the spiritual life then is ethical — not phenomenal. Though we soar in fancy or in

trance to the confines of space and visit unknown worlds, we can by no means escape the course of moral evolution which is outside of time and space — is, in fact, the ground of these. That I deal wisely and kindly with my brother is vastly more vital than that I should converse with the ancient wise men. How better could they counsel me? That I should live sanely and speak wisely and truly from my heart to him — as one brother to another; so think that my benign thought shall carry suggestions of freedom, and inspire him with like thoughts — such are the signs of the spiritual life, as self-seeking is always the evidence of its lack, and selfishness a barrier to any true flight.

Our life is from God; source other than this there is none, nor life other than this. Life is happiness, power, serenity; but this somnambulism is none of these. Spiritual mindedness alone is life — carnal mindedness the only death. Live then! Live to the ends of beauty! Let us live like angels, and not like bugs feebly crawling for one poor hour. He who knows never the presence of God nor sees it stirring deep in the heart of humanity is already as one dead. Love, perception, reason — the divine possibilities of thought and conduct — these are the considerations of life, and not sensation and a trivial prudence. He is king who obeys the summons of genius, or, lacking this, the call of love, of unselfishness, of a work of mind and heart — a real work, a loving work, a life work. Alas if we heed no higher call than expediency or policy: then is SHAM written over our door.

Our life is from God. It proceeds not from sticks and stones, is not replenished by gruels and catnip.

Life is eternally divine: it is less than this to our belief only. As a web is woven, so there proceeds from man the sensuous dream he calls life. In his profoundly sane moments he knows it to be a dream, but cannot tell how it is a dream. So be it we awake here to the knowledge that our life is in God and not in the senses, we receive then always adequate guidance for the conduct of life, and are sufficient unto ourselves. The Delphic precept is writ over the door of life itself, and to this end, that we may awaken from our dreams. Death is no emancipation, but the exit merely from one dream into another. We must earn our freedom.

Gentleness, sweetness, non-resistance: 'tis very hard to learn that in these and not in self-assertion power lies, that these are the evidence of character. Our lucid moments corroborate this while our emotions forever deny it. Memorable indeed to meet one who has learned this. True, there is no evidence to the senses that the meek shall inherit the earth. In this strenuous age we have come to be skeptical of any true humility, and are prone to think of Uriah Heap in this connection. But the gentle faith and true meekness of the spiritual mind is not dead in the world. Indeed it is now reviving among us and bids fair to shed greater luster over the world than ever before. Above the din and hubbub of the strenuous ones, we hear the call to the higher life. It is a reaction from the over-strenuousness of the times, and it will be obeyed,—obeyed as never before. The world is sick unto death, despite the parade and beating of drums. It has lost its faith in the priest, and no longer calls him that it may be shriven; nevertheless

it is secretly calling to any one and every one — If it be possible restore us to life. Marvelous indeed are the signs of the coming age. No longer does the spiritual awakening drive men to seek the cloister, but it sends them out to proclaim the tidings of life.

What is it impels men to consecrate themselves to the service of the race, to go anywhere and everywhere — where they are wanted and where they are not — in face of all difficulties and notwithstanding all hardships, — what but the love of God, the true life shining in them? We may look askance at the theology, but we reverence the motive. We perceive that in general something far different from the ordinary motive of men has moved them to so order their lives. Despite the lack of understanding, the subserviency it may be to a dead creed, we feel that the true life is in this man because of his motive, his self-renunciation. He has risen to the sphere of true motive although he is as yet far short of the rational consciousness. Pity it is that his understanding is not commensurate with his love, for only men thus gifted can spread the true gospel of life.

Arrayed against this view stand the advocates of the strenuous life. "Strife," say they, "is life." We must fight though no man stay to witness the outcome. We must build though none see the completion. We must legislate, administrate and make a to-do. We shall know no peace, we shall know no rest, we shall not be happy but we shall have excitement; we shall be *prosperous*, we shall carry the day in the name of this or that institution, government, or policy; and as for peace — burial will give us that. This is a natural view; it is fostered by appearances;

it is current on the street everywhere. And because education does not always make for culture, nor creeds for spirituality, it may be current as well in church and university. For lack of insight and philosophic culture it seems plausible and not to be gainsaid. And what is the cure for it? Not the university evidently and not the church, but *living*— just living — the impossibility of always resisting the demands of truth. In the economy of pain, in the economy of discontent, lies the heroic cure. The boy on whom we build our hopes, the fortune we have given our best years to amass — one or both are taken: friends, ambitions, hope, health, silently desert. Happy then if light dawns at last, else must we go on, poor pessimists, elsewhere to seek enlightenment, and this again by *living* — always through living.

Life, then, is one and only. The breaks are apparent merely. One purpose subsists in this life as the ground of its being, and this is the love of God. That we have any life apart from this spiritual life, any true purpose aside from this, is our most persistent illusion. To this one end all things tend; for this all experience chastens. The measure of our love of God is our love of man, of nature, of truth and beauty. It is all of the same piece — threads in the one strand. The love of God, in itself abstract, becomes concrete in the love of man; hence it is expressed outwardly and made manifest in conduct and in work. Without this there is no wise conduct, and no beautiful work is done.

It is evident that this purpose remains the same; that while the visible is changing, shifting, passing, because devoid of true life, the Unseen stands firm.

The ethical import of life can no more change than can life itself. We shall never escape the higher necessity of love, wisdom, truth. The facts of our life today thus afford analogies for eternity; hence the value of philosophic culture, of a perception of true values, of an insight into the real — in short, of wise living, that we may address ourselves to what is worth while, and acquire that which may remain with us. But it takes only a simple philosophy so long as that be true. There's no better philosophy than that of kindness. There's no true philosophy without it. Some little understanding of metaphysic, that is, of principle in relation to man, is indispensable in this day, if we would not die of fright at the thousand bugbears which have been conjured up. It is an antidote for theology. It is very useful, too, in destroying our illusion; helps us to see clearly and emphasizes the necessity and economy of spiritual things. It gives the framework of the spiritual life — the understanding. But this in itself is not enough. We must look to religion for the soul of this; and what is true religion but love — this alone. It is no abstract system of ethics we need; it is to be learned in no ponderous text-book, but springs from the heart, for, mark you, man was first, and then the book, though the pedants are inclined to believe to the contrary. Out of the heart all good things come. Out of the heart springs the true idea of God, and in the heart, too, is our relationship established. The false god whom we have ignorantly worshipped came never from the heart. 'Tis there we have learned that God is Love. This is the essence of our life; from thence are we impelled to seek love and to render it

again an hundred-fold. Ethics other than this we need none; here is the law and the prophets. In the vital relation existing between the character of the thought and the condition of the body is a very utilitarian plea for the need of spiritual living, albeit a very forceful one. But the need lies deeper still as we have seen,—is, indeed, inwrought in the moral constitution of the universe.

The significance of the spiritual life is mainly this, that man has no detached and separate existence, may not live to his own ends, but to universal ends. He has life in proportion as he perceives this. He is great only in virtue of a great love. He becomes free through his conscious identity with the Infinite Love. And so his happiness is cunningly placed beyond his personal desire; it comes to him only as the flower of self-renunciation.

Life flows to me as I open my consciousness to God, my heart to man. It comes to me as flows the sea over the marsh-lands—aye, as the sea. Like the sea, it is one, encircling all. Like light, it bathes and wraps us about—this life which we have of God, which is Love itself. This moral life and this we call physical life are really one—extremes perhaps of an identical series. The physical but registers the real life; it is but a weathercock showing which way the wind blows. The wind we do not see, but we read its direction by the weather-vane. If this is obstructed it no longer registers, but the wind blows nonetheless. That the human race almost without exception appears to terminate this expression through disease is evidence enough that there is some obstruction offered to the free course of life. This obstruction

lies purely in consciousness. By the multitude of our random and undisciplined thoughts we exclude the sunshine of love. We ourselves erect the barrier; *we* offer the obstruction. We have but to remove this — open the heart and the consciousness — and life shall flow to us.

It is one sea, in which, it is true, there are many fish; but the life which sustains them is common to all. They have not life of themselves, but of the sea. So is one life common to mankind; not *thy* life and *mine*, but the one life. And this we invite or exclude as we open or shut the flood-gates of the mind. I am impoverished solely through the narrowing of my own consciousness, and I have life more abundantly through broadening the same. Personality is in the main a barrier to the influx of this larger life, for personality is beset with limitations, is itself a limitation. I am nothing; the spirit is all. Personality is my weakness; God is my strength.

We shall bring these large concepts down into every-day living, and focus them here as with a small glass we converge the rays of the immense and distant sun. It is worth while to be living now if only for the possibility of discovering truth to ourselves. To be "lord of a day" — we shall not want for aim with this in view. Who knows when this may come about if we but consecrate our thoughts to life and essay to live now and here; nor what vast reach of the soul's estate shall in that time be disclosed to view if we but live, with thoughts directed neither upon the past nor the future, but upon this present spiritual life which is uninfluenced by the stream of phenomena which gives us the illusion of time?

To live — to make life itself the desideratum and not merely the "getting a living." Shall we not live in relation to God and to nature as well as to society? We stake all on the social relation as though that were paramount. Young men start out to see what they can gain for themselves, as though it were for that we were here. But in fact we are here for a very different purpose: to *live*, and life is love — not self-assertion, but a loving ministry.

That is a strange illusion which leads us to be proud of what we have, whereas in fact we have nothing of ourselves and have merely borrowed of the common store. Rather, what measure of love have we fulfilled, what truth perceived, for there is nothing else worth remembering.

Let us not forego that finer pleasure of whispering courage now and again for any cheap escape the world may profess to offer. Character is its own compensation. The pasture oak has gained somewhat by standing alone. Ah, to so live that when the time comes we shall at least not die of fright; to live deep and strong — weave some love into the work. And then to go serenely waving the hand to those we leave but for a day.

III. RELIGION

TRULY it is the dawn of a great century. The twentieth we call it, because in that far-off time one man spoke truth — loved truth more than all else. A great-hearted man was he — that Master Idealist — well beloved of all truth-seekers; and because he spoke truth we conceive time to have begun with him. Truth, then, is very great in our eyes. But that was not the birth of truth. Truth, in fact, is ageless and unborn. Some five centuries or more prior to that day, the gentle Buddha had borne witness to the self-same truth. This argues it to be the twenty-fifth century. At a still earlier day the prophet Zoroaster lisped upon the desert some syllables of truth which have come down to us in the Avesta in the ancient language of Zend. In those early days were spoken the mystic truths of the venerable Upanishads. In those days, too, the Hebrews spoke truth; so, too, the Egyptians of that time, and we learn that in that fertile Nile country the cultivated Egyptian loved best to meditate upon morals and religion. So, then, it is upwards of the fortieth century. But our measuring-rod is very short. When Sirius first graced the evening sky, when the morning stars first sang together, Truth sat enthroned. We have discovered very little, considering the lapse of ages. Why, then, talk of time? Let this be the first century, this the first day. Let us forget the clock, and the history

books, which, after all, were written by children like ourselves. We have been congratulating one another upon beginning the greatest of centuries. But each day has the possibility of being the greatest of days. Why are we concerned with centuries when a day makes or unmakes our happiness — when an hour's right thinking sheds its effulgence over years to come? Could we but lend ourselves to the Spirit now, perhaps the world would forget these centuries and date a new epoch from today. In fact the jaded world dimly hopes that it is to be in a sense a new era, that there is to be a new star in the sky, a new pillar of cloud on the horizon of our desert.

And so in tacit recognition of the majesty of truth, we congratulate one another in the dawn of the great century that is to be.

Truth sits brooding over the cosmos, and time is but the record of faint, occasional flashes that have penetrated our murky thought. The prophets are the hours in our cosmic dial. Strange it is that truth in simple garb appeals to us very little; it must be exaggerated beyond all common experience; it must be handed down to us as some miraculous and altogether supernatural event — then we bow to it as truth. No man says, "I love dogma"; all want truth,— it is the universal need. And yet society as a whole accepts dogma in the name of truth and rejects truth in the name of dogma. This is done through no perversity, for men are loyal to what they conceive to be truth. No man insults his ideal of truth. And for very loyalty to the little crotchet he conceives to be the sublime, he tramples on all other crotchets — burns, imprisons, or maligns their

champions according to the custom of his time. Men are always very sincere, very earnest concerning their crotchets. Never a one bethought him he was thus earnest for a crotchet—but for immortal truth, for this he tortured and cursed and raved. It is not the work of the devil; he is long since dead—puffed out like a candle; it results from the inability to recognize truth. Reverence for truth has never been wanting. But only the prophets have known what it was they worshipped. The common run of men have always accepted dogma and worshipped that in the name of truth. And foremost of dogmas is that truth is not natural but supernatural. The grass and the birds and flowers are too common, although miracles every one. Beauty, too, is overcommon. The prophet is not to be born in the natural way—as though that were not hard enough; neither is he to die so, but must be snatched into heaven. So it has been. But standing here in the dawn of this twentieth century, or fortieth, whichever it may be, we have cause of rejoicing in this, that henceforth the natural is to be the token of truth, the supernatural the sign of superstition.

Men have seldom looked within for truth—truth which they reverence, which they will go to any straits to uphold. It must purport to have come in some far-off time in some inexplicable manner, and—strangest of all—it must be quite contrary to reason. Reason has no part in dogma. Out of this supposed necessity for a miraculous advent of truth arose the formidable dogmas of revelation and inspiration.

These, forming as they do the very channel between man and the fountain of truth, have thus

been converted into dogmas wherewith to stifle his natural aspiration—for nothing is more natural than aspiration to the children of God. In such a year Galileo or Herschel or another discovered such a star or nebula. We do not suppose the star was at that moment created, neither had it been concealed. The simple fact was the turning of a glass in that direction by a man with keen eyes who had defied dogma. Surely it is the main business of life to recognize and appropriate the truth which is within us. So be it we too have keen eyes and dare laugh at dogma, we may turn our glasses within and upon some starry mists in the immeasurable depths.

So long as we look to the without we shall ask with Pilate, What is truth? Is it this dogma or that? And the world has answered by accepting the dogma with the most authoritative support. How else could it do, starting with the premise that truth comes from without? The authority of names and traditions, then, is the support of dogma. But if we scatter these to the winds and rely upon the authority of reason—what then? Why, just what is happening in the church today—we shall begin to refute dogma. It is because the critical scholar is beginning to undermine authority that the dogma which rested upon such authority must naturally fall with it. Here is cause for further congratulation, then, that we are entering upon the era of the decline of dogma. So may the mental atmosphere be clarified somewhat.

Blessed be the faculty of seeing things as they are,—one God, one man, one nature, one and inseparable; humanity ever open to the influx of the

Spirit, and yet hearing not because of the buzz of tradition, seeing not because of the fog of illusion. But when the buzz ceases what revelation is made in the silence; when the fog is dispelled what vision is seen in the light!

Yet it were unjust to lay all the sins of dogmatism to the church. Science has dogmas—and to spare. But they are short lived. 'Tis very plain now that hot water and bleeding as a panacea was a silly dogma. Not so in the days of Doctor Sangrado; only the astute Gil Blas could then see it as it was. Vaccination is now a dogma of Doctor Sangrado. But Gil Blas is sharp-eyed, still valiant. What of the philosophical dogmas of Thales, of Anaxagoras and the rest; the chemical dogmas of Paracelsus and the alchemists; the geocentric and geographic dogmas? We have discovered the round earth amidst all these fogs, and reckoned the orbits of the planets despite dogma. The dogma of the divine right of kings, too, is growing obsolete. It is the age of democracy, of democracy in art and literature, of democracy in truth; no exclusive right to truth; no ecclesiastical tyranny, but truth, boundless, universal, free, the birthright of humanity, flowing to all men according to the measure of their capacity.

Dogma is frequently the outcome of a truth but half perceived. The idea of the trinity subsists in the divine mind as the archetype of the human family. Its significance is the family itself—father, mother, child. There is the holy family, the bulwark of society. It is only because of irreverence for the natural we cannot see it. To idealize that relation in the home is to regenerate society. To found and

preserve that relation in truth and love is the true worship of the divine archetype. But in the skies it does us little good. Isis, Osiris, and Horus is child's play. And if the stars do not shine into our minds, they are but bits of tinsel; if the sun does not warm our hearts, it is but a Jack-o'-lantern. What is the ethical value of ideas and how will they help us to live? This is the practical test of all doctrines, for we shall ever be living and learning. Not Isis, Osiris and Horus then, but father, mother and child concern us.

If a man's life is vain and silly, or sour and crabbed, or dark with malice, presently he finds himself in a self-made mental hell, bitter enough and terrible, where his own thoughts are torturing imps. Truth sitting enthroned has judged him and cast him into torment. But if he seek ever the Father in the hearts of his fellows and do the will of the Father in loving ministry; if his life become love and he live by truth, he ascends into the heaven of the spiritual life and the angels of kindly thoughts minister unto him. The common experience of all men corroborates this; all have had at least a glimpse of heaven, and passed some weary time in hell. But give these facts to the medieval dogmatist, and he takes them out of the consciousness, out of the present, and projects them into an hypothetical space and an hypothetical future; puts one above and one below, unmindful that in the nature of things there is neither above nor below but as relative planes of consciousness only; and so weaves a figment of shining heavens and smouldering hells and an awful day—calculated, the one to frighten naughty children, the other as an

incentive to virtue. But virtue is its own incentive and truth its own reward. And quiet moralists and keen astronomers and critical scholars have dispelled these illusions. For truth has agents in every field.

Immersed as we are in a carbonic, stifling sea of ignorance — this psychic sea of the thoughts of the past in which we flounder with more or less hope of escape according to our perception of the inner truth — it is very natural there should have arisen upon a time the dogma of evil,— a very subtle dogma this — the backbone of dualism, the warring of two principles. But as the ideal of one God gains ground, the negative principle fades,—precisely as when the light is perceived, the darkness vanishes. Dualism has reference always to the dark ages of religious thought. It has no rightful place in the thought of today. Christianity, once dolefully dualistic, is slowly resolving itself into a more hopeful monism. How can it be otherwise? Having gotten rid of the personal devil, there is found to be a similar objection to the dogma of evil. Metaphysic persists in asking, Whence? Whence? Whence? And theology can find no answer. The metaphysical Brahmin has ever been aware of this, and has seen in the psychic sea of ignorance the only semblance of evil. Not so with less metaphysical peoples; to them the world were easier explained as the outcome of two principles. But truth makes itself known in time and to all people. If truth but ascend as rapidly as dogma disappears, there is new hope for the world. Doubtless there will always be dogmas; doubtless falling stars and spring freshets will give rise to fables. But the clear-eyed everywhere will remain undeceived.

There is no need to encourage the support of truth since men are only too anxious to uphold it. Moreover, truth is self-supporting. There is all need to encourage the *perception* of truth, since it is man needs truth rather than truth needs man. But the perception of truth rests always with the individual. Society will not be leavened in lumps, despite the efforts of the reformer. It will be varnished, but leavened — never. It will be organized and converted and reformed — and found to rest on a dogma at last. So is truth very shy of the institution. Build a church over it, and it will escape through the windows. No organization can hold it; sooner or later it will be found to be coddling a dogma, while truth — immortal truth — flies overhead, free and untrammeled as the winds.

I have spoken thus primarily of truth in distinction to dogma that we might perhaps with the more assurance come at the nature of religion. We do not commonly take into account how relative are man's ideas of God. Yet it is in the name of God that all theories as to the destiny of man are launched. The idea of God is naturally the premise from which follow the various theological deductions. Given this idea peculiar to any time or people, and we may infer the character of the theories then current. Given any man's idea of God, and we have the grounds of his philosophy of living. So long as he reasons from the personal plane, his idea of God can be nothing other than the content of his own mind — reflects the depth and intensity, or shallowness and littleness of his own thought. The alleged attributes of the Deity with which we are familiar, and which we have seen to

fade one by one, represent faithfully the varying conceptions of power. A warlike people must perforce conceive of a warlike god, a very Thor. The desire for sacrifice and offerings — which are eminently human and not at all divine — are popularly attributed to various gods. The idea of a potentate, ruler, king and the rest is the outcome of despotism, and sprang from a world very much governed. But democracy must revise all this. Indeed such a god gradually loses favor with a people bred to democratic ideals. A metaphysical race will steer clear of the pitfalls in this respect that beset a more worldly and superficial people, and will tend on the other hand to set up a pure abstraction.

In the world there is never a clear distinction between God and Mammon. It remains theoretical and vague. Men worship Mammon, but deceive themselves into believing it is God. Ritual, ceremony and all, adapt themselves in the end to the character of Mammon, and always in the name of God. It was so in the religion of Isis, and it is so in many another. This blending, this confusion of the two, is natural to any exterior and superficial view of religion. I must set up a god made in my own image — but it were difficult to convince me of this. Now it is a very warlike god; again, a kingly being, or a terrible judge meting punishment to trembling sinners. But when at last I evolve the true idea of God, it is to perceive my own identity and to know that I am in the Father and the Father in me. The defects in the character of Zeus were the natural outcome of an age not overmoral. Could we but believe Santa Claus were God, it would be a jolly world indeed, for never

has there been a more lovable, kindly ideal than St. Nicholas. But we leave that to childhood while we turn to our grim and unlovely judge.

This confusion of God and Mammon is carried out of theology and creeps into the advanced thought of the day. The philosopher no sooner gains some insight into the working of the divine laws than he must face the time-honored and crucial test. Here are spiritual forces — to what end will he make use of them? It is of no consequence that he has come to this knowledge if he use it to the wrong end. He will but reenact the history of Faust. The occult and psychic may come under his sway, but if he set up therein a new altar to Mammon he is no nearer the truth than before. For Mammon is a fickle god. The Brazen Calf is very deaf. Love he must have; lacking this, how can he be other than sounding brass. How often, O how often, is this brought home to us! For prophecies fail and tongues cease and knowledge vanishes away, but love remains. From this ground, then, must we project our philosophy and this test apply, that we may know whether it be spiritual or not. It matters not if we be learned or simple; so long as we are self-centered we shall be miserable. Philosopher and priest can no more afford to work to selfish ends than can the miser. There is one law for all and there is no bending it to suit our private ends. Truth demands of us that we ultimately grow out of ourselves and forsake selfish ends. It demands this in that it make our happiness to depend thereon. Of a very practical nature, then, is this distinction between God and Mammon; very vital that we should evolve the true idea of God. For worship is

the controlling factor in human life; it is a psychic activity forever at work—to our uplifting if directed to the One Source, to our discouragement if misdirected.

Inasmuch, then, as man's idea of God is a great image of himself, it constantly changes with the growing perception of his own nature. Had he not the Divine in him he could never by any possible means come to the true perception of God. And it is through the knowledge that God is within that he is finally led to this perception. It is obvious that with the ethical growth of the individual the idea of God to him grows clearer; that as he finds himself, at the same time he finds God, and with the realization of his own spiritual nature he comes for the first time to the idea of God as Spirit. Not till he perceived himself to be a spiritual being can he have any just conception of the Universal Spirit from whence he derives his being.

