

SINGING THROUGH LIFE
WITH GOD

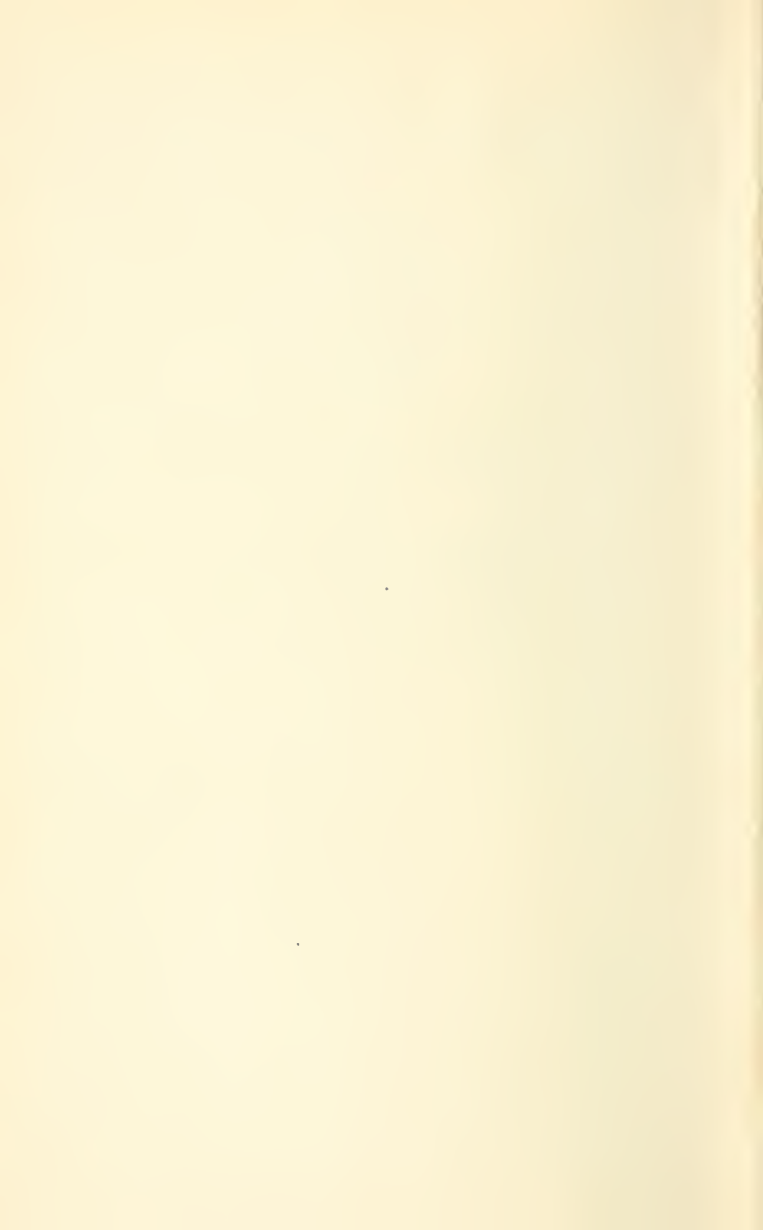


GEORGE WHARTON JAMES



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**SINGING THROUGH LIFE
WITH GOD**



MEDITATION

George Wharton James at Foresta, in Yosemite National
Park, California

Singing through Life with God

BY

GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

AUTHOR OF

QUIT YOUR WORRYING; LIVING THE RADIANT LIFE; CALIFORNIA, ROMANTIC AND BEAUTIFUL; ARIZONA, THE WONDERLAND; INDIAN BASKETRY; THE INDIANS' SECRETS OF HEALTH; IN AND OUT OF THE OLD MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA; ETC., ETC.

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TO THE KEEP WELL CLUB
of Cleveland, Ohio

TO MYRTA PERKINS SWINGLE
Its founder and president

TO ALL WHOSE FRIENDLINESS
AND LOVE

Have helped others

I CORDIALLY DEDICATE THIS BOOK.

May such fulness of joy come upon them
that during the rest of their days
they will happily go

Singing through Life with God.

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INTRODUCTION

ONE day I was enjoying a walk through one of the several rich resident districts of Cleveland, Ohio. It was late spring-time and every home had its own entrancing surroundings of trees, shrubs, lawns and exquisite flowers. Enchantment of all the senses was in the air. One seemed to be in fairyland. Suddenly, I turned into a less pretentious street. In a moment my eyes fell upon a hedge of bridal wreath in full bloom. The surroundings were commonplace, compared with what I had just been enjoying, yet, instinctively my heart cried out at the glorious beauty of this simple flower: How wonderfully it sings its song of praise to God. And with a force that was startling in its power and suddenness there sprang into my innermost being the idea: All Nature sings its heart out to God during its life. Why cannot man do the same? I felt he *could*—therefore, he should do so, and then and there the title and purpose of this book was born: *Singing through Life with God*.

Too long has there been the idea in the minds of men that all song offered to God must be purely formal, stately, solemn, grand, of the dignified type

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—chorals, hymns, oratorios, masses, and the like—and that thanksgiving must also be in formal, set, solemn and dignified terms.

Why?

Is it not because of the reflex action of the paltry littleness of the human mind that it attributes to all powers above it the smallnesses of itself? Kings, queens, emperors, princes, the autocracy of earth, require pomp and ceremony, the constant and perpetual bowing-down of men's bodies, and the mean and servile subserviency of their souls in order that their own greatness, dignity and power may be recognized. Hence, in the spirit gendered by earthly kingdoms, men have approached God, and servility, groveling fear, and the constant thought of propitiation have been present in their manner and in their words.

Out upon such a debasing idea of God!

In the days of the primitive savage such a conception might be tolerated, but now, when man realizes his oneness with God, his real sonship, anything but natural and spontaneous song and thanksgiving is unworthy both God and man. There are times, undoubtedly, when the formal types of song and worship seem to be demanded. Then let them be accorded. But God can have no delight in a worship that is forced, stilted, formal, conventional, even to the words, manner, posture, time, season, and the clothes of the celebrant.

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Imagine a school of children released for their morning recess, desirous of expressing their joy at their temporary freedom to get out into the sunshine and fresh air, feeling it incumbent upon themselves to approach their teacher and in stately and dignified manner to recite in a solemn and melancholy tone, these words: "*Dearly beloved teacher: Our hearts are profoundly moved to express our thanks to you on this occasion that you have freed us from the monotony of the schoolroom. Here, where we have striven daily and hourly to learn our lessons, time often seems irksome to us, yet, now, in the goodness of your heart and in your great loving-kindness to us, you have released us, that for a short time we may play, frolic, dance, sing and shout in our playground. We solemnly and sincerely thank thee, O teacher.*"

I can imagine that the teacher—certainly if he had within him a human spirit—would shout vehemently: "Get out of here, you young prigs!"

Does not the very abandon of the school boy and girl, as they rush down the steps, dance and shout in the playground and organize their little games, speak their gratitude, their thanks, with immeasurably more *reality* than all the formal speeches they might make in a lifetime?

Is God a God of formality, of convention, delighting in being praised, thanked, bowed down to, worshipped with many words and much ceremony?

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We certainly have gained the idea that He is from the Old Testament of the Jewish religion, and the formalities of the Christian Church of today, but the longer I live the less I believe in the spirit of some of the Old Testament as really indicative of the God I love and serve. As stated elsewhere, even in the Old Testament there are many glimpses of another kind of God, though I am inclined to the belief that the ancient Hebrews were a gloomy people, who took their religion with intense seriousness and were largely without the modern conception of joy and humor.

The most perfect song is that which is most natural, most spontaneous. Even where a great vocal artist, who has devoted years to the study of his, or her, art, and attains as near perfection as ever human beings achieve, that perfection is determined largely by the simplicity and purity, the naturalness and spontaneity with which the voice is used. The singers who are stilted in manner, affected in pose, unnatural and artificial in their general effect may dazzle with their achievements, but they do not win the heart of their hearers as do those who pour forth their song as naturally as do the birds.

Who that has heard Tetrizzini does not feel the naturalness of her perfection? And is it not the spontaneity of McCormack's emotion expressed through that marvelous voice with which the Creator has endowed him, that endears him to all who come to listen?

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A picture comes to my mind that helps enforce this thought of the power of simplicity in song. We were holding an Assembly somewhat after the Chautauqua fashion, at Foresta, in the Yosemite National Park. Ellen Beach Yaw, the prima donna, with the flute-like voice that soars an octave or more above that of any known cantatrice, a singing capacity that has led to her being universally called "Lark Ellen," was about to sing. The audience was assembled out-of-doors in the pines (for all our meetings were out-of-door ones), and without any other accompaniment than the rustle of pine-needles and the warble of birds, she began her song. Then, as if she were alone and singing entirely for her own pleasure, she walked away from us, and sent her voice carolling in every direction. First one song, then another, came echoing through the pines. Notes as clear as those of a nightingale, and vivid as those of the skylark, as rollicking and joyful as those of the mocking-bird, and tender as those of a hermit thrush, as sincere and maternal as those of a robin, as love impassioned as those of a linnet, came to those of us who sat entranced. Here was pure song. No orchestra, no conductor, no glare of footlights, no artificial scenery, no false pomp or sham sentiment, no excitement from an audience of over-dressed men and women, but the simple and plain adornments and enchantments of the wood and mountain, the incitement of pure sky and God-inspired bird carollings—

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these were her outward inspirations, co-ordinating with the promptings of the song-spirit within. There were several world critics present in the audience that morning yet all agreed that never before had such thrilling and all-satisfying song been heard.

Yet singing may be formal or informal as the singer chooses, but when it is an expression of joy, of thanks, it springs forth naturally and spontaneously from the human heart. It is one of the commonest forms of expression, and *as such*, is of immense benefit to the singer. But in addition to this fact it possesses many advantages and offers many benefits to mankind.

Singing is good for body, mind and soul. Its exercise strengthens the throat, expands the lungs, demands deep breathing and thus generates and vivifies the blood and sends new life coursing through the veins and new power into the brain to be placed at the service of mind and soul. It cheers the mind by substituting cheery thought and pleasing sound for gloom and despair. It diverts man's conscious intellect to the bright instead of the gloomy side of life, gives him new outlooks, new courage, new energy, new determination and new will. No man or woman who had the singing heart and habit ever committed suicide. Such a thing is unthinkable, impossible.

Then, too, in singing one puts his mind and body in tune with his soul—that spark, reflection, offspring—call it what you will—of the Infinite, the

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Divine, the All-Powerful. Ralph Waldo Trine, in his great book, *In Tune with the Infinite*, hit upon this wonderful thought and with great effectiveness presented it to the world, though he might have enlarged much more than he did upon the helpfulness of song in the heart and on the lips in bringing about this desirable harmony between Creator and created.

Some years ago my friend, Joe Mitchell Chapple, editor of the *National Magazine*, published in Boston, Mass., called upon the people of America to send in their favorite songs of every kind. For four years a constant stream of responses followed, bringing to his office from twenty-five thousand people the songs of their choice. From these were selected the choicest by George W. Chadwick, Director of the New England Conservatory of Music, and Victor Herbert, both eminent American composers and distinguished musicians. These selected songs were published under the title *Heart Songs*, and in the Preface Mr. Chapple wrote as follows:

Songs that have entertained thousands from childhood to the grave and have voiced the pleasure and pain, the love and longing, the despair and delight, the sorrow and resignation, and the consolation of the plain people—who have found in these an utterance for emotions which they felt but could not express—came in by the thousands. The yellow sheets of music bear evidence of constant use; in times of war and peace, victory and defeat, good and evil fortune, these sweet strains have blended with the coarser thread of human life and offered to the joyful or saddened soul a suggestion of uplift, sympathy and hope.

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No greater evidence can be given of the place music has in the helping through life of an earnest people. Those who can sing constantly, with God, carry the joy of heaven with them.

It is a well known fact that workmen, singing at their work, do it better and quicker, and they themselves are less tired than those who do not sing.

Everybody who has marched for a number of miles has experienced the cheer, the relief and the complete change of spirit that come when some one starts a song. It has an exhilarating effect, it pleasantly occupies the mind, and physical weariness is forgotten.

Exactly the same law would apply to those who, tired out with their day's work are at a loss to know how to enjoy themselves and at the same time recuperate for the morrow's labors. Singing solves the problem perfectly, and where one can join a chorus and put his—her—heart into the singing, a distinct and delightful rejuvenation of the body accompanies and follows it. These are physical facts based upon psychological law. Where the mind is pleasantly and agreeably occupied the body enjoys a corresponding condition. Simple, but profound, and well worth remembering.

So sing, brother, sing, whatever your condition, station or mood. Are you ill, depressed, sad, lonely? Sing! And you will bring angels of light and comfort about you who will soothe your ailments, drive

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away your depression and sadness, cause you to know the blessedness of communion with all the joyous ones who have gone through life singing hand in hand with God. Are you down-hearted, deserted of men, despised, hated, ostracized? Sing! Sing! And you will soon feel your oneness with another who was despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, one whom men so hated that they hung him upon the cursed cross and left him there between two thieves. And just as angels came and ministered to him they will come and minister to you. Your faith expressed in your song will bring down Divine peace which shall possess your heart and mind, and it will be a peace that passeth all understanding.

Well do I recall a time when I myself was in this deserted, ostracized, hated position. Owing to misunderstandings, and misstatements of others, I had come under the condemnation of many people in the community where I then lived. For the time being I was not only *persona non grata* but was fiercely hated. This element that hated me was determined I should get out of the town. The usual process of cowardly intimidation was started against me. Leading citizens made veiled threats; or coldly asked me when I expected to move. Even the newspapers intimated that my absence would not be missed. One "good man" endeavored to scare me with a threat of prosecution on a criminal charge that he knew had

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no foundation whatever in fact. In one way or another I was being very actively bedeviled.

Through it all, however, I determined to stand my ground. I knew I had done nothing that should have called down this universal animadversion upon my head; I knew that, some day, the people would realize they had misunderstood me, yet, all the same, the mental worry and distress of their immediate hostility was almost more than I could bear. Combined with other distresses that I was unable to remove I was driven to the verge of mental collapse. For months I had not slept more than one hour out of each twenty-four, for as yet I had not learned the secret of "casting all my care upon God." Suddenly, one morning, the final testing time came. I received a number of letters, all duly embellished with vivid pictures of skull and crossbones, definitely threatening that, unless I left immediately, I should be waited upon that night by a vigilance committee, tarred, feathered, and ridden on a rail out of town.

In my extremity I turned to the Divine for help, comfort and protection. Doubtless my songs of trust and confidence were very feeble, very quavering, very untuneful, very unsatisfactory to every ear but the Divine. I well remember the burden of some of the songs. One of them was to the effect that "Though I make my bed in hell, behold, Thou art there."

Then, with new confidence born of the consciousness that I was actually in tune with the Divine, I

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opened every door and every window in the house—so that there could be no obstruction to anyone who wished to enter—lit a light in every room, and lay down upon my bed. Was it to roll and toss and think and agonize as I had done in the past months? No! For the first time in seven long months I slept for nearly twelve hours, the sweet, peaceful, dreamless sleep of the infant, and had it not been for my steady and regular pulse and respiration the very perfection of my sleep would have startled my loved ones—whose hearts so long had been wrenched by my agony—into the dread that I had taken poison in my mental aberration. From that night my recovery of health, strength and serenity began. That night of song—begun in woe, agony and desperation—laid the foundation for a new life in which all worry has been eliminated, all fear, all dread, and nearly all sorrow and sickness, where peace, joy, serenity and thanksgiving are ever present, and every day hears my songs of soul and mind, or voice ascending heavenward.*

As I now look back upon that long period of anguish I ask myself why need it have been? Why did I not throw myself into the protecting arms of the Divine Father earlier? Ah, why did I not? I now know that every hour of that agonizing was unnecessary. God finds no delight in the pain of His

* See *Quit Your Worrying*, by George Wharton James; Radiant Life Press, Pasadena, Calif.

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children, but, alas, I did not know and there was no one to teach me. I had an entirely different conception of God then from the one I hold now, and it is to help save others the unnecessary woes that spring from our false conceptions of God and life that this book is written.

What God's ultimate plan for man is I do not know; I have neither the knowledge, wisdom nor foresight to enable me to tell. But it is a self-evident proposition that whatever I *may* be, whatever I *am* to be, I now have an animal body, subject to the same conditions that other animal bodies are, save that I am a spiritual being and can more fully control and guide my animal body than can the so-called lower animals. Yet does man control his body as do the lower animals? I have watched the deer and antelope bound down a hilly slope, or run over the plain. Ten, twenty, thirty feet at a bound. What man can equal it? I have seen bear—great, lumbering creatures we regard them—bounce down a mountain side as if made of India rubber and with a speed that is incredible. Who that has watched the squirrels run up and down the trees, co-ordinating the clutch of their claws upon the bark in a manner little short of magical, has not longed for their tireless energy, boundless muscularity and electric-like speed? The fish in the rivers, lakes and oceans move with an ease that is little short of marvelous and that no man can equal. The birds fly through the air with a speed,

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power, grace and knowledge of which man's greatest aviation achievements are but feeble and poor imitations.

Yet man possesses the higher mental faculties! Granted that he was not intended to run as swiftly or as long as the deer, antelope or bear, or climb trees as does the squirrel, swim as do the fishes, or fly through the air as do the birds—surely it was intended that he should keep his body in as perfect order as possible—that every muscle should respond to the call of his mind, his spirit, that every organ should be in perfect health, that his every movement should be one of grace, power and satisfaction.

How does man meet this reasonable supposition? Look at him, male and female, and what do you find? Crippled toes, ankles, feet covered with corns and bunions because of his desire to make his feet look smaller than they are, or to case them in fashionable shoes; legs seamed with varicose veins because of the wearing of tight garters; abdomen bulgy, swollen, disfigured, bloated with fat and wind, owing to laziness, bad habits of eating or equally bad habits of drinking; waist-line, ribs, the lower vital organs compressed and squeezed out of shape in conformity with a fashion as idiotical and senseless as it is hideous; the skin of face and bust ruined by the perpetual application of powders, lotions, creams and other trash, nearly all of which are injurious; the natural bloom of the skin destroyed by these same lotions,

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etc., and the scalp diseased with dandruff, the hair thin and scant through the wearing of too tight hats, switches, rats and other falsifications.

Half the people in the civilized world are compelled to wear glasses owing to some wrong habit of life in the use of the eyes; hundreds of thousands are mouth-breathers and must have adenoids and tonsils removed; countless thousands are more or less deaf—and then, when it comes to general health, there are but few—so few as to be hard to find—who do not suffer from some ailment, temporary or permanent, as the result of a violation of spiritual, mental or physical law.

Every man, woman and child should be as healthful as every animal. We should be as radiant of life, energy, magnetism, buoyant enthusiasm as the squirrels, mocking-birds and flying fish. We should be superb, happy, beautiful physical beings, or why was our superior intelligence given to us? It appears to me we have used it very poorly. We have nothing to boast of. Our superiority would better be manifested than bragged about, and if we have surpassed the animals in our mental achievements that is because of our superior mental endowments, our possession of qualities the animals do not possess. Had we at the same time used our intelligence to keep us in the same style of health and radiant physical vigor as the lower animals, then, indeed, should we be happy and ever able to sing through life with God.

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Is there, then, no hope that man can regain what he has lost physically? Can he master the evils that beset him and overcome the diseases that curse him? With all my heart I believe he can. But in order to do so, he must seek to know God and His ways, he must listen to God's own song of health and then, setting aside his own notions, must sing with God. Then, and then only, will new life and health be given to him.

I have no quarrel with the churches, nor the creeds that other men accept. But, for myself, I know definitely what I cannot and will not believe. I refuse any and all assent to certain ideas about the Infinite, and cannot be induced or compelled to believe in a God who makes a hell for His children, here or hereafter, nor whose will it is that they should suffer continuously from disease, failure, poverty or sin in this life. My God is one of love, justice, mercy, compassion, tenderness, health, abundance, joy, success, beauty, completeness, who wants me—His child—to enjoy His provisions for my happiness. And while I have not yet been able fully to free myself from my old habits of belief and all my fears, and demonstrate fully what I now believe, I am *on the way*, rejoicing, singing happily as I go.

Therefore I would help lighten the burdens of men, take away much of the gloom, help dissipate the sorrow, lead them to forget their woes; substitute the joy of song for the sadness of mourning, the

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eternal hope of the sons of God for the despair and gloom of those who deem themselves forgotten of Him, the blessed optimism that *all is well*, for the hateful pessimism that *nothing* is well.

I do not pose as a reformer; nor do I long to be one. All I know is woefully little. Yet in sixty years of life I have sought, patiently and persistently, to know something of what I believe must be the Divine plan of health, happiness and the rational life. From continuous sickness I have been led into a fair degree of health, with its consequent enjoyment. Life has grown marvelously richer with the years—happiness, peace and a large content flowing into me in increasing ratio.

Yet I am no unreasoning or blind optimist. There are times when my talk might lead a listener to believe that I am a confirmed pessimist. I see the wrongs of the world, its needless woes, its monstrous injustices, cruel maladjustments and wicked impositions. And I know that the warring soul of the reformer—the Savonarola, the Luther, the Servetus, the Cromwell, the Stephen Langton, the Voltaire, the Patrick Henry, the Thomas Jefferson, the Tom Johnson, the “Golden Rule Jones,” the Theodore Roosevelt, are essential to the purification of the world. I even believe in the need of the “muckraker,” for I know that where muck is it must be raked up, shoveled into barrows or carts and wheeled away to where it will do no harm. Homer saw the need of the

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cleansing of the Augean stables, and the need is no less—indeed, far greater, in our more populous civilization, than it was in his day.

In spite of all these things, however, there is another side to my nature more insistent upon recognition, more real to me, more potent to arrest my attention and permanent interest than the gloomful phases of life. I see the Beauty, the Glory, the Wonder, the Passion, the Potentialities of Life so marvelously spread out on every hand from horizon to zenith, from clod to star, by telescope and microscope; I feel the Thrill of Life so keenly, have reveled in the Joy of Life so intensely, and known the tingle of health so perfectly, that I have come to realize that men and women—ordinary every-day men and women—are missing a whole lot of their inheritance. Without a thought that I have any universal panacea for all the ills that human flesh and mind are heir to or bring upon themselves, I do want to call their attention to what seems an attainable happiness, a rational health, a joyous state of daily life.

To state these things and modestly *point the way* to their accomplishment is the aim of these pages. Naught is set down in ill-will, dogmatism or conceit, I hope, but all in the one desire of friendly helpfulness.

I would help men and women to get rid of the gloomy pessimism, bitter cynicism and sour melancholy that curse every one who yields to their de-

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moniac possession. Surely no devil that was ever imagined could be more hateful to those it controlled than are these devils when they once are allowed to enter one's life. Clear them out *at any price*. Turn in the sunlight; let the water in; aye, be thankful for an earthquake, a storm, a tornado, a torrent, a cloud-burst so long as you can wash out, clear out, those infernal thieves of your happiness and joy. Get rid of them.

Equally so do I long to help free men and women from the curse of the old-time hell-fire and damnation theology that was taught and believed by practically all the churches. There can be no such God as that theology taught. It is all based upon man's own gloominess and his hateful, selfish cruelty, backed up by the arrogant conceit of his own judgment. God is *not* jealous, exacting, hatefully watchful, spiteful and vengeful. Such a God was the creation of minds that were influenced by similar thoughts and feelings. Browning's *Caliban upon Setebos* is a wonderful analysis of such a God, and the mental processes that created him. The God that Nature and my own heart have revealed to me is full of personal love and tenderness, shown to every creature that exists—hence an all-pervading Spirit of wisdom, power, knowledge, foresight, and love, Who never, for a moment, fails *you* though He supports, guides and controls not only our tiny solar system but all the unconceivable systems of the vast

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sidereal universe of which I have tried to give some hint in the chapter on astronomy.

That there is need of such a book as this I am well convinced, and others undoubtedly share my conviction. In a letter recently received a friend said: "If you can give to the world a book that will help people to see that it is possible to be happy *here* and *now*, really to get *joy out of their every-day life*, your own life will have been well worth while. There are a few people I know who do this, and you are one of them. Go on and complete the book; the world needs it; and in its preparation you will be aided by the celestial angels who sing around the throne of God."

This is no book of creed propositions. It is one man's personal conception of God, and what He shows, in Nature and within man himself, as to what a man's life might be and can be. It should, perhaps, be called a book of heart emotions, impulses, beliefs, rather than of calm judgment. Indeed, I have learned to have such a supreme contempt for most of the arrogant assumptions and "judgments" of the conscious-human-intellect that I care little for its decisions, its praise, or its condemnation. The unconsciously exercised intuitions of a bird, a wild deer, a squirrel, a normally healthful baby, are worth quite as much to me in many ways as the deliberate judgments of so-called wise and learned men. In some things they are worth more.

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In my conception of God and the Universe He, the Divine Creator, is the God of Health, of Beauty, Perfection, Joy, of Happiness, Content, Singing. For where Health and Happiness are there will be the spontaneous expression of Singing. Without casting any personal reflections upon my friends the doctors and druggists, I feel that every doctor (save for accidents), and druggist; every pharmaceutical or manufacturing chemist, whose work is the preparation and manufacture of drugs supposed to combat disease; every hospital, asylum and sanitarium are proofs that the human race has missed the Divine Plan. Every patent medicine and especially its flaunting advertisement is an insult to the intelligence of the race. Every quack nostrum a proof that we do not know the first principles of healthful living.

God is the God of Health, not Disease. He created for Joy, not Woe; for Happiness, not Sorrow; for Progress, not Retrogression; for Expression, not Repression.

What, then, is the matter, the fault, the why of the missing of this mark?

Why need we hesitate to confess that there are many things in Nature and in human life we do not understand? There are times when human life seems to be no more cared for than that of the myriads of insects that die at the close of a summer's day, for many have been victims of the destructive tornado, the earthquake, the fire and lava, belching volcano,

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the cloudburst, the flood, the lightning, the thunderbolt, and of famine and the pestilences or epidemics, that recently have decimated our population. I don't know why fruit-trees should be afflicted with scale and spider and moths, and blight of various kinds; why frosts should come just when crops are in the most sensitive stage, or super heat when it makes the fruit rot and fall. I cannot understand what it is in us that renders us prone to evil, leads us from the paths of righteousness and gives us pleasure in the things that injure and degrade us. Why are men so ready to take up with mediocre, low, or ignoble things when all the glorious and uplifting examples of the noble lives of the past are before them? Why will men deliberately choose the paths of luxury and vice that lead to disease, or close their understandings to knowledge that would keep them healthy? Why do men prefer temporary pleasure to mental and spiritual improvement, and follow after treasures on earth rather than the character that means treasure in heaven?

These are but a few of the many things that puzzle and disturb one's mind, and were we to dwell upon them all the time they would destroy our capacity for joining in the Universal Symphony. But, as I have elsewhere remarked, while we cannot ignore these things, there is such an upward call to which man's real self, his higher self, responds; there is so much good and beauty, brightness and sunshine, joy

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and song in Nature and in mankind that he would be foolish who, having the power of choice (as man has), prefers to take the gloomy view, to see only the problems he cannot solve, instead of grasping the splendor and beauty that are placed within his grasp.

It may be that I shall fail in completely expressing what I have felt and still feel so keenly deep down within myself of this great symphony of God's directing, but, if I can render more joyous, more singable, the lives of my readers, and particularly if I can help them *to seek to hear and see and feel and taste and smell* all the joyous things that the Universal Father in His bounty has spread broadcast on every hand for them, so that they will *want* to sing their own "Hymn of Praise," I shall be more than repaid—I shall be thankful.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "George Wharton James". The signature is written in dark ink and is underlined with a single horizontal line.

Foresta, Yosemite National Park, California.

SINGING THROUGH LIFE WITH GOD

CHAPTER I

WHAT IS MUSIC?

THE dictionary defines music as "the art of combining tones in a manner pleasing to the ear," but I think a far better definition is found in George Sterling's poem, *Music*,* which he opens with the following exquisite conceptions:

Her face we have a little, but her voice
Is not of our imagining nor time,
And her deep soul is one, perchance, with life,
Immortal, cosmic. Heritage of her
Is half the human birthright. She hath part
With Love and Death in the one mystery
Of being, lifted on eternal wings
From world to world. Her home is in our hearts.
She is that moon for which the sea of tears
Is ever a-tremble, and she seemeth ghost
Of all past beauty, haunting yet the dusk
Of unforgotten days; for of the lost,
The changeless, irrecoverable years,

* From *The Testimony of the Suns*, and other Poems, by George Sterling, A. M. Robertson, Publisher, San Francisco, California.

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Regret will waken in her gladdest voice,
And linger, as the sorrow of a dream
Hath shadow for a little in the moon.

In echo and forewhisperings of her,
Nature hath many voices—gracious sounds
Whereof she abideth spirit and unrest,
Being their mystery. Such is the voice
Of sea-torn headlands, and the song of pines,
When the world's harp is touched from out the north;
All cadences and murmurs of the wind;
Cascades afar; vast whisperings of rain,
Nightward; aeolian fruitage of the lute;
And gladness of the reawakened birds,
Heard in the morning twilight, like the drip
Of gems athwart a fallen lyre; the calls
That herald, in the wan, blue Arctic sky,
The wreaths of wild, Cadmean water-fowl;
Tinkle of nightly filletings of ice,
Touched by the dawn, and singing of all streams.
She is that sorrow in the ocean's voice.

And thus the poet might have continued, calling attention, in his finer way, to the varied echoes and forewhisperings of Music. Yet music is not all vocal or made to reach the ear. Many a song is sung in the heart, and such songs are often of far greater moment to the singer than those that are vocal and vibrant with life and passion. Oratory and poetry abound with references to the unvocal songs and music of life.

Henry Ward Beecher spoke of "the honeysuckle murmuring, the violet whispering, and the rose singing each its individual song."

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What is the music of the spheres? No one has ever heard it with his auditory nerves. Yet it has been heard through all the ages. Every true poet is *clairaudient*. He hears spiritually, just as he sees spiritually. Half the songs of life are never sung aloud; they sing themselves in the heart. Many people have never trained their voices to song, but they sing in acts, in feelings, in deep emotions. And some have never learned to recognize music; they have no ear, either for the vocal or silent music of the heart. How much they miss! One Eastern woman once wrote to the editor of a Southern California newspaper asking if there was not some way of keeping the mocking-birds from singing at night—they disturbed her sleep, and she could hear no beauty or joy in their song.

Such people will have to learn—their ears must be trained—for otherwise they miss much. Some people will see a noble, an unselfish act performed and pass it by with unconcern. They do not recognize it. They do not know a heart song when they should join in, and respond heartily. These are the music-less souls of life, and when they realize their own deficiencies they should begin to strive to learn what music is.

To the really responsive soul there is so much music on every hand, audible and inaudible, that he becomes almost bewildered at the multitude and variety of the songs of life, and of the infinitude of music's manifestations. As these rush into the mind

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let one jot them down, without any thought of, or desire to make a formal catalogue, but just as a suggestive reminder. Of course one immediately thinks of the birds; the chirp of the crickets; the hum of the bees; the croak of the frogs; the lively click of the cicadas; the roar of the surf; the sudden rustle of the trees—rising to a tempest of sound and punctuated with many and varied crashes; the peculiar roar of waterfalls—and their change of voice as the wind sways the liquid column, and it strikes the bottom either as dissipated spray and is therefore reduced to a whisper, or drops upon the flat surface of the water beneath with a solid mass, or falls into a rocky crevice with crashing power—the lapping of the waves against the shores of a lake; the peculiar on-coming surge of the bore or tide in some rivers; the slapping sound made by the water against the piers and sides of vessels; the bird-like call or the musical grunt of the squirrels, with their chatter; the clangor of the bells when rung in peals; their softer voices as the Angelus strikes; the sharp insistent call of the electric bell; the honk of the automobile horn; the clank of the engine and cars over the rails; the ring of the blacksmith's hammer on the anvil; the musical beat of the pavior with his rammer on the stones of the pavement; the rhythmic stroke of the sledge-hammer on the drill; the puff and snort of the engine; the hum of the threshing machine; the whirr of the spinning jenny; the click

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of the weaving machine; the insistent clatter of the riveting machine; the swift swing of the sewing machine; the roar of the fire in the furnace where coal is used, and the peculiar harsh hiss of the oil-burning furnace; the gentle song of the tea-kettle; the bubbling of cooking food in a pot; the "sizzle" of food in the frying-pan; the crackle of the burning wood in the stove, or on the open hearth; while on the window panes the wind "slaps" the rain, and we hear its steady tapping on the roof, and its gurgle in the spouts. Then, in the warmth of summer, we recall the music of the snows, ices, winds and frosts of winter; we hear the cracking of the trees during the silence of frosty nights, and recall the crunch of feet on frozen snow. And how the winds whizz and howl and roar and shout—the bass drums, kettle drums and cymbals of the orchestra, aided by the thunder of the occasional storm and punctured by the peculiar roll of the down-falling avalanche. Then we hear the tinkle of falling icicles, and the never-to-be-forgotten sound of steel on ice as the merry skaters dart to and fro, joyous in God's goodness in giving them the sparkling sunshine combined with the coldness of winter. Then comes another sound—the breaking up of the ice in the rivers as spring swells the flood underneath; and that reminds one that glaciers sing their song, and we hear bubbling fountains of purest water singing under, and in, their icy passages. Then, in a moment we are transformed to the

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heat of the desert and we hear the peculiar swish of the sand-storm, and, as we lie under the lee of the crest of a giant sand-bank a new sound is given to us to know. As the storm ceases, it reaches our ears. It is the song of the sand-particles as they rub one against another as the wind sends them flying through the air.

And when one comes to human voices, who cannot hear the sweet songs of lovers and friends boating on the lake; the Canadian boatmen's songs; the "Ye-Ho, Lads," of the sailors; the ploughman singing to his horses; the laughter of children and young girls and boys; the crooning songs of happy motherhood; the gentle lullabies; the serenades of lovers; the songs as men go to work; the singing of children at school, at their games, in the Sabbath school; the songs of religion—the Glorias at St. Peter's on Christmas morn, the chorals in Gothic churches, the boy choirs, the mixed choirs, the women's voices in convents, the men's voices in universities and monasteries, the Passion music at Easter time; the songs of merry hunters; of mountain climbers; the folk-songs and dance-songs of Spanish, French, Swedish, Danish and all the nations of the earth; the flute-like songs of the Hopi Indian; the yelling, strained, high-pitched sacred songs of the Navaho; the stentorian yet harmonious choruses of the Acoma; the laughter-provoking songs of the negroes; and the serious, sad, or jubilant songs of their religious emotions; the ear-

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piercing piping, fiddling, cymbaling and tom-tomming of the Chinese; the gentle, quiet, soothing strains of the women's voices of Japan, accompanied by the peculiar twang of the samisen or koto; the imaginative, dreamy voices of the Hindus, as they float on the Sea of Emotions, or gaze into the Mirror of Melodies; the unison singing of the choruses of Siam, or the melancholy, plaintive songs of the women; the lively trills and staccatos of the Burmese—and so on, throughout the list. Each singer, in his own way, unconsciously doubtless, but nevertheless effectively, is singing his part in the Universal Symphony

When I was a boy there was a clear line of supposed demarkation between sacred and secular music. Yet in the emotions aroused within me I could not tell much difference. The solemn hymn tunes, the choruses of the oratorios, the solos, with their long-sustained tones upon one syllable, the chants, the doleful, nasally-sung, melancholy hymns of sin, sorrow and death—these were supposed to be peculiarly religious. When the jiggety-jumpety songs of the Sankey type were introduced, they were justified in a variety of ways, but I am assured had I been a dancer many of them would have provoked me to desire at least “to trip the light fantastic toe,” and not a few of them were utterly absurd in their verbal infelicities and theological nonsense. There were times when I ventured into a Catholic church and heard the intoning of the mass, and this, of course, impressed me as peculiarly holy or sacred.

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I am thankful that today no differentiation exists in my mind as to sacred and secular music any more than that one day is more holy or sacred than another except as human beings make them so, or one duty more holy and sacred than another. There can be no hour more sacred than any other hour, and no work is more sacred than the darning of a worn stocking by a loving mother, the sweeping of the streets, or the clearing out of a cesspool by a scavenger. Work is to be judged by its service to mankind, and that work is most sacred which is of greatest benefit, and so with music of every kind.

Now let us add to the definitions of music and song the broader and wider interpretations used by orator, poet and scientist and we shall see how *everything* has its song. Since the acceptance of the vibrational theory of motion, color, etc., our scientists do not hesitate to affirm that all the senses are vocal, that odors, sights, feelings, tastes, make sounds that are perfectly audible to the trained ear, or, at least, to instruments of scientific precision made for the purpose. Grasping this astounding fact we can begin to understand the marvelous majesty and incomparable variety of the Universal Symphony. We can see and hear the fragrant orange blossoms of Italy, Spain, Florida and Sunny California; we can hear when the blossoms of the ten million prune trees of the Santa Clara Valley join in, and later are reinforced by the odors and exquisite greens, and sages, and reds, and

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purples of the leaves and fruit of the vineyards of the San Joaquin Valley; we can recognize the joyous brasses—the bass and tenor trombones—of the hillsides covered with golden poppies, purple lupines or yellow mustard; we weep tears of joyous memories as we see and hear the gentle melodies of the daisies of Chaucer, and the cowslips of Henry Kirk White, Wordsworth and Jean Ingelow. Even the gaudy melon flower of Italy sings its song, though, with Browning, we prefer the children's favorites, the glistening, golden buttercups, or, with William Wesley Martin the apple-blossoms. How they must have sung to him, and his heart have responded to the song, to enable him to write such bubbling and melodious words as these:

Have you seen an apple-orchard in the spring? in the spring?

An English apple-orchard in the spring?

When the spreading trees are hoary
With their wealth of promised glory,
And the mavis pipes his story
In the spring?

Have you plucked the apple blossoms in the spring? in the spring?

And caught their subtle odors in the spring?

Pink buds bursting at the light,
Crumpled petals baby-white,
Just to touch them a delight!
In the spring!

* * * * *

If you have not, then you know not, in the spring, in the spring,

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Half the color, beauty, wonder of the spring.

No sight can I remember,
Half so precious, half so tender,
As the apple blossoms render
In the spring!

Of course if Mr. Martin had ever traveled through the Rogue River or the Yakima Valley country in Oregon, or Pajaro Valley in California, or Sun Valley in Nevada he would have found so many more apple-blossoms than he ever saw in old England that he would not have wondered at the exuberant voice of the people of these regions when they sing their songs of rejoicing as to what God has done for them.

Californians and other Westerners are accused of bragging, of boasting. What nonsense! Is there any need to brag or boast of the Santa Barbara, the Portland (Oregon) or the Pasadena (California) flower festivals? Roses by the millions; flowers of every kind by the millions. One sits in his grandstand and watches the procession go by for one, two, three, four hours, and it is one ever-changing panorama of glorious beauty—the beauty of God's own thoughts, His music, His flowers. One stands under the giant redwoods, either the *Sequoia Everlasting* of the Coast, or the *S. Gigantic* of the High Sierras. Brag, boast—what folly, when the trees themselves, with their girth of 75, 100, and more feet, and a height of 250, 300 feet, speak for themselves. The Californian did not make them. He is not responsible for them, any more than the Oregonian made

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Mt. Hood, with its perpetual crown of silver, the Montanan made the glaciers of the National Park, or the people of the surrounding states made the Yellowstone, with its river, colored canyon, waterfalls, paint-pots, pools of vivid color, terraces of limestone, and joyously alive geysers. The New Yorker and the Canadian are not accused of boasting when they sing the praises of Niagara. Why should they? They are but responding to the song of glorious, grand, majestic, thrilling Nature—seeking, perhaps unconsciously, to go hand in hand singing through life with God. For he who *discerns* most, feels the most, thrills most, responds most, *sings* most, and thus gains the most out of life.

Every natural object of beauty or glory or grandeur sings the praises, the joy, of God.

Several times I have come unexpectedly upon great beds of flaming tiger lilies, hidden in quiet recesses by gently flowing streams, shaded by giant alders, sycamores and cottonwoods, and companioned by giant brakes and the delicate fairy likeness of the maiden-hair fern. How like a blare of trumpets they seemed, yet harmonious and congruous, like the resurrection call in Verdi's *Requiem Mass*.

Again, I have found a rare orchid, a delicate lily, or a wonderful evening primrose in some unexpected place, and it has come upon the ear of the soul through the eye of the senses like the sweet piping of an oboe above the many-voiced orchestra that a

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moment before engaged all the attention. How George Sterling, the poet, loves orchids and sings their praises. Listen:

What sprites are those that gleam?

Can eyes betray?

Till now I did not deem

That Beauty's flaming hands could shape in bloom

So marvelous and delicate designs.

* * * * *

Ye seem as flowers exiled,

More beautiful because they die so soon;

But who the gods that could have scorned

Your tenderness unmarred?

* * * * *

Ye seem spirit-flowers born to startle man

With intimations of eternity

And hint of what the flowers of Heaven may be.

Then, in language not surpassed by Keats, Shelley or Browning he describes many of these fragile and diverse blossoms, until you can feel their songful power and you long to respond to their glorious, though somewhat unearthly, beauty.

Just recently I traveled across the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific. From the farthest East, almost until the deserts of the West were reached, it was one continual glory of green cornfields, waving in the breeze, glistening in the sun, shining in the rain, rustling, sighing, singing in its own fashion. As an occasional alternation there were large and small fields of rapidly ripening grain, gorgeously yellow in the sun. Further west the grain was being

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harvested and there a new note of music was heard in the click of the reaper and the hum of the binder.

I could not help thinking as I rode along the tens, scores, hundreds of miles, how much I could have enjoyed soaring over these fields in an aeroplane, so that I could have seen and felt the symphonic chorus spread north and south as well as east and west, and enjoyed the expanded picture to the full and felt its sublime beauty.

Now and again a pasture was sighted, or a hillside filled with blue lupines, and when Arizona and California were reached, the eye was dazzled with the acres of brilliant scarlet of the cactus, the flaming beds of golden poppies, and the catchy, striking masses of Indian paint-brushes. And the sunrises and sunsets on the desert—gorgeous, glowing, radiant pinks, shading into madder lakes, crimsons and carmines, or into saffrons and golden yellows, tinged, outlined or shot through with a variety of reds. How they sang! Indeed, nowhere is the “hearing of the eye” so regaled as on the desert, for here, at the proper time, one may see the brilliant flowers of ten thousand times ten thousand gorgeous cacti, yucca, mamillaria, echinocactus. These are the brasses of the eye gamut, some of them piercing cornets and blaring bass trombones, dominating the orchestra for the time being, but with such a stunning and acceptable power that one fairly revels in it; others the less forceful tenor trombones, while still others shade

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down to euphoniums, basses, and the softer strains of the French horns.

Then flaming, dominant, insistent, cry out the yellows of the palo verde tree and the gorgeous purples of the *dalea spinosa*, or smoke-tree. While from the desert carpet come millions of voices joining to swell the grand chorus of gilies—pink, yellow and white—of the desert poppy, with its rarest of dainty yellows, of the cotyledons—hen and chickens—phacelias, asters, lupines, borages, kramerias, mentzelias, and a score of others.

Did you ever hear a snowflake fall? Yet each flake as it descends makes its own sweet sound, and the millions of them unite to form a wonderfully entrancing chorus, that ears fine enough might hear and be thrilled, illumined and blessed by. So there are deeds of love and tenderness, helpful and sweet, the song of which no ordinary ear can hear. One may be rough, uncouth and even vulgar in outer appearance and manner, and yet possess the blessed gift of singing such songs as these. And it is not always the rich and the refined, the educated and the prosperous, that can hear and respond to such singing. Don't you wish you could? Isn't it a wish, a longing worth cherishing and striving after? Especially when you remember that everyone that seeketh findeth?

The well attuned spiritual ear can hear the richest melodies—clear, pure, definite—from the circles, spheres, cubes, rhomboids, squares, triangles, lozenges,

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parabolas, swastikas, stars, crosses, zigzags, cornucopias, pyramids, cones, and other forms found in Nature.

Indeed, a book of higher mathematics, of algebra, mensuration, trigonometry, or differential calculus, in reality, is a song book, full of melodies and harmonies ineffable, grand, sublime, that never fail. These songs are physical and mental manifestations of God's absolute reliability, for it is inconceivable to the human mind that two and two can ever be anything but four, that a sphere is ever any less than a sphere. These manifestations, in themselves, are immutable, unchangeable, and thus speak unmistakably of the Divine Character.

It is essential that the human mind get these incontrovertible facts into its everyday consciousness. We must *know* positively, as a matter of common daily experience, that this is so. Our failures, our sufferings, our woes all come from forgetting this knowledge—from losing its presence from before our eyes. Just as there is no darkness to the eyes of one who perpetually stands in the presence of the sun, so there *can* be no evil thing befall one who remains ever in the presence and bathed in the power and ineffable love of God.

Then when we add to this world of song and harmonic music the strains that are heard only by the spiritual senses; the songs of the morning stars, of the sun and planets, the comets and double stars, the

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nebulae and the billions of gigantic worlds of the sidereal universe, the perfect songs of the angels and of the archangels, the cherubim and seraphim before the very throne of the Deity, where His white light of Divine radiance shines—ah! then, indeed, if we can begin to conceive the fact that we are honored, permitted, glorified by being a part of this great and blessed symphony of which God deigns to give us the theme, prepare the music for us to sing, and direct and walk with us while we sing, then, surely, life becomes uplifted beyond our highest imagination, poor fleshly humanity drops away and only the pure spirituality of our natures is left to see and enjoy.

Is there any wonder that under the influence of this inspiring fact George Frederick Handel arose to the magnificent conception of his stupendous Hallelujah Chorus, with its massive, dignified yet crashing music according itself perfectly to the greatest of all themes: For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth; King of kings—forever—and Lord of lords—forever—Hallelujah!

Who that has ever sung in this most inspiring and vivifying of man's choruses has not felt the triumphant exultation as first the basses, then the tenors, the altos and the sopranos voice in exquisitely perfect melody and stupendously majestic harmony the assurance that "He shall reign for ever and ever." Nothing but Hallelujahs could respond to so blessed a fact, and it is a proof of the Divine inspiration of

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its creator that when it was first heard the whole audience arose to their feet, and in silent tears attested to the perfect response in their own souls.

This looking for the inspiring *spirit* of music, rather than for sounds, whether vocal or instrumental, led Roscoe Gilmore Stott to write his apostrophe to "The Music of America," which appeared in *The Ladies' Home Journal*:

This is the Music of America:

Above the fret of a hundred routine duties and a thousand cares rises the clarion Soprano. It comes from the joyful throats of millions of women, blest beyond their sorrowing sisters who dwell on foreign shores. It is the voice of the clear-eyed schoolgirl, romping her happy way from a world of books into a gentler world of love; of the self-reliant sister who is facing the forces of business with spirit courageous and step that has never learned to falter; of the mother of a tender brood and, blended into the melody her own heart makes, the sweet, lisped crooning from the child at her bosom.

The Tenor notes are strong and full of golden promises. They come from souls that have climbed above the city's boldest heights. They come from the souls of self-forgotten men—a proud nation's watchers upon her towers whose eager eyes scan the far stretches that they may guard with loyalty against the perfidy of home or foreign foes. The Tenor is the united voices of the poets and philosophers, of the reformers and statesmen—yes, and of all that growing host who have scaled to the peak of some new Sinai, that the people may not forget the Almighty's will concerning them.

Listen, and you will mark the rich, rounded tones of the Contralto—from the great-hearted organizations of Charity. Mingled into one vast, sweeping tone—quivering with sympathy, vibrant with a heart's best faith—is the voice of

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the nurse, bending above some frail or stricken sufferer; the voice of the matron at the threshold of some gracious Door of Hope; the voice of the orphanage, the voice of the infirmary, the voice of the rescue mission, the voice of the Salvation Army, the voice of the Red Cross, the voice of the Christian Association, the voice of the Church.

And underneath the united harmony of Soprano and Contralto, under the inspiring silver thread of Tenor, there comes the wonderful support of all, the basis of a nation's Song of Hope—the splendid and terrible contribution of strong-armed, mighty-limbed Labor—the Bass. In the low, deep resonance of the singer's rare volume one may catch a vision of men, stern of visage and powerful in action, dominated by the happy unity of Will and Service, pouring down into depths of Mother Earth, that other men may have homes that radiate a social warmth; a vision of men at forge and flame, at plow and pruning-hook, at threshing-machine and throttle. The mighty voice thrills with the shriek of a million factory whistles, of sea and river craft, of rushing locomotives competing against Time and Space. . . . Underneath all, the splendid and terrible tones of a giant singer.

So, let us be glad and rejoice! The All-King, as He sits on the White Throne, marshaling His worlds, pauses. He bends a listening ear, and surely His heart is made glad with an overpowering happiness as His ears catch the strains of a grateful people's reverence—as He listens to the Music of America!

Men and women, consciously or unconsciously, have responded to these songs and the varied music of Nature, and their hearts and minds have thrilled and ached, yearned and striven, for worthy expression in their response. Herein lies the secret of all the masterpieces of poetry, of prose, of painting, of sculpture, of architecture, of decorative or creative

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art in any line. Shelley heard the skylark and wrote his immortal poetic Ode, while Charles Warren Stoddard was stirred to similar ecstasy in his equally beautiful prose Apostrophe. Joaquin Miller saw the Yosemite and wrote a great poem upon it in response to its songs to his soul, and John C. VanDyke thrilled to the desert in his prose-poem. So with all the writers of all the ages; their greatest works are their simplest, those that were inspired by some manifestation, some song of beauty from God, and that demanded responsive expression. Shakespeare, Dante, Goethe, Molière, DeVega, Emerson, Browning, Whitman, all the poets of all ages and all peoples wrote only as they reacted to the influences of God around or within them.

Of course it is self-evident that the great composers of music, whether of the simpler or more complex forms, were all inspired by God's songs to their own endeavors at expression.

So with the orators: and how some of them had to struggle to gain reasonable perfection of utterance.

Who that is familiar with oratory has not heard in imagination the ringing song of the idealism of Demosthenes that has come down to us echoing and re-echoing through the ages with infectious enthusiasm! We can see the impetuous Greek, with his high ideal of perfect and effective speech, struggling for utterance against an embarrassing impediment. Now we see him down on the beach, filling his mouth,

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one by one, with pebbles, resolutely compelling teeth, tongue, palate and mouth to obey the dictates of his imperious and divinely inspired will. Finally we see his triumph, when, as the finished and powerful orator he gives forth those sublime utterances that thrilled his hearers to more patriotic lives and that ever since have served as models to those who would influence their fellows with the spoken word.

It is well, too, to recall the familiar incident of Disraeli, in his first speech in the English parliament when those present laughed at him. Nothing but a high idealism and the indomitable will to attain it would have empowered him to overcome that sneering and scoffing mass of men and declare that the time would come—*should* come—when they would not only listen to him, but pay eager attention to every word he might utter. I happened to be alive to witness the justification of that prophecy and to know by personal listening and observation, how Disraeli had attained to at least one high and desirable ideal—that of perfect and convincing speech.

The painter's responsive expression is on canvas. He sings his rejoicings with color and form, shade and tint, and his masterpieces hang upon the walls of the world—they ought to be where they could freely be seen of all men without let or hindrance, without restrictions or price, in order that others might feel the sweetness, hear the power of their singing and be led to join in.

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So with the glorious sculptures of the world from Praxiteles to Thorwaldsen, Rodin, Quincy Ward, George Gray Barnard, Ordway Partridge, Gutzon and Solon Borglum and all the other modern masters of the art.

They are all alike seeking to sing through life with God. They have heard His voice of superlative beauty and cannot but respond to it. Hence their sublime songs in marble.

And so on throughout the whole gamut of human expression. No matter what the style, form, or medium, the inspiration is the same. It is of the Divine. Oh, that men would not forget this! They go into ecstasies over some work of man's hands forgetful of, or ignoring, the fact that the Divine original from which man received his inspiration, that man endeavored to copy, to *catch* a fleeting glimpse of, is so much more perfect, complete, satisfying.

Though the songs of Nature and individual life are as wonderfully varied as I have pointed out, let it not be thought for one moment that the combination of the whole is unmusical, that it produces a jangle, a jumble of sound, without meaning or beauty. The Divine Conductor sees to that. We think we are singing in our own way; and so we are, yet, equally are we obeying the Divine Director. I make no attempt to reconcile the two statements of fact, I simply believe them, as Browning did when he wrote in *Pippa Passes*:

. . . . Each only as God wills can work—

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Any one listening to the pieces of an orchestra practicing separately and alone would be surprised at the peculiarly jumbled and unconnected results. If he heard the flute there would be a run or two here, then several bars rest, a few "tootles" now, another rest, and another run, and so on, and in listening to the basses, he would almost laugh at the idea that those "pom, pom, poo-poms" could find any place in a sensible and musical-minded man's plan for the presentation of music. Yet, brought together, and obedient to the baton of the conductor, the symphony as a whole stands out clear, coherent, a work of art, beautiful, and a source of joy to all concerned.

But, you ask, who hears this Universal Symphony? What is its purpose? Who composes its audience?

Questions that are wise and right. Let me endeavor to answer. When man listens to the grandest symphony man ever produced it is a limited composition and performance. Granted it is given in the largest hall ever erected, or in an open air theater to a hundred thousand persons it is still limited, still restricted, as are all things purely human. There may be a hundred, two, five hundred performers, with a score, two score special stars or soloists, still it is limited. And yet, even in its limitation, every instrument, every voice has its decided, needed and essential place. Here are the first and second violins; between them the 'cellos; then come clarinets, flutes, piccolos, oboes, saxophones, bassoons, opheclides, and

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other reed and wood wind instruments; next we have the cornets, French horns, English horn, euphoniums, tubas, trombones, with, on one side, the double bass stringed instruments, and on the other the tympani, cymbals and the like.

The vocal chorus is equally well arranged. Soprano, altos, tenor, bass, soloists—all have their respective places. All are under the eye of the conductor; all are able to see his baton and are supposed to watch it constantly. Each performer has his score before him and each is supposed to have studied it and to know it. At the given time, when the audience is assembled, the conductor appears, raises his baton, demands attention, gives the signal, and at once the performance begins. It lasts one, two, three hours, and when over performers and audience disperse. Three, five, seven—more or less—compositions have been rendered, and from the human standpoint it has been a wonderful performance—a perfect success.

Granted! But is it not apparent that, throughout, the whole thing has been limited? Few performers, few compositions, short time, few to hear.

Here, however, in the Universal Symphony, all Nature and every man, woman, youth, maiden and child is a performer—all Time is engaged, Life itself is the theme with its infinity of variations, and God the Creator, is the Conductor. He has made everything in Nature to sing: Rocks, mountains,

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canyons, foothills, deserts, valleys, islands, trees, flowers, insects, animals, forms, colors, odors, sunrises, sunsets, creeks, rivers, oceans, lakes, fishes—all, all are vocal. Nothing is silent. Listen to what David the psalmist wrote about this, centuries ago:

Make a joyful noise all the earth; make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise. Sing with the harp and the voice of a psalm; with trumpets, and sound of cornet, make a joyful noise. Let the sea roar, and the fullness thereof, and they that dwell therein. Let the floods clap their hands; let the hills be joyful together.

And elsewhere we read of the mountains and the hills breaking forth into singing and all the trees of the field clapping their hands.

What is it that makes a great leader, a masterly conductor? Why were (and are) August Manns, Sir Michel Costa, Charles Halle, Damrosch, Theodore Thomas, Tomlins, Wild, Hertz and others able to direct so powerfully and to bring out so fully the musical qualities of so varied a body of men? Is it not that they possess in a high degree, first of all, a perception of what a composition should be as a whole, of the innerness of the music itself, and then they can hear and determine how far each individual member of the orchestra supplies his share of that great whole?

How imperfect, inadequate, almost foolishly childish and incomplete would be this definition of a great conductor as applied to the Divine leader of the Universal Symphony. *He* have a clear perception of

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the composer's intent. He is the composer Himself. It is His own music. And *He* hears the music of each performer! He Himself *is* that music—inspires it, creates it, puts Himself into it. Hence when one sings, makes his own music, apparently, seemingly, he is, in reality, but voicing the melody God has given to him, and in which God Himself is manifested. Therefore, he cannot fail, so long as he continues his song, to go through life with God.

In her simple yet beautifully fundamental poem of truth, entitled *Out in the Fields with God*, Elizabeth Barrett Browning unconsciously voices this fact. When she got out into the fields and became responsive, sang in her own heart, to the manifestations of God she found there, all the little cares that fretted her, the foolish fears, the ill thoughts, disappeared, and good only was born.

How the great Conductor reconciles, harmonizes, balances the various and apparently conflicting music of Earth, let alone of the whole Universe, is, at present, beyond our conception. But that He *does* do it we can conceive, and also, that as our own spiritual hearing develops we shall hear.

Enough that He heard it once,
We shall hear it by and by.

CHAPTER II

WHAT IS "SINGING THROUGH LIFE WITH GOD?"

MANY times, during the writing of this book, I was asked: What is your new book about? and when I gave the title, while some minds responded to it immediately, others, of a different mental type, asked: What do you mean by "Singing through Life with God?" It is a reasonable assumption that there may be others who will pick up the book, or see its title, to whom, naturally, the same question will arise.

There is an immense amount of sorrow, sadness, poverty, failure, wickedness, disease, pain, distress and fear in the world. When one looks at these things alone—shuts out the other side—he is appalled, horrified, saddened almost to despair. Let any ordinary mortal spend one, two, three months, doing nothing but visiting the city and county jails, the orphan asylums, the insane asylums, the homes and hospitals for the incurable, the reform schools, the institutions for delinquent boys and girls, the juvenile courts, the objects of the charitable institutions of the cities, the hospitals for the rich and well to do, and the burden of the sadness, wickedness,

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poverty and disease of the little portion of the world he can see in that time will be all he can endure and live. Then add to this a glimpse, even, into the everyday life of the hundreds of thousands of physicians, surgeons, druggists, nurses, that our civilization keeps constantly employed, and he soon feels that the forces of evil have more power than the forces of good; that sorrow and distress are more normal, more natural, than joy and happiness; that ignorance and evil have more power over men and women than goodness; and he loses heart, becomes a confirmed pessimist, a cynic, and openly denies the existence and power of a loving God.

Christian Science is a wonderful movement in that it seeks to remove from the human heart and mind this denial of the goodness of God, this pessimism and cynicism, by affirming that everything which to us now looks evil, is but an error of the mortal mind, is but temporary, and has no *real* existence. To those who have entered into this blissful consciousness I extend my hearty and sincere congratulations. They have much to be thankful for. They, certainly, should go through life singing most joyously with God.

Unfortunately, however, there are those who have not yet entered into this consciousness. Their mortal minds are very real to them; and the sorrows, pains, woes, sins, distresses, poverties, hardships of others, as well as of themselves, seem to be ever present. Others suffer to a lesser extent.

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Now, while I do not believe for one moment that we should shut our eyes or our hearts to the sufferings of others—to their pain, sorrow, poverty, distress, weakness, inefficiency, their blunderings and foolishnesses, their meannesses and deliberate wrongdoings—I do believe that the attitude of pessimism, of cynicism, of unbelief in the goodness of God, and the inherent goodness of man, is one that hinders instead of helps. It makes men worse instead of better. It adds to their woes instead of decreasing them. It confirms them in their sorrowful beliefs instead of enlarging their faith in God, and in goodness, happiness, abundance and right-living.

I know by personal experience that if we sit and think over our shortcomings, dwell upon our poverty and our inability to get out of it, pity ourselves for the sorrows that have come upon us, regret the ignorant errors that we commit, we not only do not help ourselves, but we fasten these evils deeper. We grow worse instead of better. Something else is necessary, and for myself it is only by a recognition of the fact that I do not stand alone; that I am one with the Divine who knows no poverty, cannot possibly have sorrow, or be aware of any wrong-doing within Himself that I can be lifted out of my belief that I cannot help my shortcomings, poverty, sorrow and disease. As I look to Him, whether I see Him in the birds, trees, flowers, sunshine, rain, snow, or He is revealed in the sacred books, the bibles, of the human

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race, or in the hearts and lives of good men and women, or I catch glimpses of Him now and again in the depths of my own being—the more I see of Him, realize Him, know Him, seek to understand Him, the less power these evil things have over me. When I am contemplating the greatness, the power, the beneficence, the helpfulness of God, I find I forget my own shortcomings, and *no longer am guilty of them*. When I see and feel the exuberance and perfect healthfulness of God's creation, and see how every flower, tree, insect and animal expresses itself perfectly, without let or hindrance and in a joy that is contagious, I am compelled to the belief that God is a God of health and of physical joy, that He means *good* to me as well as to all these other objects of His creation. When I fully realize the richness of God, the fulness of His abundance, material good seems to flow my way. I *succeed* where before I was a failure. When we are saturated with the sense of His goodness, His purity, His cleanness, we are no longer able to do the things we call "sin"—the impure, unclean, mean, contemptible, malicious, unworthy things, for we find ourselves risen to a higher plane. Hence I cannot but feel that the keynote of the Universe is LOVE. God means good to the human race. In all, through all, after all, and in spite of all His is a great, perpetual and ever-exercised, watchful love. He slumbers not nor sleeps. His tenderness never fails. Divine love has no physical personality that

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wearies and must sleep or stop for rest as human beings do. Hence the song of Divine Love ever rings in the ear of the listening human being. Man cannot fail to hear *if he will but listen*, and wisdom, human experience, common sense all alike assert that happiness is gained by *joining in the song*. This is what I mean by "Singing through Life with God."

What I aim to do is to help people so that instead of yielding to their melancholy they will go out and find God, *somewhere*, in His flower-gardens, perhaps, and sing with Him the songs of the flowers. Go and watch the birds, the squirrels, the chipmunks, the fishes, the ants, the bees—anything—and join in their song of activity and happiness. If poverty makes one sad and full of distress and worry, let him go out and listen to the song of the sunshine, of the abundant rain, of the wealth of spring blossoms, of the exuberance of beauty lavished upon one single rose, of the wealth of the perfection expended on one weed, and *sing the song* with these creations. As one *does so he will surely come into a new consciousness for himself*, namely, that God is rich to overflowing, that His love abounds to all His creation, that he is one of His beloved children, and, *therefore*, that all God has is his, and he but needs to know *how* to take of God's abundance and use it. It will not be long, after one comes into this consciousness, before he will be receiving far more abundantly than he could have dreamed or thought.

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So, *sing the song*—whatever it may be. Start every day with the desire, the determination, the pledge that you will, that day, sing with God. And if you renew that determination every day, or better and wiser still by far make it perpetual, you will then find yourself “Singing through Life with God.”

The spiritual senses reveal, what advanced science confirms, that colors have voices. Hence each flower has its own individual song, just as has each human being. Shapes, forms, odors, essences, fragrances, are vocal, thus enlarging the glorious orchestra of life. John Ward Stimson, the art teacher, some years ago wrote a wonderful book entitled *The World Beautiful*, in which he set forth the miraculous beauty one finds in every department of Nature. Indeed, Nature, as he well says, was man’s first bible. Primitive man had no other book, and it was ever sacred to him. From it, and the inspirations it afforded, guided by the light of God within his own soul, all his instruction in the paths of progress has come. Joaquin Miller grasped this truth when he wrote:

Come, lean an ear, an earnest ear,
To Nature’s breast, some stilly eve,
And you shall hear, shall surely hear
The Carpenter, and shall believe;
Shall surely hear, shall hear for aye, who will,
The patient strokes of Christ resounding still.

God’s hand created everything, His mind evolved all the beauty of earth, sea, sky and the boundless universe, and the “patient strokes” of His creative

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handiwork are loudly echoing for those who listen.

Our ears are the ears of the finite, the limited, the restricted. We hear only that which vibrates the coarse fibres of our auditory nerves and the area of distance from which these vibrations come is woefully limited.

Yet there are those who hear much more than this. These are the clairaudient. They hear with the ears of the mind, or the soul. Samuel thus heard, so did Saul of Tarsus, so, I believe, do good men and women hear constantly. God speaks as He wills, and there are exquisitely delicate nerves of hearing that belong to the mind and soul of the sentient that are attuned to hear His slightest whisper. Happy that man, that woman, who hears all the voices—whether of God direct, or of the ministers of His pleasure and will that He bids sing.

None, however, are deaf. God and His servants sing songs that are heard through eye, taste, smell and feeling as well as through the ear. Helen Keller, blind, deaf and dumb, yet has heard His manifold voices, and has *joined in the songs*. That is the thing for men and women to do. Sing! Learn the songs! Join in the chorus! Your own voice is needed. Without it the chorus is incomplete. If you have not yet learned to sing out your joy, your thankfulness, your delight, your surprise, your happiness, life must be very dull, stale, unprofitable, unhappy and useless to you. It is only as you learn to sing with God in one

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way or another that happiness will come, that life will be worth living. So sing! Get at it as soon as you can. Happy that boy, that girl, who naturally has the singing heart, and sings from the cradle up. Happier still, when he learns to sing with the heart and the understanding also. The more brains, intelligence, knowledge, science, put into the song the better, and when feelings and emotions of thanksgiving and praise are added the song comes as near being perfect as earth can make it.

It will be observed, therefore, that I do not limit the word "singing" to mere vocal exercise. There are as many, perhaps more, songs sung in the silence of the heart as reach the ear through the voice. To me a beautiful landscape sings; the beams of the morning sun, the shining stars, the changing moon, the ripple of sun or moon on dancing waves, the flowers, trees, and all active life sing. A beautiful thought sings in my heart, so does an heroic deed. Every expression of joy is a song. William Morris said epigrammatically: "Art is the expression of a man's joy in his work!" therefore every true work of art is a song. To a cabinet-maker an artistically made wardrobe, sideboard, or bureau is a song; to a furniture-maker a perfect chair, table or bookrack; to an iron-worker a perfect grille, or a pair of fire-dogs. *Any thing, every thing* that is really beautiful and delights the eye or any of the esthetic senses, or satisfies the higher emotions, may be termed a song. I have

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seen a man's face glow and gleam with delight as he cut and polished a beautiful piece of wood. The markings, the grain, the colors or tints all sang to him and created a response that could be felt if not heard. Fine buildings—how they sing of a city's greatness, its history, its progress, its ambitions, its prosperity, and the Taj Mahal has sung to millions of the love of Shah Jehan for his beautiful queen.

The first and commonest of all arts should be *living*, and in it every one should be an artist, and, therefore, a singer of joy and creative power, encouraging and enheartening every one with whom he comes in contact. We may not all be soloists of the finest and rarest type, but we may all sing well—live well—so that the chorus is improved by the addition of our individual voices. He who, for any reason whatever, stops singing begins to lose out, get the worst instead of the best of life. Every moment, every hour, spent in melancholy, repining, in self-pity, in "sitting on the stool of repentance," in self-punishment, self-chastisement, self-crucifixion, is wasted, lost. And not only lost in itself, but it is a producer of gloom for others instead of radiating joy to them. Every moment should be a "joy-bringer," a "delight-maker," a creator of song. Why put the enjoyment of heaven off until a future existence, when we possess all the elements for its enjoyment here and now? Join in the universal song and you will immediately find this is true.

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Every pure-minded, simple-hearted singer, worker, doer of any good thing is unconsciously singing with God. Many people are doing it and might look up in amazement were you to tell them so, for they are unconscious heroes and heroines, blessing and benefitting their fellows as a regular daily event, without giving their actions a thought. It is not necessary that you should personally address God and call His attention to the fact that you are singing with Him. If your voice is in harmony with the great chorus rest assured He will be fully and completely conscious of it.

The evident purpose of the Divine Conductor is to have everything and every one sing. The Psalmist believed this when he called upon sun, moon and stars, the heaven of heavens, the earth, the deeps, mountains and all living things, and finally exhorted: "Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord."

The question here arises: Is this praising for God's benefit or for man's? To me the answer is self-evident. It is for man—and man alone. God needs, requires no praise from us. He is self-sufficient. He can create for Himself anything He may need—though *need* and *God* seem contradictory terms. He wishes us to sing, for thus we shall develop, grow, increase our power and approach nearer and nearer to Himself. But in this, as in everything else, we have to learn. We have to begin. At first

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our efforts are poor, inadequate and incomplete. Practice improves us. As we listen we hear; as we look we see; as we touch we feel; as we smell we discern odors; as we eat we taste. Thus through our senses we begin to learn Divine songs of completeness and perfection, and as we "emerge from sense into spirit," from flesh to soul, from the temporary self to the permanent and real self, we hear new, fuller, sweeter songs—the music of the soul. As we sing we learn to sing. If we refuse to sing we lose the joy of song.

In our limited range of hearing and knowledge we hear at first only our own song, or that of the persons or things we are in immediate contact with. By and by our memory, our imagination, comes to our aid and we can hear the songs of mountains, ocean, forest, canyon, desert, trees and flowers though we are miles away from them, and *in heart* we can join in their song.

To us, therefore, with our limited hearing, vision and knowledge, the Song Universal is not heard. But God, the Conductor, is not limited. He hears and sees all. No sound, however remote, however uncertain, is lost to Him, and as He swings the baton of Life, He calls upon all to join in the song. Browning, with keener spiritual perception than is possessed by most men, realized that God heard much more than men can hear, when he wrote in *Rabbi Ben Ezra*:

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Not on the vulgar mass
Called "Work" must sentence pass,
Things done, that took the eye and had the price;
O'er which, from level stand,
The low world laid its hand,
Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice:

But all the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the main account;
All instincts immature,
All purposes insure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount;

Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and escaped;
All I could never be,
All men ignored in me,

This I was worth to God. . . .

Don't you want the singing heart, the singing spirit, within you, always? Is it not a desirable possession—a gift worthy of God Himself? It is yours for the asking, aye, for the mere taking. I would help you take your own. Here is a fortune of gladness and joy at your fingers' ends. Reach out and seize it. If you have lost it, do not be disconsolate and imagine it has gone forever. It is still close by, merely awaiting your taking it up again. All you need is to *listen*, and then *sing*. And as you sing your power of song will grow.

Present day psychology is clearly teaching what pure Christianity always has taught, viz.; that when the mind and heart are engaged with thoughts of

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God and his power, tenderness and love, sickness, poverty, distress and failure disappear. It is useless to bother about the problem of the origin of evil—whence all the things we call evil arose. They are here, or, at least seem to be, and the seeming is very real. But in absolute reality they are *not* here; there is but one power in the universe, and that is a good, a beneficent, a tenderly personal power we call God. When seeming evil comes in any form, instead of dwelling on it, enlarging it, making its seeming a reality, let us banish it by definitely, positively, resolutely thinking of God and His attributes and powers. Thus sin, disease, poverty and failure disappear from us, as the mists of morning before the rays of the sun. Darkness and light cannot occupy the same space at once. Thoughts of disease and perfect health cannot occupy the same mind at the same time. When you *feel* you are diseased, *think* you are suffering pain, are *sure* you are afflicted with some acute or chronic ailment, *do not resist it*, do not fight against it, treat it with medicines and the like. Simply turn and look in the other direction; fill your mind with thoughts of God. Instead of whining, *sing*; instead of complaining, *whistle*; instead of dwelling on your ills, *recount your blessings*; instead of looking at your own poor, paltry, mean, contemptible self, *look to the glory, beauty, perfection of God*.

But you say this is all nonsense. Your disease, poverty, sin, are realities too serious to be treated in

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this fashion. It is because you make them such realities that they are serious. Every one knows that he can be "worried to death" and really, seriously, dangerously affected by things that never happen. Every moment that you insist upon thinking that your evils are real you are keeping their reality before you, but the moment you succeed in thinking only of the supremacy, the adequacy, the sufficiency of God to supply *all* your need, these apparent and unreal evils cease to exist; they disappear as the phantoms of a dream.

Too good to be true! perhaps you exclaim. Can anything be too good for God, who is all good, to accomplish? Enlarge your faith in Him; believe in His goodness more; try Him out, test Him and see for yourself. Anyhow, isn't it far better to have such thoughts of Him than to believe He is ever ready to punish you, to visit evil, or allow it to come upon you, to afflict you with poverty, sickness, failure, sorrow and sin? No conception I, a mere human, imperfect, fallible being, can have of God, can possibly equal the glory, splendor and beneficence of the reality. Why not get a larger concept of God? Why not let your thoughts enlarge about Him, for, a very wise writer once said of Him: "As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts."

And then, continuing in God's stead to declare the result of a right understanding of Him, Isaiah

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asserts: "Ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree."

It is joy we want, and peace. We long to see and hear the mountains break forth into singing, and for the thorns and briars of our life we desire earnestly to substitute firs and myrtles. And this is what "Singing through Life with God" means.

I do not know who it was that wrote the following, but he certainly was akin—brother—in his ideals for myself and the race:

Resolve!

To keep my health!

To do my work!

To live!

To see to it that I grow and gain and give!

Never to look behind me for an hour!

To wait in weakness and to walk in power;

But always fronting onward to the light.

Always and always facing toward the right.

When first I read these words they sang to my mind and heart. I wanted fully to respond to them—in other words to *sing the same song*. Now suppose that these resolves were all new to me, this would become a *new song* in my life; would start new emotions at work, new manifestations of will, new exercises of physical and mental occupation. Hence, is it not apparent that the singer of a noble aspiration

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may be the means of the inspiration of thousands; the doer of a noble deed, the encourager of a whole nation; the clear singer of an exalted emotion the inspirer of the human race. Oh, to sing *such* songs with God for the benefit and blessing of man.

We used to be told that "it was a fearful thing to fall into the hands of an angry God;" and there were those who delighted in enumerating a thousand and one paltry things which, they said, would "offend" Him. We were constantly warned to pay due respect to Him and reverence His name, or His anger would be visited on us. Let us get rid of such unworthy, mean, belittling and base conceptions. As if the great Spirit of Love that created the Universe were all the time watching to see that every one paid Him due respect, like a judge, just elevated to the bench, or a private given a lieutenant's commission. How men of vision, of largeness of heart and life, ever gained such misconceptions of God is beyond me. Dr. Caruth's poem, *Each in His Own Tongue*, is a far more honoring conception of God than the cold, formal, merciless, vindictive, petty creation of men of the past. Reread this poem and it will make clear what I mean.

EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE

A fire-mist and a planet,
A crystal and a cell,
A jelly-fish and a Saurian,
And caves where cavemen dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty

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And a face turned from the clod,—
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite, tender sky,
The ripe, rich tint of cornfields,
And the wild geese sailing high;
And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the goldenrod,—
Some of us call it Autumn
And others call it God.

Like tides on the crescent sea beach,
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in.
Come from the mystic ocean,
Whose rim no foot has trod;
Some of us call it Longing,
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,
A mother starved for her brood;
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus stretched on the rood:
And millions who, humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway trod;
Some call it Consecration,
And others call it God.

What a wonderful world it would be if all the poor and distressed, the sick and the needy, the failures and those who have to be helped continually, were filled with health, happiness, and optimism. Millions of dollars annually, and the work of a great army of charity and other workers would be saved,

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all of which are now expended in undoing the evils that come from poverty, disease and a sense of failure. And, as one contemplates God it is self evident that these evils should not exist. I have a profound respect for those devoted men and women who give their lives to an endeavor to ameliorate the condition of the "down-and-outer" of society. Daily, hourly, they have to listen to tales of sadness, of failure, of melancholy, of disease, of poverty, of woe, and then, after reasonable examination, they seek to palliate the distress as far as possible. There seems to be no hope, no real progress gained in such work. Oh, for a revival of a large-hearted trust in God and love for one's fellows that would send out millions of devoted men and women determined to change these evil conditions, resolved to put heart and hope and optimism into the breasts of those where none exists today. We prate about the doctrine of the brotherhood of man and let these, our brothers and sisters, wallow in the mire of their incompetency and distress, when, in one generation, or less, loving-kindness and personal, direct helpfulness would practically make this earth a heaven. Think of the selfishness of men, willing to sell the souls of their fellows into the bondage of alcoholic liquor for the sake of a few paltry dollars, and fighting the destruction of their unholy business as though they were defending the rights of angels. And now the derelicts are turning to drugs. Conservative estimates place the num-

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ber of those addicted to drug habits in the U. S. at one million; others insist there are three and even four millions. These poor wretches can be saved only by personal and watchful care. Who is going to do it? Doctors can help, but unfortunately they are too busy. We all need a new baptism of human brotherhood, where selfishness would give way to helpfulness and the cheery notes of optimism and Divine Love would rend the air, as lately the blare of our military bands awoke the echoes. The derelicts would thus be awakened to the fact that there were those who wished to help them be free from the fetters that now enchain them, and they themselves would join in the song. Would not such voices be welcomed by God in His Universal Symphony? They are now silent. Their parts are unsung. The world is the loser because this vast army is not singing through life with God.

When mankind sings as it should *all Nature*, as far as we know it upon this earth of ours, will have joined in the Universal song. For my part I want my voice to be included, and if each would thus resolve pain, sorrow, disease, poverty and death would immediately disappear, for none of these things *can* exist for a people who go through life singing with God.

Hence, I would begin early to teach children to sing "with the spirit and the understanding also." If we understood, realized, really conceived the value

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and importance of such a joyful exercise as song, of that which produces such heart happiness *in itself*, I say, if we realized its far-reaching natural results how could we refrain? Every one would rush to join the choruses. Each person would seek to have heart, mind and body attuned for song. Thus song would become universal, and peace, joy, happiness, love and success would follow in its train.

CHAPTER III

THE SINGING MOOD

MOODS — artistic temperament — irritability — gloom—pessimism—worry—meanness—malice—how they all hang together, impinge one upon another. Make room in your life for one and most of the others are sure to crowd in. And when “they” are in the singing mood goes out. Children undoubtedly are more or less temperamental, but when they are reasonably healthy and properly trained they are ready to sing, frolic and enjoy themselves under all circumstances.

Why, then, do older people allow themselves to become victims of these happiness-destroying moods?

There is a reason!

It is entirely a matter of mind—their mind, *your* mind. There are two classes of people in the world: those who believe facts, circumstances, surroundings make the man, and those who believe that man—mind—makes the facts, controls the circumstances and dominates the surroundings. To which class do you belong?

I belong to the latter.

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“I” means that I am mind—controlling, dominating, directing. I am mind because I am a part of the great whole which is all mind—the mind of the universe, ever-present, ever-active, ever-beneficent, ever-helpful, ever-strong, ever-loving. There is no escape from this All-Embracing Mind, except in the realm of our own little, muddled, confused, yet arrogant, complacent and conceited mind. Strange to say we have the power to hypnotize ourselves into any mean, contemptible, narrowing, unsatisfactory, complaining, melancholy, gloomy, worrying, fretful, pessimistic mood we choose. But let us never forget we do it ourselves. It is not our inheritance. God never bestowed such a cursed heredity upon any one. It does not belong to us. It is not ours. It does not “sit well upon us.”

It can never be affirmed too often that God is a Being of love and beneficence, of joy and happiness, of beauty and smiles, of songs and contentment. These are His gifts to us. They are here, there, everywhere in the Universe, for our reaching out and taking. But, if we wilfully refrain, and while refraining, stand complaining the while; dwelling upon our misery and lonesomeness, our gloom and our sorrow, our sickness and our poverty, our misfortunes and our ill-luck, all the goodness, beauty, joy and brightness in the world cannot help us.

Change your mood!

Quit your worrying!

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Stop your complaining!

Kill your pessimism!

It is the teaching of the new psychology that you attract to yourself what you are thinking about, what you long for, what you anticipate, what you expect. So long as you believe that God is the giver of gloom, misfortune, sickness and poverty to you those are the things you will attract, but so soon as you learn the error of your ways and *change your mood*, alter your belief, exercise your faith and trust you will prove true what all the churches have ever professed, but seldom acted upon, viz., that God thinks good and good only to you, that His hands are ever outstretched to help you, that "underneath are the everlasting arms," that "like as a father pitieth his children so the Lord pitieth them that fear him," that "if ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, *how much more* shall your Heavenly Father give good things to them that ask him;" that "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

Get it into your daily consciousness that your Heavenly Father is near, and really hears your prayers when you present them with a trustful heart, in "the singing mood." Cheerfully accept what comes, what *has* come, knowing that only a yielding to the negative moods we call evil can submerge you. And experience demonstrates that many of these are

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purely physical, that they are only superficial. It is this very fact of their being so close to the surface—superficial—that misleads us. They appear to be the most important and apparent things in the universe, and yet, in reality, they are only the mists over the waters of life, the fogs that temporarily hide the exquisite valley beneath. Many a time a sharp walk will drive away a negative mood of pessimism or meanness that seems so deeply seated that nothing can dislodge it. Many a time I have gotten on horseback and in a wild ride “blown away” a fit of blues, of depression, of lonesomeness that had totally inhibited my joining in the Song of Life. When I returned every muscle was singing, every cell in my lungs, heart and blood vessels, every nerve was vocal with joy, and that which I had regarded as a profound mental or spiritual depression was proven to be nothing but a superficial and temporary domination of the body. Hence, make your body your servant; compel its attention to your mental and spiritual needs; do not allow it to dictate whether you shall sing or not. Whip it into action if needs be; anyhow place it under the wise compulsion of your spirit and thus will your singing mood expand and know no diminution from temporary, superficial, and altogether preventable causes.

Furthermore, do not forget that when you are listening to the false voices of the body which inhibit your singing, you are closing your ears to the Divine

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messages that call upon you from a thousand and one directions.

The chief lessons I wish to convey in this book are that if we listen we shall hear Divine songs everywhere; if we join in the songs the benefit and blessing of them will be given to us in cheerful hearts, healthy bodies, successful undertakings, lives full of love, and joyous confidence in the future; that the more we sing with God the more we *can* sing—in other words, the happier we become; and that, finally, the more we listen and sing the more we can hear of the grand harmonies the United Song of the Universe makes and thus *Heaven* is made real and we begin to live in it here and now.

And if, for any reason, you feel inclined to doubt these statements remember God's pledges: "Ask and it shall be given unto you, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you;" "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you"—all these things literally meaning life, health, wealth, happiness, peace, serenity, content. Paul says, "Rejoice in the Lord alway, and again I say, Rejoice." He understood the Lord. Change your mood. Alter your attitude. Get into the singing frame of mind. Sing at sunrise, sing at meal times, sing at your work, sing with your children, sing at sunset, sing at your play. Sing with the birds, the flowers, the trees, the skies, the clouds, the rain, and the sunshine. Sing

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ever, always, and in the singing mood you will find the happiness you have missed, the health you have dodged, the wealth you have "gloomed away" from you and the joy of life, the peace which passeth understanding which you will take with you, for these are the sure and certain possession of those who go "Singing through Life with God."

CHAPTER IV

MUSIC AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

WHEN did earthly music begin?

We have no record. There are those who would tell us that the Greeks invented music, because certain instruments are supposed to have first been used by them. But the race of Greeks were undreamed of; not a stone was quarried for the building of the cities by the Ægean when music was old in the world. It began on the morning of Creation, however that creation began, and once begun it will never cease until Time's clock stops, runs back, and ceases, and the Universe knows not God, its Creator, and becomes silent. And that can never be!

God is the author of Music. He is its Originator, Inspiration and Preserver today. Hence all true music, all real song comes from Him.

The word music undoubtedly originated from the Greek and refers to the Muses, the Virgin divinities who presided over the different arts. These were said to be daughters of the Greek god Zeus and Mnemosyne, and were born in Pieria at the foot of Mt. Olympus. Different early writers speak of three Muses (Meditation, Memory and Song), and of

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four, seven, eight and nine, and while Homer refers to the nine, we do not learn their names until Hesiod gives them, viz., Clio, the muse of poetry; Euterpe, of lyric poetry, and generally depicted with a flute; Thalia, of comedy or merry and idyllic poetry; Melpomene, of tragedy; Terpsichore, of the choral dance and song; Erato, of love poetry; Polymnia, of the sublime hymn; Urania, of astronomy; and Calliope, of epic poetry.

Every ancient nation has its myths and legends of the birth of music. Which is the oldest nation? and which stories are the most reliable? To me their only interest is in showing how ancient is human musical expression and how naturally and spontaneously it sprang forth as man developed.

While to most occidentals there is nothing sweet or captivating in the music of the Chinese, they claim for it a divine origin. It is the essence of the harmony existing between heaven, earth, and man. The Chinese builds his world upon the harmonious action of the heavens and the earth; regards the animation of all nature, the movement of the stars, and the change of the seasons, as a grand "world music," in which everything keeps steadfastly in its appointed course, teaching mankind thereby a wholesome lesson. He associates his music, therefore, with virtue and morality. Even the different notes of the scale represent to him moral precepts. He bases all his sciences upon music.

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Of the power of music the Chinese have many interesting stories. A thousand years before the Greek Orpheus charmed the animals with his lute, the Chinese musician, Kouei, said: "When I play upon my king,* the animals range themselves spell-bound with melody before me." Of another performer we are told that "his music was so sweet, the very stars of heaven drew near to listen."

The direful effects of the repression of the desire for musical expression was well illustrated in 246 B. C., owing to the issuance of an edict by one of the emperors of China, ordering all musical books and instruments to be destroyed. He gave as his reason that these things led people to forget and neglect agriculture, which he regarded as the only basis for the happiness and prosperity of the nation. As late as 140 B. C. writers lament the resulting loss of music and claim that it had had a woeful effect upon the people, in that they had thus lost the chief means of regulating the heart, with the consequence that the baser passions had gained national control.

The legends of the Hindus, as to the divine origin of music, are very different from those of the Chinese. They claim that after Brahma had lain in the egg three thousand billion four hundred million years, he split it by the force of his thought, and out of the two halves made heaven and earth. He then created

* *King*. This is a chime of stones, giving forth very sweet sounds more enchanting than a chime of the finest bells.

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Manu, who brought forth from chaos "ten heavenly sages." These in their turn created the gods, and among them, Grandharven and Apsarasen, or the genii of song and dance. The latter became the musician of the gods. Later the gods themselves became musicians and ancient pictures show even Brahma himself beating upon a drum.

In Siam and Burmah music, both vocal and instrumental, has always held a high place, men and women alike seeking to win the honors bestowed upon public performers of exceptional ability and endowments.

The music of Egypt is exceedingly ancient, but its origin is lost in the darkness of antiquity. Even the oldest Greeks grant to Egypt the invention of the lyre and flute, and very early reliefs show the use of the sistrum. One of the wonders of Egypt was the "Vocal Memnon," a colossal statue, near Thebes, of King Amenophis, which, on receiving the rising sun's rays gave forth a harp-like sound. It will be recalled, too, that when the Israelites escaped from the Egyptians Miriam, the sister of Moses, led her maidens in a song of triumph.

The Persians, Turks and wandering Arab tribes of the desert all have their distinctive music, the practice of which has come down from the earliest ages. Among all so-called aboriginal peoples—those of Africa, Australia, and the Americas music is instinctive. Its exercise is spontaneous, and is inextricably

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interwoven with their worship. Dancing, smoking the sacred pipe, and singing form the major portions of their religious ceremonies, and that student of their life and customs who ignores the power of song, can never know the real innerness of the aboriginal mind.

The ancient Greeks were a musical people, as Homer clearly reveals. So, indeed, are all people, without exception. To sing is as natural as to talk, and as soon as the power of making sounds with the human voice was discovered, it may be said that song was born. How interesting it would have been, could one have stood, overlooking the whole human race as it emerged from mere animality into mental consciousness—provided that was the way, the method, of its progress—and seen the first and later attempts at the making of song. Thus we should have learned how the scale came into existence; how rhythm was invented; and have been able to trace the development of the various modes of musical expression to the present day. How little we know of it. Our ideas upon the subject mainly are guesswork.

We do know, however, that man's desire for music led him to invent all kinds of instruments to be substitutes for, or accompaniments to, the human voice, the most perfect of all. The Chinese have the most perfect theory to account for the invention of musical instruments. They contend that there are eight different sounds of a musical character in

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Nature, each having its own distinctive qualities, viz., skin, stone, metal, silk, wood, bamboo, gourd and baked earth. Accordingly they have fashioned skin into drums, stone into chimes, metal into bells, gongs, etc., silk into stringed instruments, wood into castinets and vibrating instruments as well as those that are blown through, bamboos into flutes, gourds into mouth-organs, and baked earth into horns. In the Crosby-Brown collection of musical instruments, in New York, all these types are illustrated, as are the musical instruments of all of the peoples of earth—as far as they are known. Chinese drums of eight varieties are found, but none of them are as primitive as those of the Indians of our own southwest. I have several drums, the barrels of which are made from portions of the trunks of trees, hollowed out, and the skin stretched over the ends when the hide was green, and tightened with green rawhide thongs. In the Chinese drums now found all the heads are fastened on with nails, thus allowing no tightening of the skin as is the case with our drums.

The stone chimes of China give forth a peculiarly soft and beautiful tone, totally unlike that produced by any kind of metal. This use of stone for instruments of percussion soon led to other material being used for the same purpose, hence we soon have—throughout the world—one of the oldest of instruments, the dulcimer, generally made of flat sticks or pieces of wood, tuned to the scale and made to rest

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upon slender crosspieces so as to interfere as little as possible with their vibrations. The tones are made by striking with small wooden or cork-covered hammers, and anyone who listened to the Marimba Band at the San Francisco Exposition knows the wonderful music that a group of experts can evoke from this simple and primitive instrument.

Many a time I have heard peripatetic vaudeville performers produce excellent music from bottles, hung from a rack, tuned to proper pitch by pouring water in them, and struck with a small wooden mallet.

Also, at a dinner table where there were enough glasses, bowls and cups to secure a couple of octaves I have tuned them in similar fashion, and played tunes to the alleged delight of my friends.

The celebrated chimes of the Glenwood Mission Inn, at Riverside, California, are nothing more than a giant dulcimer elevated into a tower, and the wooden slats changed into long strips or tubes of brass or other metal, each one properly tuned. Had I the time to gather up and shorten as required, I could make as fine a set of chimes as one need wish to hear from the varying lengths of railroad iron, often left to lie and rust on the right of way.

Those who have returned from the battle-fields of the Great War have brought shell-cases, fired from the monster German guns. Some of these are made from bell-metal, possibly the looted bells from

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world-famous towers in Belgium and France, for they give out the sweetest of bell-notes when suspended and struck. With a little persistent effort one might soon gain a full peal from these various sized cases, that would surpass in tone-effect any ordinary chime of soft-toned bells.

It is assumed that metal bells were first used as we now use a pitch-pipe or tuning fork—to gain the pitch for vocal music, but it was not long before their value as chimes was discovered. They were first made of copper, alloyed with tin, and, naturally, were of a modest size. The earliest bells had no clappers, the sound being produced by striking them with a wooden mallet. From the primitive bells of the Chinese have come all the bells of the world, each later nation trying to vie with every other in the richness of tone produced, and in the size of the bells cast. The mammoth bell of Moscow is the ultimate, as far as size is concerned, for it weighs 448,000 lbs., but its uselessness, owing to its broken condition, it having fallen during a fire three years after it was cast and hung, has prevented any one again attempting anything of the kind on so mammoth a scale. It is interesting to note, however, that the Russians, in 1819, cast another bell in Moscow that weighed 80 tons. The great bell of Peking, which stands fourteen feet high, weighs 531½ tons. Other well known bells are those of St. Peter's, 18,600 lbs.; City Hall, New York, 22,500 lbs.; Notre Dame, Paris, 28,600 lbs.;

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“Big Ben,” at Westminster, 30,300 lbs.; St. Paul’s, 38,000 lbs.; Sacred Heart, Paris, 55,000 lbs., and one at Kioto of 165,000 lbs.

Poe wrote a wonderful poem on the songs of the bells, and one can close his eyes, with the words of that poem before him, and hear the varied voices.

Across the street from the house in which I was born was a vast churchyard, where towered one of the ancient churches of England. In its massive campanile were eight bells, ranging in voice from high tenor to the twenty hundred-weight deepest bass. Its ringers were experts, and every Sunday, and on especially joyous occasions, they used to handle the ropes in a masterful fashion totally unknown to all untraveled Americans. These men were able to produce effects upon those eight bells as marvelous in their way as the organist can produce with his enlarged gamut upon the organ. Marked upon the wall were the orders of the series of changes called “majors,” and “bob-majors” and “triple bob-majors” that they would play. Each man stood with his face to the wall, his eye on the list he was then preparing to play. At a sign from the leader the tenor would begin, followed by each bell in its proper order as marked in the sequence to be given, and it was no easy task to change the order of the bells at each “round,” to conform perfectly to the required sequence. But when scientifically and artistically played, how those bells rang out their dashing, clash-

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ing and triumphant peals. Here was no mere chaos of sound, but an orderly, recognizable arrangement of bell voices, of tremendous power, and, therefore, best listened to at a mile or more away. There was one series for a wedding; another for a funeral; one for the birth of a royal heir, one less clangorous for the birth of an heir to the "lord of the manor." There were especially joyous ringings at Easter and Christmas, and the New Year was ushered in with midnight peals that could be heard miles away by the villages lined on the banks of the "thirty-armed silvery Trent." These were the bells of the church of St. Ogg's (in reality of Gainsborough, Lincolnshire, England), made famous by George Eliot in her *Mill on the Floss*, for here the great author often came to listen to the stirring glory of this wonderful peal. Noted ringers from all over the British Isles, aye, and from the Continent, used to come and try their skill on them, and it was one of the delights of my boy-life that I was favored to stand in the belfry loft and watch these "masters of the bell-ropes" manipulate them in their artistic fashion.

Stringed instruments are said to have been discovered by first twisting silk threads together, stretching them and then twanging them with the fingers. It was soon observed that the tones varied in accordance with the tightness of the string. The cords were then fastened down on a board, the number of threads counted so as to preserve uniformity, and

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by and by the peg was invented for the purpose of stretching the string until it gave out the desired tone. Thus the parent of the harp, guitar, banjo, violin, and all other stringed instruments was invented.

That the negro believes he had a hand in originating stringed instruments is evident from the following amusing poem, by Irwin Russell:

DE FUST BANJO

Go 'way, fiddle! folks is tired o' hearin' you a-squawkin',
Keep silence fur yo' betters!—don't you heah de banjo
talking?

About the 'Possum's tail she's gwine to lecter—ladies,
listen!—

About de ha'r whut isn't dar, an' why de ha'r is missin':

“Dar's gwine to be a' oberflow,” said Noah, lookin' solemn—
Fur Noah tuk the “Harald,” an' he read the ribber column—
An' so he sot his hands to wuk a-cl'arin' timber-patches,
An' 'lowed he's gwine to build a boat to beat the steamah
Natchez.

* * * * *

Den sech anoder fall ob rain! it comes so awful hebby,
De ribber riz immejitly, an' busted troo de lebbee;
De people all wuz drownded out—'cep' Noah an' de critters,
An' men he'd hired to work de boat—an' one to mix de
bitters.

* * * * *

Now Ham, the only nigger whut wuz runnin' on de packet,
Got lonesome in de barber-shop, an' c'u'dn't stan' de racket;
An' so, fur to amuse he-se'f, he steamed some wood an'
bent it,
An' soon he had a banjo made—de fust dat wuz invented.

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He wet der ledder, stretched it on; made bridge an' screws
an aprin;

An' fitted in a proper neck—'twuz berry long an' tap'rin';
He tuk some tin, an' twisted him a thimble fur to ring it;
An' den de mighty question riz: how wuz he gwine to
string it?

De 'possum had as fine a tail as dis dat I's a-singin';
De ha'r so long an' thick an' strong,—des fit fur banjo-
stringin';

Dat nigger shaved 'em off as short as wash-day-dinner
graces;

An' sorted ob 'em by de size, f'om little E's to basses.

He strung her, tuned her, struck a jig,—'twas "Nebber
min' de wedder,"

She soun' like forty-lebben bands a-playin' all togedder;
Some went to pattin'; some to dancin'; Noah called de
figgers;

An' Ham he sot an' knocked de tune, de happiest ob
niggers!

Now, sence dat time—it's mighty strange—dere's not de
slighes' showin'

Ob any ha'r at all upon de 'possum's tail a-growin';
An' curious, too, dat nigger's ways; his people nebber
los' 'em—

Fur whar you finds de nigger—dar's de banjo an' de
'possum!

From such humble beginnings the magic violin, viola, 'cello and double bass were evolved. The violin has well been called "the universal instrument." In some form it is found almost the world over, and in the hands of a master it becomes almost human. It can set forth in its own graphic language every emotion known to man, and when used *en masse* it is the basis of all orchestral music.

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It is impossible to estimate the influence stringed instruments have had upon the emotional life of the human race. From hovel to palace in civilized lands, and in the hands of the cultivated in ancient lands, they have assisted in sending their performers Singing through Life with God.

Save for use in such adjuncts to musical expression as castinets and in the manufacture of other instruments, wood is not largely used. Of course it forms the framework for most drums, violins, bass viols and for the wind instruments, as the flute, piccolo, oboe and clarinet.

It was the bamboo, say the Chinese, the reed, say the Greeks, that led to the manufacture of wind instruments. Pan and his pipes is as popular and ancient as Orpheus and his lute, and it would be hard to tell which instrument was first in the field. The lute is the parent of the banjo, guitar, mandolin, and all instruments of that nature. Pan's pipes were suggested by the bamboo. The hollow tubing naturally suggested that man blow through it, and in due time he observed that the distances between the knots, the proportion of the distances, the largeness or smallness of diameter of the tube, together with the hardness or softness of the cane all qualified the tone. It took a long time, however, for the Chinese, or any other people, to discover that the piercing of holes in the tube, and the covering or uncovering of them with the fingers, made a difference in the pitch of the tones.

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Hence for a long period the different tones needed were produced by separate tubes for each note; the longer and larger the tube, the deeper being the tone produced. This accounts for the Greek god Pan always being represented with pipes of different lengths. The reed pipe of Pan is still cut by the country boy of today, and the penny tin whistle of my boyhood's days, one of which is still in my possession, is a modern manifestation of it. When my brother and I get together we can rival, almost, a fife band of old war veterans in the piercing volume of sound our two whistles can give forth.

But man did not always have reeds or wood to play with, and create from, so in the Crosby-Brown collection will be found thigh bones of antelope, deer, rabbits and even men, made into whistles, which I found in ancient Indian graves in the American southwest.

In their *Lelentu*, or Flute Ceremony, the Hopi Indians, of northern Arizona, use reed pipes, yet, on one occasion, I found one of them blowing a very fair tone out of a clay or pottery fife of his own manufacture.

Belonging to this same category of wind instruments is one, how ancient I do not know, called the *ocarino*. My brother introduced me to it some twenty or twenty-five years ago. It is made of dried clay, looks like an enlarged and peculiar beetle, has a mouthpiece at one end, and finger holes somewhat

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like a flute, and the tone is peculiarly mellow and soft, as it comes from a large oval-shaped sounding chamber.

Few of those who perform upon a cabinet or the grand pipe organ dream of its humble origin, for while the latter uses the pipe, already referred to, it was another discovery that led to the invention of the organ. To this day the older and more cultivated Chinese are familiar with an instrument called the Sheng. When it was invented no one knows and it is so ancient that even tradition is silent upon the subject. Its body is a dried gourd, which is fitted with a wooden mouthpiece, into which are inserted seventeen bamboo pipes, varying in length. The sound is produced by the air vibrating a little tongue of metal, which is affixed by means of beeswax to the lower end of each pipe. The tone is soft, sweet and melodious, but it is a hard instrument to play as the performer sucks the air up the tubes and this is said to bring on inflammation of the lungs and bronchial tubes.

It was the introduction of this instrument into Europe that led to the invention of the accordeon and the harmonium, the latter being the English prototype of the American cabinet organ, the only difference between the two instruments being that in the harmonium the air is *sucked* through the reeds, while in the organ it is *blown* through.

There are those who scoff at the homely and

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humble accordeon, and its younger brother, the concertina. The principle of their construction is practically the same, though the accordeon has a single keyboard, while the concertina has one at each end of the bellows, so that both hands are used not only in its manipulation, but also in the fingering of the keys.

Blaring, unrefined and harsh in tone, incapable of any other than the production of set, and often (perhaps generally) incorrect harmonies, these humble instruments have both lightened the weary hours of thousands, nay millions, of the peasantry who have used them from time immemorial. Who first invented them and used them I do not know. They have filled a large place in joy giving, and their notes have seldom been absent from the great Divine Symphony, though a few, doubtless, of the musical experts and critics—the exclusive ones—may have wondered, aye, and rebelled, at the tolerance of the Divine Conductor, at giving them place.

The mouth-organ of the street urchin is but a simplification of the accordeon, the boy's own lungs forming the bellows, his fingers and the movement of the "organ" to and fro to catch the impulses of his breath, serving the same purpose as the keyboard.