The perception of this identity of the individual and the Universal at last takes the place of the crude notions of God, and is itself perhaps the most tangible feature of the true idea of God which is hardly to be formulated in words. As has been said: "Tao may not be defined, but Tao may be appropriated." Here lies the key to our relation to God. The Spirit ever works in us for the recognition of Itself. Our own ethical growth is the Spirit pushing outward; Soul-realization becomes God-recognition. So are we drawn ever nearer to the Center. Happy is he who comes to himself and learns to appropriate the Universal and yield himself to it, to derive from that Source—to turn to the Father.

With man's spiritual growth he inevitably comes to the realization of God as Love. And from speculating on the nature of God he turns his attention to defining his *relation* to God, perceiving this to be all-important. Here are we by nature spiritual, sustained in and by Spirit. This we call our life is but our consciousness — the thread which binds man to the expression of himself. It is but a little surface play on the deeps of our real life. This — man's relation to God — is so near, so vital, so real, that he will never be content with any purely abstract conception of Deity. In his ignorance and out of a great yearning, he projected the anthropomorphic god and endowed him with human attributes. In his revolt from that he goes to the other extreme. But he will not be content with a metaphysical abstraction, and justly not; for in his own ethical expansion God becomes to him more and more essential — Life of his life. Perceiving self-consciousness and self-control essential to his own spiritual nature, he cannot conceive of them as apart from God. In the very growth of his own love-nature it becomes imperative that he conceive of himself as consciously loved of the Father and not merely sustained in the stony embrace of unconscious Principle.

Through spiritual evolution are we led to God. In no other way do we arrive at any true conception. It is never an intellectual feat. In us God ever works, but not until the conscious recognition of this does it become to us vital, forceful, present. Prior to this epoch-making event it is all hit or miss with us. We are without real faith and have no sustaining trust. Our life is from God; but until we perceive this, to

what straits are we put seeking the source of life! What self-deception do we not practice, forever seeking health, happiness, vitality — life, in short, in all possible nooks and crannies, anywhere but in the open! It is in the bark of trees, in the wings of beetles, under stones, or corked in bottles. Our religion becomes a matter of whether we shall eat our food raw or cooked. Our reliance is now in broth and now in flesh, but in the Spirit — never; and like Asa, we go our way for lack of trust in the Lord. But God alone is our life; let us open the heart to the divine currents and transfer our allegiance from sticks and stones. Useless to look without — 'tis the vain quest of Ponce de Leon. As much love as you have, as deeply as you recognize the Immanent Presence, just so much life have you. And for lack of love you must wither away. How rich are you in sympathy and kindness? God is Love. The more love have I the nearer am I to God, and the richer, broader, mellower is my life. What business have I to exclude the animal world from my heart — I who perchance am impoverished and embittered by what I conceive to be the unkindness of fate? What can I possibly need other than love? What business have I to love those only who love me, to limit my powers of expression on every hand through petty distinction and social cast? Love is not something we are to receive from without and store away. It is something to be generated within in limitless floods; and so only do we obtain the abundant life. Though it should burst then, let me open my heart to the surge and throb of the Infinite, till happily my life show forth the true idea of God. I would not exclude a

chirping cricket nor a shining dandelion. Through love we are made one with God. Through our hearts, then, not through our heads, let us seek the Most High.

Nothing can be more private and personal in its nature than my religion, for it springs directly from the perception of myself, and that none share with me, nor is it the same for long together. Only as we reach the ground of absolute truth do we see one divine nature common to mankind, one true idea of God, and hence one pure and permanent relation of the one to the other. Then alone do we perceive that the individual is indeed one with the universal; and this perception of oneness is the goal of religion and philosophy.

Meanwhile we are approaching that promised land, and out of our confused notions of what God is and what man, springs our religion, of which every man's life is the token. True, we subscribe to this and that belief; we are Baptist or Babist, Quaker or Agnostic, Puritan or Jesuit, as the case may be. But that institution but dimly reflects our interior thought and life. My life—not my belief—is the proof of my religion. I am Christian, albeit I do not conform to the life of Christ in the slightest degree. I am Christian, but at heart I am heathen. Christianity is my *belief,* but my religion may be barbarian. Not till I think and live as Jesus thought and lived will my religion be the religion of Jesus. Why ask, then, if his ethics are the ethics of the state, of commerce, of the church,—why ask indeed? And yet he has sadly missed the mark who sees ground for pessimism here. For is there not one divine, immutable law, one

tendency to good, abiding in all things, working in all things? Does not beauty ever minister to us to uplift the consciousness? And who of us dare arraign others in the name of religion, we whose business it is to stimulate them to self-knowledge and self-reliance, that they may come to a religion more real. It is the best evidence of any true religion of our own that we can so awaken this perception in others.

There are certain matter-of-fact considerations bearing on the nature of religion. Were this present aspect of life all, doubtless we would have no vital relation to God and no need of religion. But it is not so, neither will our intuitions permit us to believe it is so. Worldly ends are insufficient in themselves to our needs. Who has not felt this? The rich feel it as well as the poor. And so we turn for solace to religion. Religion is the outgrowth of the deepest, most vital needs of humanity,—a heart-hunger, a yearning with which none other is comparable. It is born in the consciousness of the inadequacy of the worldly life, and aims to satisfy our real needs—the demands of the real man, whom we do not know, but who is thus making himself known. But over and above this, its real ground, is the eternal relation of God and the Soul. So we have concluded these needs were not to be satisfied here, and have grasped at religion as a promise of future fulfilment.

But religion has properly not to do with the future but with the now. It is largely a matter of sentiment and habit, our concern for the future. I *have* no future. I have only today. And ever and forever it will be today, though like as not we shall still be dreaming of the future—in paradise still

dreaming of a future paradise. "The friendless present,"— as Emerson called it,— it is yet our one point of contact with eternity. That which we call the future is the flowing of today. No, religion must so bring us nearer to God that we find our life more tolerable, more useful, more beautiful here. It is a mischievous idea that religion fits us for some future realm, but can do no more than make us resigned to the present. It is evidence of the inadequacy of certain types of religious belief. But life is not a postponement; it is present and actual, and not to be escaped,— as well drive in a wedge now.

This disquieting turmoil of the world, this continual tempest in a teapot, is not life. But life is here none the less — here or nowhere; and *life* is satisfying. Our dissatisfactions arise from the failure to perceive and grasp life itself.

It is a matter of prudence and insight with philosophic minds that they do not commit themselves to the worldly life. It will not satisfy, say they, hence they will not lend themselves to it, but seek Truth ever that they may be free. Now it is the real office of religion to satisfy these yearnings, this heart-hunger; to give us that which the world cannot give, to yield us that indeed for which men have ever sought — but to yield this today as the fruitage of the spiritual consciousness. Religion must prove herself. If self-renunciation and spiritual-mindedness is the way, then must we here and now gather the fruit of that renunciation in a larger perception of life and of the soul, and in a greater degree of serenity and peace. And to the awakened, religion does so prove herself.

The solace of religion comes through abandonment to the larger Will,—not *my* way but the *best* way; not mine but God's will. Men who have this abiding trust are fortified. These on occasion surrender their lives in perfect faith. They are incomprehensible to such as perceive not the source of their strength. And yet this habit of mind meets with reverence the world over, for the seeds of religion are implanted in the heart of humanity. Our way lies in the entire surrender to the Supreme Will, always remembering that it requires discernment to distinguish this from the force of our own beliefs. Whereas some aim to surrender to God, they arrive only at being resigned to illusion. So specious is this world of appearances that none have been so wise but they were deceived at times. We stand in need of some Daniel to interpret our dreaming. It is for this, religion and philosophy must stand together. That God is Love and God is only, is the eternal fact in which they have their common ground. Let us not like the ancients be concerned as to whether the world rests on an egg or a tortoise, for it rests on neither but upon this rock of Truth. When at last we may succeed in taking this verity out of the abstract into our living consciousness, we shall see illusion roll away like a mist; in that day we shall see face to face.

What is heaven but harmony, and harmony a wise and felicitous relation to the spiritual facts? I lack harmony because I would adjust myself to my beliefs and my delusions—to something other than the spiritual facts. I have aimed to conform to the world rather than to be transformed by the renewing

of my consciousness. But the divine element in me forbids. I can strike no equation, and so am out of harmony — out of heaven.

It is very certain we shall not enter heaven by squads and platoons. When a man attains to that divine state, he alone knows. It is useless to point it out to those not in the focal distance. For let them stare never so hard, they can see nothing. But let them stand where he stands, and it is plain enough. Surely a man's religion is wholly an affair between God and himself. What avails it that he should subscribe to some particular form, profess some creed, uphold some dogma? He is no nearer to God for all that. Other men there are, and earnest, who refute this creed, this dogma, to cling to another. There is no great lack of sincerity; it is for want of wisdom we suffer. In this jungle of theological beliefs God is lost sight of. Small wonder we lose our bearings in this maze of words. That we should seek God, and, having found, should love with mind and heart and strength; that we should express this love to all men — this is the sum of religion. Pray, then, why such superfluity of creeds? Why such antagonisms — such a to-do? We have imagined a vain thing. God — we have reasoned — is absentee; moreover, he is a God of wrath. Hence this rhetoric to attract, this humility to appease.

Such prayers as we commonly make are evidence of our lack of trust. But only a perfect trust can render our religion stable and a solace to us. He who has risen to the true idea of God is content to be left in His hands. In this lies his security; his reliance is his strength. Here is the real beauty and solace of

religion. Prayer is the response to the mental attitude. As we live we pray. The difficulty lies in praying wisely. Every god gives of his own. Bacchus and Mars yield of their gifts readily, but they will not pay in the coin of Apollo or Minerva. God alone gives happiness; only the spiritual prayer brings peace. Let us choose wisely then; let us have a care as to the manner of our praying. What are a few Sunday morning petitions as compared with the incessant flow of thought? It was a trite question that was once put to the young people—"Have you said your prayers?" Poor wights! What else have they done from morning to night? And now some have prayed themselves into the asylum and the hospital. The boy that loved money too well has prayed himself into the jail; the girl that married for pretense and the world has prayed herself into a world of misery. God's children all—and if they will but pray wisely they shall pray themselves out of their difficulties again. Now and again in history a man has forsaken all and prayed himself into the kingdom of heaven through wisdom and love.

Everywhere today we hear of empty pews, of the decline of religious journals, of a new attitude among the clergy to things sacred. The timid alarmist sees in these things the decline of religion—the crack of doom. No, friend, only the decline of dogma, only the progress of enlightenment. Preach Truth and the living God, and the churches will fill again. Religion will not decline. We have come upon revolutionary times in religious thought, that is all. Such times have been before; then a tearing down,—now a building up. Were it not for these times, what

would relieve us from the insufferable mustiness of the institution; how should we ever turn a new page? Let us be thankful that we may at least turn in our sleep occasionally, even if we cannot as yet stay awake. Once astronomy wrought a revolution, once geology, now critical scholarship, and more than this, more than all — fresh inspiration. But the stars are still in their places; the sun still beams upon us; the good brown earth is ever friendly to us. I pray you not to forget that upon a time in Palestine a great man preached a revolutionary doctrine inimical to the religious beliefs of the day. The world now counts that day blessed, but the alarmist of that time looked upon it as a dangerous interference. The world has changed but little; it still regards the influx of truth in the light of a deluge which is to sweep everything away. But after, it has come to see it was but a kindly rising of the Nile after all, and has left our fields the richer. So have come to us in these later days these practical phases of idealism, seeking every one to bless men. "We will not be blessed," cries the World, and straightway flies at them. But presently it will relent and take their good gifts and go on its way as though nothing had happened. Vain old World that it is — petulant and silly and cruel as an oriental princess. But it comes around in the end. Very significant is that allegory which recently appeared in one of our magazines, wherein Truth coming to Earth was spurned from the palace, the temple, the hermit's hut, and found lodgment at last only with the king's fool.

Thankful should we be in these days for this influx of truth. Thankful above all for the saner ideas of

God, the more philosophical perception of the soul, the deeper, broader, more spiritual conceptions of life that are proclaimed. All these are tending to a rational religion wherein we are to find a new liberty and some assurance of peace. But religion is still and forever a matter of the individual. It is not to be gotten wholesale. The poets and philosophers are full of suggestions for thoughtful minds. These broad tendencies of the times set us to thinking for ourselves. But only that is worthy which makes us self-reliant, or God-reliant, if you will. Wisdom alone can save. Regeneration is our hope — and this comes through renewing the mind. Religion offers no exception to the rule that whatsoever is worth having must be sought for. Truth is not to be acquired second-hand. Any candid and impartial consideration of religion brings us to this — Be true to thyself. Be true, and the way shall be revealed. The plea today is for sanity and love in the matter of religion. We want no hysteria; we want no cant. We wish to draw nearer to God in that we have discovered Him to be Love. The religion of fear is passing. In answer to the crying need of the heart, behold the renaissance of the true idea of religion. In answer to the growth of the intellect, it is to be an era of rational religion. If Sunday loses its religious character somewhat, on the other hand all days will be found to be sacred. If scholars find much that is profane in the Bible they will at the same time find much that is sacred to truth and beauty in literature. If the sole divinity of Jesus is denied, the divinity in all men is affirmed. If the anthropomorphic god is renounced, the Immanent God is proclaimed. If

the historic Christ is receding, the Christ in us is coming to view. The loss is apparent merely; the gain is real.

IV. PHILOSOPHY

IT IS the main province of Philosophy to discover what in the nature of things is inevitable and what is not so, and to instruct us to give ourselves cheerfully and completely to the one while we rule the other. It is man fallen from the philosophic estate who is in rebellion against Divine Order. It is perhaps quite as inevitable that the worldly life should prove inadequate to our needs as that rain should fall, or gravity act as it does. Why should we have any conflict with these things, seeing that they are by nature unalterable? The inevitable is its own guarantee, and it is the evidence of philosophic conviction that we yield ourselves to it. But it is not inevitable that I should be a pauper or a sick man. These things I may control. No government and no trust shall keep me down if I will to the contrary, let the agitator say what he will. I am superior to governments when I discover myself. And if I have not ability to create for myself a proper environment, no social condition however benign will appear other than odious to me. Every weak man blames society for his failures and is under the delusion other men thrive by some favoritism. We must sooner or later discover it to be true that no social or political preferment can of itself bring us happiness. Happiness is evolved from within, and consists, in part, in being superior to outward conditions. The State cannot give us unselfishness, nor is wisdom a

matter of legislation. The kingdom of God is not of this world nor is it of the next, but it is the outcome of pure idealism, and will obtain wherever such is practised. Socialism is a brave attempt, but you must regenerate the individual first. A society of unregenerates will never produce an ideal community, do what you will; rather will they increase in selfishness, and so constantly stand in their own light. Doubtless Capital is selfish; doubtless Labor is equally so. They will be reformed solely through the ethical growth of the individuals who constitute these classes. But regeneration comes through spiritual means. He lacks both faith and insight who does not see that life itself is a spiritual task-master, and it is no respecter of persons. That is a wise old saying of the Eastern poet—"Only when men shall roll up the sky like a hide, will there be an end of misery, unless God has first been known." 'Tis a common sorrow and a common joy in life, and God applies the same means to soften the hearts of the rich man and the poor. We learn the same alphabet whether our blocks be of ivory or of wood. Wooden blocks answer as well to learn the lesson by.

Chronology teaches us little or nothing, but the philosophy of history is the corroboration time offers to the convictions of every sane and hopeful mind. They have read history to little purpose who cannot perceive the evidence of progression because men still harbor ungenerous traits. Experience when wisely interpreted tends to foster in us a philosophical habit of mind. Some will have it that this is a matter of reading, of familiarity with Kant or Spinoza or another. But the fact is it is a matter of

living and not of reading at all. You may read Plato in the original and still not have philosophy enough to carry you through a rainy day. These large-minded men evolved systems, but it is not a system we need so much as a spirituality and a certain training of the mind which shall cause it to react always in a definite way. We must ballast the mind with truth. But there's many a well-read man puts to sea with a ballast of feathers.

Philosophy is a serene view of life. It implies not intellectual culture, but trust. Our perception of principle may be unstudied and not well defined, but if we live by that and are secure in our reliance upon it — that is the philosophic life. And though a man were to apprehend principle outright and yet not live by it, he is no philosopher. The watchword of philosophy must ever be: Trust. Trust is the flower of which serenity is the fruit. Why is it the philosopher sits unmoved amidst the turbulence of events, but that he has faith in the Providence working in all — inscrutable though it be; faith in the outcome, faith in the Good in all, through all, encompassing all — and the rest a shadow, a dream, a world-illusion? Doubtless we shall not bring ourselves to the point of view of Lao-tsze, but all philosophic minds are in accord with him in this — that good is best furthered by that absolute trust which makes of the individual the instrument of the Supreme Will. If I would act of myself I mar, hence let me so live that the universal may act through me, for this does not mar. All great philosophers have come to regard the notion of personal agency as more or less of a conceit,— quite as though a leaf were to regard itself as self-sufficient

and independent of the tree upon which it hangs. In the world we are all for self-assertion. The spiritual leaders have practised non-assertion. The world claims; the philosopher foregoes. He has much through requiring little. He has the abiding wealth of self-possession. We permit the consciousness to be invaded by the world of things—an unruly mob; the philosophic mind excludes these in large measure, and so dominates that they do not intrude.

It is inevitable that we should ultimately be rid of this materialism to which we devote our vigorous years; that we should emerge from this selfishness which hangs over and about us like a cloud. The process is salutary albeit rigorous. It is nothing less than divinity in us coming to the surface. Let us lend ourselves hopefully to this, then, while we apply our wills to the control of that which lies within our proper sphere. It is easy to believe that the force which is daily spent in opposing the inevitable would in itself suffice to bring about any and all ends that lie within our control if so directed. Witness the households of the land bestirred to their depths over the weather. What if all the dogs bay the moon—it is but so much the more noise. How shall we make the best use of the winds and tides is the question. Two forces confront us—one, the power of the Spirit, the other, the negative power of the world-thought. One is a power by divine right, the other only in virtue of our recognition—the reaction of our own thoughts upon us. We are to cooperate with the one that we may be strong with its strength, while we free ourselves from the other through wisdom. Wisdom is the boat in which we shall safely cross all

torrents. Laws there are which are of God; again, there are man-made laws which pass for these. Here, again, it requires philosophic insight to discern between the real and the spurious.

Religion tends to make ascetics of us—fanatics of some men. Philosophy inclines us to the middle path and holds before us the unclouded serenity of the sage as perhaps the most worthy aim. Philosophy sanctions no agitation, but is always serene. To what end? To what end? she asks. Is not the institution crushed at last by its own weight? Do not all apparent evils carry their own correction? Is there not a divine Providence, a tendency to good, working in all, and is it not by non-resistance we further divine ends? In due time, then. Philosophy lacks emotion, while religion has too much. We must needs add Buddha to Jesus before we have our complete man—perhaps not then. It is thus philosophy must ever regard, though with large charity, the doings of martyrs. Wherein is the true cause of man served by fanatical conduct? As for the cause of truth—that is a figment; there is no cause of truth. Truth needs nothing; man needs much—needs, above all, examples of wise and serene conduct and living. Not impassioned men immolated to a dream, but serene men abiding in the consciousness that the tendency to good is itself adequate to the regeneration of the world: not meteors to blaze for an instant, but fixed stars to shed their serene light continually. He has little to learn from death which is itself a dream; he has all to learn from life which is the reality. We should cherish, then, only those times in the lives of illustrious men when they set forth the

philosophic ideal in the serenity of their thought and conduct.

We are not here concerned with the state but with the individual. But it is only frank to admit that philosophy it no school for patriots. It is man rather than the state that I take into my heart. It is my native heath I love; as to my native laws, they are of small consequence when I have become a law unto myself. It is observed that whereas patriotism is at first a generous enough sentiment, it is not so in the end, but arrogance itself—full of bitterness and unkindness. The world is bankrupt because of this, and lies smothered under its war debt. Patriotism indeed—but brotherhood is a nobler term. Love of country is well, but love of God is worthier, for God is the heart of all countries—the motherhood, manhood, childhood of them all, and, pray, what else is there to them? It is perhaps not of our selecting that we are born Greek and not Roman. Let your patriotism extend to all the world. When truth dawns upon a man he feels himself to have been a pious fraud, be he never so honest; he knows that heretofore his veriest truth has been but some respectable cant. "When shall I appear before God and speak truth at last?" he cries. We beguile one another with shams: it is all part of our service to illusion. But it is the ministry of philosophy to bring us into sincere relations with men and events and to show us the world in its true light. It is largely a science of values. It discounts the objective, discounts surface and appearance, and throws us back upon real and subjective values.

And what is this zeal for the church? It is not

religion surely, for religion is independent of church or state, is an affair of the heart solely — a silent and secret communion of a child with his Father which bears fruit and is made manifest in the life of this child. Philosophy has no part in this eagerness for the church; it can never quite see why men are at such pains to maintain and pamper an institution, while all the time it is they themselves are the needy ones. Why, she asks, will they give their efforts, their very lives, to maintain this, whereas Truth wants no house, no creed, prefers the sunshine and dwells with the violet and the rose, as God ever dwells in temples not made with hands? Truth exacts of us right thinking, and always brotherly love. But these things are better practised out of the institution than in it.

In the name of philosophy, how many fads, how many adjuncts to the philosophic life? It is now a new way of breathing and again a system of dieting — all with a view of some ultimate serenity of life. But this comes through aspiration and habitual right-thinking, and in no other way. As a matter of fact, philosophy is lacking in that alone which religion can give, and at the same time the chief need of religion is philosophy. But there are no physical accessories; true philosophy brings forth no fads. It is much like the thousand and one methods for producing sleep. They who sleep well know nothing of these; they who practise them do not sleep. The dyspeptic knows to a dot how long it takes the various foods to digest, but himself digests none. So philosophy is a habit of mind rather than any susceptibility to new creeds. As health is unconscious,

so is sanity very little self-conscious. Too much introspection denotes failing moral health.

Philosophy serves the ministry of beauty most in that it inculcates the love of reality; it instructs us to seek the real that we be no longer dominated by illusion. Do not most of our troubles come of the lack of this sort of philosophic culture? Illusion follows me as a shadow. It is to the soul as smoke to the fire. To dispel this that the clear flame may be seen is the real problem of philosophy, that is to say, of living. Here are we flung headlong into a sea of beliefs to save ourselves as best we may. We may in time come to sail this sea, but not with assurance till we have found the pole-star.

That is a wise simile current in the literature of the East wherein our relation to the world is compared to that of a man who coming upon a coil of rope in the dark mistakes it for a serpent. So it is we mistake the seeming for reality, and shape our life and conduct accordingly. Every bit of rope is taken for a serpent. What with dodging imaginary snakes we are kept in a perpetual tremor. Especially is this true of our relation to the physical environment; but illusion dominates our aims and ambitions as well. Happiness writes itself on every ambition but rests in none. With what a speciousness does the golden casket ever commend itself to our notice. But philosophy bids us choose the leaden.

Before us passes the endless masquerade—Fame, Riches, Ambition, Learning, and the rest: always the same things, now in one guise and now in another. Always Appetite parades to and fro. They know well how to allure. None know our weaknesses better

than they. They have one set of tactics for the man of the world and another for the scholar. "We are real," say they; "all else is dream." And philosophy alone is not deceived, knowing well that in the end experience also shall see through the mask. Our days are clouded with desire,—so much desire, so much disappointment. We are schooled to believe that without this, life would be tame and colorless. Experience does not confirm this, but every new generation must learn for itself. Philosophy is perhaps but the sum of the race experience as tradition is the sum of its beliefs. Desire is a flame; if it is not fed it will not burn; the more fuel, the hotter it is. Sooner or later serenity, content, health, are sacrificed, one and all, in this consuming fire. All this sacrifice is that we may be happy, but obviously we are not so. Let this fire go out for lack of fuel, and in the clear light of day we may recollect ourselves. So long as we are crazed for possession, serenity is not for us. The fever must abate. Possess yourself, and let the rest go, and presently you shall find your ship has come in.

Philosophy has scored this triumph that it has taken the tangled threads of negation and traced them home to one fell root — belief. It has shown that thence proceed in dire array the phantasms of this earth-life: disease and sin and death, flowing thence over all the world. This too solid matter,— just as real and enduring as eye and ear, wherein with childlike faith and with intellect's calm assurance we locate all sensation, pleasure, pain, and hence go aching to our graves,— this is but one of these same tangled threads, and its source — belief. These

doubts, these fears, these lusts of life and wealth and power, these thousand pleasures of sense to a thousand pains allied — all tangled threads from the self-same source. So, too, this great white throne, this old white god, this other god with cloven hoof, these gates of pearl, these fires of hell, these many foes, these many fears, this awful trump of a last awful day, this vanishing knowledge, these material laws, these pitiful aims, these hot desires, these hosts of follies, furies, frenzies, all children of this heartless, soulless parent — belief. Heal us, then, O Truth of our beliefs! Cut the tangled skein in frenzy woven and bid us go free. Let Perseus strike and Theseus hew till earth be free at length of dragon, gorgon, monster.

One mind, one life, and one only; yet so has illusion beguiled, so does belief impose, that we see myriad minds, myriad lives, a chaos of desires and aims and ends — diversity everywhere and unity nowhere. Civilization breeds beliefs; education of a kind multiplies them. In the history of medicine, each year has produced its quota of diseases and eliminated none, till now their name is legion. A thousand ills, mishaps, complaints, may befall us where the savage trembles at but one, to such degree have bred in us beliefs — prolific of a truth as aphids, a sort of parthenogenetic increase which would bid fair to overrun the world were it not for the constant influx of truth. The history of astronomy with its geocentric system, and earth a floating pancake; of geography with its ever-enlarging map of the same old world, first only so large as Alexander, Xerxes, Hannibal or another could see, and now the white

spaces crowded to the Poles — whereas once the world was Babylon, once Troy, Carthage, Rome: such are but typical of man's expanding beliefs with regard to himself — beliefs which the Spirit of Truth, ever active, never dormant, keeps ever moving, broadening, expanding.

Rightly to interpret the influences that play upon us and justly appraise the values of what the world presents to our notice — experience and philosophy both have this in view, but a little philosophy in our make-up saves us a vast deal of experience. Experience is the long way around. In this regard, selfishness involves the harder experience, for it requires the more chastening. Pure unselfishness of character averts from itself much. To such characters certain experiences are rendered superfluous. For what is experience but a bitter medicine for minds suffering from a lack of understanding. A philosophy truly our own does much more than render us stoical to experience,— it *averts* experience. For we are liable only in so far as our habit of thought makes us so. Wisdom is exempt. What is real? What is worth while? Wherein does happiness consist? These are the problems philosophy undertakes to solve. It is these questions as well that religion has set itself to answer, and herein it always fails so long as it works apart from philosophy. Salvation comes through wisdom, and if any man preach salvation through other means than this you may reckon him a false prophet. And for all purpose in life we are to gain wisdom that we may be free, and to help others so do; we only deceive ourselves into other aims. Institutional religion has ever denied present happiness

and made it a matter of future reward for present virtue. Philosophy sees it to lie in virtue itself and to be superior to rewards. The inwardness of the kingdom of heaven is a matter of philosophic insight rather than of religious conviction. Philosophy thus offers us the necessary correction to our raw and crude impressions and concepts. In its light we may interpret the desires and aversions aroused in us and refer them to their origin. So have we it in our power to rest superior to these. Without it the impulsive nature is the sport of its desires, and being unable to interpret these or trace their manifold effects to a common origin is whirled away as in a cyclone. It is for lack of philosophic insight we commonly assign such disproportionate values to our sensations, as though life were sensation; and so again with the emotions.

Philosophy leads me moreover to analyze my manifold conceptions of myself and to reject such as prove spurious, until happily I arrive at that which is fundamental: so to identify the consciousness with the real and changeless. Herein is it truly a ministry of beauty — the good office of the soul indeed to the bewildered consciousness. When we have found rest in the Spirit we are as a rock in the turbulent sea. But it is full of renunciations. It is hard to let go these notions. On one hand, the soul draws, on the other, illusion still postures. But we let go of nothing real — only our beliefs. Whatsoever is real is inseparable from me, is a portion of the soul's estate. The real dies not: the rest is belief, and dies with the lack of recognition. To front our beliefs, then, with a brave heart while we cleave to the real

is the sum and substance of any philosophy of life, nor can the books do more than to endlessly elaborate this simple theme.

When all's said and done, philosophy will not suffice in itself any more than will religion. The two are complemental, and stand in unalterable relation. Surely we have seen enough of irreligious philosophies and unphilosophic religions. We must stand in such balanced relations to the two that what we feel and will coincides with what we reason and know.

V. THE WORLD-MESSAGE

THERE was upon a time, in the East, a burst of splendor as of an eruption, whereof the particles floated throughout the atmosphere of the world, and still hang suspended, giving us a certain faint and spiritual glow in which we see things by another, more ethereal, light. One is reminded that in our commonest acts we are lighted by no earthly light but by the radiance of other worlds. But the land itself was, as it were, burned up by that fiery upheaval, and there is left for its portion only a scarred and desolate grandeur. There broods over Palestine the spirit of a transcendent dream, and the land is hushed as by the memory of a divine event—struck dumb by the power of the message which came out of the heavens. As the traveler first steps on that shore, he seems on the instant to sever association with the present and to recede, as by magic, into the remote past. The land lies under an enchantment, and all the men and women appear spectral and shadowy and pass like figures in a dream.

If, today, we penetrate the remotest wilderness of the New World, we find some, cherishing a dim and confused notion of that message, and still attempting to read the facts of life by the faint glow in the heavens, ever present since that eruption of antiquity. There is in all history no other fact so remarkable as this, which passeth understanding: how the

countless hosts to be born in the following centuries were yet to feel the effect of that spiritual light, to read by it in their sane and uplifted moments, and to feel somehow they must cover their eyes if they would do anything unworthy themselves and their divine estate.

Yet the simple fact, as it appeals to the rational consciousness, was the appearance of a man gifted with a perception of the soul; a man of heart and vision, who saw that love was the substance of life—was life itself. The world attributes that almost inconceivable influence to the man, but it is to be explained only by the force of the *message*. He spoke so true that, however the lips may deny, the hearts of men will *not* gainsay. It is we who spoke there as well—thou and I. It was the impersonal voice of love speaking ever to the world, as constant as the surf on the shore. When the wind is our way we hear it. If a man arrogates to himself some privilege and deny it to other men, we do not applaud him. But let him speak of universal prerogatives and we listen. It is for this we heed that poet-prophet of Nazareth, though we would fain believe it is for some other reason. If Jesus did not speak for thee and for me, did not believe equally for us and for the last man on earth, what he so confidently asserted for himself—then it was nothing.

Thou also art the Life and the Resurrection. It is the deathless omniscient soul in thee, that was in him, and is in me. How readily the world accepts what Jesus said of himself, while it refuses to share in the assertion! He spoke of the One, which we see through the mist of illusion. He identified himself

with the One, while we associate ourselves with the mist. What you are willing to believe for that divine man, believe equally for yourself, for divinity sleeps in us all. I do not know why we are so poor in hopes of humanity that we can see but one man in all history, and should look for no further incarnation of virtue. In the snoring company of the world, one man was awake, and so we are content to sleep on. But his affair was to awaken the sleepers; for as soon as a man takes his hands from his eyes and sees the light of day, he must set about bringing others into the sunshine of life. How shall he do this until they also have removed their hands from *their* eyes?

The philosophy of Jesus had all been set forth, and far more elaborately, in the monistic philosophy of the Upanishads. He asserted nothing with reference to the nature of man that has not long been practised and preached in India. And, as for that, throughout the Psalms of David runs this same golden thread — for the "Lord" of the Psalms is the "Self" of the Upanishads. "Be still and know that I am God," was spoken from the soul to the bewildered consciousness even from the foundation of the world. It was an oriental point of view, and Jesus was eminently oriental. Witness his lofty disdain of the world and of the life of externals. It was for the *love* in this man's message, the transcendent love of God as expressed in his love of men, that the West has sat all these centuries at the feet of Palestine rather than of India. This was the lack in Indian thought. "Thou shalt *realize* thy freedom," was the message of India. But that we should help another to free himself, was the message of Jesus. This rings

true with us, where the other falls somewhat cold on our ears. There is that in us which subscribes to this, however we may belie it in our daily life. And yet we must recognize that until a man has gained wisdom of himself he can in no wise instruct another. Only the free can point the way to freedom. It is for lack of this recognition we have so many blind leaders. The day is coming when we shall do this man justice; when we shall see that in place of "dying to save us"—whatever that may mean—he *lived* to minister unto men by force of his love and wisdom. Ah, there was a great heart—a great heart and a keen vision, yet in all history none less understood. He so practical; we so visionary! He spoke always of life, of that everlasting life in which this little experience of the world is but an incident.

The nature of that life of which he spoke is pure love; and whenever here we are irradiated for any time, however short, with love and compassion, we awake, as it were, into that life and find ourselves in that subjective kingdom of heaven. That we might *stay* awake a little while! There is so much talk of a little sleep to come! It is not sleep we need, but to arise from our dreams. We are already hypnotized. Every man born into the world is on the instant and from that time forth hypnotized by the deception of the senses, by the force of tradition, by his own selfishness. The prophets and seers have been those who have sought to *de*hypnotize us.

Let us come to the facts. What concern have we with the future? 'Tis paltry and mean to be so anxious to save one's skin. But to feel that for one day—this day—we have completely surrendered to

a life of wholeness and sweetness and compassion—that were worth while. A little love sweetens life so; a little charity of thought is so fair an oasis in the worldly desert! Could all men together so feel for one day, the desert would bloom though it were mid-winter. What are all our philosophic speculations as compared with this—that we should have charity of thought? Be good to the poor! Aye, but be good to the rich. Do not suppose that money takes the place of love. The poor in love are the afflicted of the world; of all desolate sights—a loveless life! What can money do for them?

There is one nature common to us all. We see by one light; we grope in the same mist. Why should we be so hard with one another? A little kindness will move mountains, and for lack of it we must call out regiments. If we are cold and selfish, what need we expect? But act like a man with a heart in your body, and you shall have kindly service where you had but grudging toil. Let no appearances deceive you—there is a good heart in man; yet with what measure we mete to the ignorant it shall be meted to us again. Or why must one consider his employer an ogre, and not see that he also is a man sensible to good-will and faithful service? Sad is it that Capital and Labor must ever see-saw and grimace on this log of selfishness. If you are hard-eyed to the world it will look hard-eyed at you. The wise smile at political economies and treatises on morals and ethics. It is the practical culture of the humanities we need—more love in the heart. Teach me kindly interest in my fellows; imbue my character with this, and you have given me a foundation that will stand.

It is something, to be sure, to be charitable with our money; but far greater is charity of *thought.* We have not buried the hatchet until we have so ordered our thinking. Why, indeed, are we in such haste to condemn this man or that? Were we in another's shoes, perchance we would do no better. And could he assume our point of view, doubtless he would mend his ways. It is plain enough in the narrow village-life that, let the boy or girl go astray, and there are few thoughts sent out to uplift; but there is directed against them a whole battery of mental censure—as if it were not enough that they should fall, but they must be held down! We do not recognize the power of thought—there's the rub. We believe in wireless telegraphy, but not yet in telepathy. Well, one is no more astonishing than the other, and both are facts. What odds is it if one send congratulations to the king by wireless telegraph, but a steady flow of criticism and unkindness to his neighbor by telepathy? Let us put away our money for a day and institute a course in charitable thinking, that we may arrive at the root of charity.

Love, then, was the burden of that world-message which came out of Palestine; and this has, in a degree, appealed to us in the West as sound and true. But there are other and none the less significant ideas with which that message was fraught, that we have utterly failed to grasp—and this because we *are* of the West. It would be obvious to the oriental mind that religion with Jesus was wholly a matter of *realization,* and not at all a question of creeds or dogmas. He *realized* where we dogmatize, and from that realization derived his immense powers—powers that

are latent in man and await recognition. To realize the Absolute and Unconditioned in place of the apparent and phenomenal has ever been the oriental concept of religion—and this was the religion of Jesus. Why talk of "miracles," or of a supernatural, when we have only explored the very outskirts of that which we designate as "natural"? Give us a little realization of the soul's estate, and we shall ourselves perform miracles, every one. It seems that the *natural* world is very elastic, and that it expands with our growing ideas and already includes much that was formerly classed as supernatural.

In all times, idealism has been the hope of the world. There has lived no greater idealist than this Galilean. There has been preached no purer idealism than he proclaimed. The kingdom of heaven is within, within, within—it was a message of transcendent idealism. Mark how he ever associated morals with health—the cause and the result. His philosophy bore fruit always. He healed the sick—so practical was that ideal by which he lived.

Pray, what fruit does our theology bear, what sick are healed, what lepers cleansed? So long as we divorce morals and health, thought and its consequence, we are unable to see any cause for our afflictions. But once let us return to that spiritual point of view, and, behold!—the cause and the remedy.

Jesus took his departure from within—never from without; and his outer life was thus suffused by that inner Light which shed its luster over his commonest act. He made himself the instrument of divine activities, the unobstructed channel of the

Spirit; and this through identifying his self-consciousness with God. It was thus he became the medium of that world-message which from time immemorial has been so misconstrued, and which in brief is this: *Realize* thy oneness with God—with the Eternal, here and now—and express to the utmost and to all men the love that is in thee. And the renunciation which Jesus taught as the way of life was but the natural corollary to this. We must perforce renounce selfishness as we see the wisdom and beauty of unselfishness; we let go of the seeming as we approach the real.

And what of the resurrection? It is superstition, merely, we have been listening to. The significance of any resurrection is that one should rise from the grave of a besotted consciousness, illumined, and transfigured by a new and better state of mind. No grave save this has held us, or ever shall indeed. Life is itself a death. We die constantly that we may have life, and the whole process is a resurrection. The trailing Christmas green affords a good analogy in nature to the course of spiritual evolution, for while it grows and advances in one direction it dies and recedes in the other. I take the self-reliant spider, evolving from itself the thread on which its life hangs, to be typical of the estate of man, who is to evolve from within that thread of wisdom on which he shall swing free at last. Surely it is not so much our concern how long we may live, as *how* we shall live. Above all, let us live well, as becomes men, amply nourished from the abundant source of truth. "Thus deeply and greatly have I loved"—in this shall be their solace. In that day

when a man has made friends with himself, made no apologies, thought no unkind thoughts, kept himself open to the divine influences, lived free and unfettered — in that day he shall be at peace. To gain this he must die to many things and arise a new man.

Life, then, is a continual resurrection. My graves are scattered far and wide over the earth. Tell me, hast thou arisen from no tomb? But what of that ultimate resurrection when this garment of flesh shall be laid aside? Consider the mockery of these empty tombs. When one plants a bulb he does not weep, knowing that for his bulb he shall presently have a lily. What if he should refuse to plant the seed — what if he will not part with his bulb? The sowing is an act of faith. Ah, let us increase the measure of our faith. These whom we know here are not so much men and women, as seed from which are to spring the true men and women.

Reflect in the graveyard — what if our consideration for the living were in any way commensurate with our respect for the dead? From the inscriptions it would appear the departed were men of many virtues; but their neighbors had for them mostly fault-finding and criticism. This monument to the hero gives no token of the vituperation and abuse that were heaped upon him. How many *friends* had this man? We stand, then, in more just and kindly relations to the dead than to the living. This exaggerated respect for the dead as such, this Chinese veneration, has its roots often enough in remorse for our shortcomings to the living. Well, it is all a farce. There are no dead — but there are many sleepers here on earth.

If we have lived wisely, then let us prepare, not for death, but for a larger, fuller life. It is but a transition for which life should have prepared us. The wings of freedom have been folded here on earth a little while. Birth and death are one, for every death is but a birth into another sphere; as to be born into one world is at the same time to die to some other. We must leave one room as we enter the next.

Whence were we born? It is that land we seek. Whence came we for this brief sojourn? We must have loved that as now we love this — aye, more, since that is our *native* land and this an adopted country. Yet, coming to this land of the lotus-eaters, we can no longer remember, or but faintly recall it now and then. They who are of like mind are our kindred. Some of these are yet on earth, but the greater part we know only by their thoughts that have come down to us. Yet we are all of the same family. They whom we know as wife and child are but those of our immortal kindred who also have left home and journeyed here through the mystic portals of birth. We are not native to this America or England, but immigrants merely — but lately arrived and stupid enough. In our hearts we cherish still the Fatherland.

Be not deceived — the significance of that world-message is to be read in the philosophy of Jesus as expressed in his life and conduct. It is true he rose from the dead. While yet a boy he rose from the grave into the consciousness of the Spirit. It is that resurrection which concerns us most. Never for an instant was that man wholly native to this world, but

to some interior and spiritual world always. His best thought was inspired by the memory of that Elysium where his treasure lay. If we are to heed that message at all, let us construe it aright. Let us never put off the hour of our resurrection. *Today* arise from thy dead thoughts and live a divine life. It is nothing to cast off this body if we do not also cast from us these old wrappings of thought. We shall be transformed solely by the renewing of the mind. Where love is, there is heaven—there is our *native* land.

VI. THE HEART OF IT

LIFE AS we know it consists of relationship—our relation to God, our relation to man, our relation to nature. The problem which confronts us at all times is that we shall establish these relations upon a wise basis.

During the Dark Ages and until recently men were troubled concerning what to them appeared to be their relation to God. That atonement should be made to the God whose wrath had been incurred—that He might be placated—was a vital consideration. The fear that such atonement might not be consummated was in itself akin to hell. It was to this fear the theologian addressed himself; this he aroused to the utmost. It inspired his eloquence; it was the keynote of his power. It obscured, too, the clear sight of the poet. Witness the gloomy Dante at whom the children pointed as one who had actually been in the underworld. The influence of preacher and theologian was due largely to fear. It was the lever of their day as it is always the lever that will move the ignorant. Fear was the secret of the immense power wielded by Savonarola, which packed the Duomo and moved the Florentines to relinquish their jewels and trinkets at his bidding. The ignorance of the audience was a larger factor than the wisdom of the preacher. Had he preached to a philosophical audience, or a critical audience, his lever would have been too short; but he preached to a

Tuscan audience, and his dogmas caused the people to shake in their shoes.

With the passing of dogma, however, this pseudo-relation of man to God is no longer a factor in his life. It remains for the coming years and the coming man to establish the true relation. Never again can fear be the lever in moving the world it once has been. It has lost its efficacy in the matter of religion, albeit it is dominant in relation to the material welfare. We have replaced fears theological with fears medical. But this will pass also. Today our relation to God is seemingly not so vital as once, for the very reason that fear as a factor in religion is becoming a thing of the past, and love is but slowly taking its place. How slowly indeed we may perceive when we consider that Jesus himself preached the new order of relationship, himself preached the love of God as the great necessity, and yet we are but now coming to it—so immeasurably was that man in advance of his times.

Our relation to nature is dual; it has its roots in necessity and in beauty. With the common necessity we are all too familiar. Our relation to it has made us slaves of the lamp. It has turned work which should be a joy, into toil, which is lifeless, loveless, and no joy. It resolves our plan of life into a despairing clothes-and-food philosophy. Out of this maze of consciousness, this tyrannous habit of thought, a path leads to the greater freedom beyond; it is the way of beauty,—the higher necessity, the supreme necessity of beauty, which is to man himself as the common necessity is to his stomach. Nature ever opens to us the way, but few are able to perceive this

finer relation; only now and then a nature-poet, an outdoor naturalist, a mystic. And yet the love of nature in some slight degree is the common inheritance.

Man's relation to society he ever makes his chief concern. Hence the development of the science of ethics, of sociology, and the wide discussion of social and political questions: hence the gradual improvement of social relations and external conditions. But the individual is far from happy still, for we have not yet come to the heart of it which is the love of God. Indeed, the relation to God is quite left out of our calculations; they are characterized by a lack of trust in the All Wise, the Power which ever makes for good. Out of this lack of trust come many reforms that do not reform. For lack of faith men become anarchists and nihilists if of one temperament, suicides if of another. Socialism and nihilism, each in its way is extreme evidence of the stress laid upon the solution of the social problem. Men despair of happiness through failure to adjust themselves to this social relation,—as much as to say that capital is happy while labor is not. But if the truth were known, capital is not so—is often further from the goal. Happiness comes with the perception of the soul, with the right adjustment to life eternal, and this is a spiritual not an external relation. What shall it profit us indeed if we gain the whole world and have not this perception?

Not legislation and reforms so much as brotherhood—the beautiful gospel of brotherhood—is the hope of the world. Here is the standard; let the reformer measure himself by this. By this token does

anarchy publish its own baseness. That is a pernicious social dogma which teaches every rich man is an ogre. Why so uncharitable to the rich? Are we such shallow sophists as to suppose money buys all their needs? Do you not know how hard they must work to gain a little happiness? Is not the common heart in them as well? These class distinctions are misleading. We are all laborers in the one field; we may be capitalists every one in truth. Be rich in love and no man will envy you. Be extravagant in good-will only and you will occasion no discontent.