On the other hand, the cabinet organ is but the accordeon's enlargement and improvement, the reeds being of better quality of tone, and a greater variety being provided. They are also fixed in a cabinet, with

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a much enlarged keyboard and greater range of gamut, and the air is produced by pedal pumping of the bellows. They are now made so that as perfect harmonies can be made upon them as upon the piano, or even the monster pipe-organ. These humble instruments also have given joy to untold millions, and even masters of creative composition and execution have not disdained to play upon them. I have heard wonderful music produced by Listz, Gottschalk, Lemmons, Clarence Eddy, and many others of world-fame, upon these modest and cheap instruments that all, except the extreme poor, can afford to have in their homes.

From these modest beginnings the pipe-organ came into existence. Jubal, who is referred to in Genesis IX, twenty-first verse, as "the father of all such as handle the harp and the organ," would gaze with amazement and listen with bewildered astonishment to the giant organs of the present day, such as are found in the Salt Lake Tabernacle, or the Civic Auditorium of San Francisco. How these instruments, both in churches, and later in concert halls, have given voice to the deeper emotions of the people; and how they have responded to them in higher endeavor and nobler life no one can estimate.

Well may the organ be called the king of instruments. It is an orchestra in itself when handled by a master. How well I recall one full day—all Soul's Day—when I happened to be in Paris. That master

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composer and organist, Batiste, was then alive, and was the organist at the great church of Notre Dame. He was playing when I entered in the morning, long before noon. Sending up my card he invited me to the organ, and then, until lunch time, he played my favorites of his own and others' compositions. Then, after a happy meal together, he sent me to the Madeleine, with a card to Guilmant, and for three more hours that delightful and charming man and master of the organ, as well as composer, played for me. When I was about to leave him he suggested that, to finish the day, I should go for the evening service to hear Widor. His card gained me an immediate and cordial reception, and during the whole of that service and afterward into the late hours I was thrilled and enchanted by that wizard's manipulation of keyboard and pedals. Those men were God's especial messengers that day and the music they put into my *heart*, as well as the tunes they fixed in my memory have helped in my earnest desire never to cease singing with God as I journeyed through life. Yet I should be recreant to my own country—adopted though it is, where now for forty years I have been unusually blessed and far more happy than is commonly the lot of men—were I to fail to mention the never failing inspiration I have received from that king of the American organ, Clarence Eddy. For about thirty-five of the forty years we have been friends, growing closer to each other as the years

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have passed. My attention was first arrested to him when, in Chicago, he gave two hundred successive recitals, without a single repetition. Then, when he followed this with five hundred consecutive recitals all of them devoted to the classics, my admiration was fixed for life.

Other dear friends whose masterly skill upon the organ has given me delight and joy for years, are Bruce Gordon Kingsley, a cultured Englishman, whose artistic achievements reveal him a master performer and interpreter, and a fellow-countryman, Edward M. Drury, both of whom have made California their home. Day after day, week after week, and year after year, these men have poured forth the music of their souls through the medium of the organ and caused thrilling responses in the hearts and lives of their many hearers. Joy unspeakable, indeed, is it, when, by any means, it is given to one man thus to inspire and bless his fellows. Proud—nay, grateful—should they be who are thus gifted, and it is a joy to offer my song of praise to God, for the addition to the rich music of the world these, my friends, have made.

The modern orchestra is the summing together of all these various instruments. They are practically divided into "the strings," the "wood-wind," or more briefly, the "wood," the "brass," and the "battery," the latter being composed of the drums, triangles, cymbals and other instruments of percussion.

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In the hands of a master conductor not only each *family*, but each individual in the family, becomes definitely contributory to the wonderful music made by the whole. The range of effects that can be produced seems to be illimitable, from the most subdued, quiet, soothing and tranquilizing, to the most triumphant, arousing, exciting and inspiring.

The "brass band" is a popular form or variant of the orchestra, in which the brass instruments, such as cornets, horns, trombones, trumpets, and euphonium, play the leading part. These are supplemented by clarinets, flutes, fifes and piccolos. Commonly these bands are known as military bands, for they are especially adapted for the production of martial music, leading processions of large bodies of men and arousing them when on the field of battle. It must be noted, however, that the use of modern gigantic guns and the changes in warfare caused by their introduction have largely eliminated the military band from use on the actual battle-field.

Playing popular music during the times of peace these "military bands" fill a large place in the national life of all civilized countries. These might be called the orchestras of the open air and of the common people. Yet it must not be supposed that they fall short of wonderful possibilities in the interpretation of almost every kind of music. In the hands of a master leader, like Sousa or Godfrey, such a

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band is almost as flexible as an orchestra, and within its limitations produces as wide a range of music.

In 1889 I visited the Paris Exposition and one of its chief delights was the wonderfully fine band-music discoursed every day and evening. Willingly I gave up a fine room I had engaged in a hotel near the grounds, for a small attic, which, however, had a window that allowed my bed to be placed where, when physically weary, I could lie down and see the band or orchestra playing as well as hear it. Though that was thirty years ago much of the thrilling delight of that music remains vivid as ever in my memory.

I would not have it thought that every known instrument has been referred to in this chapter. There are scores that have found no mention. I desired merely to present a general survey of the field that my readers might refresh their knowledge as to the part musical instruments play in life and the great influence they have had upon the conduct of the human race.

Thus it will be seen that, all down the ages, from the very dawn of time as far as man is concerned, He who is music and the Source of music in others, has been prompting mankind to invent every kind of instrument to aid him in the making of "joyful noises," for his pleasure, comfort, solace and recreation. Thus man has enlarged his musical "vocabulary" until the monster pipe organ, the brass band, and the modern orchestra, have come into existence.

MUSIC AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

During all these ages these various instruments have been the servants of mankind. They have cheered him when he was sad, encouraged him when down-cast, aroused him when oppressed, inspired him when despondent, rejoiced with him when happy, and enabled him more fully to express his emotions of joy, sympathy, aspiration, patriotism, reverence and worship. Hence they have proven themselves of Divine birth, though apparently emanating through human agencies, and thus have been appropriate means of aiding man in Singing through Life with God.

CHAPTER V

THE MUSIC OF THE BIBLE

WHILE elsewhere I have referred to the somewhat gloomy and profoundly solemn religion of the Hebrews it should not be forgotten that the Old and New Testaments are wonderfully musical with the fullness of life. Every biblical student is familiar with the rich, deep music of the Psalms, the stately, dignified, priestly-like chorals of Isaiah, Jeremiah and the prophets; the bubbling love-song of Ruth; the glorious exuberance of the earlier chapters of Genesis; the tuneful and deeply human song of Esther; the varied and pathetically sorrowful chapters of the books of Samuel and Kings and Chronicles; the mystic songs of the prophecies of Daniel, and the joyous triumph of the Messianic prophecies.

And when we come to the New Testament what new notes and songs are evoked! The Christmas morning song of the angels, the clear foretelling of the blessed new time for mankind when sin and sorrow, poverty and disease, pain and death, should be no more, of the time when man, mental and spiritual, should triumph and reign supreme over man sensuous and physical. The emphasis placed upon

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the new notes of Divine Love and human brotherhood, especially in Paul's transcendent song of love, written to the Corinthians; the songs of faith and life and of the constant rejoicing that comes from those who live aright; the promise songs of Christ, which are finding more and more fulfillment as men and women learn to trustfully sing in place of dolefully wail. Then, finally, that great song of the New Jerusalem, the city of Light, where all is joy and peace, serenity and content, because all is beauty, brotherhood, purity and love, and which merely typifies what our life here ought to, and might be. Need there be any wonder that the Bible has held such power over the hearts of men through the ages, and that now, especially, when it is being divested of its fetishism, its power and influence are increasing?

When we look for them, we find in the Bible scores of references to the happy, joyous and singing life. In Psalm XXXIII, 3, 4 we find:

Sing unto the Lord a new song; play skillfully with a loud noise,

For the word of the Lord is right; and all his works are done in truth.

Psalm CIV is a piece of rich poetry that wonderfully states the writer's conception of how God, the Creator, made the earth. It perfectly fits in with the thought of this book, revealing *why* everything in nature sings, why there is nothing that does not join in the Universal Symphony. Read it carefully with that thought in view:

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Bless the Lord, O my soul. O Lord my God, thou art very great; thou art clothed with honor and majesty;

Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment; who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain;

Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters; who maketh the clouds his chariots, who walketh upon the wings of the wind;

Who maketh his angels spirits; his ministers a flaming fire;

Who laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be removed forever.

Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a garment: the waters stood above the mountains.

At thy rebuke they fled; at the voice of thy thunder they hasted away.

They go up by the mountains; they go down by the valleys unto the place which thou hast founded for them.

Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over, that they turn not again to cover the earth.

He sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills.

They give drink to every beast of the field: the wild asses quench their thirst.

By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation, which sing among the branches.

He watereth the hills from his chambers: the earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works.

He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man, that he may bring forth food out of the earth;

And wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine, and bread which strengtheneth man's heart.

The trees of the Lord are full of sap: the cedars of Lebanon which he hath planted;

Where the birds make their nests: as for the stork, the fir trees are her house.

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The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats, and the rocks for the conies.

He appointeth the moon for seasons: the sun knoweth his going down.

Thou makest darkness, and it is night, wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth.

The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God.

The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together, and lay them down in their dens.

Man goeth forth unto his work, and to his labor, until the evening.

O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches.

So is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts.

There go the ships; there is that leviathan, whom thou hast made to play therein.

These wait all upon thee, that thou mayest give them their meat in due season.

That thou givest them they gather: thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good.

Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled; thou takest away their breath, they die, and return to their dust.

Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created; and thou renewest the face of the earth.

The glory of the Lord shall endure forever: the Lord shall rejoice in his works.

He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth: he toucheth the hills, and they smoke.

I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live; I will sing praise to my God while I have my being.

My meditation of him shall be sweet; I will be glad in the Lord.

That the psalmist fully understood the Universal Symphony and the fact that all Nature as well as

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man went "Singing through Life with God" is manifest in the one hundred and eighth psalm:

Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens; praise him in the heights.

Praise ye him, all his angels: praise ye him, all his hosts.

Praise ye him, sun and moon: praise him, all ye stars of light.

Praise him, ye heavens of heavens, and ye waters that be above the heavens.

Let them praise the name of the Lord: for he commanded, and they were created.

He hath also stablished them forever and ever: he hath made a decree which shall not pass.

Praise the Lord from the earth, ye dragons of all deeps:

Fire and hail; snow and vapors; stormy wind fulfilling his word:

Mountains, and all hills; fruitful trees, and all cedars:

Beasts, and all cattle; creeping things, and flying fowl:

Kings of the earth, and all people; princes, and all judges of the earth:

Both young men and maidens; old men and children:

Let them praise the name of the Lord: for his name alone is excellent; his glory is above the earth and heaven.

The calling upon objects of Nature to join in songs to God is quite common in the Bible. When the Israelites were coming out of Egypt and they came to the desert they sang of a well of pure water:

Spring up, O well; sing ye unto it: the princes dug the well, the nobles of the people digged it, by the direction of the lawgiver, with their staves.

In 1 Chronicles, XVI, 23 and later verses, David exhorts:

Sing unto the Lord, all the earth; shew forth from day to day his salvation. . . . Fear before him, all the earth: the world also shall be stable, that it be not moved.

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Let the heavens be glad, and let the earth rejoice: and let men say among the nations, The Lord reigneth.

Let the sea roar and the fullness thereof: let the fields rejoice, and all that is therein.

Then shall the trees of the woods sing out at the presence of the Lord. . . .

What poet has better expressed the "Singing joy of Nature," than does David in Psalm LXV, 9-13.

Thou visiteth the earth, and waterest it; thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water; thou preparest them corn, when thou hast so provided for it.

Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly; thou settlest the furrows thereof; thou makest it soft with showers; thou blesseth the springing thereof.

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; and thy paths drop fatness.

They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness; and the little hills rejoice on every side.

The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing.

Isaiah the prophet also invokes Nature to join in the Universal Symphony:

Sing, O ye heavens, . . . shout, ye lower parts of the earth: break forth into singing, ye mountains, O forest, and every tree therein. . . . Is. XLIV, 23.

And Isaiah's poetic prophecies in chapter XXXV have been the theme of thousands of sermons:

The wilderness, and the solitary place, shall be glad; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.

It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing; the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon. . . .

While I love to read the exhortatory psalms to the

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singing life, the orchestral life, the musical life, above quoted, my purpose is to show how all unspoiled Nature—whether of rocks, flowers, trees, insects, reptiles, birds, beasts or man—sings; what a grand *Universal Song* there is going on all the time, winter, spring, summer, autumn, and that God is the theme, God is the inspiration, God is the object. Example is contagious. Our minds are so preoccupied with our own material affairs, the cares of cities, states and nations, of wars and peace treaties and a League of Nations, of money-making, of building up great factories and constructing vast railway systems and the like, or of the lesser affairs of lesser men that yet preoccupy the mind just as much as these greater matters do with our Masters of Industry, that we have disregarded, not wilfully, perhaps, but, nevertheless, effectively and disastrously, the *Universal Song of the World*. Our ears are stopped—having ears, we hear not, having eyes we see not—owing to our preoccupation in other things, and so we have not joined and do not join in the song.

Oh, the pity of it; the loss of it; the sorrow of it. Wake up, America! Stop, look, listen! Catch the songs, hear the infinite melodies, realize the Master Conductor's presence, hear His voice urging all to sing, to join in the *Universal Symphony*, and then you will begin to realize what stupendous harmonies there are in the world, what crashing

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choruses, what gentle melodies, what sweet and soothing lullabies. Your every emotion will be felt, your every aspiration encouraged, your every ambition heightened. You will be re-quickened, re-vivified, re-newed, and your heart will be so full of the universal joy that you will join in the Universal Song, and go Singing through Life with God.

CHAPTER VI

THE INDIVIDUAL SONG

PERHAPS nowhere in literature is God's need of and joy in the individual song more clearly and beautifully expressed than by Robert Browning in his poem *The Boy and the Angel*. He describes a mere working lad who heard of the great Pope of Rome singing *his* song to God in *his* grand way. Naturally he deemed his own humble song unworthy to be compared with it, and expressing the intense longing of his heart that he might be able to sing thus, he was allowed to take the great Pope's place:

Morning, evening, noon and night,
Praise God!" sang Theocrite.

Then to his poor trade he turned,
Whereby the daily meal was earned.

Hard he labored, long and well;
O'er his work the boy's curls fell.

But ever, at each period,
He stopped and sang, "Praise God!"

Then back again his curls he threw,
And cheerful turned to work anew.

Said Blaise, the listening monk, "Well done;
I doubt not thou art heard, my son:

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"As well as if thy voice today
Were praising God, the Pope's great way.

"This Easter Day, the Pope at Rome
Praises God from Peter's dome."

Said Theocrite, "Would God that I
Might praise him that great way, and die!"

Night passed, day shone,
And Theocrite was gone.

With God a day endures always,
A thousand years are but a day.

God said in heaven, "Nor day nor night
Now brings the voice of my delight."

Then Gabriel, like a rainbow's birth,
Spread his wings and sank to earth;

Entered, in flesh, the empty cell,
Lived there, and played the craftsman well;

And morning, evening, noon and night,
Praised God in place of Theocrite.

And from a boy, to youth he grew:
The man put off the stripling's hue:

The man matured and fell away
Into the season of decay:

And ever o'er the trade he bent,
And ever lived on earth content.

(He did God's will; to him, all one
If on the earth or in the sun.)

God said, "A praise is in mine ear;
There is no doubt in it, no fear:

"So sing old worlds, and so
New worlds that from my footstool go.

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"Clearer loves sound other ways:
I miss my little human praise."

Then forth sprang Gabriel's wings, off fell
The flesh disguise, remained the cell.

'Twas Easter Day: he flew to Rome,
And paused above Saint Peter's dome.

In the tiring-room close by
The great outer gallery,

With his holy vestments dight,
Stood the new Pope, Theocrite:

And all his past career
Came back upon him clear,

Since when, a boy, he plied his trade,
Till on his life the sickness weighed;

And in his cell, when death drew near,
An angel in a dream brought cheer:

And rising from the sickness drear,
He grew a priest, and now stood here.

To the East with praise he turned,
And on his sight the angel burned.

"I bore thee from thy craftsman's cell,
And set thee here; I did not well.

"Vainly I left my angel-sphere,
Vain was thy dream of many a year.

"Thy voice's praise seemed weak; it dropped—
Creation's chorus stopped!

"Go back and praise again
The early way, while I remain.

"With that weak voice of our disdain,
Take up creation's pausing strain.

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“Back to the cell of poor employ:
Resume the craftsman and the boy!”

Theocrite grew old at home;
A new Pope dwelt in Peter's dome.

One vanished as the other died:
They sought God side by side.

Many voices are silent because their owners say they are ashamed to sing, so poorly do they do it. There are two answers to these silent ones: if you can improve your song do so by all means and if you cannot, sing anyhow. Comparing their voice to the oboe, violin or cornet the cymbals might well refuse to play, yet in the grand orchestral effects there are times when it would be a sad omission if the cymbals were not heard. The triangle gives forth but a “tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,” without change of pitch or color in sound, yet its place at times can be filled by no other instrument. If the double basses with the constant iteration of tonic, dominant and sub-dominant, were to refuse to play because they were not allowed to carry the air, the grandest symphony would suffer, their loss would so “thin” the stream of music that even the unmusical would notice it.

It may be that you are one of the “lesser” instruments of the orchestra, but, in looking over the lists published of various orchestras, I find no note of “lesser” or “greater.” All have their importance, their own place. So, like the boy in the poem, sing

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your own little song in your own little way, for that was peculiarly pleasing to God.

Many people "worry themselves" unnecessarily by asserting their uselessness in the scheme of life. How foolish, how altogether unwise, and how lacking in knowledge of God and His purposes. He makes no mistakes. He slumbers not, nor sleeps. He sees and knows every child of His in the universe, and He has the peculiar place that child's voice is to take in the Universal Symphony planned for from the foundation of the world.

It may be, perhaps, that you are one of those instruments capable of producing the most wonderful overtones that only the very sensitive may hear, and that the Great Conductor needs you for these.

We may not always know, always see, where our place is in the orchestra, but we may rest assured one is there waiting for us if we are now songless. Violin or trumpet, cornet or double-bass, flute or drum, dulcimer or clanging cymbal, let us gladly, willingly, joyously, do our part, create our own music in accordance with the Divine plan, and thus rejoicing, go through Life Singing with God.

CHAPTER VII

HINDRANCES TO SONG

IF it is God's intent that all created things and beings should go singing through life with Him, why is the intent not fulfilled? I am wise enough not to attempt any explanation as to "why" it is that man, seemingly, can circumvent the clearly avowed purposes of God, but I do think I am wise enough to know that this circumvention is purely "seeming," that, at its best (or worst) it is merely temporary, and that, ultimately, somewhere, somehow, God's plans will be fully ripened and completed. Such is my faith, my confident assurance.

In the meantime, here and now, men and women are not singing as they might, as they ought, as it is their privilege, and should be their joy to do.

The more complex and civilized a people become the less it sings—that is with the spontaneous, exuberant, buoyant songs of races in their childhood or of individuals in their younger and unconscious periods.

This is a lamentable fact, a pity, a source of deep regret, not only for the joy thus lost to the individual and to the race at large, but because of the

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reflex action of the songless life upon the moods, habits and religion of the people.

Song is generally and rightly regarded as the natural expression of joy; one sings because he is happy; he sings, unconscious that he sings, for his heart is full of quiet, deep, rich or exuberant ebullient delight, and the song bubbles forth from his fullness just as water leaps to outer life from the overfull spring beneath.

One feels this spirit in Joaquin Miller's two lines:

I built as His birds builded—
Builded, singing as I built.

What is it that makes individuals stop singing? As a rule the young, cheerful, healthy, exuberant give vent to their joy by singing, humming, whistling or shouting. Some few keep up the habit as they grow older, but most of us give it up. Why? There are several reasons. We grow too sophisticated, too self-conscious, too mindful of the opinions and judgments of others to sing. For such mental feelings destroy the simple, natural spontaneity of youth. It is one of the sad facts of life that we are so afraid of the opinions of others. Why should we be? Why should the judgments of those whom we do not know and who certainly do not know us have weight with us? Let us be more conscious of our relationship with God. That is the aristocracy of feeling I desire to cultivate. It is well known that the genuine aristocrat whose "family-tree" is centuries tall, pos-

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sesses the power to disregard the opinions of others. He walks serene and indifferent alike to the praise or blame of men. That is the attitude every child of the Divine should take, not as a pose, as something assumed, or put on, but as the natural outcome of the feelings of his inmost soul. He should radiate, *not* proud indifference and contempt for the opinions of others, but supreme consciousness of his oneness with God, his amenability solely to the law and to Him, and, therefore, his right to live his life as naturally, as individualistically as he chooses. When a man, a woman, so walks, he, she, appears to me as a pure, white, glorious Easter lily in a field of dandelions.

Another reason people cease to sing is they grow too occupied with material things for purely selfish purposes. A man can be busy eighteen hours a day with material things yet be a benefactor to all with whom he comes in contact. A cheerful milkman, a vegetable peddler, an obliging and kindly clerk, a willing baggageman, a courteous railway clerk, a helpful street car conductor, a ditch digger, a mill hand—all, all, may work with the assurance that his work is needful, helpful, beneficial to his fellows, and thus his work in itself is a song of joy and blessing, and calls upon his voice to join in and make vocal the singing of the heart.

On the other hand he may think solely of the money his work is to earn, of the cash received for so many hours, whether he works or not. He dodges,

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slacks, slinks, is indifferent, careless, discourteous, and has the "Take it or leave it" attitude. Such an one does not possess the singing spirit within and neither his acts nor his voice blossom forth into song. Poor songless mortals, how I pity them. Their "Where do I come in?" is so pitiful when you see how cheerless, how barren of beauty, joy, service and song it makes their lives. He only sings who gladly serves, and if we would join the Universal Symphony there must be the singing spirit within or it cannot break forth into outward expression. Hence it becomes self-apparent that only he who possesses the spirit of service, of brotherhood, can sing.

What is brotherhood? Well might the disciples of Christ ask: Who is my brother? and thus call forth the touching and beautiful story of the Good Samaritan. The questions need answering today; but they must first be asked by sincere hearts. There are many tests of brotherhood. Let us look at a few of them. The story just referred to gives us a basis. Caring for the unfortunate with personally exercised sympathy. Have you suffered deep grief? Then let your griefs lovingly compel you to seek to assuage the griefs of others.

Another test is that you are always ready to make peace rather than strife between men.

"Blessed are the peacemakers." Their songs are those of joy and love, hence are heard evermore in the great symphony. But where is the song of the

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gossip, the slanderer, the bearer and repeater of false witness against his neighbor, the tittle-tattler, the tale-bearer, the one who rejoices in iniquity and not in the truth? Has he any place in the great song? How can he, she, have such a place when the spirit of slander is the spirit of murder, consciously or unconsciously exercised. Hatred is the same. Hence he who can place love and a desire for peace in the heart of the slanderer, the tale-bearer, is a creator of song, thrice sung, one who deserves well of man and is sure of the approval of God.

Another wonderful test of brotherhood is that one is tolerant of beliefs and acts of which he does not approve. No one man or body of men ever lived who were competent to take full charge of the conscience of another man. We do not know enough. We cannot know what is going on in another man's heart. Yet there is so much intolerance manifested today. Men's passions rise high at those who differ from them on matters they deem important, and in politics, social customs, religion, business, there is a tremendous amount of vindictive persecution and cruel attacking which springs from these differences. I believe that this spirit is entirely opposed to brotherhood and that it inhibits in those who manifest it the power to join in the Universal Song.

There are those who believe that the Catholic Church is the only church that has persecuted those

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who disbelieved its tenets and refused to enter its fold. I am a Protestant by birth, education and mature conviction, yet common honor demands of me that I face some unpleasant facts. Henry VIII was the first Protestant English King. He was entitled "The Defender of the Faith." Yet in personal uncleanness, diabolic selfishness and hideous malignity of his murders he surpassed the so-called "Bloody Queen Mary," and a more despicable wretch and rotten-hearted scoundrel never sat upon a throne. "Good Queen Bess" was a hard-hearted persecutor and murderer of Catholics and Jews, and treated with reprehensible cruelty many others who refused to live according to her dictates. In spirit her life and that of her bloody father is as much to be condemned as that of Torquemada of the Spanish Inquisition, and the Duke of Alva, one of its most willing tools.

While today murder and imprisonment are not tolerated, the spirit of intolerance and persecution still remains enthroned in the individually conscious wisdom of men. They are still arrogant in their assumptions of knowledge, in their assurance that their way, and their way *only* is the right way, and one of the curses of all creeds and churches is that such men use them as means to vile ends, to crush those whom they personally dislike, sweep out of the way those who stand against the attainment of their selfish and unholy ambitions, or insist that *men* and

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not institutions are the important objects of God's almighty purposes. This is decidedly wrong, and subversive of the spirit of true brotherhood.

He also is a good brother who can meet the moods of his fellows with equanimity and calm helpfulness. Some men grow despondent and discouraged. To those exuberant with health and vigor, such moods provoke impatience. How much better it would be if one could—as all *can*—sympathize with the moody one and seek to get him out of his despondence. Go to him and reason thus with him:

“When all is bare, bleak and blank today, don't be discouraged. Remember fields have to be plowed, resown; trees must be pruned; gardens must be fertilized, dug over and new planted. Seize these blank days for ploughing, pruning, replanting, re-seeding. And sing in the working, looking forward to the reblossoming of tomorrow, next week, next month. Let patience do her perfect work—wait awhile. Learn to be willing to wait and in the meantime test the value of your own mind and soul. Weigh the quality and power of your wit and strength. See if you are a man or merely a dummy in a man's form.”

A good hearty, manly talk of this kind will often change a despondent man's mood. You put him on his mettle, change his mental attitude, and thus really become a Good Samaritan to him.

People of despondent, indolent or lazy temper-

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ament cannot conceive the joy that comes from whipping themselves up into a state of useful activity. The war taught this to many thousands, especially of women who had led frivolous and butterfly lives. The great necessities touched their hearts and consciences and they—perhaps for the first time in their lives—began to think of and for others. They began to work, to sing, for those who needed song, and thus sang to their own hearts, joined in the great symphony, and therefore learned God as they never before had known Him.

Hence you do good and brotherly service to people of these and similar moods and temperaments if you help them to a more active life in service for their fellows.

Experience teaches me that cheerfulness and courage are essential qualities for those who would join in life's battle. Song is a joyous method of attaining, maintaining and increasing these qualities. Hence to put cheerfulness and courage into the hearts of the despondent, sad and discouraged is to help on the Divine purpose and increase the songs of life.

How can those whose lives now seem to be failures, cursed by disease, poverty, and incompetency, get out of the slough of despond in which they live and seize and use their Divine inheritance?

Urge them to ask of God freely and fully. Let those who have experienced His divine goodness so present what He has done, is ever doing, that the

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desire will be aroused and the will expressed: I want to go Singing through Life with God. Arouse the desire, keep it ever keen and awake, then dwell on the sufficiency and goodness of God. This cannot fail to produce results of amazing benefit.

Reader, have *you* lost hope and heart that happiness is not for you, that its pursuit is a chimera? Then what? Are you going to pass through life a monument of gloom, of pessimism, of melancholy? If the life of today has crumbled, live in the joy of yesterday, or the hope of tomorrow, and sing anyhow.

If you think you cannot do this then be a man, rise above your own despondent feelings, and if you can't sing or whistle for yourself, do it for the happiness of others. Give to them the joy, or the hope of a joy, you never expect to possess.

Then what?

I am no mere guesser at the future when I assert that in a short time—even before you are aware of it—you will be whistling or singing your own song of happiness. It is perfectly true that, even in our sorrows:

That man who lives for self alone,
Lives for the meanest mortal known.

He who works for another's happiness, or the general happiness, makes certain his own. You see someone who is not joining in the universal song. Instead of being angry, irritated or offended, try to remember that in every human heart there are sparks

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of music that can be fanned into flame. Go to it, and fan them, with diligence and persistence. It may be you will discover a Patti, a Gadski, a De Rezke, a Caruso, one whose songs will thrill even to the gates of heaven and lead the cherubim and seraphim to hold their hands and silence the harps of perpetual bliss that they may listen to the divine music of earth's blessed singers that *you* have aroused to song.

For myself I can see no higher joy than to help chase away the sad dreams and painful memories of lost hopes; the melancholy wailing of neglected children's voices; the vile cursings of evil men's angry petulances; the dreary noises that destroy sleep and drive away restful joy; the unutterable woe that comes to the heart of the young girl when she finds she has lost the path of virtue and peace and strayed into the mazes of vice and misery; the hatred that comes with jealousy and envy; the sorrow that comes from mistakes, imaginary or real. I want no happier tasks than these and the guidance of the prodigal back to his, her, father's house; the wiping away of the tears of helpless and injured childhood; the protection of dumb animals from cruel treatment, whether it be at the hands of brutal teamsters and drivers or more brutal "scientists" who torture them for the altogether doubtful benefit of mankind.

These are the things that inhibit song, that re-

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duce the normal strength of the Universal Symphony, and minimize the power of the great chorus.

There are other hindrances, however, to which brief attention must be called. All of what is commonly called sin hinders the heart from being full of song. All real evil, all conscious meanness, unkindness, selfishness, malice, envy, jealousy, hatred, contempt, anger, and the like, inhibit the powers of song. Try it, if you ever get *real* angry; stop in the middle of your flow of fierce and hateful language and start a merry, a jovial, a hearty, or even a serious song. On the mere mention of it everyone can see how absurd, how impossible, it is. The singing heart is opposed to every evil of this kind.

Another great hindrance is the cringing, "kowtowing" spirit of inferiority shown to men of position or money. It is the subservient spirit that allowed the German autocracy to gain such great hold upon and exert so malignant a power over the German people. I believe fully in democracy: "all men are created equal" in the possibilities of their manhood. Why should you, I, anyone, bow down before the Morgans, Rockefellers, Carnegies and the rest of the money barons, *simply because they have money?* Yet, alas, there is an immense amount of this spirit prevalent in the free, democratic United States. Men, even in high position, are afraid of losing their jobs, for other men, even in democratic America, become autocratic. I do not wish to be

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thought as encouraging anarchy, Bolshevism or needless opposition to existent government, but I do wish to register my unqualified approval of all brave, honest, upright, lawful, and manly protest against the aggressions and assertions and illegal assumptions of those temporarily clothed with power. During the war there was far too much of it. I was familiar, personally, with one case, a brief account of which it is well to give. Some Christian people of the peaceful Quaker type, who believed there was always a better way of settling a national difficulty than going to war, met for purposes of prayer and talking over the entry of this country into the great struggle. Let it clearly be understood at the outset there was no intention to resist the government, to prevail upon anyone to evade the draft or anything of that kind. It was simply a meeting of good Christians, whose principles had long been avowed, for the purpose of calling upon God to avert the awful calamity of war from this nation. Yellow newspapers, however, saw in this peaceable meeting, a pacifist demonstration against the government, and urged the local police and other officials "to do their duty." Unable to withstand the mob feeling these officers of the law, sworn to obey the law, disobeyed the law, in that they not only broke up a definitely religious meeting, but one where nothing more harmful than the recitation of the twenty-third Psalm was going on.

Liberty, freedom, manly uprightness, fearlessness,

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today, as much as ever, are preserved only at the price of constant vigilance, and, furthermore, of constant opposition, fierce antagonism and refusal to accept the dictates of autocracy, whether they come from men in official position who transcend their legal authority; from men who have power to engage or dismiss others; from men of great fortune whose experience has taught them that most men and women bow before the power of money or from labor and its leaders who are now becoming the autocracy of this country, and are leading their followers to destruction rather than construction. And to do this one must kill within himself the spirit of cringing fear, the dread of "losing his job," the heart-sick feeling of being "out in the cold, cold world," or the equally yellow streak of bowing down before mere mob violence.

No man can sing easily, joyously, spontaneously, as the Divine Conductor desires, unless he is free from these disturbing fears.

Some time ago I was asked to do certain work for a world-famed corporation, or, at least, for the head of the institution, who was, and is, a well-known man of great virtues, some eccentricities, and possessed of considerable wealth. My mental attitude towards him was,—as I try to make it to all men,—one of respect for those qualities that had given him a right to the respect and honor of all men, but of simple manly directness as to his requirements. When I

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saw they were unreasonable and beyond any ordinary man's power to fulfill I plainly told him so, in spite of the warnings I had received that this was not the proper procedure. Whether it was or not, I preserved my own self respect, *my power of song* and my independence.

One of the great hindrances to song is the mean, contemptible disposition that some people show of going about saying unpleasant things about others. They are the gnats, mosquitoes, buzzing blow-flies, that bring clouds of petty spitefulness, hateful suggestions, mean innuendo with them and annoy, plague, irritate, sting wherever they go. What pests and nuisances they are. Not only will they not sing themselves, but they keep others from singing. Their minds seem to be festering masses of rotten meanness. It is a pity they could not be compelled to take a carbolic-acid bath daily, or until they were purified. Such people can never join in the Universal Song and know the joy of personal association with God until they quit their meanness and learn to love instead of hate, to see beauty instead of ugliness, to help instead of hinder.

One of the great and serious hindrances to singing through life with God is the burden of unforgiven sin. Few of us are willing to confess our sins to God, let alone to one another. And yet there is an instinctive feeling within our hearts that confession is necessary ere we can be forgiven. The Catholic

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Church has hold of a great psychologic power in its rite of confession. The impersonal attitude the true priest assumes mitigates or removes the sense of shame, humiliation and disgrace that a penitent heart feels at revealing its wrong-doings, its own sinfulness, its meannesses, its selfishness, its vindictiveness and thus allows the light, purity, and cleansing power of a knowledge of God to enter and make clean that which before was foul and vile.

Yet never have I confessed to a priest, and never do I expect to. I would make my confession to the person I have wronged, or to God, as I prefer a forgiveness direct from either the one or the other rather than through any intermediary. Sometimes, however, the one wronged does not want to forgive. Then, under such circumstances, let one forgive himself rather than dwell under the sense of condemnation for wrong committed. If one is sorry, truly repentant, ready and willing to make amends, these things are the essence of atonement.

I have learned, however, that the remembrance of my own human imperfections has made me very tender towards those who do a wrong to me. Why should we be so bitter towards others who are imperfect, when our own imperfections are so many? Well may we seek to understand the full significance of the Christ prayer: "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." How can we, in common justice, expect to

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be forgiven unless we have the spirit of forgiveness in our own hearts? Portia commented upon the justice of this law: "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again," and every honest mind is compelled to approve. So that it is self-evident that no unforgiving soul can be a member of the Universal Symphony. There is a gag in the mouth of everyone who refuses to forgive. He cannot sing if he would, but with hatred or unforgiveness in his heart he has no desire to sing. Hatred kills song. Only the kind, the generous, the forgiving, the loving, can sing. Hence, if you are songless, look into your heart and find out, first, whether you are under the burden of unforgiven sin, and second, whether you yourself are under the curse of refusing to forgive. In each case get rid of the wrong condition and song will spring forth again with renewed exuberance, spontaneity and joy.

The more sophisticated people become the less they sing; the more they expect people to sing for them. Hence the days of the old-fashioned singing school, of the choral society, of congregational singing, are passing, and we have paid soloists, choruses in theater, opera, concert and church, instead of the spontaneous, generous, even if less tutored pouring forth of the hearts of men, women and children in song as used to be their wont.

I hail with delight the revival of mass singing in the Community Singing started during the war.

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There is much of the Community Singing desire in the hearts of people, only it needs some extraneous, some outside power to organize it and keep it alive. By all means let us continue it now the war is over. Let us expand its exercise and enlarge its scope, so that on Sundays the whole of the community of every creed and no creed may come together in a oneness of heart that denominational churches have destroyed—alas and alack!—and sing those songs that have a universal appeal. Just as God makes His sun to shine, His winds to blow, His rain to fall, upon all men—good, bad, indifferent, believers and nonbelievers alike—just as He gives the rich colors of the flowers, the sunrises and sunsets, the landscapes and seascapes, the delicious odors of flowers and shrubs, trees and fruits, and the exquisite flavors of fruits and nuts, vegetables and cereals, to atheists and infidels as well as to Christians and religionists, so also does he give the gift of song alike to all. And there is no cementer of human hearts, of human affections, of human sympathies, of human blessednesses greater than that of mutual song. No man can sing with another and then go away and do him wrong. In song misunderstandings, misconceptions, jealousies, mistrusts, malices, envys, hatreds, flee away and in the blending of voices hearts and minds come nearer to a oneness, a blending, a harmony than ever before.

Hence let the people sing, let all sing, from the

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youngest to the oldest; let community sing with community, township with township, city with city, state with state, nation with nation, until the inhabitants of the far-away spheres, Mars, Jupiter, Uranus, Neptune, shall awaken to the songs of earth and learn that this tiny sphere of ours is the abode of so much joy and happiness, that it is a fit heaven for the children of God.

Do not imagine, for one moment, that this chapter exhausts the subject or states *all* the hindrances to song that one may find in life. These are mere hints of what may be found in every human heart. Take both a mental telescope and microscope and examine your inmost soul; take all the mental chemicals and formulae you know and test yourself; discover in your own make-up what hinders your own song, seek to correct that, begin singing yourself and thus by example, which is far more potent than mere precept, you will aid your needy brothers and help them to join you in Singing through Life with God.

CHAPTER VIII

THE SONGS OF THE RACES

IS there a human race on the face of the earth that does not sing? If so I do not know its name. All sing, rejoice, are happy in their own individualistic and racial fashion. And they all *sing with God*. When I was a boy I was taught, or at least the effect of the teaching was to lead me to believe, that the "heathen knew not God." That was why we *had* to send missionaries to them. How I pitied them and longed to help save them from the hell that yawned for them if the missionaries did not "hurry up" and get to them quickly and thus give them the *chance* of salvation.

How horrible it all is to me now. What a hideous conception this was of God. How little of the loving Father was in it all. How little is the conception that such a God could win any nation ignorant of Him to His service. Now I see how mistaken it was. All nations and peoples, no matter how ignorant, know Him to some extent, and in the joy of their lives sing, dance, work and live their praise and thanksgiving to Him.

Many preachers and orators have depicted to us

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the confusion that fell upon the human race in the mixing up of the tongues of the peoples at the tower of Babel, but they all seem to have overlooked the fact that in song all these diverse tongues could have been harmonized and a mutual understanding again set up. Yet there is no denying that there are distinct variations in the musical qualities of the voices of the different races. No one denies to the Latins the possession of sweet and melodious vocal utterance. We speak of the liquid tones of the Italian and the soft and gentle tones of the Spanish. There are as many differences in the vocal tones, both in speech and song, of the peoples of the south of Europe and those of the north, as there are in their climates, those of the north being harsher and more guttural, with many other sterner qualities not found in those of the south.

Even among the Indians of our southwest these vocal differences occur, there being a wide difference between the harsh, aspirated, explosive, guttural, and nasalized and clicking speech of the Navaho, and the soft-toned, limpid and mellifluous speech of the Hopis, their near neighbors.

Who that has heard a Chinaman speak does not recognize one of the harsh, guttural, nasal voices of the human race? It is similar, in some respects, to that of the Navaho. Compare his speech with that of the Hawaiian. There is as much difference between the two as there is in the harshness of

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winter on China's barrenest of steppes and the ever-languid summer climate of the Hawaiian in the islands of the South Seas.

There is no one, with an attentive ear, who has listened to the varied speech of those of different nationalities but has been struck with their differing qualities. The Hindoo has an entirely different intonation, inflection and quality of voice from that of the Eskimo, the Greek from the Teuton, the Latin from the Scandinavian, and the Arab from the Hibernian.

It is not my purpose nor within the province of this book to discuss these differences, to point them out in detail, nor to attempt to account for them. Suffice it to know that they exist, and that God has a place for them all in His great orchestra. The Universal Symphony could not afford to lose one of them. Each has its own honored, prominent and important place. None is more needed than the others. When one is silent, another, or the others speak, and in the full orchestration each is demanded to produce the complete effect.

But national music finds expression in national thought and life as well as in the *tones* of the voice. Every nation has its own songs for the arousing of the patriotism of its citizens, or, as might truthfully be stated, to express their patriotism.

In the chapter on music and musical instruments some slight reference has been made to the music of

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the respective nations of antiquity. In the remainder of this chapter I wish to discuss the effect the national songs of the civilized nations have had upon their career. Have they helped them to go Singing through Life with God? I am far from accepting Doctor Johnson's dictum that "patriotism is the last resort of a scoundrel." One has to know all that accompanied that statement before he is entitled to pass judgment upon it, but patriotism as understood by the fathers of our country, or by its high-minded and pure-souled leaders of today, cannot but appeal to the heart and life of every earnest soul. It is the keynote of man's solidarity, his oneness, his universal brotherhood; an important step upwards in man's progress from the selfishness of pure individualism—"I am for myself, first, last and all the time"—to that noble declaration of Henry George: "I am for men." The true patriot seeks not only his own benefit and aggrandizement, but that of his town or city, his state, and his nation. He is willingly glad to sacrifice his own interests, at times and often, for the general good. This is what leads him to undertake civic duties that are unremunerative to him; to work for the State and Nation with unselfish devotion; and to give of his substance for their upbuilding. True patriots, in the highest sense, are all too scarce, and men do well to honor them when they are found. Let it never be forgotten that some of our greatest patriots are those who, while alive,

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received obloquy rather than honor, because they fought for principle against popular clamor, stood for the ideal rather than the judgment of the mediocre and undisciplined mob. To my mind Gladstone was never so great as when he offended England by demanding home rule for Ireland. Henry Ward Beecher never rose higher than when he offered his services to his country by going to England to educate the people there as to the real inwardness of the Civil War. Plimsoll, the English statesman, was a patriot of the highest order when he dared denounce in the House of Commons, in the plainest terms, the damnable conduct of those shipowners who sent their rotten and unseaworthy vessels across the ocean, insured far beyond their value, in the hope that a storm would overtake them and they would founder and thus enable them to collect the insurance.

What is it that makes a country dear to its people? Not solely its physical and climatic characteristics, though these should be known and acclaimed; not simply that it is the land of one's birth, or the country that affords shelter, occupation, home, and protection—though these are highly to be prized—but it is that intangible something we call its spirit—the combined association in our minds of its history, its noble pioneers, its brave-hearted founders, its earnest strivers after its upbuilding, its highest welfare, and its spiritual progress. It is the Washing-

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tons, Patrick Henrys, Jeffersons, Hamiltons, Lincolns, Bishop Simpsons, Archbishop Irelands, Tom Johnsons, Thomas Starr Kings, Ralph Waldo Emersons, Horace Greeleys, Henry Ward Beechers, Theodore Roosevelts, Mary Baker Eddys, John Browns, Frances Willards, and all its great-hearted educators, teachers, preachers, scientists, reformers, leaders, artists, poets, architects, builders, workers, not forgetting its pure-hearted wives and mothers, that make a country great and beloved of its people.

To foster this spirit national airs have been created. Often they have sprung into existence, overnight as it were, as the result of some great storm or stress of political happening. Again they have come forth from the quiet, meditative brain and heart of a man, who has been so saturated with love of country, that words and music flowed forth spontaneously and were instantly taken up by the people of the nation as expressive of their national thought, life, aspiration, or ambition. All these airs and songs have had their place, I believe, in the Universal Symphony. All true desire for progress, for union, for solidarity, for binding men's hearts closer together for good, must have met with the approval of the Divine, hence all these manifestations of national aspiration have found place in the Grand Chorus of Life. And it is to familiarize my readers a little more with the national songs of Europe, and that they may catch some of the ennobling spirit en-

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shrined within them that this chapter is written.

My text book for the music and words has been Granville Bantock's *Sixty Patriotic Songs of All Nations*, published by the Oliver Ditson Company, of Boston, Mass. It is a book that should be in every musician's and patriot's library.

Many of these songs, like the Marseillaise, call upon the people in stirring words and equally arousing musical phrase, to resist the oppression of tyrants.

Ye sons of France, awake to glory,
The Sun of Vict'ry soon will rise;
Tho' the tyrant's standard all gory
Is uprear'd in pride to the skies,
Do ye not hear in ev'ry village
Fierce soldiers who spread war's alarms?
Slay our sons and give our home to pillage?
To arms, ye brave, to arms!
We'll form battalions strong—
March on, march on,
Their blood impure shall bathe our thresholds soon!

La Brabanconne, of Belgium, was written when Brussels was being threatened by a Dutch army in 1830, and Belgium was seeking freedom from Holland. It was adopted as their war song and has ever since been their national song:

Who would have believed such self-will'd daring,
That his base ends he might attain,
Avid for blood, a prince unsparing,
Bullets on us should rain!
Let it end; Belgians, be free men
From Nassau brook no more indignity;
Since grape has torn down the Orange flying
Upon the tree of Liberty.

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Such also is the national song of Scotland. The air was an old one, and the Jacobites had words to suit, of patriotic intent, but, in 1793, Burns wrote the words now used and they were immediately adopted with national enthusiasm:

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled!
Scots, whom Bruce has often led!
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie!
Now's the day, and now's the hour:
See the front of battle lour:
See approach proud Edward's pow'r;
Chains and slaverie!

The second verse is especially arousing and full of a truly patriotic and noble spirit:

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!
Wha for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

When the Servians were at war with the Hungarians, in 1848, the following came into prominence and has since been regarded as the national song. The music has a peculiar ending, in that it closes on the super-tonic, though it begins on the tonic.

Rise, O Servians, swift arise,
Lift your banners to the skies,
For your country needs her children,
Fight to make her free.
Rise, O rise, and crush our enemy,
Rise and fight for liberty.

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Free the Sav and Dunna flow,
Let us too unfetter'd go,
O'er the wild Moravian mountains,
Swift shall flow sweet Freedom's fountains,
Down shall sink the foe.

In the same manner, when the Bulgarians had risen against the Turks, in 1876, the following marching song was improvised upon an old national air, took the fancy of the soldiers, and is now adopted as the national song. The Maritza is a river that was the scene of much bloodshed:

Join, O Maritza, blood to thy waters,
Sadly are weeping, mothers and daughters.
Forward, forward march our soldiers brave,
One, two, and three, we march our land to save.

Greece has two songs that, in wartime, are commonly sung, one, the adopted national hymn, written by the poet Salamos in 1823, and set to music by Manzaros, and the other, a song that was known prior to the Greek's war of Independence, and that was probably written under the influence of their constant struggles with the hated Turk. In 1810, Lord Byron wrote a translation, "Sons of Greece, Arise!" but its metre does not fit the music, hence the following translation:

Brothers up, swift arise,
Freedom's hour is dawning glorious,
Greece awake, as of old,
See she wends her way victorious.
Ye tyrants, fear and tremble,
For vengeance now we threaten;
Your weapons seize, and strike for liberty!

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The Polish national song breathes the same longing for freedom and liberty. It was written by Oginski (1765-1835), and was very popular with the Polish when they were fighting to free themselves from the Russians in 1830-31.

Poland's not yet dead in slav'ry,
She shall reign in splendor,
What she lost her children's brav'ry
Once again will render.
On, on, ye legions,
Where the battle rages;
Poland shall again be free,
Firmly crush all tyranny.

Italy is really without a national song, her Marche Royale being purely instrumental, but to the people Garibaldi's War Hymn is much endeared. They sing it often and on all occasions:

To arms, men! To arms, men!
The graves loose their captives; arise our departed;
Our martyrs come forth, all our heroes great-hearted,
With saber in hand, and their brows crown'd with laurel,
The fame and the name of Italia their star!
Make haste, oh, make haste! Forward, gallant battalions!
Fling out to the winds flags for all, ye Italians,
Rise, all with your weapons! Rise, all fire-impassion'd!
Rise, all fire impassion'd, Italians ye are!
Depart from our homeland. Depart, O ye strangers!
This hour gives the signal; betake you afar.

Peculiarly interesting at this time is "The Wearing of the Green," which appeared as an anonymous street ballad in 1798, but was sternly repressed by the authorities. Of course it refers to the wearing of the shamrock as the national emblem. That it

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truly symbolizes the national aspirations of the Irish is the test and proof of its quality:

Oh, Paddy dear, and did you hear, the news that's going round?

The shamrock is forbid by law to grow on Irish ground;
Saint Patrick's day no more we'll keep, his color can't
be seen,

For there's a cruel law agin the wearing of the green.
I met with Napper Tandy and he took me by the hand,
And said he, "How's poor old Ireland, and how does she
stand?"

"She's the most distressful country that ever yet was seen;
They're hanging men and women there for wearing of the
green."

The stirring Welsh song, "Men of Harlech," is far more national in spirit than the officially adopted "God Bless the Prince of Wales." It refers to the siege of Harlech Castle, in 1468, by the Earl of Pembroke, in the reign of Edward IX.

Hark! I hear the foe advancing,
Barbed steeds are proudly prancing,
Helmets in the sunbeam glancing,
Glitter through the trees.

Men of Harlech! Be ye dreaming?
See you not their falchions gleaming,
While their pennons gayly streaming,
Flutter to the breeze?

From the rocks rebounding,
Let the war-cry sounding,

Summon all at Cambria's Call,
The haughty foe surrounding!
Men of Harlech! on to glory,
See, your banner, famed in story,
Waves these burning words before ye,
Britain scorns to yield!

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All these songs clearly reveal how deep rooted in the human heart is the love of freedom. It is a divine instinct. There can be no real and permanent progress without liberty, personal and national, and the hearts of all true men and women must beat high in accord with the present renewed national aspirations of the peoples of the earth.

There are two grandly magnificent national airs, however, that were not written under the immediate impulse of an endeavor for freedom. These are the Austrian and the Russian. The former was written by Haydn, after his soul had been stirred by hearing the English people sing their "God Save the King." It was first publicly sung in the National Theater in Vienna, in 1797, was enthusiastically received, and was at once acclaimed and received as the national hymn. It was ever Haydn's favorite composition, and shortly before he died, he was carried from his bed to the piano, where he played it with fervor and delight. The tune is familiar, as it has been adopted in many church tune books and sung in public worship without the worshipers dreaming of its Austrian national character.

The words used, of course, call for the blessing of God upon their noble emperor, so also do the words of the Russian national hymn. These were written by command of the Czar Nicholas, by Joukowsky, in 1833, but the music was the spontaneous expression of Alexis Lwoff, indicative of what

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he felt his nation's dignity and nobleness demanded. Would that its exalted spirit might control the Russians at the present time. These two hymns stand almost alone in their calm dignity and striking majesty. In his greatest symphony, Tchaikowsky introduces the theme of the Russian hymn with tremendous and soul-stirring effect.