The relation of man to God properly underlies the rest — subsists in all others. We lack because we have not yet established this in all its fulness. We are separated from God in consciousness, and so feel isolated and helpless. The very preacher himself has no abiding conviction of what God is. God remains to us an abstraction — a myth. But God is Love, and to love is to have your life in God. We have life only as we love, and the more love the more life. The absence of love is the only death — a living death. Would that we could see this to be the truth; that we could see that here is no matter of sentiment but the very philosophy of life: Open your heart! Open your heart! Let your relation to God, to man, to nature be one of love. More love, more love is the need of the world. Love the flowers, the birds, the children; love humanity; love God, and your love shall come back to you an hundred-fold, for love shall sustain you. God is our life, our strength, and God is Love. Open your heart, then. Come out of your shell. Claim your life in God. The kingdom of

heaven is for the whole-souled, the big-hearted, the pure-minded. You fearful ones—flitting like bats in the twilight of your fears—come out into the light of day, into the sunshine of love, that you may be healed and made whole. Let us live one brave day, one day of perfect love, though it were to be our last.

God must cease to be to us an abstraction, must become real, actual and potent in our lives. This is to be brought about by a change of heart, a renewal of the consciousness. God is to man as the sun is to the plant, so vital is the relation. The flower turns its face to the sun, follows the sun, lives by it. It is one of the analogies with which nature is replete. So is it for man to turn toward God to find his life in the Spirit,—to derive power, inspiration, wisdom. As we love we are open to these, and life flows to us—blossoms in art and work. But whatever is not of love closes the door to the influx of good, and life becomes lean and impoverished. It is no miracle; it is not luck, good or bad, but the simple working of the law. Love calls forth love. Only to think love, sets in motion cosmic energies.

It is no mere dogma that God is omnipresent. But it is seemingly one of the conditions of assuming life on this plane that we should be ignorant of this; and it is a labor of Hercules that we should become enlightened. Then shall we have life indeed—the abundant life. We are weak because we would stand alone; we become strong when we realize our oneness. This relation is to be established purely through love—in no other way.

The same conditions beset our relations with society. We deem ourselves isolated, separate, of

diverse and opposing interests. 'Tis the common illusion, the fog which lies over the world. Once we get our heads above it we see it is but a mist. There can be no real opposing interests. Mankind is a unit. Its true aims are identical. There is one purpose, one goal, one life; the rest is a seeming, a mirage. There is no good but the general good. We never profit at another's expense. We befriend ourselves most when we befriend others. There is a law over and above us which regulates this. We are so linked to all men that our very thoughts serve to establish our relationship. The frank and open-hearted meet everywhere with greater frankness than others. We are encompassed with spiritual laws; we live in a sphere of motives, and these determine the status of our acts. Society may be shallow — granted the world is superficial — but the laws whereby we establish our relation to these and attract our environment are inexorable and deep-rooted in our being. Even shallow men are guided somewhat by intuitions far wiser than they know. Let a man be sound of heart, and there will gravitate to him conditions favorable to a harmonious environment; let him add to this, wisdom, and his life shall be serene and unclouded. It is according to character and ability we attract our lot. It is true that genius often seems neglected, but it is genius in one direction only; it is poverty in other directions, and so draws to itself no complete life — for it is the sum total of character that counts. Talent with brush or chisel will not serve to offset a narrow and self-centered mind. Hence some men are seldom in harmonious relations to others; but it is their own defect of temperament and disposition

that throws them out of gear. Nature aims to round and balance; it is the process we find painful. The wearing away of the angularities costs us many a tear.

Our attitude to the world, then, is largely responsible for its relation to us. All rays must come through our own glass and are focussed accordingly. The near-sighted and far-sighted see everything out of focus. A defect of temperament makes all the world seem askew. So is ignorance a smoked glass, and self-love contracts the field of vision. Wisdom is the only clear glass through which to look. Clear-sightedness depends on the ability to see God as omnipresent—to see the good in everything. Just so nature meets us. The unwise are the victims of the superstitions of matter. Water is good to drink but must not wet the feet; air is good to breathe but must not blow on the head,—these are superstitions, not laws, and when we ache and snuffle it is but our own fears reflected back upon us. To sanity, nature is ever wholesome.

We are to look for God not in the dim future in some distant paradise, but here in humanity and in nature. Man is himself the inlet to divinity. Let not the skeptics and cynics deceive you as to this. Man is now a spiritual being, but encrusted with materiality. Hence our true relationship is now spiritual; it becomes real and of worth as realized. How are we deceived by appearances that we believe we are to become spirits but cannot see that we are already such? It is not altered by the fact of bodily expression. But upon this perception rests our truest and best relation to men. Indeed we can have no noble

relationship so long as we regard man as physical merely.

We shall see in the body the temple of the Spirit; if a ruined temple, one we would none the less restore and consecrate to its proper service—the service of the Most High. That service is health of body no less than sanity of mind and serenity of spirit. For how shall we serve Him from whom proceed health and sanity and love, save by being healthy, sane and loving? Shall we sing hymns to the Author of harmony who have neither harmony nor melody in our lives? No; but because we seek the heart of it we shall live harmoniously, and this shall be our service to harmony. Our lives shall be sweet and melodious, and this our offering to melody. A fine life—a fine sweet life; what nobler service can there be? What is all the talking and the writing to right living? This is the only hymn of praise that is more than a name. It is not the tongue that chants, but the heart. Let us serve thus; but rather than any sham, let us serve the devil. May we build, then, every one a temple after that divine pattern which stands the type of beauty; not in wood and stone, but in flesh and blood, until that hour come wherein we shall be given finer and more enduring material with which to build. "Entrust to truth whatsoever thou hast from the truth," says Augustine in his confessions, "and thou shalt lose nothing; and thy decay shall bloom again, and thy disease be healed, and thy mortal parts be reformed and renewed."

We children of the Most High must have the heart of it—the pith and essence of life—that we may come to write the soul into history and transmute

philosophy into life and conduct, thought into serenity and power. And this in the name of no institution and no man, but in the name of God, Brother—in the name of the Eternal, which is Love. This must we do in virtue of what we *are;* we shall offer this atonement for the years lived to what we were *not.*

Seeking the heart of it we shall meet life and bring it to terms, nor try to escape it; and nevermore forever shall it seem mean to us. We have now this assurance, that the ideal, which was sentiment, has become *power.* We shall bid the personal man unmask that we may speak face to face, that we may make some communication worth the while; read into the heart of books—when such they have—and into the hearts of men. Is it real? If it is real it will suffice. But first of all, it is ourselves we must scrutinize, or that we supposed ourselves to be, and this too must be laid aside. And what is all this but a plea for religion—a protest against the irreligion of the times, against the sham of religion. We shall seek the heart and soul of religion as the pearl of price, as the hidden treasure in comparison with which all else is trivial and fleeting—without which we cannot live. So shall we sometime commemorate those solemn nuptials, the marriage of Religion and Philosophy, of Morals and Health.

We shall reexamine ways and means and ends; unmask, unveil, and deal with things as they are, and no longer as they appear to be—realities in place of illusions—and so live to some purpose, if at all. In this process it shall become evident that religion is no mere retainer to life, but is life itself.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, is the only commandment — if indeed they need any commandment who would love that they might have life. With all thy soul, and heart, and mind — nothing less! But men have given a lukewarm regard, a feeble adoration at best, so feeble, so faithless, that they have pined and grown puny for want of faith and a great love, a deep love, an immeasurable love, which is alone adequate to the needs of man, — for this is the only warrant for existence, the only sufficient reason for experience, that we should come at last to the heart of it — the love of God. So are they blessed who remember the Creator in the days of their youth, for such are led, while the rest are driven.

Mothers, bring up your children to be the gentle souls of earth, — for the mere living amounts to little if we can impart no divine character to life. Brute force is so cheap. Mere men can be had for a song; they encumber the earth like a swarm of locusts — and what to do with the hordes! But disinterestedness is so rare as to be a virtue. We go out of our way to see it, so beautiful it is. It has taken on somewhat of the character of heroism, this simple thing, and we speak of it reverently. But it is only a getting nearer to the heart of it, as all lovableness is. The sweet lovableness with which gentle children play together must some day characterize the relation of larger children as well. Thou shalt become as a little child in trustfulness, in candor and gentleness, and so again attain to the blessed immunity of childhood. With all our cant of Scripture, with all the droning and the whining for which it has been the excuse, it nevertheless points to the heart of it — these ancient

poems which arose from an unclouded perception of the soul. But it takes perception to read them aright, else will you go to droning and whining likewise. "I am a worm." Aye, very likely to your impoverished view; but living should have taught something better. "I am a man, and I take the consequence of my act," till happily I draw a little nearer to Thee, ineffable One.

This drawing nearer to God receives now a new interpretation. The nearest approach to the Creator is through His creatures — and not away from them. We perceive that every man is somewhat of an inlet to Divinity — as all nature is; that all things are but an expression of it, and that we do not see them truly until we see them thus. Looking for God in our brother we no longer make capital of his defects. We would help in his restoration, and our mental and spiritual resources are his to command. The more he takes the more we have, and the service is mutual. Our God being the God of Love, or Harmony and Health, our sacrifice on the altar of life is ceaseless. Living and doing and thinking are all drawing nearer. Everything, indeed, invites us to draw nearer to God. For the creature is ever slipping away from us — ever passing from our sight, and "nothing is permanent but change." 'Tis *auf Wiedersehen*, and forever *auf Wiedersehen*. But change is based on love, and it is that which changeth not. That we shall love the Creator — such is the purpose; and so the universe knocks at our door. "We would be loved," say the men, the women, the birds, the flowers — "We would be loved," and they are gone and others are knocking. But in God we find our

lost loves. Here, and here only, is the permanent in lieu of the impermanent.

It may not be left unsaid that this service of the Most High is the only service that is real, that all else is a service of dreams, a pursuit of shadows. It is the end to which all ends are but the means. Were it not that those large terms, Omnipresence, Omnipotence and the rest still belong to theology rather than to life, it would be seen that this is self-evident. In view of their significance, where else is there to go? What else is there to do? Surely God and Not-God is poor philosophy and poor religion. Metaphysics has convinced us where theology failed; but we shall remember that love lies back of metaphysics, and in that day when this would seem to fail us, love, and love alone, shall be our refuge.

As we draw near to the heart of it, it is inevitable that sooner or later there should confront us that idea so inseparable from the nature of religion, so alien to the character of human aims and ambitions — the idea of renunciation. But this receives also a new interpretation, or rather it is seen that in its true and broad sense it is a far different thing from the narrow doctrine of the schools. But inevitable it surely is in the nature of things, as they who seek the heart of it must know. Shall we arrive at it through insight? Shall we learn it through experience? — for these two roads converge. "So self-renouncement, the main factor in conduct or righteousness," says Matthew Arnold, "is the secret of Jesus. Jesus, above every one, saw that it was *peace, joy, life.*" So much for insight. "Everything," said Goethe, "cries out to us that we must renounce." So much for experience.

What is it but the universal that forever spurs men onward in high or low degree according to their perception? We think it to be the individual and the particular. Nature fosters and God permits the illusion, but nevertheless it is the universal which lures or leads or compels as it may be. Every swallow beckons us as he dips and curves in his beautiful flight, every nodding flower, every blade of grass. But only the poet sees, and then and there experiences an inrush of the universal. Looking at a gem, it is in reality the light that is admired; but the comment is, "What a beautiful gem!" So is it with character, nobility—all the evidences of divinity in fact; it is the light again, but the comment, "What a grand man!" Now, happily we shall address ourselves to the Light itself.

Self-renunciation is thus a foregoing of that which but *appears* for the sake of that which *is*. It is virtually a coming to one's self. That we shall lose our lives in order to find them is the divine paradox, the riddle that we must be born again to answer. But until the love of God has blossomed in us there shall be no rest, no peace. We shall give up name and life that we may be no longer hindered—renounce them in favor of the Spirit, and so rise superior to the personal, and with the ascent gain a broader horizon, until, perchance, all limits fade away. It is thus that character grows mellow and sweet; it is thus serenity is attained.

I must live out of myself—live unto the universal. Self-interest is a stench in the nostrils at last. It is a mushroom fair and fragile in the morning hours—unsightly enough at the close of day. Pluck

the flower and it withers in the hand. Let me study to forget this I call *myself* and its sordid interests, if I am to have life, and enter the larger consciousness. So many dreams we have—so many dreams! But always to awake and find we are not vexed with our brother, but love him, and cannot do enough for him. And we are all brothers, children of the Most High. Nearer to God, then—and there is but one way. This great human family has somehow drunk so deep of some Lethean cup that now brother meets brother without recognition. We have forgotten each other; but there shall be great joy in the recognition at last.

VII. THE TENDENCY TO GOOD

ONE TENDENCY runs through all nature, ineradicable as truth itself — the tendency to good. It is the chord on which are strung worlds and systems of worlds, and it links together all men in all times. Let spring come, and who does not feel that a spell broods over the fast-flying planet; that this wild, eerie thing we call earth is none the less tamed and made docile — overtaken each year in its inconceivable flight through the immensity and subdued to a state of vernal loveliness? This tendency, as manifest in the ascent of species, we name Evolution. In obedience to it, ever and ever fairer types; from the eohippus to the horse; from the archeopteryx to thrush and sparrow; from the dim antiquity of crawling bugs to the wise bee and the ant.

So with man himself. In spite of war and politics, who is so dull he cannot perceive the moral and social evolution? What is history but the record of it? It is the evolution from the "good old times" to wiser and better times; from the days when grandees ate with their fingers and went armed to the teeth — when popes were libertines and dukes assassins; when only priests and scholars could read and write, and only poets and prophets could think — to this hopeful day wherein the ninety-and-nine can read — if not yet to much purpose, — and here and there a man can think for himself and make his own prayers: to say

nothing of antiquity, which only ended a short time ago, for all this is a recent transition. The world still selfish is not the same old world that was selfish, but a better one. We have reformed war if we have not yet reformed out of war. It is not that peace conferences do not mean anything, but they do not yet mean enough. To every age reformation — as if free thought and free speech were not a reformation, and this influx of idealism we name the New Thought as great a one as has been at any time — each and every one growing out of some abuse, some seeming evil. Let us thank the tendency to good for these things and go forward with a cheerful trust in the infinite possibilities of today.

We shall find that all abuses have within them the tendency to correction. Corruption undoes itself. Vice carries unavoidable penalties. Every defect in temperament, every departure from the norm of conduct, carries its correction as well. It is inexpedient to be angry, to worry, to be out of sorts — to be anything, in fact, other than a true and loving soul, trustful, serene, unselfish. And so disease shows forth the tendency to good in that it is itself a correction. The net result of experience ever urges man to perfection, which is but another way of saying that the end in view is self-union, or the realization of the soul. We have waited long to learn that error and disease are inseparable; that physical disintegration is a certain and exact register of moral disintegration. It is the integrity of the moral and spiritual nature that is threatened; and there is no warning so sure, so compelling, as pain. In the light of this, the old-time death-bed repentance is giving way to a living

repentance — a change of thinking — that shall bear fruit.

There is no privileged class; none are exempt. The thief robs himself of that which gold cannot buy. The ill-doer is all the time working against himself. There's no sowing thistles and reaping wheat. Observe how every man forfeits the equivalent of whatever he does unwisely, untruly, or unkindly, until sooner or later he sees it to be a losing game.

But the earnest seeker complains that the doctors frighten us out of our wits with their microbes, and the Christian Scientists with their thoughts; the one is to him as much a nightmare as the other, and between them he is at a loss what to do — so is he seemingly beset behind and before. Let him be resigned, then, to the love of God, and let come what will. By wholesome reasoning and a robust faith we are made proof against all conspiracies. If we must listen to dismal forebodings, let us still bear in mind that there is an inheritance of health; that goodness and joy are contagious; that love ever heals and truth inspires. Because the steam that propels us may explode or the fire that cooks our food may burn us, are we to see only casualties and calamities as the outcome of that beneficence which placed energy at our disposal, to be saddled and bridled and ridden to market?

There is but one thing that we may never hope to escape, and that is the tendency to good. As for our thoughts, if the one class work against us, the reverse will be to our credit; and so the remedy is always at hand. Where is there anything terrible in this? But the microbes — pouf! God does not hold

man so cheap as that. The dogs of Stamboul are esteemed by the unspeakable Turk, not so much as dogs but as scavengers. They are excellent scavengers, albeit most unattractive dogs. Be charitable, then, to the microbe, in that Providence has in all love appointed him to the office of scavenger.

Neither be alarmed at the predictions of the soothsayers — the chiromants, phrenologists, and astrologers, pertinent though their disclosures may be. They may indicate such a defect or such a tendency, but the ultimate grandeur of your destiny they can by no means disclose. We are not bounded by the bumps on the head nor the lines on the hand, nor shall all the stars of the firmament constrain the spirit of man to be other than free. And though the moon affect us as it does the tides, it is but a little surface irritation after all. It is as good to be born into the sign of Scorpio as that of Leo, or another. There is neither day nor star, nor aught in the universe, inimical to the true interests of the sons of God. But in our second birth we are born into Eternity and reflect the virtue of the zodiac entire, which is completeness and wholeness.

We are naturally biased, in our view of destiny, according to the outcome of our particular ventures. Men argue that life or marriage is a success or failure from the standpoint of their own experience; for, let them examine the case as they will, their own bias becomes the center about which all facts and statistics arrange themselves, like filings around a magnet. It is almost as hard to bring ourselves to believe the uses of adversity are sweet as it is to find the jewel in the head of the toad. And this holds so

long as we lack perspective. But presently we are whirled away from our viewpoint, and perspective created for us, and as we look back the rough outlines fade.

There are people forever harping on the decadence of things — of manners, of customs, of the world in general: as if decay were not essential to all progress, to all renewal. It nurtures the seed and sustains the plant. The decadence of the institution is indeed the main hope of society. One says the cherries are not so large as when he was a boy. Ah, friend, 'tis not the cherry, but *you*, that falls short. The cherry renews with the spring, but you know no renewal. The gusto, the appetite, the optimism of boyhood have long forsaken you. Your barren eye sees a barren earth; your dwindling hope, your waning faith, sees all things dwindle and wane. And so the cherries are not so large as once, nor manners so good, nor maids so fair, nor friends so true. Come, renew, and the old world will renew with thee — cherries shall be as luscious as of old and all things good with a new goodness.

Still others lament the decline in the influence of the classics. What, then, is classic save truth, and for that matter the sun, and the wind, and the rain? These do not decline. Truth is ever new. The ancients had their day; shall we not have ours? What, then, is the desideratum? Not to absorb the classics, surely, but to *create* the classic. And if in our deference to the musty past we create no new classic, it is the tendency to good that shall carry us out of the fatal miasma of the past and give us health and vigor to build anew. It is this process that calls forth the

lament. In the *Arabian Nights* tale they who looked back were turned to stone. It must have been true in life then as it is today, and illustrations are never wanting. China has kept her moral and intellectual eyes on her classic past, and she has turned to stone; her neck is twisted so she can no longer see ahead, but only backward. Observe now that the tendency to good in the name of Progress is about to break the ossified neck and reset the head, that the eyes may once more look forward. Doubtless greed and avarice will be in evidence, but they can do no more than retard—they can never prevent.

Foremost of lamentations is over the supposed decadence of religion. There is a wailing round about the crumbling walls of a creed that has served its day: much as certain of the Hebrews' wail before those few stones—all that are left of the ancient walls of Jerusalem. A sorry spectacle, these faithful Hebrews, with their antique garb, their drooping curls, beating their venerable breasts and wringing their hands for a day that is gone—waiting and watching for the impossible and the inexpedient, for the day that is gone will never return—neither for Jew nor Gentile. The tendency to good bids us welcome the revision of creeds and the "higher criticism"; bids us open our arms to the heretic and the liberal, one and all, as the heralds of the dawn of religion.

This tendency, working throughout every man's life, bids him choose constantly between one and another means or end; bids him often renounce—and thence come the crucifixions. But if he will not heed—will not renounce—there is friction, disappointment, and what not; and he says life is hard

and things are all askew. In the Kata-Upanishad, Yama is made to say: "The good is one thing, the pleasant another; these two, having different objects, chain a man. It is well with him who clings to the good; he who chooses the pleasant misses his end." Here, of course, it is easy to see the working. The poor sot, the opium fiend, knows himself to be his own worst enemy, and, child of God that he is, recognizes an influence calling him for good. But he would fain excuse himself on the ground that his evil genius is the stronger of the two. Let him realize—and this is the divine possibility of the weakest—that such is not so, and he throws off his bondage. And though society rejects, God never does. It takes indeed a considerable force to resist this tendency. The weak are sometimes good in virtue of their lack of force to resist, and herein their very weakness serves them. Just so the strong may be vicious because of their misapplied force. Let such a man recover himself and use his force aright, and he shall make his strength known.

There is so much inharmony, so much friction in our lives that we are oppressed to the point of suffocation, and say there is not air to breathe—that life is only tolerable for the rich or for royalty. We cannot see that kings die of fright and the rich for want of something real to do. But a wise view of our discontent shows here as well the tendency to good working throughout individual and national aims. When we must be driven, friction is often the lash. Out of it came at last a revolt that led to the American commonwealth. Out of it, too, came the downfall of the Shoguns and the overthrow of a dual and arbitrary

government in Japan; again, the opening of Japanese ports to the world, and so of Japanese minds to new ideas, and thence a new Japan. And so in all history,—always friction urging a rupture to the end that abuses shall be corrected and wise measures established which shall vindicate the ever-watchful tendency to good.

Friction forces the great man step by step out of the narrow environment into the larger sphere. He leaves the village, the store, the farm, and finds himself at the beginning of a career. Then he is left to choose to what end he will use it—whether his aims shall be personal or universal. And if it is ambition he chooses, then it is friction again—the friction of disappointment, of injustice, of selfishness—that shall turn him once more.

There is a purpose in events; believe in it, and wait. The poet, the scholar, laments, perhaps, that he finds not that sympathy he thinks should be his. But let him look closer and see in the world's attitude that resistance he most needs, which shall help him make life into poetry and give substance to his verse, that it may be something other than moonshine and soap-bubbles. The musician must have experience of life, else how can he interpret? He must bring heart and soul to bear or there will be no depth nor feeling to his touch. Let a shallow person play Chopin or Beethoven—be it never so correctly—and what is the result? It has been observed that the prima donna must have known sorrow before she can touch the hearts of the people. Her sorrow has brought that quality to her voice which she can neither affect nor conceal. Thus the

varied experience, the intensity of living, becomes inspiration to the virtuoso, which, when the spirit moves, communicates itself to his hearers. We have not learned to thank our stars, nor learned our stars indeed. He that is rescued from peril feels then a renewed sense of gratitude that warms his heart and sweetens his life. Sorrow draws us nearer to men in a common bond. The young preacher who has had no experience of life talks from his head and his books, and not yet from his heart, and his parishioners defer to the office rather than the man; for it is they who can instruct him.

But these exemplary souls, these Christian lives — why are they afflicted? Here again it is brought home to us that none are exempt — least of all the unwise, though sincerity and earnestness go far to atone. When we live to the Christ in ourselves and serve alone the immanent God whose service is true thinking, true seeing, true living, doubtless the affliction will pass. Resignation is the vice of these patient souls; resignation, be it said, to the outcome of their illusions. They mistake correction for affliction, and pray only that they may be resigned to it. Let us remember that even to serve God unwisely is no virtue; for what true service can there be other than love and wisdom? We prate of the Will of God, unmindful that in the nature of things the Divine Will cannot be other than peace, joy, harmony. Let us be resigned then to these, and these only. It passeth understanding how the service of poverty, illness and gloom could be acceptable to the most erratic despot. There's room for common sense even in our prayers.

Are we to have no lament, then? Shall we not mourn? "If ye keep my word," said the Master, "ye shall never see death." Only the dead see death, as only the living know life. That we see death is evidence that there are fibers of our being that feel not yet the flow and impulse of life. We have lived to the body, and so we mourn. But we shall yet live to the Spirit, which passeth not, and so dry our tears. We shall live with our own in the Spirit in the here and now, never more to part, and so fulfil that prophecy. But logic is no balm, and the best argument an impertinence to the bereaved. Wisdom only, wisdom to live truly, to draw near to the soul we call wife, or child, or brother—this alone will answer; and in that more abundant life the fear of death shall pass.

VIII. WORK

WORK is inseparable from any normal concept of life. Life and work are so interrelated it is next to impossible for the balanced mind to disassociate them without doing violence to its convictions. It passeth understanding how the notion of a heaven that was virtually a state of idleness ever obtained at all. Rather is it heaven to have found your work. But too often we live to the fruits of our work rather than to the work itself. That is a half-hearted view of work which can regard it merely as a means to an end. Youth on occasion works that age may be idle—unhappy age. Youth must work for love of the work.

We hear all too much of necessity, expediency, economy; so much despair passes for work. It would seem according to some as if man were put in the world merely to see if he could keep alive, and it were the purpose of the gods to trip him up if possible. Let us here take a broad view of the subject which in virtue of the divinity in us may not justly be considered on these commonplace grounds. Most men work for a living; some truly great men have blessed the earth by living to work. Work is so much more than expediency—it is purpose, it is creation. Creation is not ended, the world is not complete, but man is to carry on the work. The arts and sciences are but departments wherein he serves.

Seven eons will not suffice any more than the traditional seven days. Far from being complete, creation is but just under way. Only the rough work may be said to be finished; only the very skeleton of man is so far evolved—the natural man. The evolution of the spiritual man is now under way. He it is who in virtue of his large perception of beauty shall create to some purpose. Generations of savages, Roman and Greek, Celt and Teuton, have but prepared the way for the ultimate advent of a sane and constructive race; Stone Age and Iron Age qualifying the world for a golden era—a Divine Age. Races of men are at first like children, *de*structive merely. Who shall foretell the wonders of that coming age wherein man shall have become wholly *con*structive?

At the outset we are confronted by Necessity, but over and above the common necessity—nay, concealed in the womb of this—is the Law of Beauty, obedience to which, though unrecognized, is itself the greater necessity. Despite his unlovely apprenticeship man must work ultimately for beauty. All, then, so far as we can see, is preparation. We become servants of beauty every one. Grant us, then, ye gods, to perceive the higher overriding the common necessity of stomach and clothes. We are brought under the rule of these all the more that we pay such deference. Once we transfer our allegiance openly to the higher, surely we shall realize a larger liberty.

Work at the task, then, not in despair but with boundless hope, and whatever it be, surround it with the aura of your aspirations. And though the task itself yield nothing but such poor recompense as board and clothes, the doing of it in cheerfulness and with

hope will yield far better things — will yield perhaps faith, courage, love, which are the very ground of that nobler work to which you aspire. Be content with your divine possibilities rather than with your present lot, and forge ahead. There's no standing still. There must be some incoming stream or bubbling spring in our pond if it is to be pure. According to our faith — always according to our faith! Let us get faith, then, and the rest will follow; faith in the Divine Laws which, having brought us here for a worthy purpose, will sustain us to the end that such purpose be accomplished. Surely a reasonable faith! All roads go to Rome, but not we, so long as we sit by the roadside. Such a one had faith in himself, and has become a magnate — not much, but still something; such another had faith in God, in man, and in himself, and became sage and prophet.

Necessity bids us only add and cipher, plough and plant, so it seems; but a greater necessity bids us be discontent to the end that we may some time do more than add and cipher. The one bids us *get*, but a greater bids us *give;* bids us exist, but a greater impels us at length to have life. We couple necessity only with the dinner-bell, but love and wisdom are the real necessity which will wait an eternity but will take no denial. Disobedience is slavery. Beauty is the cosmic necessity whereby the stars shine and the heavens seem blue, and there are afterglows and rainbows, and men are made to grow kind and tolerant, and love blossoms on stony ground; and if we only dig, or add and cipher, we are none the less under this necessity of beauty, for all unknown we dig for the foundation of character or add line upon line to

the sum of it. If we admit, then, only the common necessity and live to that alone, we do not thereby escape the higher. We serve it ill, but serve it we must. But in serving it well, in consecrating our best service thereto, we attain to a just conception of work which is the loving service of beauty. Happy are they who have risen to the true dignity of work, who work in the name of beauty, who work for the love of the work. Prophets of a sort are they who can so do, while the mad world goes on moiling and toiling with no thought of the work, with all thought of the gain. And while the world heapeth up riches knowing not who will spend, they, the prophets of work, live a divine present,—store for themselves rich memories.

We must distinguish well between work and toil. That is toil which is done solely for the common necessity, into which no love enters. Again, that is work which is done for love—that is to say, for the higher necessity. That we should at the same time derive a living from it adds dignity and worth. But the work is sufficient to itself; it is a certain worship of beauty—the beauty of industry it may be—and flows freely from the heart. There is no heart, no soul in toil. But though there be dire necessity, we *work* none the less in love; and should love go out of it, on the instant it becomes toil. He who does somewhat for the love of it has a work, and such remuneration as flows to him is the better earned.

All honest work is dignified by the way in which it is done. We may buy and sell worthily, as we may preach and write unworthily. Is not the social body a family in which it falls to each member to perform

his or her part? And he who fulfils his measure will presently rise to a larger field. But there should be no *dirty* work: such flows not from necessity but from choice. Half-heartedness is the bane of any good work. He alone who puts his heart into it will do anything worth while. It is not enough to give time and brains: beauty demands the heart and yields herself to the greatest hearts in every age. For lack of heart our lives are segments and not circles; we do not give a whole ear nor a whole eye.

The man makes the work and in turn the work reacts to make the man. A great-hearted man ennobles the work whatever it may be. In his hands good carpentry is better than poetry from the little-hearted. Man, then, is first; the work is for him. When we look about us upon the toiling manikins it would seem hard to justify such statement. "What is man," we question with the poet, "that thou art mindful of him?" And the work makes answer—Master is he of this great work. He has done the work of angels. Not these scurrying manikins, but philosophy, art, literature, music—these attest the dignity of man. We shall judge him by his thought, then. He who is able to feel the vibrations of the universal, to express them in poetry, and embody them in art, is no less than divine, for only divinity could so do. Godlike must he be who is fit to do this great work, and by his work is he known. Seldom, indeed, does he live up to the dignity of his work, but belies it by his shortcomings in other directions.

Every sane man finds work his good friend, and esteems it above all as the means of employing his faculties and expressing himself in at least some

degree. It is a common grievance that the day's work keeps men of fine parts but empty purses from coming into the larger advantages their nature and aspirations demand. There is apparently much evidence to support this and yet history is teeming with examples that refute it. We are too ready to believe in caprice — gold spoons, lucky stars and fairy godmothers for other men. There is a good genius for every man — it is his mental attitude. True, a man may be debarred from college, from fashionable clubs, from travel. But are these things so much? He is not debarred from wisdom, for this is not to be had in colleges. He is not debarred from love, for this comes to the lowliest: nor from beauty, which is the common inheritance. One thing he lacks, and that is leisure. This the rich have and for the most part abuse, since they allow it to degenerate into idleness. Why live as though the relation to this shifting illusory thing we call society were the only one? Let us remember we stand as near to God as we deserve, and no social advantage and no money will bring us any nearer. It is seldom the rich have found God. To be able to read and reflect is to be on terms of equality with the wise and cultured of all times. We are not to suppose that other men have any the more a property in Shakespeare in virtue of an *edition de luxe;* or that a patch of earth becomes anything else by reason of a wall. Poetry is for you as much as for any. History was written for you or for none. If you are a musician it is not in the boxes you will hear the opera to advantage, but as far away from these as possible, where people go to hear rather than to be seen. Let go appearances; see things as they are.

You may not be able to visit the Vatican nor the Pitti, but there is much in these that is not worth going to see. Again, it is open to you to know the birds and flowers and rocks as well as any. A very few books are necessary. The heart and the will are the chief requisites. No man need live in the city in these days who has the will to do otherwise. Nature withholds herself from no earnest seeker—and there is no greater resource. The fact is, the poorest man has not begun to come at the extent of his resources and possessions. The very magnitude of his estate is appalling; but what with bemoaning his lot he has failed to take any inventory. To be sure, he has not a carriage, nor a fine house, nor a library, but he has the sun and the moon, the mountains and the sea, the nine muses and the three graces—the vast inheritance in truth which has come down to the children of God.

The question arises, How shall a man find his work? There are so many square pegs in round holes, and all for lack of this. It is only the few that discover any original bent. And yet in view of the tendency of most institutions to suppress individuality this is not to be wondered at. Genius always declares itself; but what of the rest? There is some one thing that every man of intelligence can do better than another, and this discovery he should make. It is possible to him if he adopt the right mental attitude and hold to it courageously. If he but pray wisely and faithfully there is not that in heaven nor hell shall keep him from his own. Meanwhile let him turn to what is at hand, and if he so live, this, too, will be found to further his true ends.

Such is the proper attitude of man to his environment. He is rightfully the creator. When he is so dominant all things fall in line. It is when he abdicates that throne to which man is born in virtue of the divinity in him that he finds himself out with the world and no place to fill. Let a man once find his work and he will need no incentive to stick to that. And if he be firmly resolved from the first to find this as his just right it shall surely be revealed and the way opened. For us there is a plan, a work, a destiny — and it is noble. What it is, One alone knows. But if instead of heeding the oracle we have scanned the papers and inquired on the street, What shall I do? What shall I do? what wonder that we have gone to doing the wrong thing. But in the end it is our discontent shall rescue us from the treadmill of misdirected energies to bid us go forth anew in quest of our own.

It is only a Yogi can achieve salvation through gazing at the tip of the nose, though there is more to this than appears. The doctrine that in wisdom lies the consummation of all action, and this is to be had through abstraction or direct contact with the Spirit, is doubtless sound. That this is the best way or the most expedient does not appear. With us salvation is more likely to come through work. I may know my work for my very own by this token, that through it I have found myself. If instead I have lost sight of my true self I may know of a surety it is not my work. Let this be the test of your work, that it subserve your real and enduring interests. If it lead you away from the soul, better to renounce it for nakedness and ashes, and a gazing at the tip of

the nose. That work really our own serves always to bring to light the divinity in us. We expand and grow heavenward as we give ourselves to it. Men are dwarfed by too long an apprenticeship at a work not their own. Hence so many dwarfs, so few giants. When a man finds his work he cannot let it alone. He must teach or preach, build or discover or invent though he should starve at it. So long as he lives to the work, so long is he the priest of beauty and God works through him. But if he come at last to see in it a means of exploiting his personality, from that day he no longer surrenders himself to the universal in his work and the free influx of beauty is checked. No man ever worked to appearances but his work showed it. Truth will not lend itself to money-getting. When genius lives to fame its sun is about to set. The love of beauty makes gods of us; the love of fame breeds egotists.

How various are the influences that help to make us, the seemingly conflicting things which make for character and steer us to our work! Our craft indeed steers herself by the pole-star, while all we can see is the lantern in the rigging. Nearer the truth is it that the pole-star itself draws us. It is not the needle points to the pole but the pole compels the needle. We are reminded that there is a guidance over us, an influence drawing us heavenward though we believe ourselves to be wandering aimlessly. But the course is not direct until our eyes are on the star and we ourselves hold the vessel to her course. We go to sea only that we may learn to stay at home; learn the value of education most by its lack; and it would even seem that a turn at blacksmithing aids the poet. We

are always entertaining angels unawares. Yet these never withhold the blessing because of a poor hospitality. Did we but recognize we should doubtless be twice blessed. How often, again, the rejected becomes the corner-stone!

Who knows when we may overhear the flowing converse of the gods and so be able to report some news at last! It is so men have caught the suggestions they have woven into their work. Great and lasting work is ever done under this inspiration. The heavens are a better book than the almanac. We are to remember the earth is but a point in space—a vantage-ground from which to look about. We must be up betimes lest we miss some revelation. Let the weaver weave the sunlight into his pattern; let the painter catch the light of the stars on his palette—some ultra-violet rays, not of the earth, earthy, but a celestial light; let the builder build of more enduring than granite—even upon the imperishable foundation of the idea.

It is in the world of ideas we must build. There do we build for all time. My house of stone is but a model, a little temporary affair, a token merely, a sign to the world of my inner and divine activities. Presently the roof will fall in, bats gather in the attic, rats in the cellar. It will have had its day. Not so with the idea which possessed me and which I called mine. That is one with the day: it is the mold in which I cast a hundred houses and again a hundred, and it shows no signs of wear, indeed can show none—the imperishable which animates this perishable clay. Beauty is the life of the work: as much as it reflects so long will it live. Would you give long

life to the bit of marble, sculpture it into a Milo, an Antinous or an Apollo. Would you give years to the book, make it the repository of wisdom. The Psalms do not go out of print.

So long as we work to beauty we are safe; not so when we work to our own ends or lose sight of beauty. How readily persons become swamped in their "duties"! It is as though Duty had them by the ear always. Man ceases to be man and comes to take the name of his trade — and to look it. But he cannot carry his trade to heaven. 'Tis, Here comes a lawyer, an apothecary, or a parson; and, again, What does he do? What business does he carry on? The man himself is overlooked. Men readily lose sight of their real aims and enter a treadmill. But great work — beautiful work — is only possible when a man has come to himself and rules his stars. It flows from the perception of himself, is his prerogative. I must be free if I would work to good purpose.

When we consider man in relation to the work, we see that he is no machine despite anything society would do to have him so, but a delicate nucleus of mental and spiritual forces, requiring fresh inspiration from time to time as well as repose and recreation if he is to carry on the work of creation. He will not beget any worthy brain-children without this. Genius, perceiving this, often withdraws itself from the whir and hum of the myriad machines; will not answer to the factory whistle, but goes moping by itself to eat its crust in silence until such time as it may be delivered of its original thought, its first-born.

It is a hopeful sign when original work becomes the basis of an industry — sign that some still work

to beauty. Were it not for this, machinery would absorb us. We would paint pictures by steam. So soon as beauty is lost sight of, commercialism defiles what it touches. The desideratum becomes cheap work rather than good work, hasty rather than lasting work. There must always be a place for hand work, work done not by rote nor pattern nor time, but out of the cunning of a workman's brain, the skill of his hands, the love of his heart. These are the things we shall treasure; these are for beauty's shrine. It is cheering to think that despite the deafening roar of wheels some workman deftly fashions with his hands a work he loves — that beauty has not lost its hold upon us.

We have much to learn in this regard from the hand work of olden times. Consider the wood-carving and iron work of old Florentine and Venetian palaces, the stained glass of Norman cathedrals, the illumined volumes, the tapestries of that day; consider the work of old Japan, the lacquer, bronze, cloisonne; the antique rugs of Persia. With what singleness of purpose does he of Japan work at his art, a work handed down from father to son! Consider, above all, these violins of Stradivarius, of Amati, of Jakob Steiner — how the master loved his work! He put himself into it. It took on beauty and richness and luster from his devotion. He breathed into it the breath of life, and it is all but undying. We pretend these things have value because they are old; not at all, — it is because they are *good,* because they were born of a love of beauty. Doubtless there are no *lost* arts. We have in some cases lost the love of beauty and substituted the love of gain — that is all.

IX. HEALTH

WE ARE not to suppose that a discussion of health is a consideration of the body alone, nor that rules of health are rules for the body: rather is it a discussion of mental control and of rules for the mind. The first and best rule of health, for example, is kindness — not dry feet, nor exercise, but kindness; and if we have not this we need be at no pains to observe hygienic regulations, for our sins will overtake us at last, despite all external observances and any amount of mummery.

Not but what exercise is good — very good. The plunge in the ocean reacts to give us courage, broadens the chest and strengthens the back through the very freedom and vigor that are called forth to meet the sea and conquer it in our little degree. It is bold and free, the dive off the rocks, the quick rise to the air and the long, swift side-stroke straight out from shore, and then to turn leisurely on the back and rise and fall on the long swells like a thing of the sea, a very part of the sea. It is good to feel the sun and air on our pampered bodies and to be rid for a time of the superabundance of clothes. But you may turn fish altogether and still find no health if you have not love in your heart or have not ordered the coming and going of your thoughts.

It is good, too, to ride the spirited horse and to guide without whip or spur, but by the magnetism

of the voice; to be, as it were, a part of the horse and to have perfect control. But it is all to no purpose if first we have not self-control. And if we lose patience with the horse we shall not find it a healthful exercise but quite the contrary.

So with the walk; but if we walk merely to move the legs, it were as well to stay at home. We are to walk ourselves into a new frame of mind and into some larger perception of freedom and courage if the walk is to be profitable.

Every sick person is affected with the bacteria of unwholesome thoughts. The question is, How shall they renew the mind, how let in the daylight into dark corners? — for there is no renewing the body without first renewing the mind. It does not occur to us that we need truth and love as we need light and air, and that we must pine without these. The change of air amounts to nothing if we have not a change of mental atmosphere as well. The value of a change of scene lies in the new mental pictures we have to reflect upon. Travel is good, for it broadens the mind; but the great requisite is to travel away from our whims, our fears, our beliefs. The fastest train will not accomplish this. The old ship gathers barnacles as she goes, and must stay at home at last and have her hull scraped before she is again fit for service. If I go to India and acquire no new point of view, no further insight, nor drop any prejudice, what benefit? To roll around the world and come back the same old sixpence were not worth the going. How much nearer the truth of living shall I be brought by contact with India, with Japan, with Greece and Italy, the Fuegians and the Hottentots?

As to climbing mountains, the main thing is to ascend somewhat from our common materialism into purer thought currents and a more ideal point of view.

We may not consider our subject apart from these things; we must come at it morally and ethically. It is puerile to suppose health to be a matter of pork and beans and that all we need is a pill or a shin plaster. We need spiritual regeneration. Whatever ministers to the mind, then, is medicine for the body. Love is the tonic we all need. Let us own up to it. Open your heart; open your mind, that beauty may minister unto you.

We must strengthen our hold on life. If we take hold on the surface only we are as a tree with no tap root. Reach down into the depths of life itself and there take firm hold. Men with a lofty and enduring purpose in life beget a stable health. The shallow and self-centered reflect outwardly their inner state.

So long as we are at enmity with men we are harboring a dangerous foe. Hate in the heart is a cancer. Fear gnaws at the vitals. We must in all truth make allowance for the obituary notices. They are over-polite. Instead of liver complaint, of heart trouble, or stomach disorder, we should read chronic fear or selfishness or irritability. It is so the recording angel reads. Not that we should so read in judgment, for we are not recording angels one of another, but brothers, but that we might ourselves profit by the fact.

The mental burdens bend the back, the mental crotchets distort the body. It is patent to all how fear whitens the face and chills the flesh, but that it

disturbs organic functions as well has not been considered. The one is no more remarkable than the other, albeit far more significant. We see plainly that the state of mind influences the facial muscles, why not the viscera as well? It is considerations such as these which are most vital to our subject. How marvelously complex are the workings of the mind that even health is inseparably interwoven with the moral and ethical states, and thoughts should form themselves into flesh and blood as if by magic! We cannot escape these things. It is amply shown that ignorance of the law is no excuse inasmuch as the good not infrequently die young for lack of wisdom.

We have been accustomed always to consider minor things — temperature, diet, clothes and so on, and with but poor results be it said. But these weightier matters have been sorely neglected. There has been no mental hygiene. We live on the surface. We choose to fall on stony ground, and so must wither away. We have had no real philosophy of living, but have lived by chance and luck rather than by reason and virtue — to appearances and not by reality. The laborer has better health than we, not that he is wiser, but he lives truer to his plane of development than do we to ours. If we would but lead simple, natural lives; but it is only post-graduates in the art of living, and they who have never been to school, who attain to this proficiency. The backwoodsman escapes much by living near to nature. He is not immersed in the world-thought, and so does not reflect all its fears and whims. Install him in the city and he will begin to take them on, for he has not wisdom of his own wherewith to resist.

Health is harmony, as disease is inharmony—harmony with the spiritual facts. The naked Indian is in a large degree harmonious with these facts as affecting his plane. The woodchuck is in complete harmony with these. The Apache may use his tomahawk and knife without doing particular violence to his own savage relation to nature, as the fox can tear and mangle the grouse, or the osprey seize upon the fish. But once let the spiritual and esthetic evolution set in in earnest, and the man can no longer do these things without a reaction to his own moral nature and incidentally to his health. The sensitive, high-strung being of modern civilization cannot afford to indulge his passion. He has no such resistance as had his savage ancestors. He cannot use even the mental tomahawk and knife on his neighbor without reactions that leave him on the sick list. He has eaten of the tree of knowledge and must abide the consequences. The savage has not yet eaten and may live like a timber wolf if he will, with only such consequence as results to the wolf. He is strong in this, but his strength is his undoing. There is a bounty on wolves and savages. The world hunts them to death. The strength of the coming man must lie in love and wisdom. The day of the savage is past. It is all well enough to point to our military achievements, but the mortality in the ranks from disease tells a different story. We are more cunning in war than ever Roman or Greek, but modern men have not the resistance to mental inharmony that belonged to the Roman legions and barbarian hordes in their fierce animal existence. In the process of evolution we are getting past the war point, though we are not

yet ready to admit it. A shipload of pills for every regiment, but it will not avail! What pills did the Vikings need? The modern soldier lacks the awful schooling of the coliseum. If we would fight like wolves and with as little consequence to ourselves we must live like wolves — think like wolves. But we may live near to nature without being savages, and this is our need. We may draw near to our common Mother in a spiritual and lovable sense and receive her benediction.