Among the Scandinavian peoples there are many songs in popular use, the most striking, to me, however, being the Danish, "King Christian Stood Before the Mast." The melody is very old, but the words, which recall and sing the praises of various Danish heroes, were first used in a lyrical drama by Ewald, produced in Copenhagen, about 1775.

King Christian stood beside the mast,
In smoke and mist;
His glitt'ring sword was swinging fast,
Thro' hostile heads it swiftly pass'd,
Then sank each Gothic hulk and mast
In smoke and mist.
Fly! shouted they, for no man can
The pow'r of Denmark's Christian
Resist!

The Danes' great love for the sea is wonderfully expressed in the fourth stanza of this song:

Path of the Dane to fame and pow'r,
Dark rolling flood!
Receive the friend who ne'er did cow'r
Before grim death in danger's hour,
But braves, as thou, the tempest's pow'r,
Dark rolling flood!

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Thy wat'ry arms my grave shall be,
Receive in war and victory
My blood!

The following Norwegian national song exhibits a strong leaning towards democracy. It is about fifty years old, and shows the tendencies of the age:

Ye sons of Norway, the realm old in story,
Sing while the harp-strings the joy-notes prolong!
Send to the skies tones that tell of our glory;
Dear Fatherland, unto thee swells the song.
Sweet recollections, wake our affections,
Whene'er we call to our mind Norway's fame;
Hearts throbbing loudly and cheeks glowing proudly,
Homage we pay to her loved holy name.

The Icelanders delight in an old folk song which, being in a mode almost unknown to American ears, sounds exceedingly peculiar to us, sung to the following words:

Iceland, beautiful land!
Compassionate, snow-crowned mother!
Where are thy glories of old,
Freedom, and deeds of the brave?

The Holland national song was adopted from a volume of poems issued by the poet Henrik Van Tollens, in 1815, the music being written by Smits, five years later. It was inspired (as were several other national songs) more by love of country and its history, attractions and aspirations, than by a struggle for freedom.

Let all with Dutch blood in their veins,
Whose love of home is strong,
Now help to raise the inspiring strains,
And praise our Prince in song.

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With noble thought lift up one voice,
United heart and hand:
God bids our hearts in song rejoice
For Prince and Fatherland.

The popular "Maple Leaf" of Canada was written in the same spirit of love of country and its history:

In days of yore from Britain's shore,
Wolfe, the dauntless hero, came,
And planted firm Britannia's flag,
On Canada's fair domain!
Here may it wave, our boast, our pride,
And join'd in love together,
The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwine,
The maple leaf forever!
The maple leaf, our emblem dear,
The maple leaf forever!
God save our king, and Heaven bless
The maple leaf forever!

It may not be known to, or realized by, many Americans that, in Europe, it is not "God Bless Our Native Land," nor "The Star Spangled Banner," that is regarded as our national anthem, but "Hail, Columbia!" The reason for this is not far to seek. The Europeans conceive this to be far more expressive of our national aspirations than either of the others, hence their belief. Yet it would surprise them to be assured, as I feel they well might, with truth, that not one American of the United States out of half a million, or even a million, could either sing or recite the words of this song, without the aid of a book. Hence, merely to remind my fellow citizens of its existence and to commend its

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high patriotism I reprint the whole of its four verses :

Hail! Columbia, happy land!
Hail! Ye heroes, heav'n-born band,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone
Enjoy'd the peace your valor won;
Let independence be your boast,
Ever mindful what it cost,
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.

Chorus: Firm, united let us be,
Rallying round our liberty,
As a band of brothers join'd
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots, rise once more!
Defend your rights, defend your shore;
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies,
Of toil and blood the well-earn'd prize;
While off'ring peace, sincere and just,
In Heav'n we place a manly trust
That truth and justice will prevail
And ev'ry scheme of bondage fail.

Sound, sound the trump of fame,
Let Washington's great name
Ring through the world with loud applause!
Let ev'ry clime to freedom dear,
Listen with a joyful ear;
With equal skill, with steady pow'r,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war, or guides with ease
The happier time of honest peace.

Behold the chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country, stands

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The rock on which the storm will beat!
But arm'd in virtue, firm and true,
His hopes are fix'd on Heav'n and you;
When hope was sinking in dismay,
When gloom obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolved on death or liberty.

Thus the songs of the nations, the songs of country, have been made to contribute to the onward march of mankind. First came the individual, then the family, the clan, the tribe, the small (county), the larger (state), the large or national union. Each was a step forward in the realization of man's universal brotherhood. Next comes the glad day of internationalism, the day foretold by all the great prophets and that the League of Nations seeks to make real. Then while causes of quarrel remain, the spirit of war will still exist, the making of deliberate war for the subjugation of weaker peoples will practically be prohibited and man's onward march proceed with far greater vigor than ever before, accompanied by the joyous songs of free and happy peoples.

Not only, however, do the nations have their national airs, but they have songs that are peculiarly theirs. Every intelligent observer and student knows the songs of the religious Scot—the psalms and hymns that alone to him are worthy of being sung—and equally he knows the songs of the “ungodly”—“Ye Banks and Braes,” “Loch Lomond,” “Comin’

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thru the Rye," "Robin Adair," and there is as decided a national quality about those as there is in the Irish "Mother Machree," and "The Harp That Once through Tara's Hall." On the other hand, the balladists of England, and their descendants, the music hall singers, have a style as distinctly theirs as narrative and mock sentiment can make it, while the light hearted, thistle down like songs of the French, the warm, wooing, passionate love singings of the Spanish and Italian, the almost gloomily serious love songs of the Basque, give voice to the national sentiment of these people.

In the olden days, when religious persecution was ripe, the Huguenots, Waldenses, Quakers, Puritans, Baptists and Presbyterians of France, England and Scotland, had their distinctive and peculiar songs. They took life seriously; they saw only the gloomy, the fearful, the angry side of their conception of God, and the coo of a dove, the piping of the quail, the passionate love song of the linnet or the meadow-lark not only meant nothing of good to them, but were reminders of the sinful passions of mankind that were to be totally suppressed.

When Moody and Sankey began their revivalist campaigns in the latter part of the last century they introduced a new and more popular style of "religious songs," that to many savored far more of the devil than of God. They were light and tripping, rippling and flowing melodies, in the main, that

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caught the fancy of the people and sprang into a vogue that was almost inconceivable, millions of copies of their song-books having been sold in the United States, Canada, the British Isles, and to the English speaking peoples throughout the world in a few months. Some of the songs were inclined to a super-sentimentality, a few were trashy, but most of them were permeated with deep and genuine religious emotion and, therefore, were worthy to be introduced, as we are assured they were, into the Universal Symphony.

The Scandinavian peoples have a number of rousing songs, full of fire, swing, rhythm, that they teach their children in school, and while they are exercising in the gymnasium. While most of them have a decidedly national trend they can teach the rest of the world a needed lesson. Here is one of them, perhaps poorly translated, but it gives the general idea.

We see but step by step where we go,
But know full well the goal to be reach'd:
Deep in our hearts to carry our compass,
And not only find but fill our place.
Are we still far from the harbor,
There is wind in our sails,
There is a light in our hearts,
So we cannot go astray.
Bravely forward—follow the light,
And He who is steersman knows the way.

It is used a great deal in the Danish High Schools. It is a splendid march song by reason of its rhythmic

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swing. Even in this crude translation will be seen that it embodies high spiritual ideals, and it is a good example of the spiritual and mental side of exercise. Other songs of the same nature embody love of country, of nature, etc. After the young people leave school, they sing this kind of song at their work—and they sing whenever a few of them get together, thus singing ideals into their daily lives.

Their patriotism is appealed to, their young hearts are stirred, and they learn to sing and want to sing, because of the expansive joy it produces. Hence, when they go out for a walk,—a hike, as we term it in the west—it is no uncommon thing to hear them spontaneously burst forth into song, thus cheering everyone they meet as do the free-singing birds.

Even in the kindergarten this song habit is fostered, and in this way a recognition of rhythm, of keeping of time, is taught, and *the spirit of unity with one's fellows*, one of the finest lessons a child can learn.

There is just one more thought I am desirous of putting into the minds of my readers in connection with songs of country. Our own national song does not begin to convey any impression of the grandeur, majesty, sublimity, and gorgeousness of the scenic wonders of our great west, because its author knew nothing of them. Its lines:

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I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,

are good enough as far as they go, but they do not go far enough. Nothing can make one really enthusiastic in the singing of a national song, but genuine *love* of country. And love is best and most lasting when based on knowledge; knowledge of its history, literature, and its scenic attractions. I have a poor opinion of those Americans who know every country except their own; who are "world-wide travelers" but look down upon the historic, ethnographic, geologic, geographic, and scenic attractions of their own land. I believe thoroughly in the "See America First" idea. Indeed I have written three,* and intend to write more of the volumes in the series named after that idea.

How can a man love what he doesn't know? And what do one's protestations of love and patriotism amount to, when there is no knowledge to back them up? While I know full well a man's "country" is much more than the mere scenery of that country, as the earlier part of this chapter explains, still the scenery, the country itself, and the people who occupy it, are a part of the great whole included in the term. The Irishman is willing to fight for freedom for his country, and he expatiates with glowing eye, radiant expression, and alert body upon the Lakes of Killarney, and the mountains, glens, rivers and

* *California, Beautiful and Romantic; Arizona, the Wonderland; New Mexico, the Land of the Delight-Makers.* All published by The Page Co., Boston, Mass.

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coast of his beloved island. The American has a larger field to cover, but, when he travels, he should go over his own land with the eye of affection and patriotic devotion. I love California and the southwest, and I dwell upon their scenic glories with an almost doting fondness, but I do not thereby, or therefore, exclude any other part of my country from sharing in my affection. But one's powers and time are limited. I cannot, personally, know the whole of the United States as I know this western portion of it. *This* is my home, and therefore I can know it, and I expatiate on it so that the citizen from New York, New England, Ohio or Louisiana, coming west to see a strange part of his own country, may know as speedily as may be that which he desires to see. Thus his love of country expands, his pride grows; and his heart thrills the more when he recalls all that his national flag covers. Then when, in return, I go to New York, New England, and the east, I expect to find that dwellers there have done for their homes what I have tried to do for the southwest, and my heart and mind expand in like fashion.

The true patriot will seek personally to know all he can of his own land,—every part of it,—and where he cannot visit it, will gladly read of it in the writings of those men whose devotion is proven by their loving words.

Thus God's boundless generosity in giving to us so wonderful a country, so glorious a land, will in-

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crease our tunefulness; will add to the joyous enthusiasm of our songs and give added splendor to the Universal Symphony as we, nationally, go Singing through Life with God.

CHAPTER IX

SONGS AND SONGS

WHO can estimate or recount the variety of songs there are in the world? Any catalogue that gives a score, a hundred, a thousand, varieties is still incomplete. There are as many kinds of song as there are varieties of human beings—and they seem to be endless. And, unfortunately, while men manifest imperfection and allow human passions, frailties, desires, emotions, and prejudices to dominate them, there will be many songs that are not universal in their character, that have not good as their aim, and that, therefore, would be out of place in the Universal Symphony. These songs may be personal and individual, or they may be national and racial, yet, all alike, their fitness must be judged by their unselfishness, their general helpfulness, and the upward tendencies of their themes.

What has become of all the songs sung in honor of "lost causes?" Songs to Prince Charlie; the songs of the South during the Civil War; the songs of Ireland prior to their subjugation by the Prince of Orange, or Cromwell, or whoever it was; the songs of the Poles before their country was parti-

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tioned by the "Powers;" the songs of the Indians just before some bloody conflict in which they were practically exterminated; the national songs of nations that have been swallowed up by other nations; the songs of tribes that have long since forgotten they were tribes—where have they all gone, and what effect have they had upon man, upon the deep down inner soul of him, as well as upon his exterior life that we call his history?

Cannot one hear distinctly the songs of the Crusaders—those bands of the flower of European chivalry of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, who went forth from Europe to make freely accessible the Holy Sepulchre to the various pilgrims who sought some blessing by visiting the reputed burying place of Jesus the Christ? The unholy Saracen had seized Jerusalem, as far back as A. D. 631, but about 1065 the Turks began to block all free access to the grave of the Messiah of the Christian. Aroused by the fierce preaching of Peter the Hermit, and led by Godfrey of Bouillon, the first Crusade set forth to drive out the Turk, led by the Hermit and the uplifted Cross, singing hymns and martial songs, and vowing the destruction of the infidel. Seven other Crusades followed this first unsuccessful one, and it was not until 1270 that the agitation ceased. And from that time until December 10, 1917, when General Allenby and the British forces of his command entered the Holy City, the Turk has had

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practical possession of the most sacred city of Christendom.

While the Crusades were unsuccessful in the object they set forth to accomplish, they are a wonderful illustration of the Psalmist's declaration, that God maketh the wrath of man to praise Him. In spite of their positive assurance that God would fight with and for them against the Turk, the latter defeated and drove them from the land. Yet, though millions of lives were lost, the contact with the Arabs and others exerted a powerful influence upon occidental civilization, and undoubtedly laid the foundation for that great revival of learning, which began two centuries later, known as the Renaissance.

Now the question arises, were these songs of the Crusades, was the effort itself, pleasing to the Great Conductor? And so it may be asked of thousands of similar efforts. I am thankful I do not have to decide the question. Yet I cannot believe that God has ever listened to the songs of aggression, of the "warriors bold" of past ages, or the present, who have gone forth to slay and possess for their own selfish purposes. As soon could I believe that God urges on the burglar, the thief and the murderer.

I doubt much whether the tumult and shouting of war captains and fighting hosts of over-marching and triumphant legions, of cheering and yelling battalions drunk with the power of successful aggression; I doubt whether the forced and false hailings of kings

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and kaisers, emperors and czars, the mock enthusiasm and half-hearted welcomes wrung from sycophant courtiers, grasping parasites, or half scared servitors; I doubt whether the maudlin revelings, the beer-soaked songs, the whiskey-breathed rejoicings of drunken students; I doubt whether the secretly sung and unvocal songs of the minters and misers of money, each piece unjustly wrung from struggling manhood, or filched by crafty cunning, by lies and deceit, from ignorant and trusting clients; I doubt whether the organ peals that ring from the palaces of those who have amassed their great fortunes by selling liquor that robbed men of their brains; I doubt whether the songs of haughty pride sung by the expensive automobiles, the luxurious yachts, the gorgeous clothing, the lavish jewels, the unnecessary and wasteful extravagance of food, the needless retinues of idle and sycophant servants of the stock-manipulators of Wall street; I doubt whether the selfish, heartless and cruel shoutings and songs of those who were willing to see trained gladiators slay each other to make a Roman holiday, or the ribald songs and frenzied cries of the bull-fighting arena, the cockpit or the prize ring; I doubt even whether the joyous songs of the pothunter, as he slays with his far sighted and deadly rifle the unsuspecting quarry of the mountains; I doubt whether any of these vocal or unvocal songs or choruses were or are ever heard with joy by God and His listening

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angels, and I question whether one of them is ever placed in the glorious Symphony of Universal Life. These are the discordant voices, the out of tune strains that compel the Divine Conductor to cry a halt, give new instructions, and direct a new rehearsal before the grand chorus continues in uninterrupted freedom.

Nor has He heard the songs of the reveler, the drunkard, the roisterer, the debauchee. These men (and women) must have found some pleasure and satisfaction in their actions, or they would not have engaged in them, and songs, often, doubtless have flowed from their lips. But that God was behind and in their revelings, no!

The man who piles up wealth by grinding down the poor, by trickery, by the crushing of competition, by ruthlessly stamping out all who come in his way; the man who makes shoddy clothes, sham furniture, unreliable tinware, household goods that have no service in them; the man who adulterates the food of the poor; who, by sharp practice, swindles his friends with "sure things" in stocks, or takes advantage of the ignorant and trusting widow and orphans to rob them of the money upon which they rely for a livelihood;—these men may sing their songs of achievement of wealth, but I cannot believe God hears them and places them in His Universal Symphony.

Yet, again, I am thankful that I am not the

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judge. He, in His all knowledge and wisdom, alone, can see into the hearts of men and rightly judge of their motives.

Let us now turn to an entirely different kind of song. The world has many beautiful thoughts, some of them expressed in literature, about angels. The belief in angels is perfectly natural. In their struggles against the evil forces of life men very early in the history of the race personified them. We find the Indians of today have a well-defined pantheon of gods, all of which they think will do injury to man unless he propitiates them. Then, as an offset to the evil powers he personifies the Powers of Good. This is what was done centuries ago by our groping forefathers on the pathway of life. And, in time, those whose imaginations and conceptions of beauty went a little ahead of their fellows represented and described these powers, as angels—soaring between earth and heaven, gladly serving as the messengers of God. From this the next step in the belief was easy, viz., that those of our loved ones who had ministered to us on earth, having passed through the change we call death and leaving their bodies behind, became spirit messengers, whom we are unable to see with our material eyes, but whose presence we often feel. Then the poets began to tell us of “hearing the rustle of angels’ wings,” and who knows but that their hearing and sight are far more refined than ours and they actually do hear and see what

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are hidden from us? It would be a great joy to me could I hear the rustling of these wings, and see the glad spirits as they pass to and fro carrying messages of cheer and gladness, giving hope and courage in place of despair and fear. But because I can neither see nor hear I do not necessarily disbelieve in angels. *I see no reason why I should not fully believe.* Hence I enjoy looking at the many figures of angels sculptured on the magnificent Gothic cathedrals of Europe. I allow the ears of my imagination to hear their songs, and as they lead me to higher, nobler, truer, better things, I seek to sing with them, feeling that thus they are helping me to sing with God.

Practically all men have "intimations of immortality." Now and again *all* hear the "rustle of angels' wings." Though the calls and demands of our physical senses are constant and insistent, they cannot entirely banish the voices of the soul, and the hearing of those spirit whisperings that keep reminding us of our true spiritual origin and destiny. Hence he is wise who fosters and cherishes his belief in angels, who listens for their sweet songs, sung perhaps during his sleep, yet none the less real. And it is equally wise, not merely to sing with the human voice, but with the heart and the understanding also, those songs often found in our hymnals about angels. Here is one that has brought blessing to many a lonesome heart:

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Hark, hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling,
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

* * * * *

Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary!
The day must dawn, and darksome night be passed;
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping:
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

—*Frederick W. Faber.*

One of the sweetest songs of my childhood, one that I remember with the greatest pleasure, was one that dealt with death and the angels:

On Jordan's lone river I eagerly stand,
And stretch forth my hands to yon beautiful land:
Send a convoy of angels, dear Savior, I pray,
Let me join their sweet music, away, oh, away.

Today, in the prime of life, full of all its joyous vigor, climbing mountains with ease, working daily with fire and force, without a spark of what one might term maudlin religious sentiment about me, having spent a life of manhood among men in every sphere, and probed the sciences to their core, I still enjoy that song, and, further, *feel* that there is a profound truth in its intimations. There is an arousement within me, somewhere, somehow, that

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I am not at all concerned to explain, but that is *more real* than the truth of the multiplication table, that angels—embodied spirits of some kind—do await the greeting of the real “me,” when what we call death shall come.

Hence I firmly believe in the “songs of the angels,” and expect to find their sweeter, purer, and more perfect songs mingling with those of earth, when I hear *all*, see all, that goes to make up the Universal Symphony.

CHAPTER X

THE SONGS OF CHILDHOOD

DURING its baby period every child should be blessed by the sweet and gentle singing that springs spontaneously from the heart of a woman who feels that heaven has descended upon her in allowing her to give birth to a child. The glorious privilege of parenthood, of being a channel through which one of God's children may find expression and opportunity for development, no one can overestimate. Thus the child is ushered into a home of joyous song, of tender and beautiful affection, of welcomed and adoring parenthood. In such a home all life is pretty well assured to be a continuous song—husband and wife vying with each other in their desire to add more and more happiness to the hours of the loved companion. They feel the beams of God's smiles and sing joyously with Him. A child beginning and continuing life in such an atmosphere is normally bound to be a singer. He cannot help but be one.

During this period he should be encouraged to sing. At home, at school, at church, at social gatherings, at public functions, in a chorus or as a soloist,

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any how, *every* how, keep him (and her) singing. And teach him the songs you want him to know, to love, to follow. The Scandinavian habit of teaching children real "songs of life" is a fine one that cannot be too highly commended. While there should be no *forcing* of the child's mind in any direction—for compulsion is always repulsive to a child—there should be a wise leading in the right direction. Elsewhere I have referred to the songs my father used to select for us, and that the family sang each morning when we met, before the open fire, for "reading the scripture and prayer." Scores of those songs remain in my memory and each one brings its own peculiar delight, aye, and many of them enforce their own insistent and peculiar truths and lessons. And this is in accord with the highest dictum of modern psychology. He knew what he said, who declared: "Let me make the childhood songs of a nation and I care not who makes its laws." He had learned that the impressions made upon the receptive mind of childhood were the enduring and persistently alive ones. Nay more, realized that, as a child grows into adulthood and man- or woman-hood the words of the songs of childhood come to mean more and more. Words that to the child mind meant little or nothing; that were merely repeated formally,—because he had learned them,—grow in significance and power. What does a child know of "pleasures and palaces," and roaming therein, or of "a charm

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from the skies" which hallows us in the humble place we call "home." Yet there is something in the tune that makes it pleasing to every child. Let him learn it—the younger the better, whether he understands the words or not.

When he grows to the age of comprehension, of understanding, then he will realize the full significance of the words. But, having learned them, and now having them come to their full force, "home" is a very different thing to him from what it would have been had he *not* learned them. He is perpetually under their influence; they guide, suggest, restrain, impel, inspire thoughts and acts up to the very gateway of death.

Hence the vast importance of a wise selection of the songs of childhood, of completely surrounding every child with the beautiful influences of songs of inspiring and ennobling motives. Child songs should be cheerful, bright, true to all the nobler instincts of our nature, full of love of home, parents, friends, city, state, nation, and inculcating a true patriotism. They should be redolent of green fields, the varied beauty of buds and blossoms, the lowing of kine, the happy playing of young animals, the sweet songs of birds, the companionship of good horses and dogs, the splendors of trees, the tenderness of pastoral landscapes, the sublimity of the mountains, the awful grandeur of the canyons, of the glory of sky, stars, sunrises and sunsets. They should emphasize

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in the most positive manner the joy and delight of service, of duty performed cheerfully and with alacrity and thankfulness for work to do and the ability to perform it. They should breathe the joy of good comradeship and inspire towards complete human brotherhood.

Such songs should be heard everywhere, or, what is the same thing, their *spirit* made to inspire every act of life—for *this* is Singing through Life with God. In the home, at the fireside, at family prayer, at family reunions, when the boys and girls bring in their comrades or the neighbors and their youngsters "drop in," at day and Sunday school, at church, picnics, swimming parties, rowing matches, hiking expeditions, in gymnasiums and while doing all exercises, and in men's and women's clubs, let everybody learn to sing. Every town and village should have its weekly Community Sing, with a competent, cheerful, inspiring leader, and everybody should be urged not only to come and listen *but to join in the song*.

From the health of the body standpoint alone Community Singing is worth more to a community than a dozen brass bands or fine orchestras that citizens merely *listen to*. There is an inconceivable distance between the effects upon the body of music merely heard—and generally only partially heard—and music participated in, enjoyed, engaged in with zest. Any physician or teacher of physical culture

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can show how the expansion of the lungs, the deep breathing, the use of the diaphragm in singing is of the greatest benefit to the body alone, and the psychologist can demonstrate in thousands of cases the remarkable benefit that comes to the mind, the soul, the living character from participation in cheerful song. Why, it has even been demonstrated, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that hens under the influence of vocal or instrumental music lay more eggs, and cows give down more milk, and are milked far easier, under the same benign influence.

Therefore it is the part of highest wisdom, from an altogether selfish standpoint, for communities to foster the spirit of song, and encourage the actual practice among its children, its youth and its mature citizenship. For as surely as "the way one feels" will excite one to song, or inhibit vocal expression, so will joining in song even though one does not, at first, feel like it, have a powerful influence upon the mind, the emotions and those sources of life within us that go to the making up of character.

Burglars, thieves, purse-snatchers, pickpockets, counterfeiters, train robbers, highwaymen, murderers, are not of the people who sing. It is because no song is in their hearts—much less on their lips—that they degenerate and become other than their true selves. A songful people is a happy people; a happy people is a good people, and a good people cannot breed, rear and develop criminals. Song renews the

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body, the mind, the soul. Song keeps the spirit of youth alive. He who sings, whether in heart or in voice, constantly, has learned the secret of perpetual youth. He needs to go to no mythical spring to keep young. New life wells up within him. His eye remains bright, his brow and cheeks free from the furrows of care, his lips a rosy red, his brain alert, his body responsive and radiant, his presence magnetic, his appetite and digestion good, his nerves under control, his spirit serene, his temper unruffled, his life joyous and blessed. For he has learned the lesson of joy—he goes Singing through Life with God.

CHAPTER XI

THE SONGS OF HAPPY LOVERS

"All the world loves a lover"

LOVE is the motive power of all creation. God must have loved the thought of the Universe or He would not have created it. It is inconceivable that so wonderful, marvelous, beautiful, varied, and comprehensive a world as our own tiny planet could have been the product of anything but love. We are compelled to believe all creation has a similar origin. Hence the conclusion, as expressed in the last line of Ina Coolbrith's graphic *Meadow Larks*:

For life is love, the world is love, and Love is over all!

Every flower that grows is the outcome of love. Indeed, to perpetuate its kind seems to be the chief object of every living creature, and love is the divinely ordered means for attaining that end. The loves of the flowers are very interesting to witness, and who is there, with a pure heart and clean mind, who does not enjoy watching the love affairs of the doves and all the birds. I was in an office in the busiest street of Los Angeles some months ago. The window was wide open, looking down upon the bustle, hurry, confusion, noise and stir common to city

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streets. Outside the window was a fire escape landing, and on this, daily, my friend used to throw out seeds and other food for the birds. As we sat talking, a quiet, gray linnet came and began to feed. Almost immediately there flew down near her a red-headed, bright chested male, and in the most fervent, exuberant, passionate song I have ever heard from a bird throat, poured out his whole heart to the bird of his choice. Everyone in the room stopped his activities, stirred deeply by the glorious beauty of the song. For a time it seemed as if his suit would be successful, then, suddenly, his (and our) hopes were dashed to the ground—temporarily at least—by the unconcerned flying away of the female. The result upon the singer was tremendous. Disheartened surprise, keen disappointment, rude awakening to the fact that his attentions were unwelcome, never were registered more clearly by human or bird before. His crest fell, his tail lost its perk, his whole demeanor was one of dejection. I have always hoped that, later, he won his suit, or gained a mate worthy his beauty, the charm of his song, and his decidedly passionate avowal.

Fabre, in his wonderful books on the insects, has told us marvelous stories of the loves of his pets, and Maeterlinck's "Love Flight of the Bee" is one of the classics of the literature of all time. In the books of all peoples and all ages the loves of animals and man are beautifully recorded, and more poems,

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pictures, dramas, buildings and other stupendous works of men have been inspired by love than any other motive. Half the poems and novels written have love of some form as their theme. This I believe is as it should be, yet it must be confessed that many love songs are futile, inadequate, incomplete, unsatisfactory, and the love affairs themselves terminate in the same way. This ought not to be, but I must believe that the failure arises from the fact that most people have not learned to sing their love songs aright, rather than that love itself is a failure. I would not pose here as a teacher, as an instructor, but I do know somewhat, by experience and observation, of the kind of song happy and satisfied lovers sing. And further, I know, positively, that if others would sing in the same strain and key they would avoid the rocks and shoals upon which the love barques of so many are wrecked.

One might fill this volume with quotations from literature of the wonderful loves of past ages—Beatrice and Dante, Héloïse and Abélard, Helen and Leander, and in the beginning of our own time the love and devotion of Gladstone and his wife, and of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett will recur to all. It is not everyone who could think, live, or write the “Sonnets from the Portuguese,” or have a lover able to respond with such poems as “My Star,” and “O Lyric Love.” Think of being able

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to write and *live* this poem of hers, and then see his responses:

This very love which is my boast,
And which, when rising up from breast to brow,
Doth crown me with a ruby large enow
To draw men's eyes and prove the inner cost,
This love even, all my worth, to the uttermost,
I should not love withal, unless that thou
Hadst set me an example, shown me how,
When first thine earnest eyes with mine were crossed,
And love called love. And thus, I cannot speak
Of love even, as a good thing of my own.
Thy soul hath snatched up mine all faint and weak
And placed it by thee on a golden throne,—
And that I love, (O soul, we must be meek!)
Is by thee only, whom I love alone.

I do not know whether Browning referred to his wife in "My Star," but she was so reserved, shy, and personally unknown to the world that it is not at all unlikely:

All that I know
Of a certain star
Is, it can throw
(Like the angled spar)
Now a dart of red,
Now a dart of blue;
Till my friends have said
They would fain see, too,
My star that dartles the red and the blue!
Then it stops like a bird; like a flower, hangs furred:
They must solace themselves with the Saturn above it.
What matter to me if their star is a world?
Mine has opened its soul to me; therefore I love it.
In his apostrophe to her in "The Ring and the Book," which begins "O Lyric Love," he asserts that

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he can never commence to sing except with bent head and beseeching hand that her blessing may bring some interchange of grace, some splendor that was once her thought, some benediction that was once her smile. And he can never conclude his song without reaching his hand and head up to her, yearning for hope, sustainment and reward.

And in his "Prospice,"—his "Look Forward" into the future life, after the sharp pangs of soul-severance from the body, he says, his first experience will be a "peace out of pain,"

Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!

As far as outsiders can judge the marriage of the Brownings was a perfect one—they were suited to each other, physically, mentally and spiritually.

What is it that constitutes this perfection of love? What makes the really "happy," "satisfied" lover? That it rests in the physical, alone, no intelligent person believes, because in reality love is always mental or spiritual. Yet to deny the expression of human love through physical manifestation in its varied forms is as absurd as to deny the fact that only through the physical, as we at present understand it, is the human race perpetuated. There is a wide gulf between lust and license and the loyal love of wedlock in all its expressions. The Catholic Church denies the exercise of human love in marriage to its

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priests and nuns, claiming that only by a complete suppression of such love can a man or a woman be completely devoted to the church. The Puritan element in all religions has eyed physical love askance, and had it not been essential for race perpetuation, would have advocated its abolishment. The Shakers and the Esoteric brotherhood (the latter located at Applegate, California), disbelieve in all physical manifestations of affection, and the sincerity, earnestness and purity of all these advocates of a sexless life no honest person can doubt or question.

There are other religious bodies and individuals who frown upon sex-love and deem it the greatest source of sin, sorrow, and misery in the world. This love must be a type of *something* in the Divine mind, a shadow of something spiritual, God-approved, because God-created. It is universal. There is nothing free from its influence and all physical life is dependent upon it for continuance. Hence in human beings, it must be designed for a beneficent purpose, which can result only from deep mental and spiritual attachment and oneness.

Only those who understand this relationship aright can truly sing the joyous songs of happy lovers. And those who do, how happy they are, and how beautiful their songs. I am privileged to know a doctor and his wife who for twenty years or more have lived as happy lovers. When he visits his patients she accompanies him in the automobile, and

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sits outside; they spend what evenings they can together; neither cares to go out without the other; all their friends are mutual; she is a writer and he is a great admirer of what she does; physically, mentally, spiritually they are happy lovers, and their quiet and sweet songs are heard (spiritually) by all who know them.

I would say let people marry young. Let no selfish consideration as to money, place, power, stifle the response to the Divine Song in the young heart. And so long as the one you love lives you will find it the easiest of all songs to sing.

Is there any sweeter music than the voices of lovers heard in the early days of "love's young dream?"

Even their footsteps have a rich music, one for the other, when the heart is bubbling up with love. A letter often brings ecstasy, and words take on a new meaning when written by the hands of love. The man joys in working for the woman, the girl, he loves; and the woman joys in preparing food, caring for the raiment and attending to the many personal needs of the man she loves. These are small, but *sure*, tests of the right kind of love, and happy are those people who live the love-life all their days. They surely go Singing through Life with God.

CHAPTER XII

THE BEAUTIFUL SONGS OF HOME

IN all the unrest that we find in the world today we should never forget that, with love and mutual forbearance, a man and a woman may build up a heaven on earth in their own home. Here, together, the world and its problems can be shut out—as far as is patriotic, wise, and advisable. Love can reign supreme. Tender, gentle helpfulness, deep sympathy, human oneness may assert themselves, and hearts minds and bodies be soothed to rest, encouraged to a more brave and manly fight with discouragements, and stimulated to a nobler conception of life. John Howard Payne felt in his inner heart the significance of the word “home,” and it is well that we do not forget his divinely inspired song:

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home! Home! Sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

An exile from home splendor dazzles in vain,
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gaily that came at my call;
Give me them, with the peace of mind dearer than all.
Home! Home! Sweet, sweet home!
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!

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In the home there should be no problem as to who is the head of the household? Let it be a dual monarchy—or, better still, let it be a genuine republic, with *some* one in charge, each filled with loving confidence that the other is doing the best he, she, knows how, and working for the common good. In one beautiful home where I used to visit, where there were several children, the father was the unquestioned head, but he never referred to his wife save as “The Queen,” and his deference to her opinion was as beautiful as it was wise. The boys and girls were thus brought up from their earliest years to recognize, to the full, the authority, the dignity, of the mother, and to pay her the same respect and honor as they gave to their father.

The Episcopal Church is now in the throes of determining whether it shall eliminate the word “obey” in the woman’s portion of the marriage ceremony. The church is a couple of generations behind the times. No man of sense wants the woman to obey, any more than a woman of sense wants a man to obey. The obligations of the home are mutual. There is no lording it one over the other, as in the olden time. Those days are gone by, never to return. Woman is just as important, and in one sense, even more important, in the home, than the man. It may be that he is the bread-winner, but the mere earning of money is a small and inconsequential business compared with that of properly spending it, keeping

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the home running smoothly, preparing or directing the preparation of the food, controlling the children of the household, and more important than all, bearing them. One of my rich friends used to say with considerable feeling: Any fool can make money, but it takes a wise man to know how to spend it. The woman generally is the one who must provide the wisdom as far as directing many of the household expenditures is concerned.

Tennyson fully expresses the ideal of the mutuality of marriage:

The woman's cause is man's: they rise or sink
Together. . . .
Either sex alone
Is half itself, and in true marriage lies
Nor equal nor unequal.

Every true man must subject himself to this test. If he claims for himself more than he freely accords his wife he is still in the class of the barbarian; he has not yet evolved from primitive savagery. *Mutuality* is the keynote of marital content, and each should seek the comfort, joy, happiness, of the other rather than his own.

It may be that in writing upon so personal a matter as the relationship of husband and wife I shall be deemed guilty both of an impertinence and great indiscretion. I have no desire to be impertinent, and what I offer is given in all due humility. Possibly I should not have written upon these matters at all had it not been that so many of my readers

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and those who attend my lectures submit their questions to me. As I have sought to answer them personally, I now speak with my pen, not in arrogant assumption that I have wisdom enough to solve any question, but with a loving *hope* that what I write may help towards a personal solution. Do not read into my words any attempt to dogmatize, to lay down the law, to presume to know. All I hope to do is to *help*, and if I do that, no matter in how slight a degree, I shall be grateful.

There are certain things in which I think it is wise for prospective husband and wife to have a full understanding before they enter marriage; not that any formal agreement is necessary, but there ought to be no misunderstanding on these fundamentals.

On several occasions young couples have come to me desiring my opinion as to whether they should have children. My invariable reply is that where both are healthy, and there are no obstacles in the way, I think no wise and good man would ever marry a woman who would not gladly become a mother. Parenthood is instinctive; it is God implanted, and if, perchance, some girl has been brought up, or has grown up, with the idea that in marriage she will have a "good time," free from the restrictions imposed upon her by her parents, refusing the responsibilities of motherhood, and devoting herself to selfish pleasure, the sensible man

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would not marry such a woman. Sorrow and pain are almost certain to follow such a union.

I know there are good and noble women, mothers, who insist that this is a matter for the wife alone to settle. I believe firmly that every wife has this right, but I also believe that a man has rights, and one of those is the right to become a father if he can find a wife who desires motherhood. If a woman is healthy, vigorous, strong and capable of motherhood, and yet, for her own selfish reasons, deliberately refuses it, and the man she expected to marry came to me for advice, I should definitely advise him to find another woman for his wife.

When a couple marries it should be a mutual question for them alone to settle, as to when they should have children. It is the deliberate avoidance of motherhood—on the part of a physically healthy and competent woman—that I think a prospective, or actual, husband has the right to protest against.

When anticipated motherhood keeps the wife somewhat more in the home than she enjoys the husband should make up by his gentle tenderness and sweet sympathy for the deprivations of the time. Let him be more considerate, extra thoughtful, superlatively attentive. Thus the wife will not feel that in becoming a mother she is losing her attractiveness to her husband. For perhaps the strongest hold a man can ever have upon a woman is her assurance that she is deeply beloved by him.

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Then, where a home is large enough, and it is possible to arrange for it, I think husband and wife should have separate rooms of their own, sacred to themselves, where they, and they alone, control. Every person, at times, wants to, or ought to want to, retire within himself, enjoy the privacy and personality of his own soul. If he has a room of his own the husband can retire there, sure of no unwise interruption or interference. If he be a smoker this room should be his place of indulgence in the weed, for it is never fair to force upon a wife and the friends who visit the home, the smell of tobacco, when they themselves do not use it. This room, too, can be the "den" where one's peculiar idiosyncrasies may be indulged. The husband may be a gatherer of swords or steins, or pipes, or Indian curios, while the wife's taste may go in other directions. Let each respect the "whims," the "notions," of the other in these regards.

This sanctity of one's individuality, I believe, ought also to apply to the letters of each. While there should be the utmost frankness, there should also be perfect confidence, and I believe there are few men or women who do not enjoy the sensation of opening their own letters. I know it is a source of constant irritation to many, both men and women, that their partners do not seem to realize this.

I know several couples where neither one would think of opening the other's letters. On the other

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hand I know many who do, and while there are a few of them who care nothing about it, there are some couples to whom it is a definite irritation. They may not express it in words to each other, but even to an outsider it is very apparent. Therefore, I would suggest that a young couple be in no great hurry to open each other's letters. Often a new wife or a new husband will *assume* the prerogative. Would it not be better to wait until the right or privilege is freely conferred?

Then, too, there should be no dogmatic assertion of authority and individuality one over another. As far as possible let each possess his own freedom except where it is a joy and a delight to forego it. Some men may have a passion for concerts, while the wife finds no pleasure in them but enjoys the movies to the full. Shall he, or she, yield to the other? In my judgment, neither should ask the other to yield. The opinions of meddling outsiders will never disturb the equanimity of any sensible and well-poised person.

Then, too, the home is for both, and neither should do anything unnecessarily that conflicts with the enjoyment of it by the other. A man will often invite his mother or his sister or brother, or *vice versa*, when the presence of these relatives is neither agreeable nor conducive to happiness. This surely is wrong. No woman should force a visit from her parents or relatives upon her husband unless he is

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perfectly willing—and especially for any length of time. And of course the same principle applies to the husband. Relatives are not always considerate. They will often “settle down” upon a young couple and handicap them, if allowed to do so, and neither husband or wife is justified in inviting, or tolerating, any such thing. Resolutely put your foot down against any such aggressions, even though your partner may be inclined to view them with toleration. They often produce lasting discords.

There are many other problems connected with the marriage relationship. Syndicate writers often endeavor to answer the numerous questions of correspondents in regard to the difficulties of adjusting the differences between masculine and feminine natures when they are associated in such a close and permanent partnership, but no individual is capable of sorting out all the complexities of even one human being, let alone two who are united in wedlock. They may generalize as a result of personal experience or much observation, but writers are not omniscient. In most cases those who are married must work out their own peculiar problems, since in no two cases are these problems exactly alike.

Now, somewhat against my inclination but at the urge of many requests, I wish to say a little about the “servant question.”

As it is at present understood I hate the word “servant.” Were it used as Christ used it when he

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said to his apostles "He that is greatest amongst you, let him be as the younger; and he that is chief, as he that doth serve," I should love to see and use it.

That many domestic and other helpers today are incompetent, lazy, shifty, extravagant, and unworthy of their positions cannot be denied, and scores, hundreds, possibly thousands of employers who have the most kindly spirit towards their "help" are annoyed to desperation by their inadequacy and general meanness. Yet I cannot help but feel, as I study the history of mankind, that this condition, while it injuriously affects many innocent employers today, has been brought upon "their class" by the actions and mental attitude of that class in the past. For centuries a "servant" has been compelled to wear the "badge of servitude."

He was a modified kind of slave. He was at the beck and call and often subject to the whim, notion, caprice, of his "master," or "mistress." He was summoned by a "bell," and "ordered" to do this, that and the other. He was a mere automaton. He had no will of his own. He was a piece of the machinery of the household, just as the stove, the refrigerator, or the china-closet was, and as soon as he failed to meet the needs of his employer he was cast adrift, just as an old chair is thrown on the dump-heap or piled away in the attic.

In this day of self-assertiveness it is evident that

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this kind of servitude must cease. It is proper that it should cease, and evidently it *has* ceased to a large extent.

Is it to be wondered at that as people progressed in knowledge they resented the attitude of their "masters" and "mistresses"? They objected to being treated as machines, and preferred to work in mills, factories, stores, anywhere, rather than be subject to such mental and physical servitude.

The result is the whole civilized world is now in the throes of a readjustment upon this question, and employers are having the worst of it. Personally I believe the *basis* of the "servant" matter to be fundamentally wrong. Implied inferiority is degrading, and should have no place in a democracy. I want my "servants" to work *with* and not *under* me. To *help*, not to *obey* me, although a leader is necessary in most kinds of work, and while I shall expect to pay them for the help they give, it is not in the sense that I am buying their servile obedience, their freedom of will and action, but, having received help at their hands I am gladly reciprocating.

Some of these ideas I endeavored to express in my *House Blessing Ceremony and Guest Book*, a book I wrote, based upon a rude Navaho Indian ceremony of House Blessing. In the "Blessing of the Kitchen" I said, among other things:

May the love of service, gladly rendered, gladly received,
of food cooked here be delightful;

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May the life of the food-preparer, the food-maker, the food-server here be delightful;

May none work here but those to whom work is delightful;

May none expect work done here but who believe that work should be delightful;

May none ask for work to be done here but will earnestly and honestly seek to make that work delightful;

May the blessings received from delightful food prepared here come back in full measure to those who prepared it, and thus, like Mercy, become twice blessed and twice delightful.

It should be observed that the obligation to do the work in the right spirit—the singing spirit—is clearly implied and expressed in these words. Unwilling service is better never rendered. I want none of it, even if my work goes undone. I firmly believe that much of the indigestion and other troubles of the kind that afflict people come from the unconscious influence exercised upon them by the mean feelings of those who prepare their food. There are two sides to this question—as to all others. I do not want to seem to emphasize one too much or to the exclusion of the other. If anyone elects to help another in house, barn, mill, store, bank, factory, or stable, he should honor himself by the faithful doing of the work he is asked to perform. There is no “servitude” in rendering such “service.” It is brotherly helpfulness. The employe should so regard himself and his work, and his pride should be of the kind that would resent any idea of his shirking, skimping, doing his work poorly, or deliberately

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wasting his time. This phase of the question is as important as the other, but, as I have before remarked, employers largely are to blame for the unhappy conditions that now exist, and an entire readjustment of the whole relation must be made, ere content and peace will again reign in the heart of the worker.

I shall never forget an incident that occurred in New York, on the occasion of the arrival in this country of Charles Wagner, the noted French preacher and author of *The Simple Life*, a book highly commended by President Roosevelt. He was given a dinner by one of the wealthiest women in New York, though certainly not one of the wisest. Her tables were covered with flowers enough to have delighted the heart of all the occupants of a hospital ward; the silver service was worth a king's ransom; the food was most elaborate and the menu varied. At the back of the chair of each guest stood a "servitor" in red plush, working as such men do, solemnly and silently, participating in nothing. During the repast the hostess turned to Mr. Wagner and asked: "Pray, Monsieur Wagner, how would you apply the principles of the Simple Life to a home like mine?" Like a flash the answer came from the heart of the man who saw the degradation of the kind of "service" this woman and all her class was demanding: "Well, madam, you see our brothers here, standing behind our chairs. They do not share in the food or in

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the conversation. The first thing I should do would be to say: 'Come, brothers, bring up your chairs, and *join in.*'" One can better imagine the look on the face of the hostess than describe it.

Then, you remark, you would overturn our whole social system? Certainly, some of it at least, as soon as the world is ready for it—the sooner the better. Let us be a democracy in fact as well as in name. Let us have no service that is not gladly, cheerfully, joyfully, rendered. He alone serves well who serves for love. The only service worth rendering and worth receiving is that which is done in a kindly spirit. I would so tie my helpful friends to me by justice, friendship, love, that there would be no labor problems, no servant problems, because they would be as glad to help as I to receive their help.

Utopia? Visionary? Perhaps. But thank God for visions, for a large faith and hope in Him and in His final direction of human nature and life into the spheres of love, where "he that is chief amongst you shall be as he that doth serve." I firmly believe this time will come, because I find *in my own heart* a perfect willingness to render this glad, joyous service to others. I would be willing if I had the time, to blacken the shoes of my friend or his children, to wash his dishes, to clean out his chicken yard, to carry his valises, or to *help* in any way possible. There is no sense of degradation in doing these

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things, either for myself or another, and I am fully assured that when men and women learn the true dignity of labor, and realize the joy that comes from service gladly rendered, and employers cease to demand subserviency, the whole "servant question" will be solved, and *not until then*.

But now there comes a new note into the home. A baby is born. And the new note is not simply the voice of the baby. A decidedly new tone comes into the voices of wives when they become mothers. A new and glorious theme is given to them and new vocal powers accompany the theme. I would that I had the ability rightly to portray the dignity and glory of motherhood. It is as though mothers were the inventors of a new instrument upon which exquisite and entrancing music could be played to the enhancement of the grand chorus.

There are practical details, however, in the daily unfoldment of the child's life that require thought and attention. May I now refer to some of these?

When a child comes into the home there is one most important thing I would observe, amongst many others, and that is, never to let one interfere with the correction being applied by the other. When a father interferes with a mother's discipline or the other way, the child becomes confused and *all* discipline loses its effect. A few other fundamentals, according to my ideas, may here be mentioned:

Never threaten or promise a child what you do

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not solemnly intend to perform. Let your word be as fixed as the "laws of the Medes and Persians which change not." Children are taught to be liars by the unfulfilled threats and promises of their parents.

Never say "Don't" to your child, unless you are compelled. Drop that word out of your vocabulary. Always say "Do!" Keep him, her, busy in good things, the things you want him, her, to do, for that is the best recipe for keeping mischief away.

Never discourage your child in any high endeavor. Let him have his rosy dreams, his high ambitions, his "castles in Spain." He may possess qualities that neither you, nor your partner, dream of. He may be a Napoleon, a Dean Swift, a Jack London, an Edison, a Wilbur Wright, an Abraham Lincoln. Let him *soar* all he will. Guide him, where possible. Win his confidence, respect it, honor his ambitions. You will thus be a *real* parent to him—to his mind, soul, ambition, his real life, as well as merely to his body. I would far rather father the mind, soul and high aims of my son than merely be the father of his body. The one is a very small matter compared with the other. Mother! be a true mother to the soul of your boy as well as to his body. Father! be a father to the soul of your girl as well as to her body. You will thus, and *thus only*, really know the full joy of your parenthood. And this will

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grow as the child grows. Year after year it will develop instead of growing less.

Have you ever seen the adoring look in the eyes of boys or girls as they watch father or mother, elder sister or brother? They are hearing wonderful songs, in their inmost souls and are eager to respond to them. Oh, father, as you love your boy, respond to him at this time with all you have or can secure of nobleness, of goodness, of pureness, of high aspiration. Let him feel your sympathy, your fatherly love, and you will bind him to you with hooks more powerful and lasting than any steel that ever was forged. And mother, so with your girl. A son, a daughter, so love-tied to home influences, and singing with father and mother, elder brother and sisters, as *they* sing with God, is not apt later to listen to any of the siren songs that allure into dangerous paths. Keep your child close to you. Let him ever be proud to speak of *my* father, *my* mother. How this spirit crops out constantly, the joy of singing with father, mother. For instance, there is a column in a San Francisco daily newspaper, *The Bulletin*, edited by C. M. Jackson, which bears the caption, "For Instance." It is full of all sorts of things, and its jocular and other surprises are what make people like to read it. Now and again, however, one meets with something well worth keeping, and here is one of them. It is illustrative of the

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responsive spirit of childhood to the life of the parent:

Dear Mr. For Instance: I am nine years old and my Daddy is a railroad man. He and mamma and me read your column every day and Daddy said last night he wished you would write some verses about railroad men and I do, too, but can't you say something about the children of railroad men in it when you write it?

San Luis Obispo, Calif.

MARGERY M.

Anything to please little girls, Margery. How is this?

There's a sleeper on the train
A-waiting at the depot;
Quick! little people, All aboard! get on;
Lullaby's the engine, first stop Land of Dreams, Oh,
By-bye, little people, now you've gone
Out into the brightness, out into the whiteness,
Where the birdies warble, where the posies bloom;
Dream awhile, play awhile, where the fields are greenest,
By-bye, little people, you'll be back here soon.

Another train's now waiting
At another station;
Hurry, little people! All aboard! get on;
This one has no sleeper, nothing but day coaches.
By-bye, little people, now you've gone,
"Busylan's next station, all off at the schoolhouse!"
Now the knotty problems our young patience try,
But if we can solve 'em 'twill help us with the others
In the Land of Hard Work that we'll see by and by.

Once again we're waiting,
Engine toots its whistle,
Quick, grown up people! All aboard! get on;

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This train's going straight through, stops at no way-stations,
Good-bye, grown-up people, now you've gone.
Whirling through the sunshine, whisking past the shadows,
Down the grades of laughter, 'round the curves of strife,
To the land of Hard Work, everybody busy,
What a wondrous journey on the Road of Life.

"All out and change cars!"

Here's another railroad,
Quick, everybody! All aboard! get on;
Comes the final journey out beyond the sunset,
Farewell everybody, now you've gone.
Past the golden portals, through the purple shadows,
Over misty bridges that span the river's breadth,
Into the great whiteness of the land eternal,
All make their final journey via the Road of Death.