To get close to the earth once more as when we were children: only children and the dead get near to the earth. Let us not leave it to the wiser children to learn the virtue of the good brown earth, but sit ourselves down and emulate their wisdom, mindful that it will not nourish us well so long as we insulate ourselves. Is it immoral, then, to get the feet wet that there is such a to-do? When shall we break away from grandmother's rule? They would make of us a race of pill-eaters and drug us into oblivion of our true estate. But great Nature shall save us yet; she herself fosters in us an element of protest. We should have in us enough of the otter that it will not harm us to get under water occasionally; enough of elk and antelope to run without getting heart disease; a little less consideration for the body; have done with wheedling the spoiled child. In fact we cannot turn round nowadays without a new disease stares us in the face. Poor humanity indeed! Were we to believe the theories it would appear that any weasel fares better than a man. Sons of the Most High — but we have no such freedom as mouse and squirrel. We breathe in poison and drink

death, say our advisers; howbeit the uncivilized do not—being without the pale of this learning. The time comes when a man must forget everything he has ever heard if he would save his skin. What a world of bugaboos it is, to frighten naughty children withal! With superstition, it is ever out of the frying-pan into the fire. We have gotten rid of obsession only to take on the microbe. But if any man live true to himself he shall fear neither devil nor microbe. It is time man had his turn. Show us at last a man who does not shake in his shoes that we may know the work of God.

Nature is always on the side of health. Surely this is a consoling fact. Nature patiently strives to assist us. Let me but cut my finger and she throws herself into the balance and works to heal and recuperate. It is obvious Nature does not get the credit, but to her the credit is due. What would all our efforts amount to were not she to work for us?

The mother of all manifestation she claims her own at last. "O spirit of man," saith she, "I will lend thee this body with which to disport for a few years! Presently I shall have need of it and shall demand it again." I talk of *my* body, and Nature humors me. But in fact I have but obtained of her a few things wherewith to construct a garment that I might make a presentable appearance before the world. But in the end I must relinquish it and go my way having no longer any garment in which to appear; not till it has had some hard wear, however, so that it will not do for another garment but will serve only for patchwork and such like. And yet Nature herself has sought to keep it in repair for me.

She is pretty sure to help the obedient out of their troubles. The wonder is she can do as much for us as she does, — such and such wherewith to construct a garment, and the best material at that, but we are careless as to how we put it together and so it will not last its time, and our good mother is constantly having them returned without a requisition.

Would you be free, would you have health — get rid of your beliefs, nor any longer drag this dead weight of the past. Grandsire, to be sure, was a good man, but why must we burden ourselves with the vast encumbrance of his beliefs? He lived in his day; let us live in ours. He succumbed to his beliefs at last; must we inherit these? That were dear at any price.

Indeed our beliefs cost us very dear. We pay for them in peace of mind and in health. They are like weights and bandages which distort the body and finally cause it to shrivel. We are Flathead Indians and Chinese footbinders every one in this regard. These distorted bodies are announcements of our beliefs, and because the beliefs are false their expression is unlovely. Every departure from truth is indicated by a lack of beauty in the body, and because truth is beauty itself it must naturally express itself in health. Narrow chest or stooping shoulders are outcropping fears. So, too, does selfishness obtrude itself in one way or another. From the outcrop we may predict what sort of ore lies in the mind. The signs of the big heart and the liberal mind are those we love best to see.

In this reference to beliefs it is not meant to imply that a man is ill because he *believes* he is ill,— though this is possible with very imaginative persons.

By *belief* is meant an erroneous concept of God, of life, of the nature of man. Fear is a belief which is readily seen to disturb the peace of mind and ultimately picture itself in the body. Selfishness is a belief that I may better myself at the expense of another or that I may live to myself. Character makes for health. Weak characters are frequently ailing in body. It is very true that unselfish people are not always in health, but it is not because of their unselfishness but for their lack of wisdom in other ways — beliefs in the potency of inanimate objects to do them harm.

Our beliefs ever react upon us. Thus if I think water or air to be inimical to me, my belief reacts to keep me in the delusion that it is drafts and wet feet did the mischief, whereas it was my *belief* merely, writing itself in the body. Not till the last vestige of such belief is erased from the mind do I perceive the true and friendly relation of these things. Both health and happiness, then, are largely a matter of getting rid of false beliefs and bringing the thought in line with truth. This Ministry of Beauty is ever working in us, and it is where we fail to cooperate that we get unpleasant results and show forth something other than beauty. What is the blotched face or the red nose but a belief made visible, as the serene and smiling face is character writing itself in flesh and blood.

Most prominently our beliefs center upon man himself. Of him we are ignorant. Small wonder our knowledge in this regard is thus limited considering how little attention has been given the subject, preferring, as we have, to study anything else under the

heavens. Of his body we have a very considerable knowledge — all too much at times; of his clothes, too. We have a science of surfaces, but none as yet of interiors; a science of effects, but are just now coming to the science of causes. Who is it that dons this body as a garment, wears it out, casts it aside? Him we now seek. He it is who has dwelt among us unsuspected. We have recognized his outer coverings only. We have had a philosophy of flesh; we have named him fat or lean, tall or short, Yankee, Indian, Frenchman, as by the cut of the coat we have called him parson, judge, or colonel. But he is none of these, this intangible, ethereal, inexplicable man. Who art thou, indeed, and by what law dost thou live? My personality is not I, but the visible expression of my beliefs merely. It is the manifestation of consciousness we see; but who is it who is thus conscious?

The body is but an expediency, as the coat is an expediency; a very worthy one, a very beautiful one, if so be the consciousness is pure and free. We cheerfully forgive the deception, so beautiful is the expression of health and freedom and joy. But let us not be image worshippers, for, alas, the image must crumble. But he whom we seek does not crumble — remains ever beautiful. This we shall not know so long as we have seen the image only. This much we may be sure of — the body is not a thing in itself; it is not a home provided for, but a house built by, its inmate, and is in repair or out of it according to the will of this mysterious personage. It is the expression of his consciousness embodied forth through vibrations. Is he conscious of truth? — his expression will be harmonious and beautiful; in other words,

he will have health. We are brought around to the ethical basis in this as in all things, for morals and health are inseparable; aye, inseparable is health from right thinking. Thought is somehow a vibration more subtle than the rest and from which they take the key. If it be in harmony with truth, likewise are they harmonious.

We are thus led from the body to the consideration of the mind as the governing principle of the body, as that upon which the body depends, and of which it is the expression. Heretofore we have been accustomed to put the cart before the horse—to regard mind as a function of the body. Indeed psychology as commonly taught is still on this material tack. So much for the shining schoolboy to unlearn, then, since it will only befog him the more, unless happily it make no impression whatever on his mind.

It is mind alone which feels, thinks, acts. In the body there can by no possible means be any sensation. Mind alone is the experiencer of pain and pleasure. Through its faculty of locating these in the body we are deceived into thinking that *there* is the seat of sensation, there is the cause. And this self-deception is so universal and of such long standing that we refuse to be convinced to the contrary. More's the pity since it is truth, and carries with it emancipation—freedom from the tyranny of the body, or rather our false idea of the body. For our beliefs are our tyrants. We have but to invest a fetish with certain attributes and we shall tremble before it, for though the fetish itself is powerless our idea of it is all-powerful for the time being. Exactly so has it been with the body. The body indeed has been a

hard task-master; it has made slaves of us all. Greater tyranny than this there has been none. Causation is necessarily an attribute of mind—never of matter, never of the body. When the mind severs its connection with its garment, the flesh, there is no longer any such deception in the beholder. Sensation there is none, for the seat of sensation is no longer present and the body speedily dissolves.

Man has thought himself to be flesh; hence he has been concerned with the body. He has deemed that to be the domain of cause and sensation. So when he was out of sorts he has plastered the body; he has gone to scrubbing the mirror that he might make his countenance cheerful. He has pampered the body—worshipped the body—thinking thus to be happy. But the mirror is relentless. How can it do otherwise than reflect the object? As a result of this self-deception he has ignored the control of the mind; he has cleansed his body but not his thoughts. And so he has become the victim of his delusion, and this specious myth, the body, rules him through his own credulity, his own fears, his own beliefs. But it is not so ordered. The greater should rule the lesser. Man should rule his body; aye, should rule his mind, for mind is not the man, is but the agent of the man. We have not yet reached the sanctuary. We still seek him who is thus conscious. What we call self-consciousness is such only in a very superficial sense. It has reference to the body, or the personality at most. True self-consciousness is soul-realization and is attained by the prophet and the seer.

Consciousness has all to do with our expression here. It is in fact the agent of the inner in constructing

the outer,—an agent frequently led astray by current delusions and but poorly serving his master. Upon the regulation of the consciousness depends the harmony of our life,—for *think*, I must; upon what I think, and as to how I think, much depends, for health or disease will be the outcome of this. The mind was well likened by ancient thinkers to the horses of a chariot—difficult, indeed, to subdue and to direct according to the will of the charioteer. Our thoughts are forever running away with us to gallop across country at a furious pace. But once subdued these wild steeds of the mind are ever after more easily held in check. The mind, incessantly active, requires some definite goal for its thinking. It is for lack of this we suffer most. The consciousness should be spiritual, it should be identified with the things of the Spirit. The consciousness "I am body" is false, is purely a delusion; and so long as this obtains we remain subject to the world-illusion of material causation. "I am spirit" is normal and should be the habitual consciousness.

How essential that we have a right understanding of the nature of man, for the consciousness must be directly the outgrowth of man's perception or lack of perception of his true nature. Thus when he conceives himself to be a material being his consciousness becomes hopelessly identified with his body; it is centered upon the body and there enslaved. 'Tis a living death. The consciousness presents an infinite range. We play upon what register we will and after what manner we will. We may remain persistently upon the lower registers, or ascend to the middle register, or in time or eternity to the higher. The thought-

world is usually a fantasia—a vacillating between these different registers. And so are our days full of aches and pains. It is evident that man must dwell ultimately upon the spiritual plane alone. Only as he approaches this does he begin to see his own real nature and to gain a correspondingly true idea of God. But it is evident as well that he must rise to this perception through individual effort. It is first the natural and then the spiritual.

Freedom lies in the direction of the spiritual plane. Only in this higher consciousness, where self-renunciation has taken the place of self-indulgence, and where he has come to hear—faintly at first—the whisperings of the soul, does he realize any measure of freedom, any real and permanent happiness. Always the inner voice calls him to advance. Life is so ordered he can find no rest on any lower plane of development. He is no sooner settled than the call comes to his ears. When his aspirations are dormant the purpose makes itself known in other ways. 'Tis now discontent and now disappointment. Sensualism disgusts. The intellect is barren ground and will not satisfy. Books, systems, theories, self-interest, mock him at last. Only love can sweeten life. He is driven to seek God. He cries in his despair that he may get out of himself—he is self-weary. And this cry is the turning-point. All unknown the day of his regeneration is at hand. He is now on the road at last to finding himself; so at last the perception of the soul. The first birth is the beginning of physical expression; the second birth is the awakening to life itself which is without beginning. This conscious existence of man thus amounts to a

search for the soul. Rest there is none until that day arrives. It would seem that the world exists but to this end. He who has thought himself to be the relative and conditioned now perceives himself to be the absolute and unconditioned. The soul,—'tis one with the adamantine foundation of the universe. It is one with God; separated it has never been nor can be. Our separation is in consciousness; we fall in consciousness, we are lost in consciousness. Let us no longer frighten women and children, then, with talk of losing the soul; nor any more speak of man as having a soul. The individual *is* the soul. We live and work and think to the end that we may realize the soul—for this one purpose.

We are to attain to a God-consciousness, to surrender ourselves to truth if we would show forth that wholeness which is sign of a mind possessed by truth, completely irradiated, having no dark corners, no negative beliefs, no secret desires and aversions. This is the problem of health. Health is wholeness—perfect alignment with the spiritual facts. This implies a perfected relationship of love and trust to God and man and nature. Thus does love, which is the supreme beauty, minister to us in mind and body—always in mind and body. If we have not trust in God, or are at variance with nature, or in inharmonious relations to men, then do we obstruct the beneficent Ministry of Beauty, and disease is the consequence. Health is sign of beauty in us. If the rose be fair and fragrant we may know there was no worm in the bud, no grub at the root.

Love always makes for health. Live out of yourself. Live out of the body. It is possible to forget

for a time that we have bodies. Men say they have a satisfaction in drinking, smoking, in elaborate dinners; but there is a larger satisfaction in being indifferent to these. It is possible to forget we have wants, complaints, dissatisfactions, and to live to the universal. Let us step out of our glass houses occasionally and move freely under the heavens. If any one throw stones, then, the winds will bear these up and away like thistle-down. This robust, large-minded attitude is perhaps as good a receipt as any for longevity.

So, again, does beauty make for health. To behold the beauty of the Lord and inquire in his temple—that were indeed wisdom for all time. He shall live well, do well, be well who but follows this. Verily the question of health is not a consideration of the body.

X. HAPPINESS

WE ARE born into the consciousness of material things and are brought under the dominion of the senses when first we open our eyes, and so it is that men fall naturally into the belief that to eat and be clothed, to marry and beget sons and accumulate property are the paramount considerations — nor ever question it. Only now and then is one born into the consciousness of the Spirit; only now and again one who sees these things to be secondary and not in themselves sufficient ends in life. What wonder, then, that as men grow older they grow disheartened and become cynics? What wonder, indeed, that the problem of happiness finds so seldom a solution in terms of actual life, for considering the neglect of essential factors, how else can it be?

Many factors, of a truth, enter into our problem. There is courage, for instance, which, were it a man's sole possession, would in itself confer a considerable degree. There is perception, will, habit — education, which has reference to all of these. That is, are we being educated, or stimulated, in the direction peculiarly our own, that we may come to express that something which is in us? It is obvious that education without reference to this will not contribute to happiness. If capital lie unused, if character be unformed, there must be unrest. In such case we cannot too soon have done with book learning and begin the

culture of the will and the affections. Does our mode of living tend to educate us, above all, away from our false and negative tendencies, in the direction of aspirations and real aims — out of the Adam into the Christ? And this is the education that is never ended, and it is never too late to begin; nor let us neglect the sense of humor — a brave virtue, a practical virtue, a friend indeed. "To sit on a stile and continue to smile" is a better philosophy than many another, and is vexed with no dogma. We cannot laugh too much so long as our mirth is kindly. True humor need create no false occasions, and it brings no heartaches. It begets good-will and is a mental and moral buffer. The man of coarse habit and coarse thinking needs it not so much as the gentle soul — to him it is indispensable. Out of the flux of things it everywhere extracts some gold. Its possessor carries his own sunshine — gilds the dreariest circumstance and enlivens what else would be monotony. So is it recuperative and wholesome, and, being cultivable, it, no less than the love of the beautiful, comes within the scope of a liberal self-education.

Many factors indeed — factors subjective and psychologic; not legacies and estates and voyages, so much as interior states and aspects, and mental attitudes, to be summed up in this one supreme consideration — you shall find yourself. Until this is accomplished every structure builded is without foundation. Find yourself, provisionally, heart and will and intellect — nor neglect any; find yourself ultimately in God, in the supreme heart and will and intellect, and there perceive your inseparable identity. No outcast, no renegade, no outlaw art thou, O man,

but still and forever the child of the Father; life and love and beauty thine inheritance. For thee, ever hope, ever sweet influences; no time too late; no goal too distant. Courage, then!

It has thus been the chief office of any true philosophy of living to show that happiness is something apart from pleasure, which is but a fool's paradise; that it reverts to an inner state, is the outcome of an inward poise and serenity, and therefore not greatly dependent upon externals. We may be unhappy — uneasy — in spite of ease of circumstance and the most favorable surroundings. Again, we may be sick and happy, poor and happy, alone and happy. But, thanks be to the genius of the hour, we need no longer state our doctrine so narrowly as did the Stoics, who placed such things as health and environment beyond the will. We shall still be resigned to the inevitable, but we have wonderfully revised our opinion as to the nature of this. That we shall seek coalition with the Real, as being alone inevitable, were perhaps to state it better, as the necessity now appears. Thus, while happiness reverts to an inner state, it is at the same time from an inner state that health and environment proceed. Our philosophy has so broadened its content as to see that mind which underlies happiness underlies these as well; where, as it was passive, it has now become active and regards the will as the instrument of truth for the projection of harmonious environment and the direction of thought into healthful channels.

If you have had no revolution in your life, and are as yet in your period of feudalism, you shall experience anarchy and the overthrow of a whole line

of degenerate kings before you emerge from despotism and evolve at last a stable self-government. Alas, if when the time is ripe we leap not to our feet and don the red cap in the name of Liberty. Thence much confusion and strife, the clank of arms, the overturning of all things even to those that are worthy and acceptable,—all this before a new order arises from the turbulence, in the end, to leave the Jacobins to guillotine one another, and so be rid of them.

It is a thankless task to read philosophy if we can live none. What does it concern us what Kant said, what Hegel, or Fichte, or Schelling, if we have no convictions of our own? Some little philosophy for this daily life is the crying need. But it is alone a spontaneous and inspired utterance that can aid us. Who has not felt the futility of all "systems" of philosophy? They fall cold on our ears—do not warm in us any new life or hope: just as a treatise on morals is a bore, and rules of conduct an impertinence, while the shining example of a free and noble life is refreshing and uplifting. Because life and love are one we must live from our hearts, write from our hearts, speak from our hearts.

Let us not be at pains, then, to supplant God in our consciousness by a system of metaphysics; for, God-given and indispensable though it be, metaphysics can still be to us but the ground for a working plan of life. But, like everything else,—the science of chemistry no less than the Church of Rome,—it involves an act of faith. We have but to push it far enough and we are confronted by the mystery of mysteries. It is here the kindly office of wisdom, to

show us that the clearing away of this enveloping mystery is in no way essential to our happiness, and, further, to bid us project that scheme of happiness from the ground of faith and never from that of intellect. Pity it is if your mind is so ordered it must perforce carry everything before the bar of logic, for no world-theory can there prove its case. There remains in religion always an element beyond finite reason. That God is Love let this be to us both religion and philosophy. And if logic declare it to be an "ethical assumption," it is still proof enough and to spare that any postulate to the contrary does violence to our very being — is refuted by both intuition and reason, by expediency and common sense no less than the divine sense in man. But it is only in our unregenerate days that we even inquire concerning this. Here, again, wisdom admonishes us to lay aside the self-imposed burdens of the intellect and be even as a child: so to go forth in love and trust, confident in that all-encircling Love.

Much reading, much listening, much wrestling with the angel, and yet wisdom comes slowly. But it is realization only that we lack. We have capital enough for the enterprise of life in our being; the question is to render it available. So need it be no discouragement that wisdom conditions happiness. *Still* the mind and the soul will make themselves known. It is thus the main purpose of concentration to hold the mind in check, to render it passive that self-illumination may take place. More often than not we are oblivious of the soul through the overactivity of the mind. Concentration, in fact, should always be in the direction of repose. But in our revolt from

mental tyranny let us not disparage the mind as an unworthy agent of the soul's divine estate,—for the abuse of the mental faculties is alone responsible for our ills. In this connection is recalled a proverb quoted by Emerson: "Everything has two handles; beware of the wrong one." If negative states, if morbid fancies and perverted senses have produced such a corresponding morbidity, it is none the less true that a wholesome imagination and senses normally directed to the perception of beauty subserve the finest uses of life and happiness. There's no faculty of the mind but its use is beneficent, but it needs be taken by the right handle.

Any stable condition of happiness must be the outcome of balanced forces—a rounded character. It is not genius that is happiest, nor is great attainment essential—unless it be the genius to find one's self, which is, to be sure, a very considerable attainment. Life is not so hard as we make it. But we cannot enough see the divine in it. Our living is perfunctory; we live because we must. We forget that prayer is answered, and continually lapse into a state of mind where is no beauty. So in our daily life, if we occasionally pray for heaven, we as often invite the reverse in the character of our thought. Ah, but we must make of life something more than senseless repetition. Living is too dear thus. We are more than sheep. He alone who begins life anew each morning is truly living. It is ever morning to the soul, and it would seem a constitutional defect of the mind that measures life by days and months and years, as if the world were a huge clock and mankind the minute-hand, and the main business to

count the minutes. Let us count cycles rather, and aim to live epochs and eras. For we may crowd a cycle into a day if we live to the universal.

It only pays to live divinely, to live impersonally, to live to beauty. What matters it that we are dead to custom, dead to society, if only we are alive to beauty? 'Tis the stream in which we bathe and forget our cares, and are renewed. Let us once so consecrate our lives, and thereafter we shall distil from the hours a little of the elixir of happiness, for such is beauty's gift to every rapt soul. So does the Spirit contrive that here on this dear green earth we are beset with beauty. The very sod is packed with it, so that it must continually overflow, now in green fields and buttercups, now in goldenrod and asters. It lies over the moonlit ocean and purples the distant hills. It skims with the martin and floats with the cloud — is showered upon us in October leaves and winter snows. All the days of my life it knocks at my door. Let us not be unheeding, lest we become withered and sere in the desert wind of the commonplace; lest we become infected with the pessimism of church and society — parched and shriveled with the dulness of men's thinking, and so succumb at last to the prosaic. Keep, then, the lamp burning at sacred Beauty's shrine, and may it be constant as the Greek fire; for, give me in my heart the love of beauty and naught shall keep from me the world beautiful. In view of this it is only the frivolous, or the melancholy and half-insane, who can talk of "killing time." A healthy mind does not know the meaning of *ennui.*

Ah, these personal ends! Subtle enchantments that weave a golden mesh! Silken threads that

bind,—fast bind: through which the self-imprisoned must at last hack and hew his way,—inwardly groaning, with terrible toil, with brimming cup of bitterness! Illusions of youth! Illusions of manhood! Illusions of age! Ceaselessly this web you weave—thread after thread; diligently pay out the silken thread, skilfully attach it, strengthen it: thence to be our prison fair—self-wrought, self-bound; there to sit and languish, there to pine, to chafe and fret and fume,—for the Spirit of the Lord is not there, and liberty is not. When we have passed out from the illusion of personality, then, and not till then, does free life begin for us—there the first budding signs. To be great and serene is to be freed from personality. If we but stop to reflect, we are not attracted by personality in people but by those virtues which they in some measure reflect; and they compel our admiration who reflect these unconsciously and spontaneously. It is principle always that we adore. Love, truth, joy—by these we are led, by these instructed; and where there is the less of personality, there have they the freer scope—there are we the better reflectors. So in our acts it is motive alone that counts. To have kept the house or tended the baby—managed the farm or financed the nation—one is as insignificant as another; for house and baby and all are destined for mortality's speedy end. But if in so doing we have acquired love, patience, insight—these are ours for evermore, and make the task noble and the game worth the candle. Neither is it much to give happiness that we ourselves may be happy, nor to love for the sake of being loved. Our problem will not admit of so easy a

solution; no conscience money; no robbing Peter to pay Paul; but motive—always motive—and this alone.