Observe how Margery speaks of her father and his work. She is responding to the song of his life. She is interested, specifically, positively, and unmistakably in railroad men's children because she is a railroad man's child.

This is a singing together of the mind, the soul, and many families there are that enjoy this sweet kind of mental oneness. But, unless they learn to sing together with their voices, they do not know all the enjoyment that might be theirs from their family relationship.

How much families miss by not learning to sing together. I cannot remember the time in my own home when we did not sing, and to this day I feel what blessed hours of peace, joy, and satisfaction those were. My own weaknesses and ill-health as a

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child, my aloofness from other children, made my early life a very lonely, almost a solitary one. I had little fellowship with anyone, and no one seemed to know that I was always in pain, hence there is little of real joy that I look back to in my boyhood. But these hours of morning song were pure, sweet and unalloyed. Every memory of them is a delight, a comfort, bringing remembrances of satisfaction to body, mind and soul. Father was an old-time conductor of church-choirs, choral societies, singing classes, children's choruses, and the like and he believed thoroughly that it was as natural for a child to sing as to talk and read. Hence we learned to read music as readily, as easily, and as surely as we read our Bibles, the magazines or the newspapers, and every morning, no matter how much work there was to do, a full hour was spent in family singing and family Bible reading and prayer. I can see the family circle now, seated around the open fireplace where a coal fire gave out its gratifying warmth. Father was a subscriber to several musical journals and these afforded us our song practice every morning. Mother, Annie and Lillie sang the soprano, Clement and John the bass, father the tenor, and Willie and I the alto; and we were expected to read the notes as accurately the first time we sang a composition as the last. How well I remember some of father's maxims: "An eye and a half on the conductor, the other half eye on your book;" "The

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first time of singing pay no attention to the words, master the tune—tune first, words and expression later;” “No gliding” (jazz it is called today); “No wabbling,” (vox humana it is called now—and I would it were as extinct as the dodo, when I compare the sweet, direct perfect attack and note-holding of voices like those of Nordica, Patti, Schumann-Heink, Tetrizzini, Sims Reeves, De Rezke, Caruso, with the wibbly-wabble, untrue, uncertain attempt at effect of the whole school of incompetent nincompoops, who think they can improve upon the purity of a sweet, direct, pure, full tone), these were some of my father’s maxims. In those hours we became familiar with the masters of opera, of oratorio, part-song, choral, canon, catch, glee, duet, quartett, and chorus. Even individual pieces stay in my memory with the wonderful lessons father drew from them. How well I recall “Mendelssohn’s *Vale of Rest*. The agonizing cry “Is the Region Yonder,” in which the parts are in fiercest dissonance with each other and the excruciating discord of the minor ninth is introduced, immediately followed by the common chord, which, taking the place of the awful discord, comes as refreshingly to the musical senses as a draft of water to one parched with thirst. How this piece enabled me to grasp at the moment of reading Browning’s illustration in his sublime *Abt Vogler*:

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Why rushed the discords in, but that harmony should be prized.

And further on where, after comparing life to the extemporizing musician, he declares himself ready to begin to compose again, in spite of seeming failure, of loss of everything worth while in the past. He says:

Give me the keys again,
I feel for the common chord, and I sink into the minor,
Yea! I glide into the ninth and stand upon alien ground.

So with all musical references in poetry or prose all through life, my home training has made them all intelligible, as perfectly understandable as any other of the common facts of life. Hence the song hours of childhood have gone on repeating themselves, multiplying my joys and delights, enlarging my knowledge, giving me greater and readier capacity for understanding, and, therefore making me at one with the master minds of literature who have used music as their illustrations. Thus have I been enabled to join hands with them and unite my voice with theirs as they have gone "Singing through Life with God."

A short time ago a San Francisco newspaper asked its readers for a symposium giving a definition of "home." Prizes were offered and the three best definitions sent in, according to the judges, were as follows:

Home is a haven, a harbor in storm, a retreat from life's

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fret and turmoil. It is a child's shelter, a man's refuge, a woman's sanctuary. Home is where the heart is. It is the abiding place of love.

* * * * *

Home is the little republic inhabited and governed by two persons who truly love each other. There they share each other's joys, responsibilities and sorrows, and from it, with smiling faces, they go together to meet the outside world.

* * * * *

"A heaven on earth, all your own, for self and sweet heart and the little ones, in an environment of love, friendship, truth, freedom, happiness and simplicity; so living, that every member will not only be a credit, but an aid to humanity.

I commend these simple and practical statements as to what home should be to my readers, feeling assured that as they endeavor to attain their added song—fulness will come into their daily lives.

With such ideals and motives Home would be a place from which songs of happiness ascended all the time, father, mother, children, friends, all alike, would go through life Singing with God, and His great symphony would be wonderfully enriched thereby.

I cannot close this chapter without calling attention to a real picture I saw a short time ago. It was a voice that attracted me and led me to see what I should like others to see with me.

It was only a quavering voice, and neither tune nor words were clearly followed, yet there was that subtle something in it, that indefinable yet unmis-

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takable quality, that we have long known and loved. It was only a poor, blind old woman, whose life had been so hard that her mind had become affected, her memory impaired, and she has forgotten who and what she now is. Happier thoughts of younger days have taken possession of her, and she is rocking to and fro as she did forty years or more ago, when her first babe was laid in her arms, after she arose from her sick bed. There is the same crook of the elbow, the same protecting and hovering manner, the ghost of the same sweet mothering smile, while the quavering, quivering, uncertain voice sings.

Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed.

Who shall say her nay in the great chorus? Surely not the Master Conductor. No! no! there is room and to spare for her dear old voice, and it fills in with a human tremolo that, somehow, seems to enrich and enhance the beauty of the whole symphony. Truly she has kept up her Singing through Life with God, and her end surely will be peace.

CHAPTER XIII

THE SONGS OF THE AGED

I APPROACH this chapter with some little hesitation and trepidation. Few there are that have learned how to grow old gracefully. Mankind,—especially the woman part of it,—seems to dread old age. Continually, when I speak of living to be 150 years old, men and women, young men and maidens alike, reply: “I don’t want to live as long as that, I don’t want to grow old.” The repugnance to “growing old,” seems to be universal, and when I see the poor and lonesome, the sick and the infirm, the decrepit and the incompetent, grow old I do not wonder at the real terror the approach of age brings upon them. How can people in these classes sing with Browning’s “Rabbi Ben Ezra.”

Grow old along with me!

The best is yet to be,

The last of life, for which the first was made:

Our times are in His hand

Who saith, “A whole I planned,

Youth shows but half; trust God: See all, nor be afraid!”

See them—hundreds, thousands, yea millions of them, throughout our land. Perhaps you don’t see them, don’t believe in their existence, pooh-hoo the idea of there being so many of them. Thus you

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reveal your ignorance, your blindness, your deafness, for it is not seemly that you should deny what every church visitor, deaconess, sister of mercy, charity worker knows to exist. There are thousands of incompetents in our land—incompetents because of ill-birth, mental inadequacy, physical inability. Let them do what they may and will—in this our selfish civilization—there is not much in life for them. Jacob Riis, William Booth, Jack London, and a host of social workers of every kind and class have vividly pictured their heart-breaking conditions. At their best they can scarcely earn a bare livelihood, and if, in their lonely incompetence, their necessary feeling of isolation from the more fortunate members of society, they herd together and mate and have children, who can blame them, condemn them, or say them nay? They live on the “brink of the abyss,” ever fearful of the moment that fate—often in the person of a merciless driver or a boss, often in that incomprehensible condition—to them—of cessation of demand for their labor—will push them over into the chaldron of despair. For, with only one, two, three or four days, or even meals, between themselves and pennilessness, how can they help themselves? They fall into the pit by their own weight, their own inertia, their own inability, their own dependence. As a rule the cities gather these incompetents together male and female, and herd them in doleful, sad and hopeless groups, in poorhouses.

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Sometimes I wonder what God thinks when he hears the songs of those in poorhouses—the lifeless, quavering, tremulous, tuneless voices of these helpless ones. Can He fit them into the great and glorious symphony of life? Do their notes belong to the same music as the songs of birds, trees, brooks and flowers, of mountains and canyons, of forests and oceans, of sky blue and starlight?

It is plain to be seen that no one can desire an inglorious ending to life like this. The children of such parents, almost naturally, have gone from them—not deserted them as some ill-informed assert, but, feeling the misery of their child and adult life, they have sought to better their own condition by striking out for themselves. Can they be blamed? Certainly not by me. Yet, born and reared in an atmosphere of inadequacy, incompetency, inefficiency and squalor, these children, thousands of them, have not known how to pilot themselves, lift themselves out of their native conditions, and, therefore, they have lived on as low a scale as their parents, reproducing their kind and renewing, replenishing the army of the incompetents. How can such children support their parents in old age—much less be a comfort and blessing to them? They do not know how, and no one has ever taught them. All their poor energies and limited abilities are required to keep their own heads above water; they are wholly absorbed in the struggle for the preservation of their own lives.

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Hence, year after year, the army of the incompetents, the helpless poor, the sick, the incurable, the derelicts, is recruited. Death merely opens the way for the new crop, and it increases rather than decreases. For, with the industrial market as it is now conducted, the gray-haired man is no longer wanted. Let there be the slightest lull in the receipt of orders, the merest overplus in production, or an influx of young and vigorous labor from a new source of supply, and the excuse is afforded for the dismissal, the dropping from the payroll, of those who are growing old and who never were very competent, and, perhaps, owing to defective mentality, were never very loyal or faithful, conscientious or honest.

Yet we cannot ignore their existence. They are here, and common humanity dictates that they have their necessities supplied. But what an old age to look forward to! How can it be hopeful, cheerful, or any other than gloomy, sad, melancholy and wretched? The very least that one could require to be reasonably content would be health enough to care for oneself, income enough for necessities, and a few friends. With these one might picture the old age of this class as happy and dignified.

Is there no place, then, in the Universal Symphony for the songs of these our dependent brothers and sisters, the poor, the diseased, the rejected, the despised of earth? I cannot believe that God ig-

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nores them, nor can I believe that human brotherhood will long allow us to ignore their songs. They call to us to give—give largely, freely, fully, not alone of our money to relieve their necessities and give them that economic independence that alone gives dignity to old age, but of ourselves, our brains, our efficiency, our adequacy, our ability. Their wavering and pathetic song should be an arousement to the competent to go and teach them out of their abundance, to show them the way, to lead them—not drive them—into paths of self-reliance, exercise of will, development of restraint, and self-control. *How* all this is to be done, I do not say, I do not know, but I have lived long enough to affirm with assurance that those who love enough will surely find the way. With the same patience that the loving mother and father train their wilful children, the true brother and sister of these unfortunate ones will patiently guide and control their wayward and untoward impulses. They will keep resolute watch, and tenderly and gently foster every good impulse, and check every evil one. They will be versed sufficiently in simple psychology to teach that “as a man thinketh in his heart so is he.” They will show the folly and destructiveness of a belief in the perpetual and permanent power of evil. When the temptations first come to yield to the urge to a wrong course of action they will show the folly of yielding. They will foster the cheerful, hopeful, optimistic spirit. They

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will encourage while they teach. As the fingers and hands are given dexterity, and the brain trained to make demands upon them, the will, the character, the disposition will be encouraged and taught. The eternal God within them will be evoked, and their oneness with Him forcefully emphasized. Thus human brotherhood will preserve them from cynicism, from envy, malice, jealousy and hatred of those who have been more fortunately started in life's career. It will be easy, then, to preserve in them the child heart of courage, of hopefulness, of singing, of optimism, and thus, instead of their voices giving poignant discords and dissonances in the Universal Symphony, they will richly harmonize and add to its sweetness, power and effectiveness.

I believe, therefore, it is possible, speedily, for all mankind to lose its fear and dread of old age, for it really and truly to believe the truth of the lines already quoted from Browning. Why should it not be so? If God plans a life, the last part *ought*—in the very nature of things—*to be the best*.

Certainly, for myself, I want to see the whole, or as much as I may and can, of Life. I want to learn all its lessons, solve all its many problems, gain as much mental and soul increase as I can. Long ago have I learned that much of what I deemed "wisdom" in my youth is folly supreme. Age, experience, actual knowledge alone bring wisdom. As the poet sagely puts it, speaking of youth:

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Now, who shall arbitrate?
Ten men love what I hate,
Shun what I follow, slight what I receive:
Ten, who in ears and eyes
Match me: we all surmise,
They this thing, and I that: whom shall my soul believe?
Not on the vulgar mass
Called "work" must sentence pass,
Things done, that took the eye and had the price;
O'er which, from level stand,
The low world laid its hand,
Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice:
But all, the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the main account;
All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount:
Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and escaped;
All I could never be,
All men ignored in me,
This I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped.

Naturally those who are free from all the adverse conditions I have pictured should grow old gracefully; should welcome, with a glad hand, the period of knowledge gained by Life's experiences. But do they? Some few do, perhaps; let us hope, more than a few. Yet it cannot be denied, alas! that many do not. Why is this? There are many reasons. Some of these I have recited in other chapters—failure to choose love when it came; refusal to have children; choosing of money instead of char-

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acter; the formation of unnecessary and evil habits; the too complete absorption of the life in business; the disregard of friends and the finer issues of life.

No one can deny these normal soul-hungers with impunity. The debt, for neglecting them, must be paid some time, and the bill for payment generally is presented in old age.

If such be your condition now, change your mood. Right about face at once. By hook or by crook do the things you ought to have done. Forget yourself, your gray hairs, your bad physical feelings, in caring for others. Sing a new song, and let it be a song of loving helpfulness. Then look up to the Source of Abundance and ask earnestly for the things, the life you need. Sam Jones, the Southern evangelist, once presented this matter in the most perfect way. A very wealthy man of his congregation fell sick unto death. He was a miser, who never gave of his substance to help the poor and needy, and barely subscribed enough to the church to hold membership in it. He sent for Mr. Jones, who was his pastor, to come and pray for his recovery. The pastor refused. Astonished and surprised beyond measure both the sick man and his family sent more messengers to plead for his presence. Again he refused, and when asked why, Mr. Jones frankly and plainly said he did not wish to come and pray a prayer that he was sure God would not hear.

Still further astonished the friends asked why

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again. In his most direct way Mr. Jones said in effect, "Why should I pray for this man? What good has he done that God should want to spare his life? Prayers must have reason in them, or they cannot be effectual. In spite of his great wealth, his gardens, his farms, his overflowing barns, this wretched fellow has never sent a pound of butter, a dozen of eggs, a pan of milk to any one of the widows of the town, even to one of those who are members of his own church. He has never contributed a cent to any good thing in the town, and we have hard work to get anything more than the smallest subscription out of him for the church. I tell you I can't pray for him; I won't pray for him."

"But, Mr. Jones, he is sick and may die. Don't you want his life to be spared?" pleaded the sick man's messenger.

"No!" was the reply, "Why should I, or anyone else want his life to be spared? I cannot monkey with the Lord in that fashion. To pray aright I must have something to stand on, and he has given me nothing upon which I can stand."

"Stand on!" queried the astonished friend: "Stand on! What do you mean?"

"Mean?" replied the minister: "I mean what I say. I can stand on a roll of butter, a load of hay, or even a dozen eggs, a watermelon, or a pan of skim-milk."

More mystified than ever, the sick man's friend

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could scarcely gasp his request for further enlightenment. Finally Mr. Jones made it clear that a gift of any one of these things to some needy brother or sister, or to some widow with a family of small children, or to an orphan asylum, or *any* needy place or person, would give him the right to ask God to spare his life that he might continue to do good and bless those who needed such help. "Now," concluded he, "if he wants me to pray for him he knows what he can do," and he abruptly terminated the interview.

Late that afternoon he was called upon again with a list of benefactions. The old skinflint—as Mr. Jones had designated him—had sent a basket of eggs here, butter, cheese, bread, a turkey and other good things to others, a load of watermelons to the orphan's home, and another to the poorhouse.

At once Mr. Jones went to his house, knelt down at his bedside and prayed: "O Lord, Thou hast had a hard time with this man, and hast had pretty nearly to kill him to teach him how to live. He has begun to open up his hard heart and loosen his tight pantry, milk-house, and poultry house doors. Now Lord teach him to open his purse strings. If he is sincere in his desire to live a better life please give him another chance. Let him live to prove himself, and Thine shall be the praise, the honor, and the glory forever, through Jesus Christ Thy Son, Amen!"

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Needless to say the man recovered his health, and sought to live worthily ever afterwards.

The point I wish to emphasize is that many people do not grow old gracefully, or grow old at all, because *they have nothing to grow old for*. And only by having a real reason, a powerful motive, will such a joy be given to you.

Then there is one other class that should be referred to. Do you, who are gray haired, bent in body, somewhat slower in mind than you were, feeble in action, and regarding yourself as "aged," recall the time when you were full of love, hope, ambition, aspiration, ideals, morals, sweet purities, eager desires for good? You were then singing with God. Why did you quit? Why did you step out of the chorus? Those who "grow old gracefully" who have "a beautiful old age," who seem "never to grow old," who "have the secret of perpetual youth," kept on trying to keep step with God, sang all the time, even though their voices got to quavering now and again, or sank into a groan, or a hoarse whisper, or even a curse. They knew their only hope of real and perpetual joy and happiness was to keep on singing, so, catching their breath, they began again, and *kept it up*, with the result to be seen and enjoyed by all.

This beautiful old age is as free to all as are the air, the sunlight, water, flowers, and sky. It is the joyous gift of God to those who Sing through Life

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with Him in blessed helpfulness of others, and who never tire of singing.

The ideal of my own "old age"—my entrance into centenary years and beyond—is that I shall take with me thousands of beautiful pictures of things I have seen and enjoyed,—pictures that the memory will gladly recall; of books read; dramas and tragedies, comedies and extravaganzas seen enacted; of movies watched; concerts of voice and instrument, solo and orchestra, individual and choral listened to; happy social events participated in; stirring political movements witnessed and perhaps engaged in. Every loving thought and act of the past is stored away in memory and can be recalled if one wills. And, more than one's own acts, every beautiful deed done to and for one by others, the unselfishness of friends, the unswerving devotion, constant self-sacrifice, perpetual sympathy, never-failing helpfulness of loved ones, can be made to live again by Memory's willing assistance. For the memory of man delights to serve him in these blessed ways if he but give it the opportunity.

Not in sorrow, in bitterness, in regret, in repining, therefore, do I anticipate the calling back of scenes of the past in my own old age, but in joy, happiness, and thankfulness, the songs of which will bring joy, happiness and thankfulness to others, and be deemed worthy of entrance into the Universal Symphony.

CHAPTER XIV

SONGS OF DEATH

“**B**UT these are songs of sorrow, not songs of joy and blessing,” say the bereaved. The mother sadly wails over her dead, the father over his first-born son, the lover over his beloved, the child over the parent. These surely are not songs to be heard in the God song of triumph.

It seems not.

Seeming is often deceiving. Many a minor theme, even an alien minor ninth, enters into the grandest sweep of symphonic harmony, and no one feels it misplaced. Yet were it taken from its setting and made to stand alone it would be a note or theme of sorrow, of sadness, of gloom, of excruciating discord.

Death should be judged, as all things else are judged, with understanding, knowledge, insight, and comprehension. In the past death has been openly regarded as a gloomy, sad, terrible thing, to be feared above all else. Yet the war has shown us how brave and good men can die. Coningsby Dawson, Rupert Hughes, Joyce Kilmer, hosts of others, have voiced the new, the larger, ideas of death, even as Browning gave expression to them a couple of gen-

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erations ago: To the real believer in God there is no death. Life, once begun, is continuous. Here, there, or somewhere, in God's great universe, we live on. St. Paul declares it in that triumphant chapter of his to the Corinthians (1 Cor. XV), where he declares that man has a natural body and also a spiritual and incorruptible body, and that, at death, the former is sown in corruption and at the resurrection is raised in incorruption.

So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

The universal heart of man feels this is true; Wordsworth wrote his *Intimations of Immortality* and Addison in his *Cato* says:

The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years,
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

While Browning exclaimed:

Good to forgive;
Best to forget!
Living we fret;
Dying we live.
Fretless and free,
Soul, clap thy pinion!
Earth have dominion,
Body, o'er thee!

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Wander at will,
Day after day,—
Wander away,
Wandering still—
Soul that canst soar!
Body may slumber:
Body shall cumber
Soul-flight no more.

Waft of soul's wing!
What lies above?
Sunshine and Love,
Skyblue and Spring!
Body hides—where?
Ferns of all feather,
Mosses and heather,
Yours be the care!

Christ came and definitely taught that He was “the resurrection and the life,” and positively declared that those who believed in Him should never die. Without entering into any discussion is it not evident that we have wilfully and deliberately gotten away from the joyous assurance of these teachings in our methods of dealing with what we here call death? We *believe* in sickness, in disease, in death, and we *act*—live out—our belief. The result is that when the seeming of disease possesses our loved ones we are gloomy, sad, fearful—and if the conditions are severe, or the sufferer is aged, we *fear* death, dread its coming, look for it with painful and sad anticipation. When it comes we weep, and surround

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ourselves with all the accredited trappings of woe. Instead of accepting the Christ assurance, we allow our undertakers to make us as woeful as they can. Black or white coffins are provided, certain mourning clothes are prescribed; gloves, hat bands, arm bands must conform to our "loss;" certain funeral music is expected; the "last sad rites are performed;" a funeral service gone through, where a smile would be out of place and shock everyone present; and then a hideous hearse, that professionally mourns for us, carries the body we have loved away.

Then we send our black-bordered cards or "announcements" of our "bereavement," and recognize a prescribed period and condition of mourning during which we must do this, and refrain from doing that.

Far be it from me even to appear to make light of death. I have felt the pangs of "losing" a beloved father, mother, brother and other dear ones. Yet I do feel that all this professional "mourning" should cease. If the "death" is but the casting aside of the temporary shell we here manifest in, why be so sad about it? I know how dear this body becomes. I fully understand how we long for its presence. I heartily sympathize with Richard Burton, who cried out so intensely for the "human touch," the clasp of a vanished hand, but, if God be alive and Christ be risen from the dead, and Truth still lives, our loved ones are *in Him*, and in Truth and reality

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cannot die. In their Life-journeys they have been promoted—that is all.

Could we have stood inside the womb at the birth of our loved one, we should have exclaimed at the sadness of the loss the mother was about to endure. We could truthfully protest that the child was being cared for in a most wonderful manner; protected from all of the dangers life was subjected to; sheltered from every shadow of hardship or sorrow. Yet in His superlative wisdom God demands of both mother and child the expulsive efforts, and the child comes to the birth. We—supposing us able to stand *within* the sheltered resting-place of the unborn—cry out: “What a loss! A death!” while those *outside*, who have a larger, wider knowledge than those within, exclaim: “Ring the joy-bells for a healthy, happy babe is born into the world.”

Apply the analogy to what we call death. This earth is the mother’s womb wherein we grow to our spiritual birth. When the time comes we are thrust forth into the new life. We, with our limited vision and knowledge, weep and cry: “A death!” but the spiritual ones, the angels, cry: “A birth!” and rejoice over the enlargement of the Life of a human soul on its progressive journey. And as the placenta was severed from mother and child—it had done its part and was henceforth useless and could be buried, burned or otherwise destroyed—so with our bodies. They are the “placentas” that have connected us with

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our earth-mother; but as we are now entering the Spirit-Life they are no longer needed. We bury or burn them, for *we* live on and soon forget that we ever required them.

Is it not the part of wisdom, of common sense, of Life itself to take the fuller, larger, truer view of Death, and refuse to dwell on the human side, the temporary side, to cease to weep over the inanimate clay, the "placenta" that has been nourished from Mother Earth but is now no longer needed? So long as we stick to earthly viewpoints we shall suffer earthly pangs, but as soon as we rise to the spiritual and actual, the *real* outlooks and conceptions of Life as God sees them, suffering and sorrow of every kind fall away from us more swiftly than a smile takes the place of a frown, and we contemplate *Birth*, not *Death*.

I am well aware that there are but few who have not cried out in the anguish of their loneliness, with Tennyson:

O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.

Yet Enoch walked with God and God *took* him. It is part of God's plan that He should take us *all*, even as he took Enoch, and Elijah and Moses and Jesus. He has further adventures in Life for us—for you and me, and our loved ones who have gone—in as much larger and more wonderful a world than this, as this is over and above the life we lived in

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our mother's wombs. Hence the ones who are ahead are walking hand in hand with Him. Don't you think their hearts are singing? Do you dream their voices are woeful, mournful, dolorous, sad? Nay, nay! They Sing with God in their new life. Why, then, should we walk here, alone, and in grief? Let us cry out: "E'en though He slay not me alone, but my dearest and best, yet will I trust in Him," and when we know he takes those dearest and best in loving kindness, because they are ready for the larger and fuller life, let us rejoice and sing, trustingly keeping step with Him—Singing, even in our bereavements through Life with God.

As I look back over the history of men I find where the belief in immortality has reigned supremely in men's hearts. Even the savages believe in a future life so that they have no fear of death. They have assured themselves of a continued life. Should members of the "superior race" be less assured, and more afraid of death? It seems to me we belie our vaunted progress if we cannot find, with all our intellectual growth, fuller assurance of immortality than that possessed by a wild Apache. For myself I can speak confidently. I *do* have that enlarged assurance. Proof? No! Faith? Yes! A faith based upon my highest reason.

And this faith is no new thing. Listen to the death songs of the past. Many of them are sad and hopeless, but among them one may hear the sweet

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voices of martyrs—men, women, youths, maidens, even children—in the flames; in the arena awaiting the coming of wild beasts; about to be thrown from precipice heights; poised ready for drowning; ready to be hanged; about to be cast into boiling oil; ready, indeed, for any and every torture that the devilish ingenuity of men have devised. No fear of death by cruelest torture was able to quench the indomitable spirit of these lovers of God, or those who believed they loved God, and who were assured of immortality. Mayhap their knowledge was limited, their conceptions crude, their “theology” narrow, as compared with ours, but their aims and hopes, their faiths and loves, were large, and they were willing to die for them—surely a lesson we need in this age when men treat flippant things seriously, and serious things flippantly.

And this large faith in immortality often crops out unexpectedly, showing that men who were deemed insensible to serious and sober thought on such matters have yet dwelt upon them to the enlargement of their comfort and courage.

Do you hear those wonderful strains, deep, calm, strong, yet vibrant with unusual feeling and significance? They come from a sinking ship, the stricken vessel that soon will plunge into the fathomless deep. Yet the band plays on, its music serene, calm, soothing, as though playing for a Sunday summer evening’s service out of doors. Not a quaver out of

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place, not a false note, caused by fear, anywhere. Why? None of these players, perhaps, could have argued out the matter, but they all felt the assurance within their inner selves that Death was but of the body, and was, in reality, the portal of Life.

Do you ask for physical proof of a spiritual fact? Impossible! As well ask the unborn child to prove what its life, when born, shall be. Those *outside* the mother's womb know; the child within cannot possibly know. At present we are *within*. We cannot know *physically*, but there is a testimony of the Spirit, the whisperings of the Divine to our souls that tranquillizes us, and we rest in the assurance that all is well.

When I "die" I desire that my loved ones wear no dark and somber clothes for me. I want them to have no funeral music, no mournful ceremony. I would have them secure the least "professional looking" hearse that can be found, if a hearse be necessary. Let my body, in which, by which, or through which, *myself* has been manifested here, and wherein God has given me many and wonderful glimpses of Himself, be cremated, and my ashes scattered to make more flowers grow. And let all rejoice at my promotion, my advancement, just as they would were I "alive" and engaged to go to New York or Boston to do work I enjoy, at a salary four times as large as that I had been receiving. There would be the sense of temporary loss during my absence, until my family

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could all remove to the East, but by and by there would be the reunion and the enlarged happiness assured to us all.

Our mental attitude must be changed. Death is death only to the temporal sense, while in reality it is a fuller entrance upon Life. It is to be rejoiced at, gloried in, be thankful for, and such is the way I desire to face death, both for my loved ones and myself, so that even in Death's hour I may go through what people generally deem its gloomy portals, Singing through *Life*, into *Fuller Life*, with God.

CHAPTER XV

THE SONGS OF HOPE

HOW Hope sings perennially in the human heart. It seldom stops its song. Unheard by any, perhaps, save the one to whom it is addressed, it sings on, on, on, ever encouraging, cheering, pressing away gloom and despair. Whence come these songs of hope, and are all hopes alike?

It seems to me they are not.

There are hopes and hopes, hopes that should be fulfilled; hopes that are forlorn and yet that ought to be gratified; hopes that, if fulfilled, would injure the one exercising them; hopes that are unreasonable; hopes that have no basis; hopes innumerable and as varied as are the minds that are possessed by them.

Hence I take it there are different sources for our hopes. Whence come they? Do we create our own hopes? Do they spring up spontaneously from our own nature? If so it must be that the mortal mind, the conscious-intellect of man, sleeps at times and that some of our hopes are born in this temporary death of the mind. For they are unreasonable, foolish, unwise. Ibañez, in his dramatic *Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*, makes Don Marcelo De

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Snoyers, as soon as his useless son enters the French army, cry out: "No one will kill him. My heart, which never deceives me, tells me so. . . . No one will kill him!" And the father sees his son in the midst of war's awful dangers and goes away content. The author, in telling of this, says: "As they got farther away from the soldier boy, Hope appeared to be singing in his ears; and as an echo of his pleasing musings, the father kept repeating mentally, 'No one will kill him.'"

Yet in a few weeks his son was slain.

Whence came this false hope?

For sages, poets and philosophers of all ages have recognized that there are *false* as well as *true* hopes. Shelley says:

Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates.
Heber asserts:

Earthly hope, how bright soe'er,
Still fluctuates o'er this changing scene.
As false and fleeting as 'tis fair.

George Eliot goes further, and in strong, powerful words denounces false hope:

Hopes have precarious life.
They are oft blighted, withered, snapped sheer off
In vigorous growth and turned to rottenness.

And Pope in his great couplet, one line of which only, as a rule, is quoted, shows what a broken reed to lean on is this kind of hope:

Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be blest.

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Shelley, in his *Cenci*, says:

Worse than despair,
Worse than the bitterness of death, is hope!

Such a hope is the will-o'-the-wisp of men's desires; the *ignis fatuus* that lures them into danger; the false light on the rocks during a storm that beckons them to death. Hence the songs of hope of this character cannot be the songs God would have us sing. Our hopes must be real in order that our songs may be real accompaniments to the God-chorus of the universe.

Is there any way, then, that man may know when his hopes are real and when false? For, if not, how can he sing *knowingly with God*? There, as elsewhere, fundamental principles apply. A few questions will soon reveal the character, and therefore the origin and nature of your hope. Is it a selfish hope? Is it purely for your own gratification? Is it reasonable? Is it based upon Love, Truth, Justice, Mercy, Helpfulness, Brotherhood, Divine Wisdom? If so, it is real and may be exercised to the full; if not, the sooner it is abandoned the better.

Columbus's hope was based upon Divine fact. The earth was and is round. Hence he had a right to listen to the Song of Hope that sprang up in his heart, and to join in the song and compel his superstitious sailors, who were determined to go back, to "Sail on, and on and on!" The Wright Brothers had a singing hope that was a God-given hope, hence they

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were right in joining in God's song, until at last they sang as they flew on swift pinion through the air in triumphant joy. If the sick man can realize that God is the God of health, and not of disease, and that he, the man, is a reflection, a likeness, an image of God in *health*, as in everything else, he can hope, nay he can *know*, that he can speedily dissipate the dream of his illness and sing the song of the healthy, the well, the joyous, in his radiant fullness of life and power.

There are those who "hope" for a fuller supply to meet earth's daily needs, but their hope is false and foolish as it is not based upon their own activities or on God's essential nature. These are intimately connected. God is the Divine Source of all. He has enough of all needful things in His universe to supply every proper demand, and man's activity resolves itself into an understanding of this fact and a reaching out to take of that Divine abundance. Those who understand this law are truly enabled to go through Life Singing with God. It is more than the mere teachings of a church to grasp such significant words as: "My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." Why should He withhold these things if they are needful for the happiness of His children? The very thought is absurd. Here He is, supplied to the full with those things His children need. His heart is full of love, of tenderness, of compassion. He wants to give. Yet, at the

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same time He wants us to take. There is but one condition and that, in the nature of things, is imperative: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." One must be in harmony with the Divine, in tune with the Infinite. There must be no antagonism, no failure to co-ordinate. The general in chief calls for harmony in his army and assures victory when this is accomplished. Who shall refuse to obey? From highest officer to lowest private it should be the desire of each man gladly and readily to meet the general's demand. Every intelligent man sees this need for co-ordination in an earthly army. And this readiness and universality of perception is a proof that it is based upon a universal or divine principle, and that all real and permanent success must rest upon it—and that principle is that the Universal Demand for Harmony, for oneness, for Obedience must be met. *Then*—and not until then—the words of Jesus are instantly realizable. Are you seeking *first* a Oneness with the Universal Kingdom of Love, Truth, Purity, Justice, Peace, Brotherhood? If so, reach out and *take what you will* from the universal storehouse of Good. The words of David become instantly translatable into fact: "No good thing will God withhold from them that walk uprightly."

Hope, based upon what God has said in the experiences of His children in this or past ages, or resting

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upon His actual voice heard in the hearts of men, or upon His dealings with all Nature, is not an elusive or a deceptive thing. It may be relied upon. It is a promise *sure of fulfilment*. It was that which led Whittier to write:

When the Christian sings his death-song, all the listening
 heavens draw near,
And the angels, leaning over the walls of crystal, hear
How the notes so faint and broken swell to music in God's
 ear.

Let it be *God's hope*, therefore, that sings to you and you will find no ashes on your lips instead of the food of fulfillment. He doeth all things well, and in nothing more so than in His dealings with the sons of men:

Ye fearful souls, fresh courage take;
 The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with goodness that shall break
 In blessings on your head.

God's hope is *real* hope, based upon that which never fails. Such a hope may well produce joy, happiness, singing, so that he who knows it can yield to it with assurance. Hopes like this are mighty and make us *men*, women, inspired, uplifted, confident, healthy, pure-hearted, strong, radiant, to go forth and battle for the good. To such men and women gloom, sadness, disease, poverty, loss, failure are unknown. Triumphant they march, keeping step with and Singing through Life with God.

CHAPTER XVI

SONGS OF ABUNDANCE

ONE of the first songs every child of God should learn to sing is the Song of Abundance, the Song of God's Sufficiency to Supply All Needs. Why are so many people poverty-stricken? It is because they are not Singing through Life with God. He owns, controls, disposes of the Universe. He is its Creator, its Maintainer. He holds the worlds in the hollow of His hands. "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth His *handiwork*." His richness is beyond the paltry conceptions of men. The millions, billions, owned by the few who seem almost demi-gods to the unthinking multitude, are but as a few grains of sand when one compares them with what the Creator possesses. Words, indeed, are feeble, nay foolish, to try to express the vastness of what is His. For *all* is His.

Why cannot man learn this lesson, and at the same time grasp God's generous goodness? Go out into Nature and witness the abundance there. How flooded the earth is with sunshine; how vast is the ocean; how extensive are the forests; how wide-sweeping the winds; how generous the rains and the

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snows; how expansive the deserts; how high and lofty the mountains; how deep the canyons. Go out into the orchards in spring-time and see how flooded they are with blossoms; into the fields, pastures, plains and mountain-sides in summer and witness the prodigal growth of the flowers. Even the fruit, the precious, luscious fruit, so loads down the trees that, were a lot of it not to fall, the trees would be broken down by its weight.

Did you ever see the flood of salmon that almost chokes up the Columbia and other rivers of the North, or see the shoals of fish that possess our bays and harbors? In the lakes and rivers the finest trout and other edible fish are found in abundance; in fact, millions of tons are taken out each year, and yet the supply is undiminished.

Abundance, abundance is the keynote everywhere. Young trees in the forest come up so fast that they must be thinned out ere the others can have room to grow; the poppies on the hillside are so numerous that they form a flaming carpet of burnished gold that can be seen for scores of miles.

And these are but types of all things. With such examples of abundance before us is it not strange that we fail to grasp the all-sufficiency of the Creator of all of these varied resources, recognize our relationship to Him, and begin to claim our natural heritage? Well may we be bid to "Consider the lilies." It is time we began to *think*, to learn, to

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know. The father of the prodigal said to the son that remained at home: "Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine," and Christ declared: "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, *how much more*"—get hold of that—"how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?"

Let us rise to the consciousness of the fact that we are sons and daughters of God, dowered by Him with the right to draw from His boundless Store of the Universe for all we need for health, happiness, wealth, success and power. Why, then, do we suffer from disease, distress, poverty, failure and incompetence? Simply because, in our ignorance, our blindness or our unbelief, we fail to use the right He has given us. It is as if we were to be given a check-book by some inconceivably wealthy relative or friend, with assurances that our checks would be honored at any bank where they were presented, and we still remained in squalor and poverty. Why not "try" God a little? Why not test his promises? Sing the song, with Him, of His sufficiency, His abundance, and test His word? Well might Faber write:

If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine,
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Don't you want the sunshine, the sweetness, the

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replenishment of your store of good things? Then sing of God's abundance. This is the new song He is now offering to put into your mouths—just one of them, for He has an abundance of songs, as of all else. Ask Him for what you need. He has pledged Himself: "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find." "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him."

I have a friend, a most learned man. In some respects he is a leader of world-renown. Yet he goes about constantly deploring and decrying his poverty. He needs this, that, and the other, and never knows where it is coming from, and is doubtful if it ever will come. He is a great writer. He has many books already written, but he can find no one to publish them, and is "too poor" to publish them himself. His friends know what to expect when he meets them. They dread the deluge of his repinings and wailings of poverty.

Now, with all love and respect I commend to my learned friend the words of Solomon: "Get wisdom: and with all thy getting get understanding." His knowledge, great though it is, has not given him wisdom. He has not yet gained an understanding of the *fact* of God's abundance, and The Law by which he may draw upon it. The cure of his poverty is in his own hands. He dwells upon it, enlarges it, thinks of it, until it possesses him, and so long as he does this he will assuredly remain poor.

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The poor must change their habits of thought. They must look away from themselves to God's abundant wealth. They must "saturate themselves"—as it were—with the thought of the astounding and all-abounding wealth of God, and then seek to realize that, as they are sons of God, they are heirs to all this super abundance.

I know I shall be met with the remark that one gets nothing in this life that he doesn't work for. True, and why should he? Don't you desire to work for all you get? I have no wish to be a beggar, holding my hand out all the time for a "tip." I have a supreme contempt, that will not down, for all the sons and daughters of rich men who are waiting to "inherit" what their fathers have earned, simply because they are so lazy that they won't go out and earn for themselves. I want nothing from a rich parent; I prefer to work for all I possess. Yet, if I am ready and willing to work from morning till night, and *do* so work, I am perfectly ready to accept all the wages my work will bring. And God is no niggard. He will pay. But you must know for whom you are working, and you must go and ask for your pay.

There are forces at work in this world that only a few have yet recognized. Franklin saw that God had provided Electricity, and he began to call for it. Today everybody is enjoying it, but it is not owing to everybody's working for it. It was Franklin and

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Morse and Bell and Edison and Marconi *that got it for us*. We are the beneficiaries of *their work, their study, their grasp of the laws of God, their asking and receiving*.

But there are other forces—those of the mind and soul—ininitely more wonderful than steam and electricity and mechanics and the power to fly. And these are accessible to all who will try them. Believe, have faith, that God is good, and only good, and that He means nothing but good to you. Refuse to be side-tracked from this belief. Work and live in accordance with it and while other people “may reason and welcome,” as to the whys and wherefores, you will soon have experience enough to “know.” Let me give, in brief, the story of a girl and a family, who had this faith and who soon learned the law.

About Christmas and Thanksgiving times there are always a few people who are able and willing to give financial help to others who go to the officials of the charity organizations of a city and ask for the names and addresses of one or more families that they may assist. In this way a large Irish family came to the attention of a well-to-do family in a nearby suburb. The city family consisted of the father, who was a common laborer, getting well up in years; a mother and eight children, not one of whom had yet reached a producing age. The suburban family had several children, so clothes were sent, together with other necessaries, and, what made the gifts ten-fold more

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welcome, a friendly spirit accompanied them. The families became closer acquainted as the months passed, until, by and by, there was a real friendship sprung up between them. This was rare good fortune for the city family, for, while the cost of living increased, the wages of the unskilled father laborer remained stationary. The oldest daughter of the Irishman was kept at school and at fifteen years of age graduated from the grammar department. For a long time she had ardently longed to take a business course, arguing that if she once began to work in a factory she would never be able to get away from it, and thus would be tied down to hard and unremunerative labor for the rest of her life. To her parents a business education seemed out of her reach. How could they afford it? How could she gain it?

Now note. The mental attitude of the parents, while it seemed to be the perfectly natural attitude, was one of distrust, of failure to recognize the abundance, the sufficiency, and the love of God. On the other hand, the girl, consciously or unconsciously, held to it. How she was to get the necessary money for tuition, books and carfare and board while she was at business college, she couldn't see any more than her parents, but she positively refused to allow herself to believe that the way would not open. The mother finally became imbued with her daughter's spirit. She was willing to make sacrifices, but neither, as yet, could see any opening. The charity organiza-

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tion, recognizing the bravery, courage and fine determination of the girl to rise out of her poverty-stricken condition, was seriously considering some way of making her desires attainable, when the oldest daughter of the other family, coming to visit her friends, learned the whole situation. She was a teacher herself, and had learned from her parents the blessed Song of Helpfulness of Others, hence, immediately, she offered to pay all the expenses of the business-college education, merely stipulating, not for the return of the money to herself, but that the older sister should be willing to perform the same service, when she became able, for her younger sisters and brothers.

Here was a clear case of following the law of unflinching trust in God, and *sticking to it* until the result was attained.

I have friends who own a ranch in the High Sierras. They keep cattle and hogs and raise a good quantity of hay. The family consisted of father, mother and two sons, now respectively about 16 and 12 years of age. Two years ago the father was taken ill and died; the mother was heart-broken. There was not enough income from the ranch to engage competent help, and neighbors and friends alike urged the mother to give up the place. She, however, had a larger sense of trust in the sufficiency and abundance of God than they, and, on talking the matter over with her boys, they decided to go on,

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doing the best they could, and relying upon Divine wisdom and power for guidance and help. What is the result? Their confidence is more than fully justified. The boys have become fine, manly, noble, reliable fellows, doing the work and assuming the responsibilities in a remarkable fashion. The placing of the burden upon them has developed them in a way that nothing else would. God has honored the confidence of the mother, and she rejoices in the manliness, the dignity, the reliability, the fine character of her boys, and everything is going along swimmingly. They are on the way to prosperity, and are happy in their united family labors for the preservation of the ranch and home they all so much love.

“Rest in the Lord and He shall give thee thy heart’s desire,” is the biblical promise. Try it out. Find out what is your heart’s desire. Think it over fully. Write out what you really want. Ask for it, believing you will receive it. Sing the song of God’s abundance, and look ever towards His generosity and love. Work to attain what you desire, but “rest in the Lord” while you are doing it. Decide how you will use the “desired” thing when you get it. If it be health, resolve what you will do for your fellows when you are perfectly restored. If it be money, sit down with pencil and paper and decide how you will spend it. Perhaps, too, it would be a good thing to determine beforehand how much you are going to ask God for, and why? Be business-like, be systematic,

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be reasonable, be honest and true with yourself and Him.

Then work and trust, and the way will assuredly open in the most unexpected and remarkable manner. Elijah was fed by the ravens; Elisha had the cruse of oil and the widow's measure of meal renewed daily. These miracles are no greater than will appear in your behalf, if you but rely upon God's sufficiency.

Oh, what a song to be able to sing: "My God will supply all your need in Christ Jesus." In Him is there no lack of anything.

There is enough in the Divine to meet every need, requirement and legitimate want of all humanity. Enough? There is enough and to spare. One seeks a drop, and an ocean is there before him; he wants enough warmth to heat his body and the sun sheds its powerful beams through eighty-five millions of miles of space; he needs a few ounces of food to satisfy his hunger, and a hundred, a thousand, things are spread before him, tempting his appetite with their varied and perfect deliciousnesses; he wishes a little vacation in "different" scenery and changed environment, and mountains, canyons, hillsides, foothills, valleys, forests, waterfalls, creeks, lakes, seashores, islands, deserts, plains, rolling country,—rocky, arid, fertile,—with climates as varied as the scenery, are offered him for his choice. He is a musician and wants a little music, and he finds the Divine musician has inspired a million compositions of such variety and

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wonderfulness that his mind is bewildered to make a choice; he is an artist, and in Nature he finds more subjects than he can compass in a hundred life times, and his imagination fired by as many more; he is an "inventor," and he finds so many suggestions and clues in Nature that he can invent something new every day and make no impression on the original supply—and so it is all throughout. God's abundance is inconceivable to the human mind. "It hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive" what God has stored up, waiting for the call of His children.

Few yet understand this law of supply and demand. We *think* we know something of what God owns, yet in reality how little we know. Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden had all the powers of electricity, steam, mechanics, just as we have today, but they were not aware; they did not know. Man might have had the steam-engine, the telegraph, the telephone, the aeroplane centuries ago, had he but known and wanted them enough. There has been nothing new added to the original supply of things since man began to live. All was there that we now find. And the centuries yet to come will reveal so many more things of wonder and helpfulness to mankind that a hundred years from now men will look back and wonder at the dense, crass, benighted ignorance of our day, even though we do brag and boast of our wonderful achievements.

But far more than in material things will man

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learn the spiritual laws that operate in the Universe. As yet we scarcely know that we are spiritual. Indeed we have but faint intimations of it. It is only quite recently that men have dared openly and positively to express their assurance that they were spiritual and not physical. Is it not then quite apparent that, as they grow in this marvelous knowledge, new vistas of hitherto totally unknown, unconceived of, things will be revealed, and man will rise to a height he has never dreamed of?

I am eager to begin to sing the Song of Man's Spirituality, of his oneness with God, of the immeasurable largeness of his destiny, of God's willingness and ability to supply man with all he needs to attain to the highest. If it be physical health, it will come; if it be money, it will be given; if it be power, influence, it will arise and—whatever his need, *my* need, it will be abundantly supplied; the measure will be full, pressed down, running over.

Thus shall I Sing through Life with God, and gladly enter upon the new life, the new and blessed adventure I see beyond, when this dream life of the body shall be ended and my real and spiritual life shall begin. Already I can hear the songs of the angels, of the archangels, the cherubim and seraphim, calling me onwards, upwards. Thus I am cheered and encouraged in my earthly pilgrimage and go on my way, Singing with God.

CHAPTER XVII

THE VARIED SONGS OF NATURE

WHILE there are special chapters devoted to trees and mountains, stars and birds, brooks and rivers, I cannot resist the temptation to record a few of the many songs other phases of Nature have sung to me at different times. Of course it is evident to the thoughtful reader that a score of books the size of this easily might be filled with experiences of the kind. One of my motives in writing this specific chapter is to urge upon my readers the desire to "cash in" their own opportunities with Nature. Life is full of them, but one must catch them "on the wing." If one fails to enjoy the flavor of the peach he is eating, *at the time*, he has neither the additional joys of retrospect or anticipation. His loss is three-fold—the loss of the immediate pleasure, of remembrance, of anticipation. Eternal recognition and appreciation of Nature are the price one must pay for continuous joy. Bryant speaks knowingly and therefore truthfully when he says:

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language.

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So also does Tennyson, who declares, "Nothing in Nature is unbeautiful," and Lord Thurlow, who says, "Nature is always wise in every part; and Wordsworth, who asserts:

Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her.

How could she? Nature is but the visualized expression of certain thoughts of God:

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul.

Hence, to me, as I study and enjoy Nature, I am studying and enjoying, not God, but a book of God's thoughts. I am not a pantheist, but I feel that God reveals Himself in every object, fact and aspect of Nature.

This world, the great sidereal universe, is God's. "All things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made that was made." I recall, too, that when He looked upon this creation of His hands he declared it was "good." Therefore, when I go out into Nature I feel I am gazing upon, coming in contact with, the good, perfect and complete handiwork of God, manifested to me now in physical form, the symbol of the higher and more complete spiritual form which I can the more fully comprehend and understand as I myself become higher and more spiritual in my consciousness. I believe this is what makes the pure heart feel like singing when it gets

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into free and responsive contact with Nature. Ina Coolbrith sings in *Blossom Time*:

I sing and shout in the fields about,
In the balm and the blossoming.

And as the lark and thrush sing to her soul she exclaims:

Sing loud, sing clear, that the King may hear,
And my soul shall sing with you.

When Shelley heard the skylark he burst out into an ecstasy of song himself, that has thrilled the world ever since, and has led many to join in the Universal Symphony.

It must have been because he heard the great symphony of Nature that Mendelssohn wrote his *Lobegesang*, his *Hymn of Praise*, that wonderful composition that accords all Nature to his mood and genius, and that expresses so much of the tuneful joy of God's great out of doors. As I stop my writing for a few minutes, my whole nature responds to the thrill of the solos, duets, the overture, the delicate melodies, the crashing and thunderous choruses of that sublime composition, and then, in a moment, I am revelling in the majestic songs of *Elijah*, and can feel his "Thanks be to God, He loveth the thirsty land."

Haydn, too, felt it in his *Creation*, another of those more than human conceptions of the Divine power, expressed in vocal music. Can you not hear in memory—if you ever have been privileged to hear it

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sung by a competent body of trained voices, accompanied by a good orchestra—that stately, opening chorus, “The Heavens are Telling the Glory of God?” The mere remembrance of it is as thrilling as a battle, and it is of God’s creative glory and power, instead of man’s destructive horrors and war’s devastations.

I received more real and valuable theological instruction from these sublime musical compositions—and I might refer to a score, a hundred, of them, as, for instance, the overture to *William Tell*—than from all the sermons I ever heard preached. Why? It seems to me the answer must be found in the fact that the musicians *responded* more fully to Nature’s glorious songs than did the preachers, and therefore were enabled to awaken similar responses in the hearts of those who listened to their music.

I am heartily in sympathy with the thought so perpetually expressed by Ruskin—I do not need to find a specific quotation—viz., that Nature is the great teacher of art. Young put this thought into these words: “The course of Nature is the art of God,” and Pope says, “All Nature is but art.” That artist, in every line of expression, who best studies and knows Nature, is best fitted for his own work. Take the basketry art of the Indian. So long as the weaver stuck to the patterns of Nature, and did her work well, her designs were infallible, perfect, un-criticizable. Who can criticize the sphere, the circle, the oval, the cube, the parallelogram? They are per-

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fect—God-created, hence beyond the criticism of the man who can but copy, rearrange and adapt—*not* create. The painter but transcribes on canvas one small portion of Nature whose beauty and power has impressed him, but, were we alert, seeing *for ourselves*, Nature would show us a million such joyous bits to the artist's one.

The wonderful book of John Ward Stimson—*The Gate Beautiful*—to which I have referred elsewhere, is but a record of the things of beauty his eye had found in Nature. Nature is the master colorist, the master creator of form, the master combiner of landscapes, seascapes, cloudscapes, skyscapes. Nothing man can accomplish can equal, much less surpass, what Nature already has done. So that, while I would not have men love art the less, I would have them love Nature the more. Thus we shall be led to the Fountain-head of all beauty, all joy, all song.

The greater a man's intellectuality, the closer he has associated with his keen-brained fellows, the more cultured he is, the more he has read, studied and traveled, the more Nature will sing to him if he will but open his heart. One has a fine example of this in the three Van Dykes—Henry, best known as author of *The God of the Open Air*, and who was our Minister to Belgium during the war, and his two third cousins, John C. and Theodore S. All three are educated and cultured of the cultured, yet all three

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have gone out into the wilds and written of the songs that have bubbled up in their hearts as they have listened to the singing of Little Rivers, the Flowers, the Mohave Desert, the Mountains, the Seas, the Forests and the Foothills. John's books are prose poems, full of exquisite thoughts, beautifully expressed, and Theodore's works on California, though not so well known as his brother's, are a perpetual joy to those who possess and read them, while Henry's are the companions of hundreds of thousands who, through them, are led out into Nature.

It was Nature that took hold of and inspired Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras. Cannot you feel how he must have felt when he exultantly sang the following lines? He was tired of the dull, level monotony of life. His soul took fire, and gladdened in the flame of the sun as it sent him to the front, to *live*, to *be*, to *do*, to *dare*, and strow great thoughts through the world as he went:

There in that sun did my soul take fire! . . .
My glad heart glowed with the one desire
 To stride to the front, to live, to be!
To strow great thoughts through the world as I went,
As God sows stars through the firmament.

So Nature has inspired men through all ages, and will continue to do so, so long as men and Nature exist. As Stanton Davis Kirkham well says:

Nature is herself a perpetual invitation to come into the open. The woods are an unfailing resource; the mountains and the sea companionable. To count among one's

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friends the birds and flowers and trees is surely worth one's while . . . a chance meeting with a bird may lend a pleasant flavor to the day.

Well do I remember the first time I saw the Grand Canyon of Arizona. My heart swelled within me so that unconsciously I longed for the powers of expression so intensely that had I been restrained I felt I should have burst. And ever since that first real attempt at verbal expression I have been recording for others the songs Nature has never ceased singing to my heart, soul, and brain. I can ever see that great abyss carved across the plateau, forest and desert country of Utah and Northern Arizona, and see the giant Colorado River as it dashes and sings on its lonesome way. Yet its lonesomeness is in seeming only, and to the human sense alone. The *Colorado Grande* has its children, but, strange to say, instead of its feeding them, they do the feeding. A score or more tributaries constantly pour their waters forth, singing their own quieter songs, accompanying the louder, more insistent and dominant voice of the larger stream.

That glorious sight of color and form, of solitude and mystery, and the song of its companion river got into my blood and have never left it. Nor do I ever expect, or want, them to do so. From that experience has sprung a life that is now full of perpetual song which the singer enjoys, regardless of whether others do so or not.

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Of the animals found in Nature one might write for many life times. Brief, indeed, must be the space here devoted to them.

It is worth while to take a week's or a month's trip to the mountains and forests simply to watch the Douglas and tree squirrels. They are as frolicsome as kittens or puppies and far more swift, alert, electric in their movements. In their fun one with another they dart up and down the tree-trunks, head or tail first makes no difference, making turns so swiftly the eye can scarce follow them, dodging one another, dashing here on the ground, scampering back with electric rapidity and up the tree for ten, fifteen, twenty feet, then scurrying around the trunk, peeking, watching, flirting, with eyes as bright and twinkling as stars on a dark night, face apparently as sober and serious as that of a self-conscious and pompous judge, who takes his seat on the bench for the first time. This is a fact seldom commented on, that, in his frolicking, the squirrel's face seems to change but little, yet, to the watchful observer who knows him, there are changes as definite and positive as on the face of the veriest clown or stage mimic.

He is a born flirt—and the females of the species are just as bad, and they enjoy flirting with humans as well as with each other. Sometimes I have played *peek-a-boo* with one, or two, for half an hour at a time. They would dodge first from one side of the tree to another, then up to a branch, peeking down,

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sideways, over the back, darting down to the end of the branch, hanging on and swinging up and down for a few moments, stopping long enough for a quizzical glance, as much as to say: "Don't you wish you could swing at the end of a tree branch like this?" Then, back again to the main trunk, down, dashing to within about three feet of me, scampering back, as if in terror, and up the tree again, only to dart down the next moment, leap upon a nearby tree trunk, and go over the whole performance again.

Nor do they need companionship in their frolics. They can enjoy themselves all alone. The other day I caught one hanging head downwards, his feet tangled up in a long and heavy shred or ribbon of cedar bark. In some way he was pushing himself off from the tree and swinging around and around. Then, he would seize the piece of bark with his teeth, as a puppy will a rag, shake it in an apparent frenzy of rage, and start the swinging again, only to leave hold, dart out in a scurrying circuit on the ground, to dash back, seize the bark, and start afresh.

Their every movement is instinct with life and the joy of being. They Sing through Life with God in the very perfection of electric exuberance and delight. And he is wise who sits and watches them, begins to long to emulate them, and then so lives as to keep muscles and nerves in such perfect condition that he can, in his way, play as enjoyably and freely as the squirrel does in his.

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As one wanders through the National Parks where the wild animals are protected, it is no uncommon thing, when walking under the trees, to see deer, two, four and even a dozen or twenty of them. It is right that they should be rigidly protected by the forest rangers, and they become almost as fearless as domestic animals. One morning, as the stage rode down the road at speed in the Yosemite, a doe and two fawns, three parts grown, sprang across in front of us, and then ran parallel with the stage, in the trees, for fifty yards or more. On one occasion I was traveling alone in the High Sierras, and had stopped for my noon luncheon. My saddle-horse, with bridle off, was grazing near by. Here I sat on the edge of a cotton-wood copse, opening my food package. Hearing a slight noise in the trees, I looked up and there stood a fine buck, a doe and a fawn, looking at me. The doe slowly approached, while the buck stood back, as if in doubt. But she had more curiosity than fear, and came nearer, followed by her fawn. As I quietly held out my hand she sniffed of it several times, and then began to lick it—the salt of the perspiration doubtless pleasing her. The fawn imitated her, and then, reassured of the safety of his family, the buck, in lordly fashion, followed them, came close up to me, and all three allowed me to rub their muzzles, caress and fondle them, until, their curiosity satisfied, they moved away as quietly and as fearlessly as they came.

As I walked to the Half Dome in the Yosemite

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National Park, recently, a doe passed by, within twenty feet, stopped when I called her, and was much interested in my waved handkerchief. I could have approached and petted her had I cared to spend a little time with her. Three days later, a San Diego friend, visiting in the Yosemite, had the same experience, except that there were three deer instead of one. She approached them and they stood still, and soon were eating out of her outstretched hand. Having heard me tell of a similar experience, she wrote me some lines of the joy that sprang up in her heart as they seemed to understand her love for them, and that she and they alike were God's creatures. Her heart now has a new song, a song of gladness, a song of closer and fuller comprehension of the universal kinship, which she can never forget.

The commonest things of Nature sing to the one who observes them aright and listens. The trouble with us is that we don't see, our spiritual senses are shut, so that our physical eyesight is withheld, unless some one arouses it. The spider's web, sparkling with drops of morning dew, the common grasses of the fields, the weeds we tear up and burn, the sagebrush of the Arizona and Nevada plateaus, the spiny cactus and ocatillas and yuccas of the desert, the pale salt bush, the bad lands, the arid plateaus of New Mexico, the rocky wastes of Montana, the seamed headlands of the Oregon and other coasts, all, all, and millions of other objects in Nature are fascinatingly

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wonderful, gloriously beautiful, and, therefore, arrestingly vocal to the attuned ear.

I have walked through the country during haying time and the sweet smell of the new-mown hay—nothing but common grass—has ascended to heaven as a beautiful song filling the earth with its delicious fragrance, and giving joy to all whose senses were regaled by it. Here one instinctively felt that every blade, every upshooting sprig of green, that was cut and included in the fragrant whole, was consciously giving forth of its best in an “odorous song.”

Nor must we forget how Nature soothes the weary, tired, sick, discouraged and sinful of earth. She is a perpetual benediction to those whose life work keeps them mainly confined to the city. Well may the children of the city’s crowded tenement-house districts call the country “Happy Land.” And here let me record my profound and grateful thanks to those newspapers and others who annually start a fund for taking poor children into the country, and giving them a week or a month of enjoyment there. Health of body, mind and soul flow into children as well as adults as they thus come in contact with the healing and soothing of Mother Earth’s bosom. Well might Amiel ask: “Mother of marvels, mysterious and tender Nature, why do we not live more in thee?” The closer we can keep to her and her ways, the better it is for us. Taught by her we shall all be vocalists and thus ever go “Singing through Life with God.”

CHAPTER XVIII

THE SONGS OF TREES, FRUITS AND FLOWERS

TREES have ever been the chosen companions of men—companions in that they have planted them everywhere that they did not exist, surrounded their homes with them, cultivated their presence for their beauty and utility, eagerly sought them during their vacations, loved to dwell near them and found shelter under them from the too fierce rays of the sun in summer, and the cold blasts of storms of winter.

In the poetic account of Creation, found in the earlier chapters of Genesis, we are told that “out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food.” Notice well that the esthetic value of the trees is named first, and afterwards their utility.

How barren a prairie or other landscape looks without trees, and how forlorn the houses of the lone settlers before the trees they plant begin to grow. But as soon as the trees spring up, everything is changed. Not only does the landscape *look* better, but it feels better for the families of the pioneers. There springs up with the trees the growth of the home sensation. The wild prairie is being subjugated. *Home* is growing, developing.

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How poets have loved the trees, and rhapsodized about them, from Moses and Homer down to our own late and lamented Joyce Kilmer. Bryant beautifully declares:

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication.

The tree ever has been one of the greatest of symbols. The Bible almost begins with symbolic references to the "tree of life," "the tree of knowledge of good and evil," and good and wicked men alike are compared to trees. Christ is called the tree of life (Rev. 2:7, and 22:2), if what the commentators say be true of these passages in the book of Revelation. It is easy to see why the tree is a symbol of life. Its fruit is a natural means of preserving man's life and of keeping him in health, and it is a direct pledge of immortality in its yearly renewal of its beautiful leafy life. It seems to declare as each springtime comes: "I know no death, neither shall you."

That man who knows not the trees, who fails to recognize and love them, not only loses some of the greatest pleasures and joys of life, but must have something the matter with his mentality. Yet even the insane love the trees, and are grateful for their entrancing beauty and soothing shelter. To me every

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tree is a miracle. The wonder of it never ceases or grows less. It is an ever-vocal singer of marvels—marvels of the original conception of it, of its growth, of its beauty, of its variety, of its exquisite and delicious fruits, of its refreshing and healthful odors, and of its never-ceasing usefulness to mankind.

He is wise who listens to the songs of the trees and comes when they beckon—to walk over the tree-shaded mountain trails, and even where there are no trails, where dappled shadows dance and glint and sport around; to skid and slide on great beds of pine needles; to watch the young trees in every stage of growth, great nurseries of scores, hundreds, thousands of them; to study their change of shade of green as they grow; to see how the cedars crowd in among the pines, or *vice versa*; to wonder what makes so many young trees spring up some years and none in others. He observes the Douglas squirrels as they dart and spring and leap and—“flow” almost seems to be the appropriate word, so easy and gracefully and apparently without effort do they move—from branch to branch, and up and down trees that tower 150 to 200 feet and more into the pure blue of the sky, and listens to their peculiar peahen “chuck” or grunt as if they were half “chuntering” or complaining to themselves, and then gets the full deluge of their scolding chatter when something goes wrong in the domestic department. He watches the equally interesting woodpeckers, as they run up and down the

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tree trunks, head downwards or upwards seems to matter not to them, and then, when they find the spot they desire, their trip-hammer bills strike, strike, with a rapidity and regularity that seem impossible, until they have broken away a prying place and use their bills as a lever to remove the bark which hides the grubs or worms or bugs they seek. To revel in the scores of flowers that grow under the trees; to be scolded by the bluejays, and gently whistled to by the watchful robin, or sung to by the fearless junco; to smell the delicious piney odor that fills the atmosphere; to see the masses of ferns that delicately cover some areas; to discover the vast differences that exist between varieties of pine trees; to learn to discern the trees by their bark;—oh, these and a thousand and one other things constitute the lure of the trees. And then, after one has taken his daily bath in the cold, stimulating, invigorating snow-waters of the tuneful creek, to hunt up a covert, as the gentle deer are known to do, where one can get into hiding, though the covert we seek must be open to the sun, for we want sun and not shade; and having found the desired sun-kissed spot, to spread out a blanket and lie thereon, drinking in warmth and health and vigor and power through every pore of the long-starved skin, enjoying the while the gentle breezes and listening to the voices that sing in the surrounding trees and penetrate to one's inner heart—who can describe the joy and delight of it!

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And, furthermore, when night-time comes, to go out to one's bed of pine needles under the trees and lie there, looking up at their encircling majesty; watch their gentle and varying swayings, when there is a little night-wind; see the dance of the leaves and pine-needles should the moon be shining; catch the cloud-ships sailing on the blue sea of the sky and wonder how the sky-sailors manage such unwieldy and peculiarly shaped, yet calm and easily-moving vessels; listen to all the settling-down noises of the night and then, suddenly, to feel the penetrating silence of everything; to breathe the odorous and balsamic air and feel its soothing influences deep down at the very bottom of the lungs—this is to know something that physically, mentally and spiritually comes akin “to the peace that passeth understanding.”

I bless God daily, hourly, for His gift of the trees. When I can be among them, and when I am far away, in the crowded streets of the cities, I still thank Him for them, long for them with a joyous and thankful anticipation, full of equally joyous and thankful retrospect. When opportunity arises, I listen to their luring songs and gladly hie myself away to enjoy their daily and hourly enchantments.

From the flowers and fruits I learn what to me has been, and is, one of the greatest of Life's lessons. I ask: Whence came I, whither do I go, and what is the purpose of life? I hear a persuasive voice,

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speaking as never man spake before, urging that I "consider the lilies of the field." Year after year I have watched and considered them. They grow, each in its own way, each regardless of every other, *expressing itself* in accordance with the Divine plan. They teach me the law of "self-expression." It is the simplest of all laws and therefore the truest. "To thine own self be true." "I must be saved because I cling to the same, same self." If I am not myself who am I? Why should I be any other than myself? Reason, philosophy and the calm, serene wisdom of the flowers teach me I am here only to be myself, to express myself. The flowers and trees are themselves, and themselves only, whether seen by all men or none. They change not, neither do they alter one-thousandth part of a shade of color, one-thousandth part of an inch in the shape of petal, stamen, anther or pistil, whether man looks on them or not. They are the same whether in quiet and unknown hidden dell, on glaring mountain slope, or in city gardens, they sing to me hourly, "Be yourself, none other. Express yourself. Do not try to express what others think you should do. We care naught for the opinions of men or of each other. We are here to be our own selves, for that is Nature's plan concerning us." Hence lilies are always lilies, orchids are never striving to be roses, yuccas never emulate or imitate cannae, palms are never pines, nor hemlocks syc-

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mores, gilies are gilies and not penstemons and portulacas make no endeavor to be azaleas.

Why try to be other than yourself? If you are God-planned, created in His image, let that suffice, then grow naturally, express yourself naturally, be spontaneous, real, genuine. In no other way can you fulfil the Divine plan.

But there are those who will say this leads to egotism, to self-indulgence, to a stubborn determination to have your own way, to self-conceit and an assurance that what you say is right. It should not. Humility alone belongs to the creature. He knows instinctively, or soon learns, that he is in a school, he is here to be taught. Wisdom comes only by experience. We learn only by living. Hence, if one is not humble to begin with, Life itself will soon teach him to be so. Yet, nevertheless, I still affirm boy, girl, youth, maiden, man, woman—all alike must be himself, herself. The flower has its way in growing to be what God willed it—why should not I? Why should I, at the behest of my enemies, my critics, or my friends, or of my loved ones, aye even of my father and mother, seek to change what God has planned for me? It is unwise for others to attempt to make such changes, and it is as futile as unwise. The certain outcome is a spoiling, a dwarfing, a twisting, a cankering of the flower, the tree, of the original design, and no compensating benefit comes. With humility I will follow the promptings from within; I

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will grow as the trees and flowers grow. If my friends think I am making mistakes I will still go ahead and make them. They shall be *my* mistakes. How do I know, if I follow *their* suggestions or commands that I shall be any freer from error, from mistakes? Are they gifted with a power, a knowledge denied to me? If I obey them shall I not be making *their* mistakes rather than my own, and if so, what benefit can that possibly be to me? I must learn by making *my own mistakes*, learning my own errors, not those of others. Hence, I am determined that I will follow the guidance that is given to me, be my own man, not because I am assured I am right—God forbid such arrogant presumption—but because I am assured that that is the only sure way for me to learn to get right. And as I do this I find myself making so many mistakes that I learn humility far readier than if I have some other person to blame for my acts—“he told me,” “she beguiled me,” “I obeyed their commands.” I soon grasp the truth of that philosophy which asserts: “If wisdom thou wouldst attain, be humble, and when thou hast attained, be more humble still.”

There is another important lesson this being myself has taught me. Suppose a tree were to be jealous of another tree and were to seek to reach over and injure it, twist it, turn it out of its natural course, what would be the result? It might do a little of its evil purpose, but the God within the interfered with

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tree would restore it to its normal growth, while the jealous tree, tortured by its jealousy all the time, determined to accomplish its wrongful purpose, would ever be poisoning itself by the evil of its own passion, angering and irritating itself by its malicious watching of the other, and twisting and dwarfing itself by its constant efforts to reach and injure the object of its vindictive feeling. Thus the evil desire falls—not on the object of that desire—but upon the one who desires it, and the cankering, the dwarfing, the destruction of the beauty comes not to the tree that was hated, but to the one that did the hating. This is as positive and true in human life as the law of mathematics. There is no deviation from it, no dodging its inevitable action. Hence, in the being of myself, there can be no place for malice, jealousy, selfishness, unkindness, conceit. These are outside of the mind of God, and therefore inconceivable in His plan for me, and if, through the exercise of my own self-will, I am able to gender these evil feelings, I have learned to know that I do so at my own peril, to my own sure injury, from which suffering and sorrow are bound to flow.

Did you ever lie still, hour after hour, in the forest, day and night, and listen to the songs of the trees? If not you have lost one of the great experiences possible for human nature to enjoy. In quiet, still weather, if your trees are where they get the faintest of morning or evening breezes they sing their

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morning and evening songs. At first you can scarcely hear them—the remote trees begin the chorus—yet it is so quiet, so high, so far-away, so half-silent, so hushed, that it seems as if some great Tree Mother were soothing a fretful tree-baby to sleep. Then, still in the distance, the notes become stronger, sterner, and sweep towards you, and your own immediate trees begin to respond. The pine-needles are agitated and glisten in the sun, and the towering summits of the trees sway gently and calmly—oh, how calmly and serenely—as they join in the song. It grows louder and more insistent, and then, suddenly, perhaps, sinks into its delicately gentle, hushed refrain.

To some people there is no difference in the “noise” the trees make, yet to the “listening ear” there is as much individuality in their songs as there is in human singing. Each tree has its own song, and even that varies wonderfully under the conditions of its singing. Sometimes the sun alone seems to produce an agitation of the leaves that sends forth gentle and attractive music; again it is a quiet breeze that causes a sound so soft and gentle that it may act as a baby’s lullaby, and during a storm, when the wind varies from a mere breeze to a fierce and long-continued gale, there are songs that change from the almost sibilant hush of a whisper to the deep diapason roar of a great organ.

No one has ever described the motion and songs of

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the trees as well as did John Muir, the great poet-naturalist of California. He gives a wonderful account of a storm in the forests of the High Sierras in his *Mountains of California*. Of the music of the trees he said:

The force of the gale was such that the most steadfast monarch of them all rocked down to its roots with a motion plainly perceptible when one leaned against it. Nature was holding high festival, and every fibre of the most rigid giants thrilled with glad excitement.

I drifted on through the midst of this passionate music and motion, across many a glen, from ridge to ridge; often halting in the lee of a rock for shelter, or to gaze and listen. Even when the grand anthem had swelled to its highest pitch I could distinctly hear the varying tones of individual trees,—Spruce, and Fir, and Pine, and leafless Oak,—and even the infinitely gentle rustle of the withered grasses at my feet. Each was expressing itself in its own way,—singing its own song, and making its own peculiar gestures,—manifesting a richness of variety to be found in no other forest I have yet seen. . . .

Toward midday, after a long, tingling scramble through copses of hazel and ceanothus, I gained the summit of the highest ridge in the neighborhood; and then it occurred to me that it would be a fine thing to climb one of the trees to obtain a wider outlook and get my ear close to the Eolian music of its topmost needles. . . . Being accustomed to climb trees in botanical studies, I experienced no difficulty in reaching the top of this one, and never before did I enjoy so noble an exhilaration of motion. The slender tops fairly flapped and swished in the passionate torrent, bending and swirling backward and forward, round and round, tracing indescribable combinations of vertical and horizontal curves, while I clung with muscles firmly braced, like a bobolink on a reed.

. . . The sounds of the storm corresponded gloriously

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with this wild exuberance of light and motion. The profound bass of the naked branches and poles booming like waterfalls; the quick, tense vibrations of the pine-needles, now rising to a shrill, whistling hiss, now falling to a silky murmur; the rustling of laurel groves in the dells, and the keen, metallic click of leaf on leaf—all this was heard in easy analysis when the attention was calmly bent.

I kept my lofty perch for hours, frequently closing my eyes to enjoy the music by itself, or to feast quietly on the delicious fragrance that was streaming past. . . .

. . . When the storm began to abate, I dismounted and sauntered down through the calming woods. The storm-tones died away, and, turning toward the east, I beheld the countless hosts of the forest hushed and tranquil, towering above one another on the slopes of the hills like a devout audience. The setting sun filled them with amber light, and seemed to say, while they listened, "My peace I give unto you."*

I do not know how this response of John Muir to the music of the trees affects my readers, but, for myself, I am almost as grateful to him and to the God who inspired him for the beauty and joy and exuberance of the response as I am for the trees and the storm that caused it. I feel just the same about Joyce Kilmer's exquisite and simple little poem. A thrill comes as I read it, akin to the thrill that I feel constantly when in the presence of the trees I love.

This thrill also fills my very being as I think of the songs of beauty and sweetness, fragrance and color, form and grace, of the fruits and flowers.

* Every reader of this book should obtain a copy of Muir's *Mountains of California*. The book will be a constant joy and delight, and add to his "singing" power.

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They are so many, so varied, so marvelous, so individualistic, that no mere chapter can do more than refer to them. Observe them, study them, get to know their rich personalities, and in the responses they will call forth in your own natures you will be amply repaid for all the time and trouble spent over them. They will add so much to your singing powers that you will soon begin to wonder how, as you Go Through Life Singing with God, you will be able to get in all the songs that the trees, fruit and flowers alone inspire you to sing.

Just as the roar of the surf often *seems* to be one long continued sound, so do the songs of the trees. It seems to be one song, a long, steady, deep flow of sound, in which is blent an infinitude of soothing overtones. Yet in reality I know it to be a thousand, ten thousand, ten thousand times ten thousand sounds blended into one. Each leaf has its own rustle, its part to play in the song of the tree as a whole, and were one leaf to fail, the whole song would be that much changed. It is the individual leaves joining in that give the song of the individual tree, and the trees uniting that give the song of the forest.

So is it with the great song of God. Each of us is the leaf of the tree; each nation or race, a tree; all the nations compose the forest, and thence comes the Universal Symphony.

CHAPTER XIX

THE SONGS OF THE ROCKS AND MOUNTAINS

EVEN the rocks sing to mankind of the eternal goodness and love of their Creator. They form the crust of the earth and hold its mass together, giving a firm foundation for man's operations. The grand and majestic mountains, those backbones of continents, that give dignity and glory to horizons, and lure men to upward climbings of body, mind and soul, are formed of rocks, and the history of their formation—their dynamics; their varied composition, whether granite, basalt, sandstone, limestone, or porphyry; their age; their stratigraphy; the forces that have shaped them as they are, all are questions of profound interest in which they sing to man.

Who that has seen the Rocky Mountains with their towering peaks—Pike's, Long's, Sophris, Ouray, the Mount of the Holy Cross, Twin Peaks, and a score of others, would not like to know their history, could not enjoy picturing, in imagination, their slow uplift from the level of the primeval ocean or great inland sea to their present commanding situation? What made the peaks ascend higher than the major mass of the range? How many centuries ago is it

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since their uplift occurred? Was man then upon the earth? What kind of creatures moved around at their bases when the uplift began? Questions like these sing their songs to me every time I stand before *any* mountain range. But as the Rockies are the backbone of our continent let us see what answers the scientists have to give to some of them.

Time, to them, is in vast epochs. Scientists, far more than ordinary Christian people who claim to accept the Bible as the Divinely inspired Word, accept and understand that saying of the apostle: "One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day." They deal in thousands, millions, epochs of years, and thus expand our conceptions of God, and help remove us from our littleness of thought as to Him, and what timelessness is. They can read clearly in the strata that they find, and the remnants of life embedded therein, much of the early day story. They picture for us a vast, inland sea. How large an area it covered we do not know, nor can it be determined, in years, how long it existed. It may have extended from about where the Missouri River now flows to the western side of Arizona and correspondingly north and south. Then this sea began to dry up, and the slow uplift of the continent began, the portion now called the Rockies emerging earliest from the water. It became a nearly level country, covered with tropical vegetation, with many wide, shallow streams and

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swampy areas. But had we been there our chief attention would have been attracted to the monstrous creatures of the air, flying reptiles, which are now totally extinct. These were the pterodactyls, great dragons, with wings that measured eighteen feet from tip to tip, and were carnivorous. Imagine these vast monsters flying through the air, and hovering threateningly over you. The birds were all different then from those we have now, for they had jaws armed with teeth.

Then the dinosaurs appeared, some of them the largest land animals that ever walked the earth. They were very varied in character, some small and some monstrous. The bones of one of the largest of these dinosaurs ever found revealed that it must have been fully seventy feet long, stood sixteen feet high at the hips, and had a long tail, and it is estimated weighed from eighteen to twenty tons. Another was found more recently and his bones are now in the Carnegie Museum in Pittsburgh. He measures eighty-four and a half feet in length.

We are thankful these creatures have now disappeared, though the scientist has had much joy in excavating their bones, and re-creating the world, in imagination, that they inhabited.

Slowly the uplift continued, until in the hundreds of thousands, millions, of years the Rockies appeared somewhat as we now find them.

Thus the scientist sings to us of his knowledge of

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the formation of the mountains, and we are profoundly moved by the creative power they display.

But equally interesting are the songs the stratigrapher sings to us of the way in which the layers of rock were deposited one upon another, prior to the time of the great uplift; and we listen in reverent wonder as we hear whence the material came from of which the various strata were formed. Then the paleontologist comes and pecks and hammers and splits up pieces of these various strata and he tells us of the life that existed at the time they were formed.

Next the miner comes and blasts and digs into these rocks and he finds the precious metals—gold, silver, copper, tungsten, molybdenite, and many others, and he can sing a wonderful song of where these minerals came from. And, as we watch the gold-seekers of every age we have the songs of the prospectors, of the discoverer of mines, of the workings of the mines, of the wealth they have produced, and the good or evil it has been to men as individuals, as families, as communities, or as a nation. What themes for poets, orators, novelists, are found in the gold and silver mines and all connected with them! Coal, too, is a part of this mineral wealth, and epics have been written—aye, and stories of man's black cupidity and of hatred and strife, terminating in bloody scenes—about its black substance. Did the Creator intend anything of this kind as He formed the deposits in the centuries of the dim

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past, knowing that man would need and find them in the age in which we live? Why cannot man sing the song the Creator intended—of thankfulness, of use, of joy, in its securing? Every miner, no matter how humble the part he is playing in his work of bringing coal to the surface, is benefiting and blessing his fellows. His work—could he see and feel this—would thereby become hallowed and made blessed, a theme for happy song, and as the miner sang, the householder, the factory and mill owner, the engine driver, the user of coal everywhere would add his song of thankfulness for the blessings brought by the coal, and thus producer and user would Sing Together with God.

Now the microscopist comes upon the scene. He takes small pieces of the giant masses of which the mountains are formed, and slices them with his micrometer into a thinness that enables him to see through them. And he has a story to tell of color, of the marshaling of crystals, of obedience to laws so remarkable that the most intelligent stand in amazement before the revelations so made. John Ruskin, one of the greatest philosophic singers of the past generation, writes mankind a book of songs about these microscopic revelations, entitled *The Ethics of the Dust* which everyone should read. He shows that even the dust seems to be endowed with life and intelligence, or to respond to some controlling power which demands that they shape them-

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selves in their beautiful, perfect, and individualistic forms, so that every rock form, every crystal, sings its own songs of obedience and beauty.

Then comes the economist and tells us of the value of the mountains and rocks in that they collect the snow, the rain, and form the springs, filling up the reservoirs that, in the spring and summer, supply the needs of man in the valleys beneath for water. This practical minded man sees human life provided for by the songs of the snow storm, the rain torrents, the glacial fountains, the bubbling springs, the mountain rills, the dashing and foam-covered brooks. Every snow bank deposited by winter's storms is an object of his interest. He watches it, studies the shadows the trees cast upon it, and measures the length of time it can resist the power of the sun to melt it. He knows that upon these things depend a great city's water supply, a vast valley's irrigation system of wheatfields, cornfields, fruit orchards or vegetable gardens. Hence he listens intently to the songs they sing, and though he realizes that comparatively few in the cities, in the valleys, in the cornfields, in the orchards, know much about the songs that sing in his ears, he is perfectly aware of the fact that if those songs were not sung there would be deep wailing, widespread distress and possibly famine, disease and death.

He stands on Mt. Whitney, the highest mountain of the United States, in Southern California, that

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towers over 14,500 feet into the pure blue of the sky, and sees the snow melt there, ultimately dashing down to form Owen's River. He knows that at immense cost that water is taken over the mountain range to the San Fernando Valley and is there distributed to a score of thirsty towns and the great city of Los Angeles, where upwards of three quarters of a million people are congregated.

He stands in the High Sierras and watches the snow fall on the peaks near the Hetch Hetchy Valley. He sees the water flow, in melting time, and knows that ere long it will be conveyed to the great city of San Francisco to supply the need of its vast population.

And so *everywhere*—the rocks, hills, and mountains form the watersheds from which the rivers flow conveying their beneficent and needful waters of life to the thirsty land of the valleys, and the populations of the cities. - Do these latter ever cease their work and stop long enough to hear and heed the songs of the rocks, mountains and down-flowing waters, and join in them with thankful hearts? What if the Divine Giver were to withhold His hand for a short time? What repinings, what cryings, what petitions should we not hear! What horrors should we not witness were His hand long withheld!

Nor are the songs of the rocks and mountains yet exhausted. The lumber merchant finds that mountain slopes afford growing ground for trees that

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give lumber for the building of millions of homes. He sends his cruisers, his gangs of husky men to fell the trees, and his machinery to "snake" them to the saw-mills, where the song of the saw is heard from dawn until sunset. How much this song means to mankind every thoughtful person is aware.

Then, too, there comes the artist, with brush, paint, and canvas, and he transcribes for us the scenic glories the rocks and mountains afford. He hears the songs of landscape, of form, of color, of light and shade, of beauty incarnate, and by the wonderful power of his art reproduces for us, in miniature, that we may carry it whither we will, the glory and beauty that sang to the ears of his soul through his eyes.

Yet it is by no means essential that one should be dynamic geologist, stratigrapher, paleontologist, miner, microscopist, economist, or artist to be able to hear glorious songs sung by the rocks and the mountains. Elsewhere I have written of some of the songs that all hear, and each mountain range has its own peculiar songs. But rocks are found elsewhere than in mountain ranges. The Petrified Forest of Arizona in its vast area is covered with rocks formed from trees. The imaginative mind can see these trees standing away back in a far-off geologic age. He can see the storm—the fierce, blinding hurricane—which came and swept them down in driving fury before it, uprooting them and dashing them along in the irresistible torrent as though they

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were straws. He can hear the roar of the flowing waters and the crash of the falling trees, their creakings and scrubbings as they rub one against another. He can see their giant branches torn from the trunks and carried away from the slower moving trunk-masses, for today the major part of the petrified trees are found without their branches, the places from which they are torn, however, being distinctly in evidence.

Then he sees the subsidence of the storm, the out-coming again of the sun, the placid smiling of the blue sky, and the stars of night over the scene of devastation. The trees are floating in a lake, or inland sea, newly made perhaps. And now the imagination of the man of today has to visualize scenes that take centuries of centuries, possibly, to accomplish. The song of the transformation of those washed-down, branch-denuded tree trunks takes centuries for its singing. From the nearby hills that surround the inland sea, and which are full of minerals—copper, iron, and the like—particles are washed down that rust and color the water. See the various colors floating about, as coal tar makes iridescent the surface of the water into which it is poured. The water also is charged with minute particles of some form of limestone, and then, as by some wonderful process not perfectly understood, the wood particles of the tree decay, or are carried away, and tiny particle by tiny particle, the highly

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colored lime takes their place. How many centuries it takes for this transformation no one can tell, yet when it is complete, only a small part of the scores, hundreds of thousands of years that have elapsed since the trees were standing, have passed. For now the lake becomes filled up with the washings-down from the hills and nearby mountains, and the surface of the earth subsides and lets the lake be swallowed up. Down, down, it goes, a thousand, two, three, five, ten, twenty, and perhaps more thousands of feet into the interior of the earth. During the vast number of years that pass while this great change is going on the trees are secure in their muddy matrix, are slowly getting harder and harder; beautiful crystals are forming, of exquisite color, in places where holes had been made in the trees, and the greater the pressure upon the trees from above the harder their stone becomes.

Then another change takes place in the uneasy crust of the earth. From subsiding—being lowered—some interior force starts an uplift, and days, weeks, months, years, centuries elapse, possibly, during which time our long-buried trees are being brought up to their former level. As the strata that have been deposited upon them ascends and appears, terrific storms, vast floods that far surpass our most vivid conceptions of the biblical deluge, and other processes plane them off, wash them away, until at length, about the time man appeared upon the earth,

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or later, the trees again were exposed, to be found a few decades ago when men were surveying the country for the building of a railroad.

Such are the songs the Petrified Forest sings. And time and space would fail me were I to attempt to more than call attention to the songs of the incomparable Grand Canyon, of the glorious Yosemite, of King's River Canyon, of the Palisades of the Columbia and the Hudson, of the thousands of wonderful exhibitions of rocky formations in America alone, leaving out of consideration those of Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australasia. No matter where man is, upon the surface of the earth, the rocks and mountains sing of the glory and power of the loving Creator, and he is wise who catches the songs as far as he can, and joins in with them to his own uplift and the increase of the Universal Symphony.

CHAPTER XX

THE SONGS OF THE BROOKS

HE who has not enjoyed the song of a mountain brook from its source in the snows or springs of the peerless heights, until it discharged its clear and limpid waters into a larger stream has missed one of the exhilarating, healthful and soul-inspiring experiences of life. How tiny is the voice of the baby brook. The stream may come flowing out, almost silently, from under the melting snow, or it may bubble joyously from a bed of moss between two sheltering rocks. Ten, a hundred, a thousand, a million such streamlets, flow along, each in its own pathway, but all guided by the same Master Director to places of union, where they flow one into another, increasing and enlarging, until the united rivulets become a real mountain creek. At the same time a score, a hundred, other creeks have been formed, and they, in turn, unite with the others, and thus make a mountain torrent. Follow the rivulet, streamlet, stream, creek, torrent, all the way down and you will see pictures of peace, of content, of sunshine and shadow, of joy, and hear songs of spontaneous, bubbling, gurgling, tinkling delight that

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will never leave you. No two rods are alike either in appearance or sound. Here you have open country, with grasses and monkey flowers nodding their heads over the narrow ribbon of glistening blue; there you find trees arched over a mottled pathway of silver with great masses of spikenard leaves and a host of happy, winging, singing birds that come to bathe and drink. Yonder is a tiny fall, where the water rushes together between two masses of granite and there is a rush and a dash, a splash and a clash, in the song it sings. Twenty-five feet further on it flows from granite basin into granite basin, and now sings a flute-like song, with delicate under and over tones that enchant you. A mile further on there are large falls, fifty, a hundred, two and more hundred feet down. Here there is a continuous roar that can be heard a mile away; yet it is not tuneless, monotonous, tiresome. Listen carefully and you will hear a whole orchestra playing in that one fall—from the delicate yet piercing strains of the oboe or piccolo to the rattle and crash of the heavy brasses and the tympani.

There is an exhilaration and stimulation about a waterfall that few people escape. I have watched and listened to the remarks of thousands of spectators in the Yosemite Valley, at the Idaho Falls, at Shasta Falls, at Multnomah Falls, at the exquisitely beautiful falls of Havasu Creek, at Niagara, and all alike pay tribute to their influence. Robert Southey, one

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time poet laureate of England, expressed some of this at the tiny and insignificant falls of Lodore, when he answered the question of his little daughter: How does the water come down at Lodore? Get it and read it aloud and you will begin to understand how many persons feel as they sit by the side of a waterfall, or stand looking at it and listening to its various voices.

Some people imagine a waterfall is a wild, chaotic, turbulent mass of waters, but this is a great mistake. The water comes to the lip of the fall and generally flows over with great calmness and dignity. There is a solemn serenity (if one may use such words of water) about its leap that is most impressive. Then, while it may divide into fine spray, or its whole column sway to and fro in the wind, it descends with deliberation. As a rule thousands of descending rockets are formed, the heads becoming more refined the lower they come, and their tails swaying along behind, glistening and dancing like diamonds in the sunlight.

In his *Yosemite Trails*, J. Smeaton Chase tells of his joy and delight at finding certain meadows in the High Sierras:

Each of these meadows seems more delightful than the last. Sequestered in deep forest and hushed eternally by its murmur, they are heavenly places of birds and flowers, bits of original paradise. The little brooks that water them ring carillons of tinkling melody as they wind through shady tunnels of carex and bending grasses. At morning

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and evening and on moonlit nights the deer come to regale on mint and lettuce that has descended through many generations from the old settlers' vegetable-gardens. All day the robins and the meadow-larks repeat their canticles from the last remaining fence-posts, and the squirrels and chipmunks scramble along the sagging rails, appreciating the convenience of a literal railway.

Edwin Markham, in his *Song of the Hills*, exultantly shouts:

I am lifted, elate—the skies expand:
Here the world's heaped gold is a pile of sand.
Let men weary and work in their narrow walls:
I ride with the voices of waterfalls!

But the mountain stream is more than waterfalls. There are long reaches of quiet, calm flow, where one longs to throw himself, both to bathe away his sins and purify himself, body and soul, and to flow out into the mysterious, but alluring and attractive, beyond. The sweet singing of a countless multitude and large variety of birds adds to the allure of a scene like this, and the quiet dignity of the trees, standing in stately majesty, and casting their mottling and ever-changing shadows over the water makes of it a "thing of beauty and a joy forever."

Here men and women come to "fish"—in reality to "loaf and invite their soul"—to sit in calm quiet, and, perhaps, unconscious meditation, while the stream soothes them with its quiet, melodious voice, and carries their cares, worries and sorrows far away to the all-absorbing ocean.

Few people know the full value of these quiet

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songs of nature to soothe the troubled breast. The babe is unconscious of its mother's quieting lullaby. He could give no description of it; offer no analysis of it; make no attempt to explain the *why* of the fact that it lulls him to sleep, yet there never was a welcomed and loved baby that has not enjoyed the influence of those mother songs, murmured, crooned, or gently sung over him. The quiet song of the easily flowing brook; the gentle chant of the trees, the soothing whispers of the night and morning zephyrs, the rustle of the grasses, the murmuring of the flowers one to another—all are the love songs of Mother Earth to her tired, weary, sick, sin-tossed children, calling them to rest in her ever-welcoming arms and *cuddle-doon* in her capacious bosom.

Van Dyke has heard them and transcribed them in beautiful language, as did Tennyson before him.

Tom Hood, that city loving poet and wit, still hankered for the country brooks and sang his happy remembrances of them:

Sweet are the little brooks that run
O'er pebbles glancing in the sun
Singing to soothing tones.

And our own Lucy Larcom tells of *Friend Brook*.
Thou hastenest down between the hills to meet me at the
road,
The secret scarcely lispings of thy beautiful abode
Among the pines and mosses of yonder shadowing height,
Where thou dost sparkle into song, and fill the woods
with light.

Do these songs of the brooks have no direct mes-

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sage to you? They do to me. I remember as a child listening to them and wandering off to the woods by the gypsy camps, where the wild black-berry bushes were, and after feasting on their rich and luscious berries to contentment, I would lie down by the side of the brook, and in dreams, that were as real as the actions of my waking hours, see the nereids and water sprites dance and sing and join with the fairies in moonlight revels in the bewitching circles that, now and again, I found in the glades and dells near by.

Then when I became a man, and had traveled somewhat widely and seen a little of the world, its beauties and scenic wonders, the voices of the brooks still lured me to go and sing with them. Now and again I would go with a fisherman, but my chief joy was in looking and listening to the brook itself, though the enchanting colors of the rainbow and silver and other trout added a new song to those the streams were already singing to me.

During the nearly two years I largely lived on Mt. Lowe, in the mountains behind Pasadena, California, there were but few days winter and summer that I did not listen to the lure of the brook and falls of Rubio Canyon. Each fall had its own individualistic voice and many a time I would carry up a couple of blankets and spend the night on the platform near Thalehaha Falls, listening to its song as the moon wooed it and flooded it with its soft and

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silver light. And above these falls, reached only by a precipitous climb down from Echo mountain, the same stream ran from pool to pool, each pool a laughing witch of singing voice, gurgling and plopping, fluting and tinkling with merry glee. Here I found beds of flaring tiger lilies, half a dozen varieties of mimulus, masses of wild honeysuckle, clusters of mint, and carpets of pink, white and yellow gilies, all shaded over by sycamores, alders, cottonwoods and live-oaks. With a book as an added companion I would remain here for hours—close to, yet far from, the “madding crowd,” reveling in sights, sounds, odors and feelings that filled me full of peace and quiet, serenity and content.

How can I ever forget the first impressions made upon me by Havasu Creek and its waterfalls,—the Creek of the Sky Blue Water—where dwell the “Nation of the Willows,” so graphically described by Lieut. Frank H. Cushing.* We had driven over the dry stretch from where the magnificent El Tovar hotel now is, twenty-five miles or so to the head of the Topocobya Trail. Here the wagon had to be left behind and everything we needed, from bedding to food and cooking utensils, “packed” on the backs of horses and burros brought up to us by the Indians. Then we started on the long twenty-mile descent; down, down, down, we went. Lieut. Cushing has

*The Nation of the Willows, in *Atlantic Monthly*, September and October, 1882.

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told a little of his experiences on an equally steep, hot, dry and thirsty trail.

It seemed as though we never should arrive. There are few such trails in the world. In places one seems to be hung in mid-air, and a false step of man or beast would surely mean death; in others we went over sloping, slippery rock-shelves, where our hearts came up into our mouths each step we took lest we should slide down into the canyon below. We went under gigantic rocks that towered over us like infernal giant mushrooms, and at the base of walls that seemed as if they supported the heavens. Here the canyon narrowed so that we could sway a little and touch both sides, and the sandstone was hollowed out in places, by the rains of centuries pouring down, into natural reservoirs. Occasionally a little water was found, cold and clear, sheltered from the sun all day by the overhanging rocks. At other times the pools were stagnant and the breeding places of mosquitoes and other pests. Still down we went, the giant walls getting higher the lower we descended—hour after hour went by; we had to stop for a meal, to adjust the packs, but when we started again, it was still to descend.

At length the animals began to sniff, and we were soon able to detect a moisture-laden air, in which was the scent of growing things, and in half an hour or so, we heard the rushing of water. We had reached the source of the Havasu—*Haha*, water;

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Vasu, blue—the Bluewater, where dwell the *pai*, people. Hence their name—*Havasupai*.

A thousand springs came bubbling up, apparently out of the solid rock. Some few were as large around as a man's body, others dwindled down to mere jets of tiny fountains, but fifty feet farther down they all united and became the creek. As it flowed along it was lined on either side by willows so dense, that only where passageways had been cut could one proceed. Here, the canyon widened out to, perhaps, a quarter of a mile, and in this remarkably romantic spot the *hawas*—brush shelters—of the Havasupais were found. They had cultivated patches of corn, melons, beans, onions, chilis, and a few unpruned peach trees, all of which were irrigated with tin^v ditches from the creek.

About a mile below the last *hawa* began the waterfalls, five in number, each of the first three more beautiful than the other, until *Wa-ha-hath-peek-ha-ha*—the Mother of Falls—was reached. This was the most perfectly exquisite waterfall, in setting, in its leafy embowerage, with the background of red and creamy rocks and ceiling of pure, cloudless, blue sky, my eyes have ever gazed upon. Five hundred falls, all combining to make the one fall, large, small, medium sized jets of water rushing over the lip, which was spread out to a width of possibly five hundred feet. Each stream did not fall at once to the pool, 150 to 160 feet beneath, but fell upon umbrella-

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like projections of reddish-appearing rock, curved over so that the water was spread out as it leaped down to the next projection. These projections were stony accretions caused by the deposit of lime or other silicate particles carried down by the water, and entangled by the roots of the trees and other vine-like growing things until these latter were completely encrusted. This process was going on as it had been for centuries and we found *thousands of tons* of these deposits, masses of which could be "mined" and carried away, and some of which were as beautiful as masses of tangled and solidified lace of rarest manufacture. The next fall, a mile advanced, had a drop of from 200 to 300 feet, mainly in one body, and then three or four miles further down was Beaver Falls, a small replica of the fall I have so imperfectly and but partially described. The creek between the falls flowed but seldom for any length of distance uninterrupted. The bush and dense growth on each side reached over and down into the water in scores of places, only to have roots, stems, branches, leaves, encrusted over with the limestone deposit. Then this encrusted matter had grown up and formed pools or basins, and some of these were ten, twenty and more feet deep. I once tried to go down from Mooney to Beaver Falls, *in the creek*, and it was one constant swimming from pool to pool. This, in the moist heat of August, and with the air laden with the scent of the heavy vege-



ACTION

Writing in God's Great Out of Doors at Foresta, Yosemite National Park



SLEEPING

Under the Pines at Foresta, Yosemite National Park

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table growths, and their decaying leaves, was one of the most exhausting and enervating trips I have ever attempted.

But as I look back upon my many trips to this remarkably picturesque canyon, with its flowing water, gigantic rocky walls, interesting Indians, delicious roasting ears of corn and refreshing peaches, weird midnight dances and other ceremonies, and its never to be forgotten waterfalls Songs Innumerable sing in my memory that I hope time will never efface, and that no wealth of Croesus or Carnegie could ever purchase.

Lure? Who can resist the harmless yet powerfully attractive lure of such brooks and their waterfalls. Here, where I write today, at beautiful Foresta in the Yosemite National Park, one of the chief sources of my joy and content is Crane Creek, that flows directly through the tree-embowered land. Every day the songs of the brook call me from my writing table, and I go down to one of the most cunningly hidden, tree shaded bathing places in the world. To the right is a small but dashing and roaring fall, to the left granite basin after basin into which the water rolls and falls in lazy mass. To step into the cold, clear water, to feel the shock of its stimulating and health giving power, to let the fall dash over one's head and shoulders, breathe deep with the quick, invigorating cold of it, and then, after a vigorous rubbing down, to feel the joyous

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glow of the reaction makes one feel the flow of blood down to the very tips of one's toes.

Then the trees and the sunshine and the pure air call with insistent and beautiful song. With a blanket to spread out over the pine needles, in another secluded spot, a place more beautiful than queen's boudoir in magnificent palace, with hangings of pine, fir, tamarack and oak branches and leaves, with the blue firmament for ceiling, cleansed and purified by winter's snows and storms, summer's rains and zephyrs,—here I take my daily sun and air bath. The skin gratefully responds to the delightful experience and eagerly sucks in life and health and vigor and power. My physical ears listen to new songs—songs never heard in the cities, with their stench and filth, their crowded areas, jostling throngs and confusing chaos of noises, and, better still, my spiritual senses hear the songs of Divine Love, of generous giving, of sweet, blessed bestowal that Nature always brings to the receptive heart.

Here indeed is a joyous sacrament of cleanliness, to which all Nature accorded. One felt the reality, the completeness of it. The whole body participated in it, from "top to toe" all was subject to the cleansing, purifying, sweetening influences of Nature. Water, sun and air—what a trinity!—aided and abetted by the approving songs of the birds, the hum of the insects, the music of the trees, and the nods of the waving grasses and flowers. And for perfume

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one needed no extracts from bottles, vases or jars, no powder from tins or other receptacles. The pines, firs, balsams, the odorous shrubs and herbs, and ten thousand flowers supplied perfume in profusion.

Compare this sacred and blessed Nature-feast with the ordinary cleansing processes followed by man in the circumscribed confines of a house. Here it is a pottering around with pots and pans, or bowls and jugs, or tubs and faucets. Shut up with drawn blinds, as though afraid to be seen engaged in the undertaking, it is a pitiable travesty upon the glorious cleansing sacrament in the freedom and expanse of God's great out of doors.

And I want to pass on some of this joy and delight, this health and vigor, this lure and content, to my readers. Listen to the songs of the brooks and waterfalls, the trees and the flowers, the canyons and the mountains. Steal away from your busy store or office, factory or shop, bank or warehouse. Yield to the lure of God's great open. Go and listen to the new songs you have never heard. Learn them, sing them, join in the joyous Universal Symphony and you will add blessing after blessing to your life, joy to your working days, pictures of content and peace for your reflective minutes and hours, greater and wiser love for your family, greater sympathy and tolerance for your employers or employees, and therefore will add to your usefulness and blessedness ten fold.