In the pursuit of happiness we travel the world over—we forever seek new conditions. Now it is money will give it, and now it is marriage. But happiness lies not in new conditions; it is the outcome of a superiority to all conditions. Once married we find it is to impose strange and unlooked for circumstances to which in turn we must rise superior. When men say marriage is a failure, they mean that selfishness is a failure—that egotism is not a success. Marriage is indeed the true state of man, and true marriage can never be a failure. But we play at marriage; we are but half-married at best. Unselfishness is that basis alone on which marriage can rest secure. Here, above all, is it required. True marriage requires a gradual self-renunciation. It grows beautiful as it becomes impersonal: two living and acting together to the ends of the universal; two in one, and that the soul; two going out to humanity in each other—that is marriage. But two living to their own ends will bring up like the monkey and the parrot. Nature resents a too personal and restricted love and finds a way to turn the tables. From the hearth our love must go out to the world, else it will grow stale. It is the same with property. Whatever is hedged in has lost its best value. The exclusive exclude themselves. We are only here for a day; let us hold a feast, then, and celebrate the event. What is love for but to express? Lavish it, then, on the cat, if no other outlet presents itself. But there is occasion enough, never fear; the aged and neglected

need it, the unwelcome children need it, the downtrodden animals need it. Ah, but they are a sorry lot of specters, these austere men and women who have bottled up their natural affections until they have turned to vinegar. We can be as miserly with love as with dollars.

There is one beloved of your soul—and one only. Let your love, then, go out to all things against the hour when he shall come—that you may be prepared. These loves of men are but the symbol of the love of God, without which there can be no ideal marriage. It is the ideal which we seek, and when in the course of events the Divine Laws have attracted to you your own, it is still the ideal man or woman to whom you must cleave. In your inmost heart hold fast to that, for the embodiment will ever fall away—the spiritual man alone stands firm.

Marriage exacts a purification as well as a renunciation. Every happy marriage implies evolution—an evolution from the personal man or woman of selfish ends, to broader views and nobler aims and a deeper love, a sanctified love. It demands there should be a community of such interests as these—that man and wife should hold the ideal in common. Merely to hold the flesh in common is to seek a common grave; to have nothing in common is an affliction. And yet even this is not hopeless but capable in noble natures of bearing fine fruit. All experience goes to corroborate what wisdom reveals to rarer natures, that there can be no perfect union on personal grounds—so unreliable and fluctuating is personality. But where two are joined in the Spirit nothing indeed can put asunder.

The necessity for growing out of personality becomes the more evident when we come to consider man in his social relation. If we were not all mote-hunters, if we were not all critics by temperament and inclination, were we not all egotists, in short, the problem would be simple. Several ways here present themselves with reference to this idea I have of myself in relation to others. Thus we may withdraw and shut them out; and, though we might thereby exclude somewhat it were well to be rid of, such a course is obviously too narrow. On the other hand, we may throw ourselves into the stream of personality under the mistaken impression that such is the broad and humane course — and so be swamped therein. Again, we may rise superior to personality and resolutely set ourselves to meet the individual and real in men. And this is the heroic course, for it amounts to abnegating the personality. But the reward is large, for we shall become invulnerable to all the false impressions, the misunderstandings, the cuts and lashes and stings to which they are subject who still cherish this. Nevermore can we take offense; for us thenceforth there are no slights, no insults. Whether we find ourselves in congenial company or the reverse, there we vibrate with the real; there are we magnets to whatsoever is lovable, to whatsoever is divine. It is true, from this view springs indifference to opinion; but this — if it arises from pure motive — is to be reckoned again. To abide by the oracle is alone a desideratum: to be true to other men's opinions is an altogether hopeless and discouraging task — and folly at that.

This large perception of the ego in relation to

society has a further bearing on our problem. We mortals have no wisdom commensurate with our wills, and so it is our self-will is so often misdirected. Our initial velocity is great, but we go in the wrong direction. We are haunted by this self-will. All our weaknesses serve it; vanity and pride forbid us to let it go. We will to go here or there in the pursuit of happiness, and because we have not the wisdom to choose we are disappointed when we arrive — disappointed if we do not arrive. But when at last we let go the wild horses of our ambition, what a relief is ours! In the mystical language of the Upanishad:

"Two birds, inseparable friends, cling to the same tree. One of them eats the sweet fruits, the other looks on without eating. On the same tree man sits grieving, immersed, bewildered by his own impotence. But when he sees the other lord contented and knows his glory, then his grief passes away."

Oh, happy day for him who gives up striving to outshine his fellows, and settles down content to be himself! And when abates the fever of possession and he perceives that the riches of the rich, the joy of the happy and the strength of the strong are his as well, then indeed for him has the millennium dawned. Then shines the sun for him; for him blooms the rose; for him the waters murmur and the wind sighs in the forests, or croons to the rustling corn. He shares the speed of the trout and the song of the wren. He welcomes the souls that are coming and bids Godspeed to the souls that are parting. Alone on the mountain or one of the crowd, everywhere is he in touch with the heart of humanity. All joys are his joys; all sorrows are his to assuage.

Child is he with childhood everywhere. To him flow the love and heroism of the world, for he has no longer a private and particular life. His bark has sunk "to another sea"— sails now on the serene and smiling waters of the Universal.

XI. THE PREACHER

IT IS plain that religion has come to play a somewhat indifferent part in taking men to church, and that certain bribes in the way of music and social advantage must be offered as inducement. Despite the prodigious puffing which goes on to fan this dimming spark we are now thinking the ceremony of the woods and fields will suffice, and for all sermons the stones preach well enough. It is an age of heresy and it will not down. But some will have it that the church itself is the greater heresy and the creed the real infidelity. If the preacher—say they—can neither heal nor inspire, we must strike out for ourselves.

The fact is that religion is coming from without the pale of the church. It is not the clergy who are today the instruments of the revival of the spirit of religion. Almost we believe that all there is left for the parson to do is to bury us, for help us to live in virtue of his office he surely cannot. As a man he may give us the example of an unselfish life, but as the exponent of a dead creed what can he offer us? No, the inspiration of the day comes not from the pulpit. And yet it is a noble office—perhaps the highest—this mission of inspiring and uplifting men, of revealing the true nature of life.

Upon every man is laid the necessity of expressing, in so far as he is capable, the Divine Idea. The demand is made according to capacity. Of the office

of the preacher then the demand is very great. Here is an office requiring a brotherhood of wisemen — men of clear vision, of a wise and resolute faith, a large understanding; men of big hearts and broad minds; but more than this, men of large perception and insight. How, then, shall the timid pessimist aspire to such an office? What room for the sleek and mole-eyed materialist — in an office that is by right the ministry of great idealism to the world?

The world is full of kindly souls who can minister to the body — carry jellies to the sick and bread and bacon to the needy. But few there be that can "minister to a mind diseased." We are beset by illusions. Who can stimulate our consciousness when age and sickness and poverty come on apace? Who has for us the medicine of truth? Who so wise he can give us a tonic for these? A very rare elixir, indeed, distilled of divine essences which only the very rich in truth can acquire. But more need is there of this than of bacon and bread. There is a genius for acquiring this kind of wealth; it belongs by right to the preacher. Let him be rich, then, in this.

All the world is sobbing — Why this pain, this affliction? It is for him to open men's eyes to the moral purpose in all wherein the economy of pain has place and for which reason alone it has excuse for appearing. He that can do no more than offer dim consolation of future bliss to atone for present misery is but sadly fulfilling his office. His place is to know that the only reward for these things lies in the wiser living and thinking which should follow, in that enlightenment and freedom from illusion wherein such affliction is no longer possible. It is for

him to prove to men out of his deeper conviction and larger wisdom that all works for good; that aught unmerited can in the nature of things never befall us, nor aught purposeless or unreasonable find place in this wide universe; that order is fixed and eternal and not subject to change at the petition of man. But if he can only join with the common lot of men in foolishly praying for some revision of law he but adds another straw to the camel's back.

Salvation has ever been the preacher's theme. It was the church first created a hell that it might find its mission in the redemption of mankind from this theological pit. But now this hell has somehow faded away and the church must find its mission other than this. The age is somewhat too philosophical to any longer consider man in this archaic light. We have discovered it is not the soul needs salvation, and the cat is out of the bag. What then? Why, that we may now discover the God within us and therein be saved from further illusion of outward and personal and historic things; saved from anthropomorphic gods and dying Christs, from the hell of matter and the hell of ignorance,—and, pray, what else is there to be saved from?

It is often argued that the masses of men are not amenable to philosophic truths, that they must have somewhat suited to their plane of understanding—that is to say, their *mis*understanding. But it is not so easily argued that there are grounds therein for misleading, that we shall therefore preach to them a god that is not, a heaven that is not, a hell that is not, all because such myths are readily accepted and the false morality of reward and punishment which

goes with them is a more or less efficient magistrate. The muezzin preaches a better philosophy from the minarets of Santa Sofia — There is no God but Allah! The love of God, the necessity of morality which is the token of that love, and heaven or hell shaping themselves here, and now out of the recognition or disregard of this, is not too transcendental for us; for all facts must go to confirm truth, but no facts and no experience corroborate a false theology, and hence the present difficulty in persuading men from such a standpoint, unless indeed we let go of reason and appeal to fear and selfishness with promise of reward and threats of damnation. When we talk against truth we must use some specious arguments — paint our heavens very rosy, our hells very lurid. See, then, the fallacy of those earnest men who work to revive the dead letter when men are calling for the spirit, — calling for the spirit indeed now as never before. A good sign of the times this, and he who does not heed must soon direct at empty benches his superannuated discourse.

They who can speak direct from the fountain of truth are called prophet and need no book. But prophets be few. If the preacher must perforce speak from a book let him see to it that he knows not one bible only. There's ample evidence that knowing one is knowing none. His duty it is to con the Avesta, the Upanishad, the Gita. How can he possibly afford to overlook these spiritual storehouses! Will the meditations of Buddha and the wisdom of Lao-tsze avail him nothing? Did Plato utter no truth for him? A to Z: Genesis to Revelation, — but there are other alphabets, other revelations. We aver that

we are now well familiar with these ancient Jews, albeit for certain dubious reasons the world thinks none too well of their descendents. Have done, then, with this Jewish history which entertains us no more than another, and seek and interpret the spiritual message of the Bible that we may have light and may perchance come to a better understanding. If preach of the Jews we must, why not a crusade of kindness and tolerance to the modern Jew? That were more to the point than guilding the bones of his ancestors. Are we antiquarians that we should be so in love with these traditions of the Hebrews? Is that the bread of life that it is so freely dispensed? Then surely must we starve.

We are weary of Christ crucified, weary of the gospel of sin and the gospel of death. Let us have the gospel of life; let us have the living Christ, the virile potent truth, if so we are to continue the office. Unless the discourse is tuneful, rhythmic, vibratory, we will have none of it. Unless he can tell us better than we already know, it were folly for us to listen. Unless his experience is richer, his insight deeper, his vision clearer, his humanity broader, what can he possibly impart to us? But it is not for him to vibrate for us but to set us vibrating—we are capable of it. That is the good he can do us, and the only good. We are free men, and would pray for ourselves after what manner we deem best. We need no intermediary. Let him make his life an earnest invocation and a joyful one. We say to the preacher, Be thou a free man; walk thou with God; and gladden us with the fruits of such communion. Prove to us that inspiration has not gone out of the

world. Live so free that we shall the sooner grow sick of our material slavery. Show us what love, what power, what serenity belongs to the children of God who shall order their minds and hearts as befits their divine lineage, that we too may aspire and realize. Be thou Moses and the prophets! Be thou sage and seer! Be thou the apostle of the Real! But be thou never a forlorn echo of the times that are gone!

If men choose to make Jesus the sole theme and preach in his name rather than in the name of the universal, they cannot but remember that Jesus himself preached in the name of God only. With Jesus, to speak the Word and heal the sick were inseparable and pertained one as much as the other to the office of the preacher. He who would follow him must do likewise or he but partly fulfils the office according to that standard. Let him not think to atone for his remissness in healing the sick by any prayers over the dead. Has the Word, then, lost its efficacy or has the man dwindled in his understanding of the spiritual office? Let him answer who aspires thereto by addressing himself to the philosophy which underlies the work of Jesus.

Again, if he believe the philosophy of Jesus to be impracticable and too transcendental for these times, let him not preach another and lesser in the name of that spiritual truth. If he cannot be dissuaded from preaching war and materialism, let him not do it in the name of Jesus. If Jesus is to be the burden of his preaching, he should at least be informed as to the nature of that great man's philosophy. But as a matter of fact he is seldom so informed. It must be evident to the scholar that Jesus reflected

in his teaching the mystical philosophy of the East; that he was an Oriental and a mystic, as how should he not be, child of the East that he was; oriental in his view of life, in his scheme of philosophy, in his imagery, and of a profoundly metaphysical turn of mind. His was a transcendent idealism — himself the Master Idealist. See, then, the absurdity of attempting to westernize this thought evolved from philosophic and religious meditations in Syrian deserts and engrafting thereon a sort of hard-cider theology and ethics. The scholar knows well enough that the metaphysical East has ever been the cradle of religion, and from the East the West has borrowed — too busy to evolve its own. The philosopher must reflect upon the tacit acquiescence which the hustling materialistic West has ever given to the dreamy metaphysical East in adopting as it has its idealism — an idealism opposed in every particular to the ideas according to which the West has and does live, but to which it vaguely subscribes in the hope of ultimate salvation. It is then the duty of the preacher as scholar and philosopher to discover the universal element in this eastern thought which has compelled acceptance of the West and to so understand and set forth the idealism on which it rests as to induce men to live by the spirit of it in place of merely subscribing to the letter. And so in relation to Jesus, if he cannot see that his life and teaching expressed a perfect idealism as the only basis of life, and if he be not stirred by a similar conviction, how can he say anything in the name of Jesus or do other than belie the truth which the great Galilean lived and worked to make manifest!

These many ages men have suffered and mourned; nor has the mourning of one generation lessened that of the next, but each weeps as though none had wept before. We groan today as groaned the Egyptians of the first dynasty, as men will groan forever and ever so long as they look without and place their trust in that which is unstable. But always some few are awaking from their illusions, and these in turn set about trying to arouse the rest. So there are far more awakened men today than ever there were in Egypt, and the work of arousing the sleepers goes on apace, as always it must go on because of the inherent tendency to good and the divine Ministry of Beauty. Still humanity is very drowsy — groans sadly and weeps bitterly and twists and turns in its dream of sense. Speak, then, O preacher, thou hierophant of the inmost beauty! Let the world hear again and again, be thrilled with some hint of the life and the resurrection.

It is for the preacher to proclaim truth on the authority of his own insight and experience. To repeat it on hearsay is nothing. They who groan can do as much. If listening to parrot utterances would dry our tears men would long since have ceased to weep. Nay, he must not tell us of other men — he must bring us to ourselves, for therein is the resurrection. What can he say of any rebirth if he has not himself experienced it, if he is not reborn, renewed, reclothed with the Spirit? What can he say of life if he has not come to the consciousness of life eternal? What can he know of divinity until he has recognized within himself the divine? Nor can he speak of the Spirit until he has become engrossed in the love of spiritual things.

Preeminently is it his office to offset the pernicious belief that inspiration has ceased to flow to the world — that the Book of Truth is closed. And this he can do only by being himself the voice of Truth. It is largely because he has become a mere echo that shallow men have concluded inspiration has ceased and there is nothing left to do but repeat what has already been said. It rests with the preacher to disprove this by his inspired utterance — free and clear as in the morning of the world. He of all men should be the champion of inspiration, for in virtue of this only has the office any good reason for being, and without this he is but a reader. Let him show that scripture is not all written, nor truth all revealed. To do this he himself must add some lines.

Above all, let him affirm the true nature and dignity of man. Here is the keynote of his work,— not to foolishly praise God, but to uplift man who is in need of wisdom to perceive his own true nature. So may he be the means of correcting the silly notion that it is somehow the business of religion to sing the praises of the Almighty while in our own lives there remains no truth and no freedom worthy of song. But may he get rid of the notion that he is to make us good, or to reform or convert or argue. He is to speak truth openly and manfully and kindly, and let truth convince whomsoever it will, and reform and regenerate where it will; and this to the end that men may become happier because wiser, truer, kindlier. The dignity of man! Who, indeed, has ever given full voice to this? It is because Jesus has done so in greater measure than another that he has held our attention all these years. It is because

of this, too, that pitiful mankind must perforce deify him. He spoke plainly enough, but who can hear him? Our ears are stopped. Let the preacher open them with the thunder of his spiritual message. Of all philosophers, the most misunderstood: where is a man can do him justice? Great prophet of the Real — on his rock foundation of metaphysic, as if in irony, the world has blown the veriest bubble of illusion. What absurdities do we not believe for lack of philosophic culture! Prick the bubble and let us have somewhat real at last.

More than to other men it falls to the preacher to be impersonal to the last degree, to be a tuned instrument upon which the master musician shall bring forth harmonies. Let other men scratch and wheeze as they will, he at least must be pure, and heaven inspired. There must be always one Orphean strain in the world. From within, then, must he speak. He must be aware that all virtue is in the Spirit, all life, all power, and himself but the channel. There is his estate; from thence must he draw his supply. So may breathe through him the undying spirit of truth; so, and so only, may he refresh the world with his message.

What has the preacher indeed to do with self-advancement? He is not here to gain worldly ends. Other men are concerned with these. The need is for some one man in ten thousand that is not. He must be concerned with what he can give and not with what he can get. If he cannot so live, let him resign the office and join the ranks of the infidels. The minds of men forever run to diversity; show us one man who shall hold to unity. The world lives to

appearances; let us have one office consecrated to reality. Let him be this check on the world's vanity, and in their saner moments men will be grateful. But if he run with the crowd, voice its sentiments, preach war and materialism, he disgraces the office. Do not preach the church—preach God. Once in a century we have such a man, and he is to us as the sunshine and the voice of the sea.

What has he to do with caste and distinctions, who should be superior to all castes. Brother of wise men and kings, brother equally to publican and harlot, it is for him to address himself to the soul and to proclaim truth to the afflicted consciousness of the world that it may have rest. The office is more than philanthropy; it is more than the filling of men's stomachs and the clothing of their backs. These things are good but need not the sanction of religion, nor will they suffice in place of religion. Men still hunger for the spiritual nourishment, and to dispense some crumbs of this is the most memorable aid one man may render to another. Any baker can give them bread if he is so minded, but this finer bread is not to be had so easily, for men have closed their minds and hearts and know not whence it comes. Teach them to look within that they may derive of their own. Here is a ministry of love to the hearts of men, a ministry of silence to the buzzing world, a ministry of wisdom proclaiming the kingdom of heaven to be within—to be the outcome of character and insight; and so is it the noblest service of God because the truest service to man.

In the name of this office the blind have led the blind, and men have not hesitated to follow into the

ditch so long as they were being led. But today they fight shy of the ditch as never before, and are asking—Which way? Bid them listen to the inner voice. Point the road and give them courage, but be no man's crutch. Rest assured no one ever performed the journey for another. Strange it is that men will do anything rather than *think*. Because of this chronic lethargy, this indisposition to think, it takes a Spartan call to arouse them.

It is mainly the office of the preacher, then, to stimulate and encourage the perceptive faculties that men may come to think for themselves to the ends of regeneration; to sound the one major chord above all this minor wail, the one triumphant march above all these dismal tunes; to chant the psalm of man the divine, who is great because of love and without love would be as grass; to be the perennial spring of optimistic thought amidst arid worldliness and barren selfishness, that there may the date palm flourish and the parched traveler be refreshed and peradventure some bird of passage linger for a day.

Surely here is a Ministry of Beauty, O thou of the great heart—the lion heart and the woman soul! Dweller in the "starlit deserts of truth," unto you has fallen the heavenly manna—the bread of life. With this shall you feed the hungry. For you there is a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night; for you one gleaming star in those silent deserts, for never will the Spirit forsake. Then freely give. Friend of the poor and friend of the rich, friend of the low and the high, gather to you the wandering children of man. Lead them to the Soul, and well may you be called the Elder Brother of the race.

XII. THE TEACHER

THERE is something to be said in regard to teaching, over and above the elements and principles of pedagogy altogether,—something to be said for the divine element in it—its spiritual and also its psychologic aspects. The teacher is surely more than pedagogue. He is rightfully concerned with more than the elements of knowledge which assist a man the better to care for himself; it comes within his province to deal with the formation of character—the helping a man to *find* himself. The university should not be any more sacred to learning than to character. The virtues of the heart should not be neglected there. The lecture-hall may not be all of a piece with the market and the exchange but should in some degree be consecrated to the ideal, that youth may there receive some impress not wholly to be effaced in later con tact with the world without. Thus the teacher true to his proper office stands consecrated to the service of beauty and bound over to foster the ideal, that learning shall not take a man away from, but nearer to, God, to nature, and to his fellows.

To him falls perhaps the most delicate ministry of all—to point the growing mind in the direction of character. If he has taught only letters—or quaternions and the differential calculus—he has not fulfilled his office. It should be his part as well to inculcate the love of beauty, to incite as far as possible

to original thought,—above all, to instil some notion of values as applied to life and the world, to inoculate the mind with reality that it become proof against the sensational. Parents frequently have not the wisdom to so teach, and the care evolves upon the teacher. Every one is concerned that the boy should be fitted for the world; no one is concerned that he should be fitted for *life*. It is plain to see that the Sunday-school is no school at all and can teach no real lesson. Where, then, is the child of thoughtless parents to gain any inkling of the facts? Left to himself he might do better, but the world instantly crowds in upon him with its illusions and false ideals. The soul in him is not yet heard and he accepts the gospel of selfishness as a matter of course since every one preaches it to him. If while he is fitted to read he is also fitted in some degree to live—see what power for good is here. The child is much like a plant in a cellar, or among weeds; it would grow of itself did we but hold the weeds back. He needs protection from silly beliefs and selfish aims until he has lived to gain some insight of himself. More often than not his parents are his worst enemies in this regard and would innocently clap the whole burden of their ignorance on his young shoulders. He will be told well enough the value of money; but he will not be told how valueless it is to buy the bread of life. He will be told to lay up for himself, but he will seldom be encouraged to acquire the true resources which can alone make living profitable and save him from a shallow and cynical old age.

We ask of the teacher henceforth that he save our children from all we have had to *un*learn. Why fill

the mind with so much that is provisional and tentative? Why strain it until it cracks in acquiring hypotheses that tomorrow will refute? To him come the youth of the land eager to begin the search for that success which has been dinned in their ears. It is for him to hint to them of a more real success, to infuse a little philosophic leaven into his daily batch of dough, to give them a drop of nectar along with the common medicine of school-books. Let the child have at least a whiff of the perfume of Araby. So seldom in after life does the world permit us to hear the truth about success. There is this paradox, that every really great man has been a failure according to the standards of the world, and most successful men are failures from any true and spiritual standpoint. Looked at through the world's glass, they of blood and iron are the successful men while the men of fine spiritual parts capable of great love and renunciation are failures. It is sad we must be in such haste to have the children look through this distorting glass and to emulate this spurious success. Be brave and whisper them some little truth, and though it cost you dear, God will repay. It will be something that you have not lent yourself to the common treachery to the childhood of the world.

Every earnest student has had to face the problem of unprofitable teachers, as the earnest teacher is confronted often enough with indifferent and indolent scholars. The boy is a strange animal, and only men of a certain wisdom and good heart know how to make a friend of him and to make him a friend to himself. No wooden man can do this, no half-hearted man, no man of cold nature and shallow sympathies.