CHAPTER XXI

THE SONGS OF THE RIVERS

THERE are vast differences between the songs of brooks and those of rivers. Boys make more apparent noise than men, yet the songs of the latter are deeper, have more "body" to them, penetrate further than the shriller, piercing voices of youth. So with the songs of rivers. They flow with fuller volume, deeper intensity, more seriousness of purpose. It means little if a mountain stream or a small creek breaks down or overflows its banks, but let the mighty Mississippi, or the Missouri, the Colorado, or even the comparatively small Miami burst away from restraint, and devastation and death follow their wild-flowing waters. Time and again the people of the Missouri and Mississippi valleys have been rendered homeless, their crops and houses, barns and stables swept away by the devastating floods, and many of them have lost their lives when the unsuspecting waters dashed upon them. I have seen the Colorado River, when on the rampage caused by the too rapid melting of the winter's snows, threaten to carry away the land upon which a whole town stood, and where allowed to work unmolested, it has gnawed

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into a sand-bank a mile long, a quarter of a mile wide, and ten feet above its highest level, and swept every vestige away within an hour's time.

Yet, as a rule, how useful these great waterways are to man, bringing him water for home and farm, for irrigation and power, affording drainage and the carrying away of sewage. For centuries they were the chief highways of travel and commerce. Slim bark and skin canoes, or heavier and clumsier dugouts of Indians and pioneers, led the way; followed by the skiffs and rowboats, scows and steamers of later days. Then as towns and cities sprang up along their banks, displacing the primitive settlements of the aborigines, great steam-driven palaces began to float proudly upon their bosoms, and men and women, with countless tons of articles of commerce and civilization, were moved to and fro as the will of imperious man dictated.

What are the songs these rivers sang so to attract men and women to them? Advancement, progress, ease of transportation, rapidity, safety, enlargement of life—these were some of the notes. When the cities expanded further and people sought homes convenient to their work, great ferry-boats were built and added their shuttling back and forth to the general activities of the streams. Mighty sailing ships and later steamers for freight and passengers, sailed to and from these cities, making long flights across the ocean, thus annihilating distance and

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breaking down national barriers. The Hindoo and the Chinaman were seen on the streets of New York and London, and the American and the Englishman, the Frenchman, the Dutchman and the German were found in every port of the world. The rivers thus helped add to the internationalization of men, and this note was added to their strong and resonant song.

Sometimes I have wondered where the Great Conductor placed the songs of the runaway and destructive rivers in his world symphony. Surely those songs of devastation and despair were not part of the designed plan, a definite portion of the written "score?" And I have come to the conclusion that as when the Nile overflowed, and the people of Egypt understood and prepared for it, and listened with joy to the song of its unconfined and wandering waters, and as the Indian of America's early days did the same, so should we have done. But in our greed and lust for possession of land we rushed in thoughtlessly and "settled" where no settlement was yet called for. The time was not yet ripe; the conditions were not fulfilled. Civilized man must learn more fully the lesson of co-operation, of banding together to control and harness the wilder forces of Nature. Had the levees of the Missouri and Mississippi been more thoroughly constructed, more science, skill and work expended upon them, not a single life need to have been lost, nor a farm-house, barn or

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stable destroyed, a crop wasted or a domestic animal drowned.

Hence I hear a call to co-operation in the wrathful notes of these rivers; a cry to men against their too great haste to get rich; a booming signal to the government to more carefully protect its citizens against their own selfishness and hurry.

There are other notes, however, that some of these great rivers now sing. For centuries such streams as the Colorado have flowed, uselessly as it seemed, and civilized mankind has condemned them as of little or no benefit to the race. Like vampires, they have drained the countries through which they passed, and given little in return. But now, a new note in their song is heard—a note that men were not ready for before. It is the note of conservation for power and irrigation. These streams have been prepared and waiting, during the centuries, until men needed them, and now they are being called upon to deliver up their resources of power, and to irrigate the thirsty land that, without them, would have remained desert to the end of time. The Salt River gathering its rich treasures in the mountain ranges of interior Arizona, had poured them out prodigally upon the thirsty sands of the desert valleys, to be swallowed up and lost. Now, restrained by the great Roosevelt dam they generate thousands of horse-power for lighting and turning the wheels of commerce in mill, factory and mine to far away Globe and Miami

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in the east, and Phoenix in the west, besides sending forth a rich stream of purest water during the dry season to irrigate the hundreds of thousands of fertile acres of the Salt River Valley. Here a score of towns and villages have sprung into existence and prosperous farmers, with happy contented wives and smiling, healthy children, rejoice in the new song of the river, and themselves heartily join in Singing through Life with God.

This is but the beginning! Millions of arid acres are yet to be reclaimed. Hundreds of millions of acre-feet of water, that now run to waste in the fall and spring, must be conserved, restrained, thus checking its destructive force and at the same time storing it for profitable use when needed. When Congress finds time to consider the Constructive Forces of Peace this and similar matters will engage their attention to the great benefit and joy of the people.

How has your life been in the past, how is it now? Are you like these great vampire rivers of the centuries, receiving all and giving out nothing, pouring forth the riches of your life upon the desert sands of a selfish, luxurious, barren existence? If so, listen to the new song of the rivers. Let it sink into your heart and call you, arouse you, inspire you to a new life. Call upon the powers which God has given you and tell them to sing the new song. Join in the Universal Chorus of Usefulness to your Fellows. Break away from the useless existence of the past. Be a

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Giver as well as a Receiver. Let real pride assert itself within you and be too proud to be holding your hands out, like a contemptible beggar, too lazy to work, for the "tips" of life that you may take it easy at the expense of the workers of the land. For sure as fate the new note will sound ere long, with a force and certainty that cannot be misunderstood. The day for drones is past. No man shall eat who will not work. The useless, the non-producer, the shirker, the slacker, shall no longer encumber the earth, and you, my lazy friend, who toil not neither do ye spin, shall be cast into the discard because you refuse to sing the Song of Work, of human brotherhood, our oneness in labor as in enjoyment.

CHAPTER XXII

SONGS OF THE SEA

EACH spring and summer millions of people flock to the seashore. They are lured thither by the Songs of the Sea. The illimitable expanse of the waters with their mystery; the cool breezes; the roar of the surf; the scintillant dance of the waves; the vessels of every description, especially the gay yachts and the rapid moving motor-boats; the promenade on the beach or the nearby esplanade; the gay throngs on the sands; the children building their mimic forts or houses or levees, only to watch the incoming tide demolish them; the lovers sitting close under the giant umbrella or gay Japanese parasol; and then, the happy, jolly, shouting, screaming, giggling bathers, dancing up and down in the shallow surf, meeting the incoming rollers hand in hand, diving head-long into them, or joyously swimming out beyond; how attractive it all is! These are all true and legitimate songs of the sea, for they sing of renewed health and restored energy, of added vigor and life. Every one can join in these songs to their great benefit.

Every city dweller, and country resident, and especially those whose homes are in the hot, parched,

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desert areas of our land, should be privileged to hear the song of the sea-waves for several weeks each year. What a relief it would be to them, both in anticipation and actual reality, and what a joy in retrospect.

But there are other seaside songs that do not fit into the Great Symphony of God—the carousing, the gluttony, the deliberate temptations to an evil life held out to young girls, the open sensuality—these are notes, tones, tunes that jangle, jar and spoil the beautiful melodies and harmonies, the simple and pure pleasures the sea affords.

To the fisherman the sea has other songs to which he listens with enchantment. All the beach towns of the Atlantic and Pacific, and on the Gulf of Mexico, are full of allurements at the proper season to the disciples of Izaak Walton, yet I doubt not the venerable father of angling would look in perfect amazement upon the piscatorial achievements of some of his later-day followers. Fish-story-tellers have a proverbial reputation of which it behooves ordinary men and liars to beware. But the ordinary fish-story-tellers of East and South, North and inland country, of mountain brook, tarn or lake, may better learn early than late that their most startling yarns will fall on dull and deadened ears if they are led to tell them to the Porch Club, on Santa Catalina Island, in Southern California. I know—for I have heard them try to tell their little kindergarten stories to men who revealed

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in the classics. What is the use spinning yarns of three, six, ten pound trout, perch or pickerel, when a Catalina fisherman will calmly pull out a photograph and an affidavit asserting that he is the proud fisherman who captured a black sea bass weighing 394, 419, and even 436 pounds with a twenty-one thread line, or a swordfish weighing 339 pounds? There is no wonder that men go away home—back East, for instance, and assert that some of these men use whales for bait.

George Sterling, the California poet, has listened so much to the sea and caught so many of its various songs that I could far more than fill one of these chapters with the wealth of his exquisite interpretations. He loves the sea and shows it in the response of his poems, all of which are songs of beauty and charm. And he is but one of scores of similar writers. Who does not recall Barry Cornwall's:

The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free.

or Bayard Taylor's:

Children are we of the restless sea.

or Byron's:

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!

And then we remember Mrs. Heman's

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast

and our minds are led to the Songs of Adventure the sea has ever sung to men. We can see, in imagination, Eric the Red, sailing from Iceland over the western

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ocean; Columbus on his memorable voyage; Magellan on his south-bound trip of discovery; Hudson to the finding of his bay. Captain Cook, Sir Francis Drake, Cabrillo, and all the hundreds of adventurous explorers of the sea and its varied coasts, islands, continents come to mind, and then we think of the songs of adventure sung by the sea to the boys and men of today, even as to those of the past ages. The allure-ment of the sea has always been powerful. And while, sometimes, because parents were self-willed, obstinate and cruel, just as their sons were self-willed, obstinate and cruel, suffering and sorrow came, because the alluring songs were listened to, I think, in the main, the songs were Divine in their origin, and produced good to those who heard them and joined in with them. As I have written elsewhere I fully believe in the Spirit of Adventure. God gave to us this great world—small though it may seem as compared with the vast universe—that we might study, explore, know and use it, and, therefore, He im-planting in many bosoms an insatiable longing to see the strange and alien parts of the earth. If I had my way, even now, and there were no obstacles in the way, I would start traveling afresh and see every land on earth. I would visit every country, endeavor to master its language, familiarize myself with its literature and people, their arts, sciences and social life, and I should deem the time well spent. Why, then, should I ignore this same spirit of adventure

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in my son or daughter, or seek to oppose it if it is manifested?

I believe the sea sings God's own songs in which He wants many of us to join—for not only do we thereby meet the natural spirit of adventure in our own souls, but we further the era of larger brotherhood the more we know of other nations. Ignorance and prejudice are two great factors of misunderstanding and war—banish these and friendship and kindly relation take their place. Thus we enlarge the scope of the Great Human Symphony and God Himself leads us in our songs. Every merchantman, every schooner, every sailing-vessel of any kind, every freight and passenger steamer that floats on the bosom of the ocean, and listens to its songs, is furthering the Divine Symphony, so long as it trades honestly and justly.

I hear, too, another song from the depths of the ocean to its surface. It is of the perfection, and beauty, and marvelous variety of the finny tribe. Who but a professional ichthyologist, or a fisherman, really knows much of the glory of the denizens of the sea? Spencer Baird, David Starr Jordan, and his collaborateur, Barton Warren Evermann, grow enthusiastic and exuberant in their descriptions of the rare and unique beauty of the fish of the sea. The pictures they show of the actual colors of some of the fishes of the Pacific and other Oriental oceans are almost unbelievable in their resplendent hues and

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dazzling glory. And if you can go out in a boat and watch them in their native element you see how graceful they are, what strength they manifest, how easily they glide along, and at what great speed they travel when excited or alarmed.

At Santa Catalina, too, one finds another Sea Song of Beauty being sung, in which he can join. This is the song of the exquisite and wonderful *submarine gardens*. By means of a glass-bottomed boat, so planned that fifty or more people can sit and gaze through it at one time, the visitor is enabled to look through the transparent water, to the growths on the bottom of the sea, and the fishes that inhabit them. Professor Holden says:

The charm of this voyage beneath the sea lies in the wealth of submarine verdure, sea weeds; for here are the true forests of the sea, glades and replicas of all the forest scenes of the land.

These are some of the songs the sea sings to me. And yet, like Paul in Dickens's *Dombey and Son*, I am ever asking:

What are the wild waves saying,
Sister, the whole day long?

In that question that man is ever asking lies one great secret of the sea's wonderful charm—its mystery. Surely it is a Creation of God's for it is so far beyond man's complete comprehension that only as he understands God, and goes through Life Singing with Him, can his soul be attuned perfectly to know and understand the sea.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE SONGS OF THE STARS*

WHAT was it led the thinkers, philosophers and poets of the earliest days and peoples to imagine that the "morning stars sang together?" Had they the gift of spiritual hearing—clairaudience? Did the spirit songs of the stars and planets, comets and galaxy, whisper to their spirits? And was it in their waking hours or when asleep?

Certain it must have been that it was accomplished somehow, for never has there been a time when some men did not think and believe they could hear the "music of the spheres." The ancient Egyptians heard it and built and painted their wonderful temple of Denderah with the signs of the zodiac in their joy at the glorious chorus. Ptolemy, Aristarchus, Galileo,

* For the astounding facts and figures of this chapter, I am indebted to my learned friend Edgar Lucien Larkin, Director of the Lowe Astronomical Observatory, Mount Lowe, California, the most lucid and popular of our writers on recent discoveries in Astronomy. He has written the following books: "*Radiant Energy*," "*Within the Mind Maze*," "*The Matchless Altar of the Soul*," "*Popular Studies in Recent Astronomy*," and has two other books nearly ready for publication, viz.: "*Spirit Radium*" and "*The Second New Testament by Jesus of Nazareth*." These books should be in the libraries of all men and women who care to think of the Universe in which their Creator has placed them; and of their Destiny, or to know what are the songs modern Astronomers are contributing to the Universal Symphony. These books may be had direct from Edgar Lucien Larkin, Director Lowe Observatory, Los Angeles, Calif.

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Tycho Brahe, and all the earliest moderns, beginning with Newton and including Keppler, the Herschels, Le Verrier, Laplace, Adams and many others heard it, and built up the marvelous science of later astronomy. John Dolland, Alvin Clark, Brashear, Feil of Paris, and all the lens and telescope makers of the past and present have heard it, and they have done their part in the making of instruments that have enabled the astronomers to hear with their seeing ears and thus comprehend more fully these voices of the myriad-world universe.

But what of the later moderns—Kirchoff, Sir Robert Ball, Maunder, Turner, Mitchell, Asaph Hall, Pickering, Fraunhofer, Proctor, Young, Todd, Holden, Hale, Barnard, Burnham, the Struves, Douglass, Hussey, Perrine, Burchalter, Larkin, and a score, a hundred of others equally worthy of note. They have been just as attentive as those of a past day, and even more so, for they have been better equipped to listen and understand. The result is they have enlarged our knowledge of the songs of the stellar universe to such an extent that few know how much new music has been added to the Universal Symphony by their endeavors.

The year 1848 was a notable one in that it was then that gold sang its luring song in California, and the world turned its ears, eyes and many of its steps thitherward. Ten years later was the year I was born, and, the following year heard the first note of the

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larger song of modern astronomy. Had any one, even a reputable scientist, dared to prophesy in 1858, word for word what all astronomers are asserting as facts today, not even the greatest of reputations could have stood the fierce scorn and antagonism such utterances would have aroused. In 1859 Darwin and Kirchoff appeared upon the scene, and at once changed the currents of human thought for all time. Darwin's ideas of evolution speedily took possession of the generally educated world, while those of Kirchoff were confined to the limited fields of the astronomer, physicist and mathematician. Yet as soon as he published his three immortal laws dealing with spectrum analysis and kindred subjects, they were spread, in all languages, before the scientists of the world; immediately new activities sprang into being. A new song of wonderment, of amazement, of enthusiasm was heard, and the chorus of it swelled to great volume, and it keeps on increasing and taking on new notes of power as the days pass by. Truly, the modern astronomer goes "Singing through Life with God." The use of the spectroscope having been explained astronomers began to grasp things they had never before understood. As years passed spectroscopes of enormous dispersive power were made, the largest and most powerful now in existence being in hourly use at the Carnegie Observatory, on Mt. Wilson, near Pasadena, Calif., where also is the largest and best equipped astronomical institution known

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to man. By means of the spectroscope, attached to a telescope, the astronomer can tell what elements the sun and other bodies of our starry universe are composed of. This is done by reading the so-called Fraunhofer lines that reveal clearly each element with which we are familiar.

These lines are the lettering of the grand alphabet of Stellar Nature, each set representing a chemical element of matter. They are as fixed and as certain as mathematics, hence can definitely be relied upon—as fully demonstrated by Kirchoff—to reveal what elements compose each body observed.

Chemists, too, have made photographic plates so sensitive, and there are lenses so perfect, that these elemental lines can be photographed, and thus accurately recorded for all time. Forty, thirty years ago it was thought, even by many astronomers, that a sun was a sun, finished, completed, fully perfected for whatever was its place and work in the great universe. The delicate Fraunhofer lines, however, now reveal that this was an error. Changes are taking place in suns near and remote, so, to give to the astronomers of a hundred, a thousand years from now the opportunity of knowing the state of the stars of our day, and thus afford them data for judging what evolution is going on, astronomers are making photographs of the spectra of every star in the stellar vault bright enough to make spectra for that purpose. The pioneer in spectroscopic science in the United

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States was Henry Draper, and to honor his memory the great Harvard University Observatory has dedicated its monumental *Catalogue of Stellar Spectra* to him. It now contains several large volumes, and the last reveals a total number of spectra classified of 242,093, relating to 222,000 stars. And it must not be forgotten that each star is a gigantic red or white hot sun. The negatives of these spectra are being stored in vacuum receptacles, in a rock-hewn building, as near fire, flood and earthquake proof as modern skill and knowledge can make it. At the end of each thousand year period of future time, these vaults can be opened and the precious plates compared with those taken later. Thus science is sending its songs of expectation and joyous anticipation thousands of years ahead. In this comparison microscopes of the highest power will be used to detect any changes that have occurred in the Fraunhofer lines, so fully explained by Kirchoff. We already know that leaves in a forest, from bursting bud through all stages of youth to maturity, then to the sear and yellow in the closing scenes of death in the fall, are not more varied than are the variations in the life careers of suns in the depths of space. Suns all condense from gaseous nebulae. This compressed gas makes meteors that rain down towards some center during eons of time. Millions of them are still in space, for untold numbers of them nightly fall upon our earth. The impact of

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these falling meteors generates heat and light. Telescopes analyze—dissect—all light that passes through the great lenses of refracting telescopes, or upon the even larger mirrors of such reflecting telescopes as those of Mt. Wilson, and thus reveal suns in every stage of evolution, at the same time positively indicating what incandescent elements are emitting the light. In nascent suns, hydrogen and helium are the most prominent elements, and helium is one of the fascinating substances of which we are now beginning to learn the amazing alphabet. It is only recently that science observed what is now called radio-activity—the sending forth by elements of matter of minute particles of themselves and of energy waves. It was soon learned that helium escapes from radium as Alpha particles. From this fact scientists infer that when the spectroscope reveals helium in any direction in the stellar structure, it indicates the presence of radium, and radium is known to be a product of the disintegration of uranium.

The further results of this tremendous Harvard labor is that nebulae and suns can now be classified. They display typical spectra, consisting of prominent lines, either bright or dark. The nebulae have been divided into six classes, and suns into thirty-six. The groups are determined by the existence of similar elemental lines as of calcium, strontium, magnesium, etc. Evolution is found to be from class

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into class, and thus are our astronomers watching worlds in the making and may thus see and hear their first morning songs.

But suns are not standing still. They are all moving in every possible direction at velocities ranging from 4 to 80 miles per second. One can take a pencil and draw lines at haphazard at every angle across the line of sight and he cannot fail to strike the course of some sun traveling with inconceivable velocity through the stellar spaces. When these suns cross the line of vision at right angles, their motions in seconds of arc can easily be measured by the delicate micrometer in the eyepiece of the telescope. Then, if their distances can be measured, seconds of arc can at once be translated into miles. When, however, the motions of suns cross the visual sight at any angle, then trigonometry has to be employed to find angular and linear rates. But suppose suns are approaching or receding precisely on the line of our vision, how then can we find their velocities? This problem was unsolvable by any astronomer until the discovery of the wonderful spectroscope, and not even then until Doppler made his capital discovery. Go stand close to a railway track and listen to the coming of a rapid express train. The nearer it approaches the higher the pitch of sound of bell or whistle, and the lower the instant it passes and recedes. The explanation is that more waves of sound enter the ear when approaching and less when re-

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ceding. But light reaches the eye as energy waves, whose lengths have all been measured with extreme accuracy, and range from 33,000 to the inch for dim and dull red, to 63,000 for the faintest violet. Hence if a sun is coming on a straight line toward the earth, or the earth toward it, more waves enter the slit of the spectroscope per second, and less when receding. But when approaching, all lines in the spectrum of the sun under examination will shift positions toward the violet end; and shift toward the red end if receding. Doppler discovered this mighty fact, and then great mathematicians computed how much shifting corresponded to velocities of approach or recession. This is a transcendent discovery, giving to man glimpses of the vastness of the universe never before dreamed of. Measures were made of thousands of flying suns, and are now being made, with the result that we know they approach and recede with speeds, like all others, viz., between 4 and 80 miles per second. The most rapid sun in angular motion so far discovered is one of the eighth magnitude 8.7 seconds of arc per year. This rate would carry it around the entire celestial sphere in 150,000 years. One has recently been discovered with an angular speed of ten seconds of arc annually, but its distance is unknown, hence its velocity in miles is unknown. The average velocities of all the suns measured is about twenty-two miles per second. Our own sun, dragging the entire solar system, its

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stately retinue of eight planets, twenty-six moons, over eight hundred asteroids, an unknown number of comets, and streams of meteors, moves 12.6 miles per second toward the gigantic sun Vega. But what shall be said of "runaway suns?" A few of these are in a class by themselves and appear to be total strangers to our sidereal structure or enclosed by the Milky Way. Some move with the terrific speed of two hundred miles per second and are dashing through our family of a billion suns, and the combined attraction of the combined masses of all of them cannot stop them or appreciably slow down their motion. Whence they came or whither they are going are questions that cannot be solved by data thus far secured. They may be obeying the attraction of the mass of some other universe beside which our billion-sun universe is so small that the fliers pay no attention to its attraction of gravitation.

And Kapteyn, the great astronomer from Groninger, Holland, told his audiences in Pasadena a few years ago of the streaming of suns. He asserted that there are at least two colossal streams of suns moving in opposite directions. The real motion may be discovered after long observation by future astronomers. All estimates converge to the grand fact that our own local universe of suns, bounded equatorially by the Galaxy or Milky Way, is forty-four quadrillion miles in diameter. A mistake of two or even four quadrillion miles would not amount

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to much in this calculation. The problem in trigonometry is limited to such a minute base line,—even though it is the diameter of the orbit of the earth around the sun, 186,000,000 miles—that it is comparable to measuring the distance from Los Angeles to San Francisco by looking out of a window in a house in Los Angeles, and moving the instruments from side to side to secure a base line and two angles.

It required one hundred and twenty years of toil so arduous that it would seem to be far beyond the limit of endurance of a human mind and body, to measure the distance of the nearest sun to ours. It is 25,500,000,000,000 miles away. And it was one hundred and twenty years before toilers with equal endurance finally measured the set specific speed of light, 186,324 miles per second. This number is basic, fundamental and awe-inspiring and is the foundation of modern astrophysics. It ought to be burned into the brain cells of every human being. There are 31,558,149 seconds in one sidereal year, the absolute time required for the earth to make one revolution around the sun. This number multiplied by 186.324 gives 5,880,040,544,276 miles traversed by light in one year and is called one light year, now used as the foot rule to measure stellar distances. The time required from *Alpha Centauri*, the nearest neighboring sun to ours is 4.346 years, and from the huge sun, *Sirius*, 8.792 years.

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It takes one hundred and seventy years for light to traverse one quadrillion miles. The recent photographs of the majestic sky of night reveal faint objects, spirals, globular and other distant forms so far away that they are beyond our structure of suns. Mighty voids are between. The expressive term, "Island Universes" is often applied to them. Recent astronomical literature teems with references to 200,000, 300,000, 400,000 and even up to 800,000 light years as distances of these vastly remote objects. Each may have one or two billion suns. And they may be centers of systems of revolving worlds. This is unknown as all possible planets are so minute that at such vast distances no telescope can hope to see them.

These are a few discoveries of recent astronomy made possible by telespectroscopes, telephotographic apparatus, and above all the stupendous system of modern mathematics. These make humans who handle them transcendent. Radium emits thousands of particles per second. If these strike zinc sulphide, molecules, minute flashes of light appear and endure during a fraction of a second. Bear this in mind and then try to see this concept: If the Universe of Island Universes is infinite in duration and in quantity of matter, then each sun, although it pours forth floods of light for a billion years, is comparable to the flash of an emanation of radium. For one billion years is an infinitesimal of time in comparison with

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infinite time. And a sun ten thousand times larger than our own sun, itself 1,310,000 times larger than the earth, is an infinitesimal, smaller in comparison with an infinite quantity of matter than a microscopic particle of helium from radium, in comparison with the entire earth, for any finite quantity is an infinitesimal in comparison with an infinite, so sayeth the mighty calculus.

Can it not be seen, then, how the study of the Songs of the Stars enlarges man's conception of God; gives him greater visions of the "many mansions" that await him; and thus enables him to "sing to the Lord our King and Maker" as never before?

CHAPTER XXIV

THE SINGING OF THE COSMIC SPHERES

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN,

Director of the Lowe Observatory.

Dedicated to my great and good friend,

GEORGE WHARTON JAMES.

THE SONG OF THE SUPERNAL.

I.

Deep singeth unto deep
And sun to sun.
In tuneful strains,
Worlds are singing unto worlds,
And night to day,
And day to night,
And all to God.

II.

Of a surety is
The ancient saying true:
In the Beginning was the Word;
The Word was with God,
The very word was God.
Word omnific. In the beginning
Was Creative Mind.
Mind primordial, creative,
All potential,
And good, and pure, and true.

III.

Mind spake to Self, saying:
Let me sacrifice Self
In created things.
A mental ray issued forth

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Into space interminable,
And wrought, thinking:
Let Aura appear, and space was filled.

IV.

Mind sublime, Mind Divine,
Thinking over chaos,
The sea of Aura,
Thought: *Let electrons form*.
The mass became electric
And wheeled into atoms,
And these to molecules,
These to blazing suns and worlds
In numbers next
To Infinite. And they
Sing praises unto God.
A thousand million suns
Sing in harmonic strains:
Glory to God in the Highest,
With wondrous words saying:
Our beginning was with God,
Creative Mind Divine,
Mind Sublime, Supreme.

V.

The Palace of the Universe
On conscious plan is builded.
Within this, our Father's house,
There are many mansions.
Holy temples rise,
With domes and towers
Of matchless beauty,
All adorned with suns,
Pouring light to space
In floods effulgent.
Palace singeth unto palace,
And house to house,
And all sing anthems
Unto God, the Master Mind.
Cities beautiful appear,

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Holy places, and streets
All paved with diamond suns,—
The stellar floor.

VI.

Cubic altars stand,
Central within Holy Chambers,
In temples magnificent;
And these sing to God
Songs Divine, Supernal,
To Creative Mind Eternal.
Spiral nebulae shine
Forth from space darkness,
Revolve in seething turbulence,
Kneading, mixing, churning
Cosmic matter into
Forming suns and worlds.

VII.

The majestic Goddess
Of the deep of night
Displays her robes, all
Adorned with glowing suns,
Even down to the very
Hem of her garments.
She singeth unto the Creator
Sweet songs of Cosmic peace,
And unfolds her robes
Of glory—all congeries of suns.
Bring forth the starry diadem
Spangled with glittering suns;
Place it upon her majestic brow,
And crown her, crown her
Queen of all there is.
The woman all clothed with suns,
Woman Divine, Mother Sublime,
Whose regal chamber
Is the Holy of Holies
Of the Universe Sidereal.
She ruleth with gentle force

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Of Love Divine
Mighty suns and rolling spheres,
And inspires them all
To go sing praises
Unto God
Throughout ages, eons eternal.
From observatory dome
Behold she walketh over
The waves of Southern Sea,
And seemeth to drag
Careless garments of stars
In wat'ry wastes
By the Earth's rotation.

VIII.

Creative Mental Energy
Brought suns and worlds
To reality of being.
Myriads piled on myriads,
All solar globes,
Emerged from wastes cosmic,
Solitary, silent, dark,
And lighted space
With glow electric.
And Creative Word
Spake, saying: *All is good.*

IX.

Eternal gates were lifted up,
Or just stood ajar,
Admitting light supernal
Into chaotic gloom.
And the darkness comprehended not
Till Law appeared.
God said: *Let law reign.*
And all became harmonic.
Then foundation deep and wide,—
The encircling band of suns,—
The Galaxy, the Milky Way,
Binding the billion suns

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Into a congeries celestial,
Structure stellar, sidereal, was laid.
Clusters of suns, bound
By family ties of attractive love,
Formed their groups in space,
In unutterable splendor
Around and about
The Palace of the Master Mind.
Not hanging in the wastes
Of North, in cheerless space,
But everywhere,
Windows in stately rooms
Peer into cosmic deeps,
And open vision into
Blackness of darkness
Beyond confines of suns,
In frigid space, at zero
Absolute, and cold infinite,
Without glow of light or warmth.
But the Master hath
Called to being
Island universes—
Other congeries of suns—
By unnumbered millions,
Bound by galactic bands
Of other suns, with force
Attractive. Their mighty
Mirrors and lenses,
Curved to energy waves
Photographic, turn with
Gaze imperturbable,
Through the hours of
Mountain night,
Full upon the distant
Universes, and write
Their varied histories
On plates made sensitive
To tiny rays of light,

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Tremulous and faint
From flights through space
During five thousand years.
Space, the Master's place
For work, arduous, creative,
Is the cosmic bearing
On waves etheric,
Sidereal universes, beyond
Mathematic power and the mighty calculus.

X.

Holy is the matchless
Altar of God.
Suns are its foundation,
The cubic Altar of the
Very soul of nature,
The soul Divine,
The soul Sublime, Supreme.
The Master Soul
In divinity circuit
Willed: *Let suns be,*
And they emerged,
From chaos of nebulosity
To light up the cosmic scene.
Energy Divine, Nascent,
Potent in rays of Mind,
Mind magnificent,
Sped to points remote
In deeps profound.
Space glowed with
Light supernal
And suns burst forth.
Creative thought made worlds exist.

XI.

Eons rolled away
And cast their ages
Into past duration,
From everlasting to everlasting.
Pent up lightnings,

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Electric thunders and
Voices, hoarse roarings,
Resounded over the turbulence
Of cosmic foundation:
Spiral nebulae revolved
And hurled off suns;
Worlds condensed,
Solar systems formed,
And flying worlds.
Amid awful elemental
War and chaos
The Reign of Law appeared.
Appalling thunders subdued
Into dull and distant roar.
Dim vapors rolled away,
Light appeared in gloom
Of space, and colors
Touched cosmic clouds
With tints beautiful.

XII.

Calm drew on apace.
Lightnings, force
Electric and thunders,
Almost ceased;
Turbulence subsided
Into silence and solitude.
A hush came over Nature
And ominous stillness.
The universe of dull
And cheerless matter
Expectant, waited the dawn
Of some prophetic age,
The opening of some new era,
Cosmic and transcendent.
Suns, aware of coming events,
Poured forth floods effulgent
Of light and genial warmth,
From fierce heat tempered.

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Nature looked on in silence,
Wondering what mighty
Event awaited.
The Master Creative Mind
Spoke Word Omnific, saying:
Let Life Be, and life
Appeared on the cosmic scene.
Eons rolled away,
And then came MAN.

CHAPTER XXV

MORNING SONGS

THE morning seems to be an especially favorite time for singing. Then is when the birds sing their most exquisite and passionate songs. In our garden in Pasadena, California, I have listened to the feathered Pattis, Nordicas, Jenny Linds, Tetraxinis, Schumann-Heinks, Carusos, De Rezkes, McCormacks, by the score, until my heart has been thrilled with the soulful delight of their varied music. Even in the heart of the Colorado Desert, miles away from all evidences of civilization, I have been awakened by the most delicious bursts of melody from the throat of a solitary oriole. I was asleep in my blankets when this song reached my inner consciousness. The night had been so silent that it is no figure of speech to say that I could hear my heart beat. I could hear and count every beat distinctly. Then to have this glorious bird-song pierce the morning air—there is no wonder it awoke me to its enjoyment.

Every morning at beautiful Foresta, in the Yosemite National Park, where many of these pages were

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written, I was regaled by a concert as charming and varied as any I have ever heard.

Charles Keeler, the poet, thus writes in his *Bird Notes Afield* of the morning songs in the California Redwoods:

High up in the top of a dead limb a California woodpecker is cheerily rapping away, while a pine squirrel scampers gaily up the trunk, chattering shrilly as he frisks over the rough bark. We catch the infection of joyousness from the light-hearted creatures, and feel that we have come to participate in a summer revelry. From a mass of poison-oak in a little ravine below, a jack-rabbit, with long, erect ears, bounds over the open mountain-side into the nearest covert. A gray squirrel whisks his beautiful, long tail at us as we pass, and barks as if he had a bone in his throat. Far and near the birds are busy in the happy toil of rearing a family; and many of their human cousins could learn a lesson from their devotion and discipline.

The Spaniards have a beautiful custom, which they brought with them to California, of singing their morning "Canticle to the Sun." Helen Hunt Jackson, in her *Ramona* thus describes it:

As the first rays of the morning sun reached the window the father would throw the casement wide open, and standing there with bared head, strike up the melody of the sunrise hymn, sung in all devout Mexican families. It was a beautiful custom not yet wholly abandoned. At the first dawn of light, the oldest member of the family arose, and began singing some hymn familiar to the household. It was the duty of each person hearing it to immediately rise, or at least sit up in bed, and join in the singing. In a few moments the whole family would be singing, and the joyous sounds pouring out from the house like the music of the birds in the fields at dawn. The hymns were

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usually invocations to the Virgin, or to the saint of the day, and the melodies were sweet and simple.

On this morning there was another watcher for the dawn besides Father Salvierderra. It was Alessandro. . . . His eyes wandered from the horizon line of slowly increasing light, to the windows of the house, yet dark and still. "Which window is hers? Will she open it when the song begins?" he thought. "Is it on this side of the house? Who can she be? She was not here last year. Saw the Saints ever so beautiful a creature!"

At last came the full red ray across the meadow. Alessandro sprang to his feet. In the next second Father Salvierderra flung up his south window, and leaning out, his cowl thrown off, his thin gray locks streaming back, began in a feeble but not unmelodious voice to sing:

O beautiful Queen,
Princess of Heaven.

Before he had finished the second line, a half-dozen voices had joined in,—the Señora, from her room at the west end of the veranda, beyond the flowers; Felipe, from the adjoining room; Ramona, from hers, the next, and Margarita and other of the maids already astir in the wings of the house.

As the volume of melody swelled, the canaries waked, and the finches and the linnets in the veranda roof. The tiles of this roof were laid on bundles of tule reeds, in which the linnets delighted to build their nests. The roof was alive with them,—scores and scores, nay hundreds, tame as chickens; their tiny shrill twitter was like the tuning of myriads of violins.

Singers at dawn
From the heavens above
People all regions;
Gladly we too sing.

Continued the hymn, the birds corroborated the stanza. Then men's voices joined in,—Juan and Luigo, and a dozen more, walking slowly up from the sheepfolds. The hymn was a favorite one, known to all.

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Come, O sinners,
Come, and we will sing
Tender hymns
To our refuge.

was the chorus, repeated after each of the five verses of the hymn.

It is a pity this beautiful custom is not still carried on, not only by the Spanish in America, but by all others.

David the psalmist knew this desire for morning song, for he wrote:

Awake, psaltery and harp, I myself will awake early.
I will praise thee, O Lord, among the people.

He doubtless learned the joy of the morning song while a shepherd lad attending his father's sheep on the hilly slopes of Palestine.

It would be too cool to use his harp at such an hour, but, as he moved his flock from the sheepfold, how natural to pour out his heart in joyous morning song.

For years after I began to visit the Hopi Indians in northern Arizona I used to sleep in my blankets on the sand at the foot of the high *mesas* upon which their villages are built. Every morning, long before daylight, I would hear the boys and young men taking out their sheep from the primitive rock corrals on the side of the mesa, or going for their morning run, and nearly all were singing. Clear and ringing, their voices filled the morning air with their joyous sound, and even though one turned over in his blankets and went to sleep again, there was

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an added note of content and peace singing quietly within his own soul.

Browning sends out his little silk-weaver, Pippa, the Italian girl, singing her morning song, and how many thousands have since thrilled to it when sung to the soul-stirring music of Amy Beach. Who is not familiar with the song?

The year's at the Spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world.

And in his own rich fashion the poet makes his own response to the morning song of sunrise, at the opening of the same drama:

Day!
Faster and more fast,
O'er night's brim, day boils at last:
Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's brim,
Where spurting and suppressed it lay,
For not a froth-flake touched the rim
Of yonder gap in the solid gray of the Eastern cloud, an
hour away;
But forth one wavelet, then another, curled,
Till the whole sunrise, not to be suppressed,
Rose, reddened, and its seething breast
Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then overflowed the world.

Do you wake up in the morning with the singing heart? Are you glad you are alive, going out to your daily labor, thankful that you are deemed

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worthy to help do the work of the world, however lowly and apparently unimportant? Then sing or whistle or hum your morning joy, and when you take hammer or sledge, or shovel, or tool in hand you will feel the better for your morning song. And, if you keep it up all day, while at your work, it will be better still. Of course I am aware that there are many places where an outward song is impossible. Others have to be considered. But the *spirit of song* may be within you, and it can be cultivated just as well as the actual singing itself. Thus, not only in the morning, but throughout the day, you can foster the habit of Singing through Life with God.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE SONGS OF THE SEASONS

ONE might write a book alone on the songs of the seasons. Winter has its own songs of storm and wind, hail and frost, crackling ice and crunching snow, howling blizzard and roaring avalanche, even as Autumn has her songs of the falling leaves as they rustle and whirl in the playing breezes, or dash and mass together in the angrier storms. Springtime is full of song. Every tree becomes actively vocal, and every blade of grass, flower, shrub and growing thing sings its song of joy in that it is about to come into the active life of expression, after a long Winter of dormancy. Then, when the buds and blossoms spring forth, the songs of color are added to those of sound, and the trills and roulades of the birds, the mating pleas of the tiny feathered inhabitants of the trees, as they fly to and fro, singing their adoration one of another, and putting the joy of loverhood and future parenthood into their voices, make Springtime one long-continued joytime.

And Summertime with its ripening grain, glistening and singing in the sunshine, covering the brown and black earth and making it radiantly golden ; with

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its trees, richly clothed in their perfect robes of shaded green, and hung with their God's gifts of red and pink and purple and golden fruit—oranges, lemons, peaches, apricots, pears, apples, plums, cherries, figs, persimmons, guavas, prunes,—how Summer sings of its joyous fruit time, of harvest, of usefulness! And the tree toads and frogs, the cicadas, the locusts, the crickets, the "bull-frogs in the pond," join in with their notes of praise—nay often full choruses which they keep going all through the night. The nightingale of the south and west—the incomparable mocking-bird—having transmuted the rich nectar of the various fruits into richer and soul-entrancing music, and the linnets and thrushes and flickers and meadow-larks and the thousand and one other "Pattis of the grove" add their songs until one feels that Summer time is also a perpetual song time, happy time, full of thanksgiving to God.

How Grieg and the other great tone poets listened to and echoed for us these Songs of the Seasons. One listens to the great Norwegian's various Nature compositions and his heart thrills with joy at the responses a musical nature can make to the songs of the outside world.

Springtime is essentially the time of rejoicing. It is the love time of the world. As Tennyson says:
**In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's
breast;**
In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest,

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In the Spring a livelier iris mantles on the burnished dove;
In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to
thoughts of love.

Everything is bursting into joyous expression. Winter's sleep is over, the new life of the coming year is demanding outlet. The shoots are thrusting their heads above the softening ground; the leaves are budding out all over the black branches of the trees; the birds are mating and singing; the very sky responds to the universal mood, and changes its dull grayness to a charming blue that attracts the eye and forms a deliciously beautiful background for the white clouds that come floating into sight.

It was undoubtedly this spirit of joyous Springtime that led to the establishment of the May Festivals. How many centuries these go back it is hard to tell. There is little doubt but that they had their origin when the aboriginal peoples of the earth began to note the difference between Winter and Springtime. It was one of the early expressions of thanksgiving and of prayer and is continued in the ceremonies of the Pueblo Indians of our southwest today. In these ceremonies they petition the Mother of Germs, that she will make every seed of every kind to grow—in flocks and herds, in tree and cornfield, in herb and grass, so that life may be continued. They are practically May Festivals of the earliest known type, and they consist of singing, praying, thanksgiving and dancing.

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In our day these May Festivals resolve themselves into great singing or orchestral gatherings in the larger cities, where vast choruses and orchestras, led by noted soloists and conducted by the Masters of Music of our day, give concerts of a more or less formal type. Mendelssohn's *Lobegesang* or *Hymn of Praise* came nearer to being a genuine and spontaneously appropriate theme for a Spring Festival than perhaps even he knew, for it was a reversion to the original object of the May time thanksgiving of our primitive ancestors. It was written for the great Birmingham (England) Festival and was conducted by the composer himself.

After Spring comes Summer, the ripening time, the heat time, when all Nature seems to bend her energies to bring to fruition that which she has started to grow. As the days and nights become hotter the wheat, barley, oats, rye and corn grow higher, the ears fill out, and the farmer watches eagerly, for upon the kindness of the summer months he knows the value of his crops largely depend. Just as soon as possible the reaping and mowing machines are sent into the fields. The scent of new-cut grass fills the air, and soon it changes to the delicious odor of the curing hay. The shocks of wheat and corn are exposed to the heat of summer's sun, and soon the hum of the thresher is heard in the land. In California, where the heat is steady and constant, and there is little moisture in the air, the cutting

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of the grain and its threshing are performed in one operation by immense "headers." These machines cut off the heads of the grain, and thresh and sack it at one operation. Sixteen, twenty, twenty-four or even more horses and mules, propelled the great machines through the grain fields, until tractors were invented, and now the whole harvesting is done by machinery.

Those who depend on fruit for their crop watch their orchards, spraying them every now and again to check the pests that love to feast on peaches, nectarines, apples, pears, plums, persimmons, oranges, and the like, but to do so burrow their way into the juicy fibre. How a heavy crop delights the eye of the farmer. How he watches the apples and plums change from their unripe green, until the full em-purpling and reddening has taken place that denotes ripeness; or, if it be oranges that form his crop, he watches for the deep yellow to come. Summer is a great magician. The beams of the sun are his magic wand and he waves them constantly, never resting, never forgetting, never failing, and so vigorous are his daily ministrations that, even when darkness falls, he leaves the heat vibrations still in the air, not only as a reminder of his passing today, but a pledge that he will return tomorrow.

And what subtle chemistry the waving of that magic wand sets in motion.

Laboratory, still, melting-pot, furnace, reduction

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works—all combined—do not equal in their wonder-working the processes of Nature. There is no noise, no confusion, no hesitation, no mistakes, no testing to “find out,” no strikes, no violation of agreements, but quietly, indeed noiselessly, the processes go on, and tree and plant, shrub and bush, vine and creeper alike, extract their delicate and fragrant essences, their rare and delicious flavors, and deposit them with matchless perfection in the texture of the growing fruit. Even the miracle of compelling the sun to stand still at a word is not so marvellous, so wonderful, so soul-compelling as are these miracles that go on, hour after hour, without ceasing, during all the summer time.

Now reapers and mowers, fruit-gatherers and ranchers, sing their song of joy and thanksgiving when the harvest is large and demand for their products great, and the prices satisfactory. A great addition is made to the Songs of Life and of the Great Symphony during the summer-time. And time and space would fail me were I to try to tell of the grapes ripening and the making of them into raisins; the drying of the fruit, the gathering of beans and beets and the starting up of the sugar factories. Each state and section has its own activities and summer is the time for quickening them all.

Then comes Autumn—its opening full of songs of rejoicing for the crops of late summer, and its close full of the airs, melodies and themes that, by and by,

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will make the songs of Winter. This is lambing time, and calf time, and one hears thousands of new and happy voices, in the singing of songs as old as Creation, of these new families that have come to people the earth. The poets often find Autumn gloomy, but I want none of their dolefulness. I'm still singing the songs of thanks for the harvest; my eyes glisten as I see the full barns, and stock yards, and warehouses, and cellars, and the height of the hay-ricks. My heart thrills as I see the wheat and barley, the corn and oats, hauled over the dusty roads to the railway stations, or to the elevators, and I watch, with delight, the stacking of thousands of boxes of apples in the warehouses for winter use. Don't sing in melancholy strains of falling leaves and falling rain. Look at the beauty of the autumnal tints and listen to the songs of the rain. Be thankful for all that Nature has bestowed upon you during the summer, and gladly rejoice with her as she rests a while. Surely it is not generous to grudge so faithful and bountiful providers as the fields and trees have been a short period for recuperation. So sing, but sing softly, sweetly, and crooningly, as Autumn sends her weary children to sleep. The Autumn crop of gloomy poets is the only one I care to dispense with. All the others are useful. Even so bright and witty a man as Thomas Hood was hypnotized into singing mournfully about Autumn:

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The Autumn is old;
The sere leaves are flying;
He hath gathered up gold,
And now he is dying:
Old Age begins sighing!

Out on such maudlin nonsense. Dying? Nothing of the kind. He's but resting, taking a nap, getting ready to chemicalize the soil and strengthen it and the trees for their next year's golden crops. And, while he is doing this, he gives one enough of late fruits and flowers to rejoice over. Hence I sing with Helen Hunt Jackson:

The lands are lit
With all the Autumn blaze of Goldenrod;
And everywhere the Purple Asters nod
And bend and wave and flit.

I go out and sing with the piping quail on the mountain-sides, and I stand on vantage points and sing at the autumnal glory of the valleys and foothills, rejoicing in the blowing winds and the falling rain.

Have you ever listened to the various songs sung by the falling rain? I know there are those who will say that rain is rain, and that is all there is to it, and yet it falls with an infinite variety of sounds. It patters on the leaves, it splashes on the pavement, it tinkles in the tin gutters, it drums on the zinc roofs, it plops upon the water, it swishes when the wind dashes it against the window pane, and it has a hundred and one voices in accordance with that which it falls upon.

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Then, too, what different influences it has in different places and times. To those who live in a rainy country it is a commonplace, sometimes unwelcome and oftentimes a definite nuisance. Yet to those living in a dry country, as California is in summer-time, or in the deserts of Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, and Mexico, etc., its coming is heralded with rejoicing, and its every voice brings its own warm welcome and responding expression of joy.

Then, too, how varied are the voices, the songs, *evoked* by the falling of the rain, few, even of the learned, have ever observed. One night I was stopping with Joaquin Miller on *The Hights*, his tree-crowned mountain home, overlooking the Bay of San Francisco. Before we had dropped asleep a gentle rain began to fall and patter on the tin roof of a shed near by. This led the poet to quote various passages from the Bible about the rain, while I listened, not only surprised at the beauty and variety of the quotations, but at the wonderful memory he displayed.

He sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.—Matt. 5:45.

I withheld rain, one piece was rained upon, and the piece whereupon it rained not, withered.—Amos 4:7.

A continued dropping in a rainy day, and a contentious woman, are alike.—Prov. 25:15.

My doctrine shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distil as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass.—Deut. 32:2.

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As snow in Summer, and as rain in harvest, so honor is not seemly for a fool.—Prov. 26:1.

Then he began to quote from Homer and many of the Greek classics, Virgil and the Latins, Dante and the Italians, Lope de Vega and the Spaniards, Molière and Fénelon of the French, Goethe, Schiller and Lessing of the Germans, and from Russian, Hungarian, Arab, Turk, Danish, Swede, Norwegian and other literatures. The hours rolled by and I listened entranced.

Then he gave me proverb after proverb, from the sage folk words of all nations, showing how the rain has affected the popular mind. Never had I dreamed there were so many wonderful things that had been said, that could be said, about the rain. The rain ceased, but Joaquin continued, and the dawn found him still pouring forth from his memory-store beautiful words and thoughts about

The high born, lordly rain.

No, Autumn has nothing but joy for me. I join in spirit in the joyous twittering of the sparrows, the honking of the wild geese, calling as they fly, and the peculiar trumpeting of the sand-hill crane, as well as in the delight of the mocking-bird, who, like Mark Tapley, never seems to be happier than when rain and leaves are falling, while the dreary poets are trying to make people sad with their doleful songs. Autumn is the time of times to hear the California mocking-bird. He never wearies of voicing his

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thanks. He is my type of a thankful heart. Truly he goes Singing through Life with God, and he is a never-failing inciter and encourager of my own heart. If I had nothing else to be thankful for in Autumn-time he gives me theme enough. But in addition I sing the songs of retrospect, and those of anticipation. I have no sympathy whatever with those who sit down and repine, moan and sob for the blessed days that are past. Why not sit and enjoy them in memory? This habit of self-pity is a fearful strain upon one's singing powers; indeed, it generally kills them, so let us substitute for it the thankful heart for the joys that have been, and accept them as an assurance for further and more blessed joys to come. For God is no niggard in His gifts. He finds no joy in withholding His hand. The gifts he showered upon me yesterday are proofs that He will not forget me today and tomorrow. So with appreciation I await His time. If He wills that I have an Autumn it is that I may have time to sit and think over, learn to appreciate, what He has already given me, and further, that I may formulate my larger requests for the future.

And now Winter comes, and again mankind is cursed and tormented by the gloomy songs of ungrateful poets, who do not see the beneficence of Winter. They want God to be showering upon them the same kind of blessings all the time. God is too wise to do that. He knows what benefit it is to

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man's physical, mental and spiritual frame, to have the flux and influx of the seasons. Just as the cold of winter is good for one's blood—it stirs one to quicker action, to more vigorous exercise to the body's benefit—so is there a corresponding quickening of mind and soul. Hence, when the writers begin with their “regrets” and “woes” and “sadnesses” I shut up their senseless books, and, if I am in a snow country, take a romp with the children snowballing, sledding, tumble with them from the toboggan into the fleecy snow, put on the skates and go gliding over the ice, or skii or snowshoe and enjoy the glorious beauty of the winter landscape.