He must take the boy into his heart no less than his subject and make it his affair to bring the one to the other, to kindle some of his own enthusiasm. He cannot teach a subject that for him lacks interest. He must be in love with his subject and possessed of the idea it can be made interesting to another. The unprofitable instructors are they who fail to arouse any interest in their subject. Not any bungler can teach — not any little man; nor can every well-informed man impart his information. It requires a gift. Least of all is this an office that may be inadequately filled, for such is at the expense of childhood.

To the teacher tact and discernment are indispensable. It is for him to discover individual needs. Let no obtuse person enter this profession. But, alas, there is now and again a Squeers. It will not do to incline all twigs alike. Some will break under a small strain; some may bend into a hoop and not break. Pitch pine and scrub oak will grow anywhere, but better wood must have richer soil. It is vain to scatter white and pitch pine in the same poor soil, or white and cherry birch. The teacher must have rare skill indeed and sound judgment. These he will not have unless love be at the root of his work. He is a florist to whom are given many seeds. He must tell them at a glance, and with patience born of true sympathy with his office and with men, study to develop each to the best advantage. Some will need to be held back, some to be urged forward. With the tyro it is hit or miss. He may coddle burdocks while he casts his flower seed into the pasture.

It is surely true of the teacher that he is born to the office, and one so fitted should give himself to

the work, for he is needed. Like all good work love is the main thing. We remain indebted to that instructor in whom we found the most humanity, the real interest in us as individuals and fellow beings as well as students merely. But the cold instructor is the bane of the classroom and the lecture-hall. Mathematics was a bore with us until we came under the right genial expounder. Fossils are well enough but no fossilized man can make them of interest. It takes a live, whole-hearted man. We do not wish to hear a fossil lecture. How much of the popular ignorance of botany and kindred subjects is due to the manner in which these were taught, or *mis*taught! We did not associate geology with the fields nor botany with the flowers, but with the driest of books.

Education of some sort is today as free as the air. Though a man be born deaf, dumb and blind he is not debarred. But the fault of the age is haste. We would educate the boy at the risk of his life. And yet the wisest man has not so much as learned his letters. In colleges very young and inexperienced children in the science of life, instruct other and still younger children. Babe prattles to babe. The whole course of this present life does not fit any one man to live. The oldest man among us has not yet gotten at the facts. Why talk of finishing an education? I must be as old as the hills before I am prepared to begin an education. I shall not finish it in time. Let us not be at such haste, then, to crowd the boy through the machine. There are things to be learned in the woods and in the machine-shop that are as valuable in their way. What we want are well-rounded men.

The habit of thought is the mold in which future events are cast. Today shapes tomorrow. Youth sows; age reaps. The boy that should be taught to think truly and disciplined during his plastic years in thought-control, would receive in this a practical education such as none other had. Where shall he obtain this? What boy ever heard of controlling his thought? He would be a wise teacher who should make it his business to induce the habit of thought-control. Here are exercises no end for the memory, and yet not so much that is worth remembering. Let the other faculties be strengthened as well. How many have the gift of seeing things? This faculty may be cultivated as well as the memory, and to better advantage. That man who can discover some original beauty and verity for himself, see it with his own eyes and not through the eyes of another, is not without resource so long as he live. In the overread this faculty frequently is atrophied; they never see a tree in all their days, nor these familiar heavens, but always Homer's sky or the skies of the Elizabethan poets. The remedy lies in less memory and more reflection, that we may come to know what to remember, what to forget — may have some thoughts of our own to remember. The common methods of education arise from the belief that all knowledge comes from without, that the mind knows only what is poured into it and evolves nothing of its own. Hence education is by some thought to be a process of memorizing. The real problem is to stimulate the mind to reflection that it may make these thoughts its own, if they be worthy, and, more than this, become itself the recipient directly from the source of truth and beauty.

It would be worth while to hear one boy say he did not agree with Newton, or Copernicus, and stick to it till he was convinced by virtue of the facts. Something might be expected of that boy. It is not that every boy—or perhaps one in an age—would thus be revealed as poet or astronomer, or that his observations would necessarily be of any moment; the value would lie in the habit of proving things.

Here are the colleges turning out doctors and ministers in excess of patients and parishioners. But the profession of Thinking is not overcrowded. Why not educate a few men now and then to this? The fact is, such are usually self-evolved. At the same time it is conceivable that some training might be devised with this in view; something that would serve to strengthen the mental fiber. Deference to the authority of names is fatal. It is in fact a robust profession only open to rugged and vigorous minds and for this reason will be but sparingly filled for some time to come.

The habit of deferring without question to authority has led men to accepting all sorts of absurdities in the name of religion, of medicine, of science. Were it not for the gullibility of mankind there would not be half the business done and some professions would go a-begging. Consider how much business is done in virtue of our needs, and, again, what proportion is the outcome of our fears, superstitions, vanities. The superstructure of civilization has thus grown out of all proportion to the foundation, which is slight and not so much broader than in the beginning of the era. It is like a tree that has become covered

with a vast network of vines while the tree itself has grown but slowly.

In the Sunday-school the child knows more than the man. It is all too evident that the children should be the teachers, for they are nearer to God. The child knows that of heaven which the man has forgotten. If we are to have Sunday-schools then let the grown persons go and sit at the feet of the children, for it is we need instruction most. If any one is to lead us into the kingdom of harmony it shall be a child. Let us not ignore his divine ministry and be in such haste to saddle him with our foolish beliefs that he become like unto us. Within the child sits a sage, but presently he is walled in and no more heard of again, and no one remembers he is there.

Society is periodically afflicted with the military fever. Pity it is none are inoculated against this in the schoolroom. But the boy must grow up to think it commendable he should some day play the role of Abel, and for no quarrel of his own. There should be one temple sacred to peace that at least childhood might worship there.

It is a poor school indeed that fosters selfishness. Whether it be arts or sciences, what better can any teach than kindness? What better service than to have fostered this in the minds of children? Considerateness were surely of more value than Latin: life is all Greek to us so long as we have not this. Why not emphasize these as well as scholarship? Nay, show that without these, scholarship were abortive—eloquence and rhetoric but so much wind. We are not to polish and varnish the young but to cultivate them; not intellect altogether, but character and

heart. Let us not overestimate what we call education. In what institution is there a chair of wisdom? What college confers the degree of *Man?* Is there any higher than this? Or where shall we obtain the degree of good husband, father, son? If our scholar has the drink habit or a violent temper, he teaches more by his failings than by his Greek: this good lesson, for instance, that it is useless to twine the shoots unless we water the roots.

How infrequently do we make any memorable communication, say anything of life itself, voice the ideal in our conversations! Society is largely given to trifles and gossip and the children receive this as their mental heritage. But man grows through ideals. Through evolving constantly higher ideals he comes into the realization of his true estate. We owe it accordingly to youth everywhere that we should at least start it right, that we should make it our business to encourage and set forth true and lofty ideals such as in after years may be lived by when all else fails. To educate the young to false ideals and material aims is to secure for them certain misspent years and ultimate indifference and pessimism. Only in rare cases is there a determined revolt from such training. There is some rebellion during the maturing years when beauty is seen to beckon, but final acquiescence in the gospel of selfishness heard on every hand. But what a heritage shall they receive who in the wiser years to come shall meet from the start with true ideals and find these encouraged in them! Sometime there shall be born a race in whom beauty will have free play: children in whom the voice of God will still be heard above the clamor of the world.

When we come to consider the office in its broader significance, pass from the instructor of children to the teacher of men, we see he is essentially poet or preacher. The poetic faculty ever instructs the world. The preacher true to his office, and not a reader or a priest merely, is, above all, a teacher, and instructs mankind in the science of the eternal life. The philosopher who lives his philosophy teaches as much as any. Whoever makes it his affair to give expression to the ideal is teaching through his art. He who is faithful to his home life, makes that his holy place,—the same imparts some divine lesson. He who is faithful to a public office instructs somewhat. The newspapers are the common instructors, and poor ones be it said, in view of their possibilities. Every good husband and father teaches; every loving, patient mother; every child. I have more to learn from my child than he from me. Where else shall I be so well instructed in patience; where else elevated by such innocence? But doubtless all things instruct, and life is but a course of instruction. The birds are able instructors, the trees preach very well, the flowers are gentle teachers. Truth has so many agents; the soul whispers us in divers tongues. We are every one called into service and must teach, if not by our virtues then by our vices.

All experience instructs us to be kind. We are endlessly rebuked for our shallow judgment and false criticism of men. The years heap coals of fire upon our heads. From our children we learn the virtues of our parents and are made to realize what abundant kindness they lavished on our heedless youth. We are a parcel of school boys after all. One

busies himself with captive flies; one wears the fool's cap; another has his lesson, and says, "What a fine boy am I!" Who can say which shall be the wiser in the end? Who can see the lesson in it all? He of the good marks may turn out a fine rascal; he of the imprisoned flies, lay down his life cheerfully for another. We are never truant to any lesson our development demands; though we were to hide in the earth it would find us out. One gets it from the discipline of the classroom; another perhaps finds it in playing truant—runs away from the spelling-book only to learn a greater lesson.

XIII. THE POET

THE master song,—the song of songs, which is love; whoso hears comes to himself, and ever and forever must follow the matchless strain. It shall lead us as once Orpheus lead. But because of inner conflicts and cross purposes it seems to him always elusive. For days and days it may be silent—years perhaps—and then suddenly he shall hear it above the winter gale; above the hiss of the spray and the boom of the surf and the wild music of the winds, shall hear, sweet and low, this harmony which brings peace, and the storm shall be no more to him than the rustling of leaves in October days. Or, again, on May mornings strolling along country roads; overhead the apple blossoms; overhead the tender blue; in the grass the star-eyed dandelions, in the willows the gay-plumaged warblers lisping their fine high-pitched notes, and the myriad drowsy bees humming, humming, humming; he shall on a sudden feel his heart to open, till it take to itself the star-eyed dandelions and the lisping warblers, till it take to itself the sighs and sobs of the world, and these ameliorate in its own cheery expanse. Then shall he know it was the master song.

Again, above the din of his own clanging, petulant thought, seated there, it may be, at his desk,—he shall hear that serene chant, for an instant only, but he shall be at peace.

Whence comes this strain? It comes from within. It is heard with an inner ear; it is heard in our hearts. It is dynamic above the storm, and yet 'tis softer than bluebird's warble. It will melt the stoniest heart; it will bring a gleam into the dimmest eyes. It seems ever elusive; but it is no will-o'-the-wisp, for it leads us up—always up. It sounds clearer as we ascend. It may be it comes from the summit, but no one has reached there to see, or, if so, has never come back to tell. It is a subtle motif and suggests endless and beautiful thoughts. Like the hymn of the thrush, it is simplicity itself; and yet to the poet it opens the doors of Immensity. It is not in nature so much as nature is in it. The many notes are blended in this one harmony. Who knows but it is the harmony which sustains nature. The thrush then echoes it unconsciously, and now and again the poet knowingly. Sometimes we give it the name of the poet as though he sang it. But he only echoes it; it sings itself through him.

The song of the soul,—the true song of liberty; whoso hears, to him it comes at last as the flower of compassion. He, too, upon a time, it may be, has chanted the Roman Victory, has sung *Ca Ira*, has merged his voice in the battle hymn—bareheaded; barearmed, with flashing eye and swelling throat. He has sung o'er nights and days, days of youth and days of manhood,—virile, purposeful, selfish days; mad, chaotic, feverish nights. In gray days and under sunny skies, all around the little world he has sung and laughed—and mourned, in turn. Restless seeker of he knew not what, he has dreamed his dream of fame; he has had his dream of pleasure. He has

seen his love go from him; he has seen his vision fade; he has listened for the voices of his children; he has known the empty house, the silent halls. Again, he has watched the swallows skimming and felt his freedom was a boast; has watched the petrels in the storm, the little mother song-bird feeding hour by hour her nestlings, and the partridge throw herself before the fox,— and felt his courage was a name. He has heard the thrasher grieving for his mate; has seen the courage of the she-bear, and to him has come the angel of compassion. Born of his sorrow this joy at last, which makes him kin to all the world.

Here, then, the first faint echo of the true song of victory, the first note of the great chant of freedom, which sings itself in the heart of man. All the rest is but a preparation — now at last the master song; in his dauntless, well-seasoned manhood, in his full-compassioned manhood, the song of songs,— one manhood, one motherhood, one childhood, one love including all, in all, through all. Not a sparrow falls, not a lily unfolds, but is sustained by that love and in that life, and one supreme beauty serves.

To all the world, freedom,— in the name of the soul, freedom, the heritage of all, the divine right of all; to the animals which are enslaved of man and cannot help themselves; to man, who is enslaved of himself and who alone can help himself. To the bear in his monotonous pit, to the wild bird in its pitiless cage, to the swift-finned salmon and bass in their petty tanks, aching to use their fins; you who have ranged the jungle and the forest, whose migrations have led you the length of continents — now grieving out your lives,— for you the divine chant is

singing itself in our hearts. Parks shall be made for you instead of cages; the hunter shall go with camera in place of gun; aye, statesmen shall speak for you, O song-birds, and there shall be a growing conviction that freedom is for you as well. And you in slaughter-houses who in deadly fear watch your mates slaughtered before your eyes and await your turn, there shall yet be compassion for you.

To humanity—freedom; humanity which is never so much enslaved by tyrants as it is self-enslaved,—forging its own chains, building its own dungeons. A day cometh, a far-off day, when you shall hear the song of the soul and shall pass through the walls of your self-made prison as through air; chains shall drop off and walls go down before it, and never again shall you forge chains for yourself or for others.

The chant of the beautiful here; the song of the endless present: 'tis the haunting melody from the undiscovered country on whose borders we forever wander. Howbeit there is no uncertainty in the song itself; never a note of repining. It is positive as the sunlight; it is the chant of serenity. Whoso hears, it haunts him as truth haunts, as the faces of some women haunt,—visions of purity that search out the dark corners of our minds,—faces that never entirely vanish out of our lives, but rise on occasion with gentle power over the horizon of our darkest days. In it there is no unrest, no disquietude, no self-assertion. It sounds a note above hope; it is all assurance, fruition, consummation. In those serene moments the wilderness vanishes, the way is plain, the very birds and flowers declare the soul; from the clover comes a sweet, drowsy humming which reads itself

into the heart. As suddenly the vision fades, the marvelous vibrations are lost, the wilderness closes around. Like the traveler in the *Arabian Nights* tale on his return from the enchanted castle,—castle, princess, horse and all have faded, and he stands in the prosaic street and is jostled by the crowd.

Wanderers are we all, seeking the soul though we know it not,—but seldom does one sing. Him we name poet and prophet, and master of harmony. But it is not his; it is still the song of the soul. When he would sing of himself he sounds only a faint squeak. One there was whose voice was sweeter than all. Because he opened his heart there were breathed through him harmonies that healed the sick. But they sound very faintly to us now; it may be our hearts are not open.

There are those in attics and garrets who have caught faint whisperings of the song. But they do not know it comes from within, but think it must come from some book. Eagerly they con the poets and essayists, but it is hard to find the hallowed page. There are others living very differently, who have all and yet have nothing,—for they have heard as yet never a whisper. But there is love for all, hope for all, endless upward growth for all. The soul is not more distant now than once; it is not here nor there. Neither is God more distant. You seekers for truth, you lovers of beauty, you who patiently work for others, you gentle, loving mothers, you shall all hear the strain in due time. Some will even echo it, and the world will say it is you who sing, and will applaud; but you must know better; you must know that it is only because you are in accord with

life that you have given forth any true melody. Do not be deceived; take no credit to yourselves. To remain in accord, to open your hearts,—that is your work. The song will sing itself. And if it comes clear and sweet, some will forget their griefs, some will come forth from their prisons into the light of day, some will be healed. Blessed are you all who but sound one note of the divine song, that you may cure one ill, or assuage one grief, or give one ray of hope.

There can be no mediocrity for the mind ever open to the intimations of its genius. We are not cast adrift without rudder or chart to read our fate in the skies. Faithless have we become if the intuition no longer instructs, no longer suffices; shallow, indeed, if we relegate religion to priests and truth to poets, for the soul bids every man seek truth for himself and make his own prayers. It is for us to treasure every phrase of gentle import, every noble thought, every sweet strain, for it is the soul has spoken and these memories shall ever fan the flame of aspiration.

The genius of the poet as of the preacher is universality. What he finds true in his experience should be true of all men. He perceives mankind as a unit—sees one mind, one heart. What they dimly perceive in widely separated moments he feels deeply and proclaims. It is ignorance and pride they oppose to this, for the dullness of our common experience denies our inspiration. Yet when the inspiration comes we are lifted at once in beauty and made oblivious for the time of all else. For this reason great poetry is never old. It outlives the language in which it was written, is remembered when the age—the

land — are forgotten. We may have no idea of Sanskrit, none of ancient Hebrew, little or none of classic Greek, and yet we respond to the translation of epic and psalm as though fresh written in our own tongue. Why if not for the universality of the genius which inspired them? Here on the plains of America we are thrilled by the thoughts of those early poets. This is testimony sufficient to the quality of their genius, and to the character of the poetic faculty itself, which is to be classed as an innate quality of the mind. It is as it were the mind's premonition of the soul, and its expression is not so much an outgrowth of literary forms as it is rather that something which both preceded and subsequently fostered them. Neither is genius a personal trait, but an effluence of the soul.

Beauty is ageless, and genius works in the everlasting today. When the Greeks perceived this they wrought the universal into their statues. The Egyptologist, excavating through the mounds of the Delta, passes through successive strata representing as many dynasties, and in each finds trinkets and utensils which he interprets in the light of the universality of necessity and use, and again of vanity. That early Egyptian was subject to the same emotions as we, and expressed them similarly. In Pompeii the traveler, regarding the belongings of a people so long ago entombed, feels the stirrings of a common nature — the universality of necessity again. Just so he who explores the fields of thought feels the stirrings of a higher nature — the universality of truth. He is brought directly in contact with that supreme necessity which only the poet apprehends in its

fulness — that necessity of beauty, in virtue of which he knows greater freedom than other men in that he renders more perfect obedience. And so does he inspire us to forget our personal limitations and to rise to a vague sense of the universal wherein we too know a moment's freedom.

The composer is poet working through a different medium of expression, just as painter and sculptor are poets with brush and chisel. His message requires an interpreter as though one were to write in a foreign tongue. They have one and all to express their perception of the ideal. I may put this on canvas or in verse according to my bent. Verse is to the poet a means, not an end. Witness how great a poet is Wagner — a prophet who expressed himself in notes. Who of all the poets has expressed more delicate shades of feeling, more subtle harmonies of being, than Chopin? Again, what virile poems are the rhapsodies of Liszt, the symphonies of Beethoven!

The master singers, then, have been those whose minds were in tune, who were in accord with life. Hence their voices have been passing sweet with the song which was not theirs, but the soul's. So are characters mellowed and made lovable, and faces made to shine with supernal light, all because of some inner melodious sounds; and this even with some who have never echoed aloud one note, but given a silent assent only, and listened and smiled and worked, and grown strong and patient, and kind and helpful. The world has said circumstances developed these characters; but it is the soul singing itself in their lives, for they have not voice, so their very lives have become melodious, and their thoughts

harmonious, and their faces radiant. All they lack is voice. But they also bless the earth.

Because of the din of the world, the conflict of personal aims, and the buzz of tradition; because of phantasy and dream and illusion, few of us hear aright the song, few perceive the goal of their wanderings. We grope in an outer wilderness we call life. The master singer alone knows himself to be approaching a goal in his inner self; knows his exploration to be self-exploration; knows himself to be returning home to God—to be approaching the Holy Land. He alone knows himself to be discovering the Here, to be lifting the veil of the Now. While others run to and fro, his only journey is within—for there is the Holy Land.

And yet he is not apart from men, but one with them; nearer to them than they can know, nearer than they themselves, and voices the soul in them as they cannot. He sees what they do not as yet see, and hears what they do not as yet hear, and strives to make it known to them. Apart from them he would be nothing—a singer without an audience. Shoulder to shoulder he stands with men, but they know not that he is pushing, that his arm is the strongest of all. But were he to fall back they would know it.

As out of the succession of waves there is born one topmost wave of all, so is the master singer born of humanity,—born of the waves of aspiration. From its yearnings, its sorrows and joys, its intuitions, is he brought forth—thought of its thought, faith of its faith. All its deepest, inarticulate thought is kneaded into his composition. So is he responsive

and resonant like bell metal — the very finest bell metal — into which have entered some tin, some copper, some silver and the rest, all in just proportions. Only once in a lifetime is such a bell cast, and when it is sounded there comes forth such a volume of sound, such a reverberation, so deep, so rich, so mellow, that men must perforce stand still and listen, as when the great bell sounds in Giotto's campanile, or the wondrous sweet-voiced temple bells of old Japan.

Analyze its wonderful alloy and there are but common elements. Out of its silver we make dinner bells; out of its copper, kettles; and out of its tin, pans only. These are good but give forth no inspiring sound. Resonance comes with the blending; the temple bell is the blend of these. So is it with the master singer, and straightway we hear him there stirs in us a new thought, a new joy, a new hope,—for have we not in us some elements of his thought; have we not in us some copper, or tin, or a grain of silver? And though we can give forth no such melody,—can do no more than ring to dinner,—we know that he rings true. Take home to you, then, the song, for it proceeds from him no more than from you, but out of the Immeasurable which sustains us all. He is but the voice.

O master singer, you are kin to all men; they are the elements which have been poured into your bell metal! Dwellers on Himalayan slopes — there seeking peace, or under the cryptomerias of Japan embowered in wistaria; dwellers on the Arabian deserts or in the mystic Syrian land, in solitary Greek monasteries, or under soft skies by beloved Arno, or in Titian's country among the rose-tinted dolomites

where life is yet placid and without pretense, or in the sunny fields of Normandy — fields bright with the corn-flowers and the poppy, — and in old-time Brittany; by the golden horn whirling your rhythmic, dreamy, dervish dance — rapt and oblivious to all but the mystic idea, — or clad in yellow robes and with brass bowl taking your peaceful way beneath the palms of Ceylon. Again, here in the great West whence freedom is to come — soaring upward on pinions of the young eagle; in the Sierra among the sugar pines and the silver fir, or in the north woods among the tamarack and balsams; those in the open fields everywhere who feel the stirrings of beauty; those living in the rush and turmoil of great cities, who are yet serene amidst it all, their sympathies broadened, their love deepened — these make up the alloy that is poured into your bell metal; they it is who enter into the marvelous blend. Ring out, then, to the master harmony, O thou resonant one, — sound that divine melody of the soul; to those everywhere who work for beauty, who are consecrated to their work; to the big-hearted and the whole-souled everywhere; to the mothers, sisters, sweethearts, — to the divine feminine in them all; to all, greeting in the name of love, in the name of beauty.