Then, too, Winter brings Christmas time—the reminder of the birth of the Christ-Child; the renewer of the memories of the angels' songs of “Peace on Earth, good-will to men.” I hear the chimes of the silvery bells ringing out their announcements of good cheer, and wake up as the “waits” come and sing their Christmas carols, and we hear the cock crowing, reminding us of Shakespeare's lines:

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long.

And when night comes with its Christmas Tree, and Santa Claus, and distribution of gifts, and feasting and dancing, surely here is joy enough to last one for a while and put heart and energy into his songs. And how thankful I am that so many of our

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business men and others are learning to find joy in taking cheer to the cheerless on this festive time. It is a good beginning. Some day they will wake up to the joy of helping—perhaps not giving—but giving real help all the time to those who are needy, the children of the race, children in ability and self-reliance, even though they have attained to years of manhood and womanhood.

Oh, there are many blessed songs that one can sing at Christmas time and throughout the winter, and thus the circle of the year goes round until Spring comes again. Let us learn the songs of each season, so that we know them by heart, and are ready with joy to sing them when their own appropriate time comes. Thus will the varying tunes of the year help us in our happy determination to go Singing through Life with God.

CHAPTER XXVII

SPORTING SONGS

PRAY, good religious reader, do not hold up your hands in holy horror at the caption of this chapter. No! I am not going to glorify the songs of the sports—the fox-hunters, the gamblers, the drinkers and carousers of life. What good there is in their life and songs I shall leave for others to discover and expound. This is to be, largely, a personal chapter, and to give my own idea of what it means to “be a sport,” and sing while you are about it.

The spirit of adventure is generally supposed to be common to youth. Under its influence boys run away to sea—they want to know more of the great world. Even girls feel its stirring within themselves, and sometimes are sent off wandering into places of danger and disaster. It is this spirit that leads one to engage in new enterprises; to plunge into new undertakings; to grapple with new and untried problems. Under its influence men build great apartment houses, open up new subdivisions, extend their factories and mills, enlarge their stores, venture into and colonize new lands. When the spirit is *over*

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developed it leads them to speculate unduly, to gamble, to risk largely that they may gain much and quickly.

To determine the exact line where legitimate adventure, enterprise, or business ends and the dangerous, immoral, speculative gambling begins is not always easy for men. It is evident, for instance, that it is right for them to engage in mining, yet it is always an industry in which there is much risk, consequently much speculation. I remember in the early '80's how men used to plant out thousands of acres of winter grain in the "dry belt" of California. They "speculated" that the winter rains would give their crops adequate moisture. They risked tremendously, for, when drought years came, they lost not only the expected crop, but all their labor, their seed, and the interest on their investment. Yet who can say it was an illegitimate risk—a "gamble" in the evil sense of the word?

When they succeeded they added much to the joy and singing of the world.

Do you dream dreams, see heavenly visions, picture paradises, for your fellows as well as for yourself? Would you not revel in them were they here, and invite your loved ones, your friends, and even your enemies to enjoy and delight in them with you? Then why not hasten the day of their coming? All that man can conceive of that which is truly good, man can realize. Try to believe this! Seek earnestly

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to believe it, and then begin to dream unselfish dreams for the uplift of mankind. Thus a New Song will be given to you, your own heart will be uplifted, and in the joy of your visions—were there naught else on earth to bless you—you will be enabled to go “Singing through Life with God.”

There has never been much of the gambling spirit in my make-up, and yet I have “plunged” several times, to my great joy. Never shall I forget when I broke as completely as I could with all civilization, left the haunts of men and wandered off into the solitudes of the *Painted Desert*, and the Grand Canyon. There was pure adventure—to me, at least. Tied down to the ordinary routine of life, a slave to the mediocre conventionalities of mediocre men and women, I at last plucked up courage enough to dare the plunge into the great wilds. With pack-burro and much joyous confidence I “cut loose,” and have ever since been thankful. Yet there was a good deal of speculation about it: Could I stand it, physically? Could I bear the solitude? How could I gain my livelihood while doing it? Every reader knows the score and one questions and objections that naturally would arise. Yet the Spirit within me kept urging: “Go ahead. Be a sport.” Not only have I never once regretted it, but I am eternally grateful to that prompting spirit. For, as I said in the “Dedication” to my “Wonders of the Colorado Desert”:

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IN THE DESERT

Silent Voices have spoken,
Peace has come,
Joy has flowed,
Courage has grown,
Health been regained.

Therefore, to the SOURCE, the Maker of Deserts, with a thankful heart, I dedicate this book.

In one year that adventure into the Grand Canyon region produced more joy and consequent singing in my heart and voice and life than any other ten previous years had done.

As a boy I had adventured over England and Europe on a bicycle, in the search for health, knowledge and adventure. At twenty-one I risked the great adventure most men and women dare—that of marriage, and a year later I was led by a train of peculiar circumstances to leave my natal country—England—cross to the United States, become a missionary in the mining-camps of Nevada, and thus—though without any original intention of doing so—sever my connection with the home country and become a citizen of the United States. All that, however, I did not plan in the beginning, hence it did not have the same sporting, adventurous zest that those experiences had which were the result of my own deliberate resolutions.

One of my "big" plunges was that while doing this missionary work, I dared invite Joaquin Miller, the poet; Hubert Howe Bancroft, the historian; Joseph

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Le Conte, the scientist; John Muir, the poet-naturalist, and William Keith, the artist, to make an overland trip in a buck-board and on horseback to the Yellowstone National Park. I wanted to go; I wanted to go with such men as these. How was I to do it? I went to San Francisco and Oakland and lectured to earn enough money to modestly finance the trip. I bought the finest buckboard the best maker in California could give me, and then tentatively secured the horses. Now I was ready to send the invitations! How my heart throbbed as I planned to interest those great and superior men. Could I dare write them? The spirit within dared me "make the plunge," "be a sport," and I wrote and mailed the letters. Then, I had alternate pangs of despair and thrills of hope—which finally settled into one long song of delight as first one and then another *accepted*. What unspeakable joy there was in making all the preparations; getting the saddles for the horses; learning how to *pack*; figuring on the provisions and where to carry them and the needful bedding, and how to economize time in unpacking at night and packing in the morning. How many "old-timers" I interviewed, and maps I consulted in order to find out the best roads. *Song!* I was full of it from morning to night, and even in my dreams, and I am sure God and all the angels must have heard and enjoyed their spontaneous, exuberant naïvete.

Yet the trip as planned never came off. Joaquin

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Miller's mother became sick unto death, and he had to go and fetch her from Oregon; Bancroft had a severe attack of asthma; Muir's cherry orchard demanded his attention, etc., and only Joseph Le Conte and his son finally got away. But that was compensation enough. For several weeks we reveled in the glories of a tiny lake in the Warner Spur of the Sierra Nevadas, blue as the bluest skies of Italy and Switzerland, and I gained the intimate and heart friendship of one of the noblest men God ever made.

One of my biggest sporting propositions was when, with six companions, I left Yuma, California, in two boats, to follow the runaway Colorado River, which had unexpectedly entered a small by-pass made to supply water to the land of the settlers in the then new Imperial Valley country. That was a disaster of international interest and consequence, and had it not been for the vision, enterprise, and gigantic faith and resources of E. H. Harriman, the great railway manager, improver and upbuilder, the Imperial Valley would have been wiped out and reverted to its original desert condition. The engineers of the old Development Company, the old settlers, even the Indians said my journey could never be made. The river spread out over the desert, making it a vast quicksand for scores of miles, from which it would be impossible to escape; at times it entered the forests of mesquite through which no boats could pass. Here and there were to be found miles and

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miles of desert grass and cactus and marsh grass, where former overflows had left vast morasses. One engineer who, with a band of Indians and white helpers, had tried to force his way through and had failed, reported that it was "hell boiled down."

It did not seem favorable to a band of "tenderfoot" men. Could we make it? Dare I assume the responsibility—for I was the head of the expedition. Again the spirit within gave me the challenge. I accepted it. Placing all the facts and conclusions and opinions averse to the proposition before my companions, I let them decide as to their own action. We went. I have given a brief record of the trip in *The Wonders of the Colorado Desert*, yet no one but God can ever know the songs that my heart and voice have sung as the result of the successful accomplishment of that trip—though but three of us stuck to it to the end. The fact is—and here I am going to make a confession: For years I had felt a streak of physical cowardice in my make-up. I shrank from danger, from pain, from hardship. I had resolved to make that trip or die in the attempt. I wanted to kill that streak of cowardice, and the joy was not only in the achievement of the trip in itself, but in the consciousness that I had *dared* and WON. Hence my songs of thanksgiving—unheard and unknown, doubtless, to all but the Great Conductor, yet to Him clearly perceptible in His great world symphony.

Have I made my meaning clear about sportsman-

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ship and the influence I want it to have upon my reader? Are you *settled down*? Have you lost the sense of adventure, and, therefore, the sense of youth and the spice of life? Wake up! Be a sport! Dare, plunge, adventure! No matter what change you make—even though it be only in a living-room, a bedroom, or a bathroom—*alter* something, and if you will dare some *personal* adventure that will bring you the joy of achievement, a new and joyful song will spring up in your heart as the result.

Too many people are afraid of making a change. They cling to the “nothing” they have lest they lose it in seeking to grasp “something.” “Faint heart never won fair lady”; “Nothing venture, nothing have.” It is a good thing to “dare,” once in a while; to test your own manhood, womanhood. Let go of things of the past. Strike out a new road for yourself. Resolve on adventure. Leave the “Azores” behind and sail out on “shoreless seas,” and possibly, like Columbus, you will find a new world. Remember this! Wherever you go you never can get away from God. Good will follow you all the days of your life, wherever you go, whatever you do. Hence there is no real risk. It is all in the seeming. Make the plunge. Strike out, and soon we shall hear new songs coming from your direction, songs that add richness and satisfaction to the Universal Symphony.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE SONGFUL ART OF LOVING ONE'S ENEMIES

IN a past generation Whistler, who was cynic, philosopher and witty writer as well as artist, wrote a book entitled: *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*. It caused a great sensation and led to a libel suit, with its consequent bitterness, strife, misunderstanding, and hatred.

Christ came to the earth with a message of love and joy, and one of the things he taught was how to love one's enemies. Few people, comparatively speaking, have ever tried this teaching. They don't accept it. Though they declare they are followers of Christ, they dodge this particular issue and thereby lose a great deal of especial joy. For it is only by doing the deed that one gains the consequent results.

It seems especially appropriate now, when the whole world is cursed with, and yet a-weary of the spirit of war, with all its gendered hatreds, that we should look at the Christ teaching, seek to understand and follow it.

Hatred is destructive to those who hate as well as to those who are its object. Oftentimes it is far more so, for the object of hatred, whether conscious

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or unconscious of it, can protect himself from its malicious intent.

One of the recent discoveries of modern chemical science has long been known to those who have studied the influence of the mind over the body, viz., that hatred genders in the body of the hater definite poisons that produce disease. These poisons can be extracted and separated and are as distinctive as cyanide of potassium or corrosive sublimate. They cause cancer, lesions of the brain, chronic indigestion and inflammation of the nervous system. Hence, as a matter of self-protection, the hater should cease his hatred. And what does he gain by fostering it? Added bitterness, long-continued mental and physical disturbance, and the further injury in his consciousness that he has deliberately yielded to an evil spirit within himself. No man can purposefully yield to evil without bringing further evil upon himself. It is a law as sure as that of gravitation. It never fails. Its operation is inevitable. And what does the hater gain in compensation? Possibly he "puts a stick in the wheel" of his enemy, and has the doubtful pleasure of seeing him fall. But a tumble is only temporary and the enemy gets up and goes on about his business, and the whole thing has to be done over again. This is the trouble about hating, that its results never last upon the hated, but the discomfort of hating grows more and more severe.

It is a wretched state to get into, for it destroys all

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serenity, peace, comfort and joy. No one can voice his hatred and expect his song to be included in the Universal Symphony. It has no place there. There is no music in it. It cannot even be called a dissonance or a discord, leading us to prize the harmony the more. It is as the voice of the braying of an ass in the ear of love. It is a clashing and altogether foreign note. Hence, the hater is to be pitied, perhaps censured, and taught his self-destroying, suicidal folly, but certainly treated with the pity one feels for a child who will persist in putting his hand on a red hot stove.

And the one who is hated: How shall he conduct himself? Christ said most positively:

I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you.

That this can be accomplished there is no question. Anyhow, it should be the aim of the true man to try to obey. Hard or easy, difficult or possible, is not the question. The soldier of Christ has but one thing to do, and that is to obey to the best of his ability. It is not in the spirit of boasting that I tell the following story of a personal experience. It is in the same spirit in which Paul declared: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

Many years ago I made an enemy. How, I do not know. It certainly was without volition or knowl-

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edge on my part. My impression is that the gentleman in question took offense at some supposed conduct of mine which I never felt called upon to explain either to him or others. Anyhow, he soon began to manifest a definite and bitter hostility towards me. He had a sharp tongue, and in addition, he was the editor of a magazine, in which he wrote personals with a pen of vitriol. Now and again I was the object of these personals, and my friends wondered why I submitted to them without retaliation. In those days I was a firm believer in the doctrine of non-resistance. I felt that Christ's teaching upon this matter was incontrovertible, that "Smitten upon the one cheek I should turn the other," etc. And I certainly endeavored, all I knew how, to live that life. As the years went by my silence seemed to provoke my enemy the more, for his hatred and virulence grew. His wife, naturally, was influenced by him, and she joined in the "song of hate" by circulating wicked imaginations about me which absolutely had no foundation.

Yet, in some things, this man was a most useful citizen. He had undertaken, with great enthusiasm, several worthy tasks for the benefit of the community, which, however, meant an immense amount of labor and little honor. In my own public work I often felt called upon to speak in glowing terms of this disinterested and noble work, and yet, my good friends, who were familiar with my enemy's virulent

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conduct and his fierce words against myself, could never understand how and why I could thus praise him. I must confess there was a question, now and again, that arose in my mind viz., Would he not take my sincere praise, as a lick-spittling attempt to curry favor with him and close his mouth and hold his pen in their attacks upon me? But I answered that by the assurance that to make his good appear evil—to not appraise it at its true value, when I knew it was rendered with unselfish purpose—would be to sin against my own conscience. Hence I calmly went on and said all the good words about him that my heart called upon me to say, at the same time not hesitating to criticize him when I felt his work needed it.

Then he began to attack me in other ways. When I was engaged to lecture he would write and seek to use his influence to persuade the committees and others to drop me; and when I wrote for an eastern magazine he would immediately write a fiercely condemnatory letter to the editor upon what I had written.

Of course I was indignant, and at times felt that "forbearance had ceased to be a virtue."

Then I began to see what appeared to me to be the Divine purpose of it all. I needed to learn to control *myself*. Better that I accomplish this than that I gain and retain the approval of the world. From this time on the struggle in my own heart became easy. I was learning the joy of loving my enemy. In

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my public lectures I commended the good work he was doing in certain needed lines of conservation and research. People often came to me and (basing their remarks upon what I had said) asked how my *friend* was. He knowing nothing of my attitude, did not change his. It is doubtful whether he would had he known. On one occasion he called upon my photographer, with whom I had just made a rather lengthy trip to the Grand Canyon. When he was told this, in answer to his question, he replied gruffly: "Bring me a photograph showing him falling off a 2,000-foot-high cliff, and I'll pay you \$500 for it."

Poor fellow, I thought, when I was told; his hatred must hurt him awfully when he is willing to pay \$500 to know I am dead.

After several years of this I had occasion to write a sketch of his life and literary and other work for a series of articles I was writing on the authors of California for one of the eastern magazines. I knew he was fully entitled to a place in the series, but how was I to approach him? I decided the straightforward and direct was the only course, so I wrote and explained my purpose, stating that his personal feeling for me or mine for him had nothing to do with his place in literature and that, as in the case of other living authors, I had gained my facts from them, so I should like to gain my personal facts about him at first hand. In a characteristic reply he bade me come and see him, which I did. Our interview was satis-

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factory, the article was written and submitted to him and received his O. K., and in due time was published.

He still feels some of his old bitterness towards me, for I meet with his antagonism now and then, but I think I can truthfully say that all bitterness, anger, thought of retaliation or revenge has long since left my heart. That he has suffered a thousand-fold more from his hatred than I have, I am fully assured. His enmity has made me exceedingly careful in what I have written upon the subjects with which he is familiar, hence he has been an unconscious benefactor and guide to me—and for that I am thankful. And, within my own heart, there is the feeling that I have substituted—if not love, at least a kindly respect for retaliatory-hatred, sweetness for bitterness, quiet toleration for fierce anger, and that means I have been able again and again to sing when hatred would have inhibited my voice and all desire to sing. Some day, sometime, somewhere, I am assured my enemy will see his mistake and will become my friend, and then, together, we will go Singing through Life with God.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE SONGS OF THE OPEN ROADERS

WALT WHITMAN joyously sang:

A-foot and light-hearted, I take to the open road,
Healthy, free, the world before me,
The long brown path before me, leading where'er I choose.

Henceforth I ask not good-fortune—I am good-fortune,
Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more, need
nothing;

Strong and content, I travel the open road.

Men, women, of spirit and power, of courage and love, of faith and resolution, why are you so afraid? Why do you persist in sticking to the old roads, the rutted roads, the worn roads, the beaten paths, the tried trails—though they may all have proven themselves good and beautiful in their way? There are new roads to try—open roads into which to adventure.

Get a move on! Adventure more in life. Determine, will, resolve to get something more out of it. Plan a little and then resolutely carry out your plan, no matter if it does bring you some hardship, and loss of the joy you anticipated. What are you here for? To be a slave? To be tied down to your past, or to the thoughts, acts, ideas, and lives of your fathers, and their fathers, and so on back for a score

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of generations? Strike out for yourself! Sing your own song. Be your own man, your own woman, tied down to no life but that prompted by the Divine Spirit within you. Obey that, and let all other voices be as nothing to you. We often think that "clairaudience" is an occult thing, to be attained but by the adept. In one sense it is, for most of us never spiritually listen for the Silent Voice that speaks, not to our outer ear, but to the soul within. You, normally, are more clairaudient than you are able to hear physically, for the real *you* is spiritual, not a mere skin full of physical sensations and feelings.

Hence let the Spirit guide you as to your own theme of life, then sing it, sing as if all earth needed the arousal of your particular song. And you can sing it only when you dare to go out upon the "open road." It may be that you will seem to go out "alone." Others may endeavor to frighten you with that word "alone," and your own heart may plead against "lonesomeness." But, if you can only realize the Divine Fact, that the Real You—the Spiritual You—is never alone, that God is ever with, and in, it, you will dare and thus reap the joy of your daring.

To me the "open road" is the receptive mind. Life means progress; progress implies change, or, at least, evolution. A "stand-patter" in anything practically says we have attained all there is to attain; we know all there is to know; we have progressed as far as it

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is possible to progress. Hence, to me, a "stand-patter" is an obstacle in the way of advancement, a block in the way of reform, a hindrance in the path of progress, and a curse instead of a blessing to mankind. Where would the art of printing, all the sciences, all our material advancement of today be if there had been no one to enter the open road? Had there been no open road, and no one willing to enter it, the "stand-patters" would today be paying tribute to England, there would be no United States, and we should be supporting kings, princes, dukes, earls, and the rest of the aristocratic ruck instead of paying politicians and our grocery bills.

Time was when only the priests were allowed to read; even the aristocrats knew nothing of education. Now every Negro child, or the offspring of our poorest citizen, may avail himself of the best our educational system affords, even to the higher courses in the Universities. When I was a boy women were not allowed to study medicine, the law, or any other of the professions. Now they occupy useful and honored positions as physicians and surgeons, lawyers, judges, ministers of the gospel, and their rights are recognized to do any work for which they prove themselves competent.

Time was when in England there were hundreds of offenses for which capital punishment, death, was the penalty, and the Blue Laws of Connecticut were not much better. Now a man's life is valued more

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highly than that of a sheep, a horse or a cow, and there are but few crimes that bring down upon himself the final condemnation of his fellows.

When one reads Charles Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities* he is horrified to find that as recently as the French Revolution the Lord of the Manor had the right to outrageous privileges with a man's bride that make one's blood run cold. England, Germany, Spain, Italy and other so-called progressive countries were no better. Today let any man attempt such abominable "rights," and any jury would justify a swift and clean murder of the filthy scoundrel guilty of assuming them. A hundred years ago the flint and steel was the only method of securing light and fire. The "stand-patters" would have us abolish matches, the kerosene lamp, gas and the electric light. At the same time the chief modes of transportation were horses, oxen and heavy lumbering stage-coaches, or a few private carriages for the nobility and the exceeding wealthy. Now the poor man can ride on the fastest express trains with the great and wealthy, and a journey that used to require three months is taken in three or four days, and soon aeroplanes will do in hours what it used to require months to accomplish. In the mental realm the open road has lured men into glorious pathways of advancement. The astronomer has discovered new laws and new instruments of observation that have so far enlarged our conception of the universe that the knowledge of

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Galileo—the master scientist of his day—as compared with that of any ordinary astronomer of today, is as a farthing rushlight compared to a quarter of a million candlepower electric searchlight.

Everywhere knowledge has progressed with leaps and bounds. Since Franklin and Kane, Peary, Nansen, Cook and Shackelton have explored the poles. Since Livingstone and Stanley a hundred, a thousand, have traversed the wilds of Africa, and every portion of it is now mapped and well known. Every quarter of the globe has been explored as never before. Every science has expanded in the past twenty years more than it did in any fifty prior decades.

In the spiritual realm, too, men have dared to go in search of God as never before. They have dared to think for themselves, and listen to His voice within their own souls. Priests, ministers, teachers, do not assume to be the “sole and only” leaders, or if they do, their “followers” pay little attention to them. Men are beginning to know that they are safe wherever God is, and that He is everywhere—they can never leave His presence. Hence they are growing more and more fearless in their investigations, their explorations, their questionings. The “open road” to God is now traveled by many happy souls.

Don't be afraid of the open road, or of those who walk therein. The path may sometimes be rough, dusty, rocky, poorly marked out, but one will have

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the sense of adventure anyhow, and that is good for all souls. Surprises, discoveries, new outlooks, new materials are good for mankind; they are a stimulus, a healthy excitant, and lead to a greater and fuller knowledge of God. The idea that we now know all that God has for us to know is so preposterous that it is strange that men should have so little judgment as to imagine it for one moment. There is an infinitude yet for us to search out. We have scarcely reached the shore of the Great Ocean of Truth and Knowledge beyond. Hence, be receptive; keep an open mind; be ready for new and larger ideas; have your knapsack ever packed ready, so that you can move on to advanced ground. Expect large discoveries, developments, advancements.

Thus will the Open Road be a teacher of new songs to you and enable you to enrich the Universal Symphony.

CHAPTER XXX

THE SONGS OF THE CRANKS

CRANKS are people who do not approve of present methods of thought, of doing things. They seek to bring about changes. Sometimes they are called reformers; occasionally they are declared to be "pestilential fellows," and are haled off to jail. Generally they are harmless; now and then they are declared to be dangerous, though, in my own opinion, the danger is more seeming than real. A crank is generally heterodox to someone who regards himself as a model of orthodoxy. Yet every student of history knows that orthodoxy is only "my" doxy as opposed to heterodoxy, which is "your" doxy, and the heterodoxy of today becomes the orthodoxy of tomorrow.

A crank is a man who refuses to follow the fashion—not because it is the fashion, but because "everybody" follows it. He wants to know "Why?" He refuses to shave his neck, or even his chin or upper lip, because everybody else does. He prefers to live without flesh meat, perhaps, though people tell him he cannot gain enough strength for his daily work from cereals, vegetables, fruits and milk. He prefers to fast when he has a headache, or a touch of dys-

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pepsia, rather than dose himself with pills, tablets, or something from a bottle. He is not eager to ride in an automobile at every opportunity, for he believes his legs were given to him to walk with, and he "hikes" whenever he gets a chance. He is not eager to pile up wealth, for, somehow, he believes there is something real in storing "treasures in heaven." He cares nothing for fame, for he sees what a pretty bubble it is, likely to burst at any moment. He is not constantly struggling to get into "society," for he perceives that its pleasures turn to ashes upon the lips of those who have most of it.

Don't imagine for one moment that the cranks are always foolish. Don't look down upon their strange notions and condemn them before you have had time fully to consider them. I well recall the first efforts made by William Booth of the Salvation Army. How he and his "lassies" were laughed at. How the smug and contented of the churches sneered and scoffed, or merely sniffed as they passed by. For years the drum, the tambourine, the banjo, the guitar, the army bonnet, the high-pitched and often unmelodious songs, the shouting and ranting, were merely tolerated by respectable people, but few saw much good in them. Only the discerning saw and felt the self-sacrifice, the devotion, the love, the high purpose. They witnessed the miracles of lifting fallen women out of the pit and putting their feet upon the rock of salvation; they saw the drunkard become the renewed

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father of his long deserted, abused or degraded family, and they rejoiced with joy in which the angels of heaven joined. Then came the war, and the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., the Knights of Columbus, the Red Cross were all busily engaged in their noble, blessed and never-to-be-too-highly-commended work on the front, yet, when the "boys came home," they brought with them the highest of all praise, all commendation, all respect, all love, for the men and women of the Salvation Army. Their training in the past years had fitted them for the arduous labor of the trenches and God smiled upon them, the men sang their praises and the officers joined in. The "cranks" of the Salvation Army had come into their own.

Some cranks are so deadly in earnest that they are willing to pay for their cranky ideas with their lives. Galileo had the cranky notion that the earth was not flat but round, and that the moon and planets and our earth revolved around the sun. The idea nearly cost him his life, but the world has since come to accept it and teach it to its children. Columbus pestered the learned men of Spain until they all voted him an irritating bore and crank, with his foolish notion that he could reach the *East* Indies by sailing west. But he convinced a few people, among them Queen Isabella, who, fortunately, had some jewels she was willing to pawn to test out Columbus's idea. He sailed out from the Gates of Hercules, and

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though his sailors thought him crazy, his cranky notion gave him power to compel them to sail on, and on, and on, until at length it was found he was correct, and, as a further result, the continent of America was discovered.

Luther was a pestiferous crank to Pope Leo X and his cardinals, but he persisted in his insistence that the church was in error, and that the Bible was the only guide to salvation. He gained millions who have been his faithful followers, established a great church and gave to Protestantism its name and basis for resistance.

Savonarola was in high position and with great political, ecclesiastical, and social influence. Yet he became a crank in exposing the abuses perpetrated upon the people by nearly all those whose elevated positions should have given them a sense of their responsibilities. He so offended Pope Alexander VI that he was excommunicated and finally put to torture and burned at the stake.

History could have chapters of blood written about every century since Time began of those who have bled and died for their ideals, for their adherence to their cranky visions—and yet none of these men was perfect, all of them were human; not one of them but failed somewhere in his life's thoughts, words or deeds. Yet I believe God heard their songs and made them part of the Great Symphony of Life, so that,

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even when they went to the dungeon, stake, or scaffold, they sang and God walked with them.

Faber knew this feeling when he wrote his wonderful song, *Faith of Our Fathers*, and declared:

Our fathers, chained in dungeons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free;
And blest would be their children's fate,
Though they, like them, should die for thee:
Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

W. H. Carruth, one of the professors of that most modern and credally tolerant of universities, Leland Stanford, Junior, of California, was stirred by the same assurance when he wrote those oft-quoted stanzas in his great poem, *Each in His Own Tongue*.

Stephen Langton and the barons were cranks of the first water to dare to demand "rights" from a king who knew no rights but his own will. But King John was finally compelled to sign Magna Charta, which ever since has been the bulwark of a free nation's liberties.

George Washington, Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, and certain others whose names might be mentioned, were cranks to King George III, and his cabinet, but they persisted in their cranky notions that even a king had no right to tax his subjects without giving them representation, and the outcome was the revolution that led to the organization of the republic of the United States.

William Lloyd Garrison, John Brown, Wendell

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Phillips, James Russell Lowell, the poet Whittier, were all cranks on the question of human slavery; so was one, Abraham Lincoln; and the South almost to a unit condemned their folly, resented it, arose and fought against it. But the cranks won, slavery was abolished and the Union *it* would have destroyed was and is preserved.

When Germany wished to march through Belgium a cranky king and people said, No! The arrogant Kaiser and his military autocracy were astounded at the impudent insolence of these foolish people, and they proceeded to disregard their cranky protest. But, though thousands of lives were lost, millions worth of treasure destroyed, many of their historic buildings dynamited or blown up with bombs, women outraged and daughters ravished, they stuck to their crankiness; England came to the rescue, and finally the United States, until the damnable autocracy of Germany was halted in its aggressive march, its power (let us hope) permanently destroyed and the people of Belgium set on the way to regain as much as is possible of what they had lost, while the world has learned a great lesson—that aggressive and treaty-breaking nations must be brought low and humbled.

Even in this war, in these United States, founded by cranks who resented oppression, there have been a few, perhaps many, instances of cranks who refused to yield to popular clamor. For those who defiantly

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violated the law and the will of the majority I have little or no sympathy, for a democracy cannot exist without obedience to law, and, it has the power, in the case of bad laws, to peaceably change them at the ballot box. But there were those who violated no law; they simply were "cranks"—to the majority—who disbelieved in war and wished to help each other in their trust that God, in His wisdom, might lead the nations to some other settlement than the dread arbitrament of the battle-field. Certain over-officious and zealous officers of the law, in one case with which I am familiar, aided and abetted by impatient citizens, *violated the law* by disturbing the peaceful meeting of these cranks and haling them before a judge. Three of these cranks were sentenced to prison, where they remained, suffering the indignity of confinement among actual law-breakers, pestered by the vermin that were allowed to breed, crowded in filthy places with drunkards, tuberculosis victims and unclean-minded and mouthed men, who fouled the air with vile smoke and viler words. The food provided, while *possibly* healthful, was neither varied nor tastefully prepared and served, and they were dependent upon outside friends for what they ate. Milk was sent each morning, but one of the petty tyrants of the place, on the occasion of my own visit to these cranks, refused to let the prisoners—who were afterwards shown to be guiltless of any violation of law—have it, and it remained out in the sun and

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spoiled. Another official, coming on duty later, when appealed to for the milk, though he and every worker and prisoner in the jail knew to whom it belonged, refused to deliver it, because his immediate predecessor had not told him to do so. Petty tyranny like this, to innocent citizens, whose only offense was crankiness and a fuller belief in the love and power of God than that possessed by most men, made my own blood rise to boiling point. Yet with equanimity and calmness these three endured all that was visited upon them—in the name of the law—though on the appeal of their case the Supreme Court affirmed they had done no wrong and the case should never have gone to trial.

There are many things about many cranks that I like. For instance, I admire the courage of men who dare to defy public opinion when they are assured that opinion is wrong. They are not concerned with the judgment of men—their own conscience and God is their standard of right and wrong. Now, where such “cranks” are violating no law they have as much right to their opinion as have those who differ from them, and I confess to a feeling of admiration for their indifference alike to men’s praise or blame. Such men possess a freedom of thought, feeling and action not possible to ordinary men, and freedom—within the law—is a perfect passion with me. No one but those who are free know the perfection of joy that comes with the sense of freedom.

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I have friends who, when they get into the parks, or the open road of the country, love to go barefoot. Why shouldn't they? They offend neither law nor decency and they enjoy the foot-freedom. I know what it is, for I have often emulated them. Yet there are those who laugh, sneer and scoff, and others who would prevent such "cranks" from enjoying their God and law-given right to do as they please.

My friends the Duncans like to wear the Greek costume and sandals. They are more healthful, convenient and enjoyable to them. Yet meddling people have interfered and had them arrested, claiming that a Greek costume, in America, is out of place, though it shocks no sense of decency or propriety. My friend Ernest Darling, sick and given up to death, decided that if he could go about with as much of his body exposed as possible, and bareheaded, he could regain his health. His costume was far more "decent" than that worn by hundreds of thousands of "respectable" women on the sea-beach and in the ball and drawing room. Yet in several "progressive" communities, in free and liberty-acclaiming America, he was arrested, and even foolish judges tried to compel him to conform to *their* ideas—totally irrespective of the law—of proper clothing.

When I was a boy and young man Dr. Mary Walker made a great sensation by seeking to introduce a more sensible and free costume for women. She was condemned unknown, unseen and unheard

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by thousands of people who dubbed her "Crank." Yet she persisted in her ideas and today much of the freedom of women's costume is owing to her brave courage and that of Mrs. Bloomer, who invented the trousers of that name.

All honor to all these cranks who have dared to sing their own individual song, regardless of the tyrannical will of the majority, and the narrow-minded conceptions of those who would never allow any change from old-established and popularly endorsed customs.

Time was when a woman was marked who did not wear a corset, a crinoline, a bustle like a camel's hump, bangs, montagues, a switch, a hideous chignon, or powder her hair, and men were as consummate asses as the women, in their yielding to the frivolities and sheer idiocies of fashion. No one regrets the absence of these things now, but at the time it required courage for one to join the ranks of the cranks and oppose them.

I have always admired and revered the spirit of the iconoclasts—the cranks—the image-breakers, the smashers of popularly fashionable idols, of fetiches, who refused to accept as binding the temporary conventions of the race, conventions that they deemed restriction of body, mind, spirit, and a limitation of their freedom to choose as they preferred.

Today I am crank enough not to shave off my beard or moustache; not to allow a barber to dictate

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whether my neck shall be shaved or clipped; not to eat the usual heavy breakfast of ham and eggs, hot biscuits, coffee, buckwheat cakes and syrup generally served; not to sit up until all hours of the morning, in an over-heated room, dancing bunny-hugs and other fool-appearing contortions (to me), preferring to retire early and get up to enjoy my work and the sunrise. I am crank enough to purchase books and pictures instead of making a "splurge" with the limited amount of money I earn; to prefer a good lecture, concert or symphony to the movies; to chop my own wood, when possible, do as much of my garden work as I can, and be my own porter. Furthermore, I am crank enough to believe that God has health enough of body, mind and soul for me; that He has abundance so that "I shall not want" any good thing; that He desires and wills that I should succeed in all the legitimate, right and proper things I undertake. I am crank enough to reject many things accepted by others who, maybe, are far wiser than I, and one of my growing crankinesses is the beautiful assurance that "no good thing will God withhold from them that walketh uprightly."

If I "live and move and have my being" in God—the Great Whole—and He is all these beneficent things, am I asking any more than my right, my due inheritance, *His own will concerning me*, when I ask for my full share of health, strength, ability, success, riches, character? None of these demands are

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either unreasonable or unworthy either the Giver or receiver. Hence I propose to keep on asking and expecting, receiving all with a full measure of thankfulness, joining in the Universal Song of Life until I am called to higher joys in whatever of His larger and better world He desires me to enter. Thus, no matter through how many lives I may live, I am determined on Singing through them all with God.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE SONG OF THE AEROPLANES

HOW many wonderful songs the arts and sciences of mechanics have sung to mankind, and sent out in volume to join the Universal Symphony! Archimedes with his lever; the Pyramid Builders with their power to make and place concrete and remove heavy stones; the iron-casters of early India; the temple builders of ancient Hindustan, Asia Minor, Egypt, Greece and Rome; the wonderful road-builders of ancient Rome; the engineers of historic viaducts in India, Egypt and Rome; the first builders of ships; Tubal Cain and his fellow-workers in iron; the first miners and smelters of minerals; the fellers of trees and workers in wood; the first weavers and builders of looms; the first makers of baskets—these and many others sang their songs of discovery, of joy in their inventions, and their useful applications, in which songs they were joined by those who benefited from them until their tuneful echoes are heard clearly by us to this day.

Modern mechanics, however, began when Watt discovered the steam-engine. In rapid succession came the railway and its marvelous developments,

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the steamboat and its helpful binding of far-apart nations closer together. Then came Franklin, Morse, Bell, Edison, Tesla, Pupin, Marconi, with electricity and its wonders, and the telegraph, transoceanic cable, telephone, wireless and phonograph were born. Later came the automobile engine, with its swift generation of gas from the electric spark of the storage battery, its rapid rotation of the generator of power and consequent development of speed. This made the conquest of the air possible, and Montgomery, Langley, the Wrights, Curtiss and others in England, France and Germany speedily made the aeroplane as marvelous a success in the air as the steamboat was on the ocean and the railway engine on land.

Prior, however, to the discovery of the automobile engine—which alone, it should not be forgotten, has made the aeroplane possible—the conquest of the air called loudly to a few daring, visionary and adventurous souls. It was my exceeding good fortune to spend two years in almost daily and nightly intercourse with that man of commanding genius, Professor Thaddeus S. C. Lowe, who, as a boy in the fields of pastoral New Hampshire, lying on his back, used to watch the hawks and eagles swooping down from their eyries on Mt. Washington and longed to emulate them in their swift movement through the air. How earnestly, how passionately he longed to fly.

When the Civil War broke out he was but a young

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man, yet he had studied what a few men in the past had done with balloons, he had made several in which he had successfully ascended, sailed for a number of miles and safely descended, and, with that penetrating intellect of his, he began to discern possibilities that would be helpful to his government if he were given the opportunity to put them into exercise. Through the personal interest of President Lincoln this was done, and balloons were built, made constant ascents, and thus secured invaluable information for the benefit of the Federal army. Professor Lowe invented his own processes of telegraphing from the air, and may truthfully be called the "father" of the practical science of aeronautics as used in war.

But he fully realized the limitations of the balloon. He knew—no one better—that until an engine was invented, light enough to be carried, with all its equipment, into the air, and yet powerful enough in its operation to propel the airship in any and every direction required, the operation of balloons would be restricted to very limited usefulness. It was with keen delight, therefore, he hailed the advent of the automobile engine. In it he saw the assurance of being able to carry out his long fostered vision of crossing the Atlantic, or any other ocean, in a monster airship of balloon design, that he would construct. With studious forethought and care he planned his new airship, but to his profound grief and astonishment, he could not secure financial aid

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to construct and launch it. Made indifferent by our apparent freedom from the possibility of war, and allured by the new developments of the heavier-than-air flying machines, his invention and the accumulated knowledge he had acquired in his three thousand or more ascensions were disregarded. Unfortunately for the country he passed away before the storm of the Great War burst so unexpectedly upon the world. Hence the vision of his mighty and tested intellect—which had also invented the processes of making artificial gas which are followed throughout the world; the ice-making machine; the refrigeration of steamships; and had built the Mt. Lowe Railway, a marvel of engineering skill, near Pasadena, California—his latest and greatest vision lies, untested and unknown, in the archives of the patent office in Washington.

In the meantime, however, Montgomery, the Wright Brothers, Curtiss, Langley and others were experimenting with the flying machine. As soon as success actually crowned the earlier efforts and aeroplanes, propelled by machinery, arose and sailed through the air, money for development and improvement poured in with rapidity so that there has been no delay in bringing them to a high state of perfection. The war gave added speed to development, so that in ten years progress has been made that, under the indifference most men show to an undeveloped vision, would have required a hundred.

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Now, however, man sings the song of triumph in the free air, of enlarged space in the heavens, as surely as he sings the songs of conquest of speed on earth, on the sea, and under the sea. And it requires no great prophetic vision or daring of the imagination to foretell that in a few more years aeroplanes will be in common use throughout the world for an immense variety of practical uses. It is a wonderful conquest, far reaching in its possibilities, and one of which man may well be thankful—as well as proud.

In it thoughtful man finds a symbol. As he can now propel himself through the air at tremendous speed, so, ere long, he will be able to propel his mind-force, with the speed of thought, thus annihilating distance. Just as one may think from San Francisco to London, Rome, Paris, Petrograd in so many flashes of thought, he will ultimately be able to project *force*. How inconceivable to past ages are the giant guns, the telephone, the phonograph, the aeroplane of today. So, perhaps, today, it may appear inconceivable, to some, that man's mental, spiritual, force can be set in motion so as to influence minds and things thousands of miles away, yet I venture the prophecy that the time will come when that "inconceivable" thing will actually be accomplished, only to become a blessing it must be a purely spiritual, good, Divine power. It will ultimately become an axiomatic proposition to *all* men, what now is ac-

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cepted by but few, viz., "What man can conceive man can ultimately attain or accomplish."

Hence let us thank God for the aeroplane, and listen with joy to the new songs of achievement it sings to us, joining in them, with happy hearts, thus adding to our power to go Singing through Life with God.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE SONGS OF RADIANT ACQUIESCENCE

THERE is a discontent that is godly, and a content that is but another name for indifference and laziness. Let us court the one and shun the other. All discontent with one's progress, one's fulfilment of duty, one's development of character, one's yielding to weakness, selfishness, or indifference to the rights, needs and legitimate calls of others, is godly and to be fostered and encouraged. Yet, combined with this and one with it, without any contradiction or inconsistency, there is a contentment, an acquiescence, an acceptance of things that is beneficial, helpful, and equally necessary for the development of character.

Pope once wrote: "Whatever is, is right," and Browning asserts: "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world." Dr. Julia Seton, in the "Affirmations" prepared for the reading of the people who worship in the "Church of the New Civilization" states in her own way much the same thing.

Jack London, in autographing a copy of *The People of the Abyss*, a book he had written descriptive of the woeful and distressing conditions of the poor of London, said, in reference to the Browning

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quotation just given: "God's in His heaven, but all's *not* right with the world." And so many people, reading Pope and Julia Seton's "Affirmations" say the same thing.

Who shall decide? Certainly not I. But *for myself* I can see, I think, the truth of these apparent contradictions. Men need to be taught. They learn slowly. Having ears, they hear not; eyes, they see not. Only by "line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little, there a little," do they add to their knowledge. Man's arrogance and selfishness are not easily dethroned. Sometimes we need severe and painful lessons; often the best and kindest friend is the one who cuts the deepest. He is no true surgeon who covers a rotting ulcer with plaster, when he should remove it, and the best gardener is often the one who prunes the trees most rigorously. The truest teacher is not the one who unduly praises, but the one who constantly criticizes and points out where the student may improve.

Hence it may be that the straits I am now in may be the condition necessary for my development; the mean and contemptible, unjust and untruthful, people I am compelled to associate with may be the examples I need to teach me my own selfishness and untruth; the disease I am suffering from may be the needed whip to compel me to a healthful life; the distress of my poverty the only way to open my eyes to the wilfulness of my blindness that God is a God

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of abundance, ready to bestow upon me all I need if I will but reach out and take it.

If, therefore, I can get it into my consciousness that God is all good in His dealings towards me, I shall, like Browning, be able to say:

I will be patient, and proud, and soberly acquiesce.

Patient in learning the lesson I need; too proud to complain; and with soberness, with the best judgment I possess, agree to and accept the conditions. Thus shall I be able to assert: "All things work together for good," and I shall be able to "rejoice in the Lord always," to sing even in the dark days, knowing that all is well, that "whom He loveth He chasteneth," and that "our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding weight of glory."

There are those who are always impatient, always complaining and finding fault with their circumstances and conditions, always worrying, always discontented. What does their impatience, complaining, fault-finding, worry, discontent, gain for them? Any good? Did any one ever find good grow on such thorny shrubs? The only crop is thorns, and thorns prick and wound, hurt and poison. Those who load their thoughts with such evil burdens must expect to be weary at the close of the day; must expect the sun will cease shining for them; must learn that the rain never falls except on the days they desire to go out dressed in their "pretties;" that

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the auto never breaks down except when they have a chance to take a ride. There, they knew it, they always hoodoo everything. Nothing ever goes right that they are connected with. They lose every car, miss every train, are always "just too late" to get a Pullman lower, and, goodness knows, they never can climb into an upper. Their apples always are wormy, their potatoes and cabbage afflicted with blight or rot, and their corn never matures. The newspaper-boy always misses them on the days there are special news, or throws the paper into a pool of water. They are in a state of constant irritation; always in rebellion; full of murmurs and discontent. Sometimes it descends to whining and whimpering—thus they add despicableness to their disagreeableness. And where and what does this state of mind get them? Does it change things, improve them, alter them for the better? By no means! It makes the discomforts, the annoyances, the irritations, grow larger to dwell upon them. Feed these "tapeworms" of angry discontent and they will soon take possession and demand all you have. Then, too, how they destroy the beauty of the face, how they line, seam and furrow the forehead, how they put a perpetual pout upon lips that were designed for smiling and love. One can always tell the "kicker" from his face, and the moment you hear his, her, voice. For, unfortunately, there are more women, I verily believe, who get into this state than men. There seems to be a craving in some

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female natures for self-pity, and these poor, abused, unfortunate, "hoodooed" ones luxuriate in the continuous state of sympathy with themselves.

When I meet people like this I feel inclined to shout to them: "Oh, for shame on your babyishness. Be men, women. Rise to the nobleness of real manhood, womanhood. Change these things that can be changed, and as for the rest be too proud to go through life like a whipped cur. If you can do nothing more rebel, but let it be real rebellion. Take your evil circumstances by the throat; throttle them; swear before all the gods there are that

I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.

Your 'pride' as well as your patience, should come to your salvation from such a self-depreciatory condition. If everything is in the habit of going wrong with you, demand of the Fates that they give you a new deal in life. Refuse to accept. Better open rebellion, defiance, warfare, than to sink into the state of never-ending belief that you are wrongfully discriminated against."

But there is a better way, a supremely better way. Let me repeat:

I will be patient, and proud, and soberly acquiesce.

If the things that you complain of are the common lot of man, the little things that cannot be helped, that everyone has to meet, set your patience at work. Develop that virtue, for you need it. You can never

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be fully equipped until you have a full supply. Then, let your manhood, womanhood, assert itself. Be too proud to complain of such small things. If they are mosquitoes that bite and sting, don't complain and whimper. Go and pour coal-oil on the swamps where the pests breed and get rid of them. Cure what can be cured; patiently, proudly endure what must be endured, and *soberly acquiesce* in the discipline, knowing within your own heart that it is a proof of eternal goodness that you are being thus schooled. Browning, in another poem, enforces this lesson in another, but equally effective, way:

Then, welcome each rebuff

That turns earth's smoothness rough,

Each sting that bids not sit nor stand, but go!

Or, in other words:

Machinery just meant

To give thy soul its bent,

Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed.

Why should Fate, God, Life, have a spite against you? Why are you singled out for all these evil and petty annoyances? Don't you believe it any more. Refuse to permit yourself to accept any such lowering thought. You are a Son, a Daughter, of the Divine, and it is unthinkable that there is any Power in the Universe that can want to irritate you in such a fashion. This is the kind of pride to cultivate. Dwell upon the nobleness of your family—Son of God: Daughter of God. Think of the importance, greatness, majesty of your Father! Be

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too proud, once and forever refuse to believe that you are a football—not even *the*, but only *a*—football of Fate.

Then quit, once and for all, your whining, whimpering, complaining, querulousness, fault-finding and *begin to sing*. Change your mood; alter the attitude of your mind. Sing! sing! and then sing, and you will soon be agreeably astonished, surprised out of all belief, that your petty woes have ceased and you have begun to attract the sweet, dear, beautiful, tender, joyous things of life. I know this is true. There is never a day that passes that my heart does not swell, almost to tears of joy, at the beautiful “little” things that come my way; sweet smiles, pleasant greetings, thankful letters, courteous acts,—beautiful is the only word to use.

And, think of it! I used to be a querulous complainer. Thank God I have learned to “soberly acquiesce,” and be happy in so doing, for “God has whispered me in the ear,” and *I know*. Hence, I joyfully take up the thread—not the burden—of my daily work, for I have learned the delight of “Singing through Life with God.”

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE SONGS OF THE HAPPY WORKERS

HE was a true philosopher and practical thinker who wrote: "Blessed is that man who has found his work." Work is the normal condition of mankind. I do not believe the general interpretation of the Old Testament statement that work is a curse visited upon man for his violation of God's Command in regard to eating of the fruit of the tree of knowledge. Work is a blessing, when men make it such, and no man can be truly happy, and sing in the Universal Symphony, until he has found his own work and is joyous in the doing of it. How happy the birds are in the building of their nests; with what zest the beavers cut down trees, and do the other work needful in the building of their dams; how energetic is the tiny ant in running to and fro gathering the things needed by his community; how tireless are the bees in gathering their store of honey; how persistent the spider in the creation of his lace-like and filmy web; how thorough the ant-lion in the formation of its trap; how rapid, scientific and accurate the trap-door spider in the building of its nest. Nature abounds with illustrations of the joy

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its smaller creatures find in the doing of their allotted work.

Man is not outside this universal law. Work is the necessary condition of a happy, joyous and healthy life. I would waste no words or time in dealing with those heirs of wealthy parents who deem work unnecessary, degrading, impossible. In twenty-four hours they should be hard at work under the inflexible condition that "if they would not work they should not eat," and I would not hesitate to give any of them, whose wills were obstinate, a complete fast of five, ten, twenty, even thirty days. They should learn what Mark Twain taught in regard to fasting—that the best way to secure an appetite was not to eat.

I regard every man who shirks work as abnormal. He is as far from the normal man as is the imbecile, the idiot, the crazy person in the insane asylum, or the deliberate and persistent criminal in the penitentiary. He is to be pitied, but the pity must not manifest itself in weak sentimentality. The cure is work—congenial, agreeable, pleasant, healthful work, and not until he finds his work, gets regularly into the harness and keeps steadily at it, can a man be regarded as healthfully normal and sane. Were I a hundred times a millionaire my work would go on as before, only largely increased on account of the enlarged opportunities. My family, too, had I one or a score of sons and daughters, should all learn the

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joys of work, and every cent they received from me should be either as a free gift of love, as wisely bestowed as I know how, or payment for adequate work or service honestly and faithfully performed.

No one can truly and tunefully sing of the "dignity of labor" who himself does not work. And by work I do not mean purely physical labor. There is work of the brain as arduous, as wearisome, as confining, as worthy, as noble, as necessary, as any labor performed by the muscles alone. And he who does not realize the necessity of such work is narrow-minded and foolish. There were many utterly absurd decisions made by incompetent officials during the war period as to needful and necessary work. Work is work, whether it be of brain or fingers.

Who can contemplate the congressman or senator who conscientiously gathers statistics, information, knowledge, opinions, in regard to proposed legislation, and not see that he is a hard worker? It is said of McKinley that, when he was a congressman and preparing his famous tariff bill, he often worked fourteen and sixteen hours a day. I remember calling upon Senator Jones, of Nevada, when he was preparing a speech on the silver question. He and his secretary and several assistants had worked hard for weeks, gathering information from all over the world, that he included in that memorable address.

The man who plans a big business is as much a working man as any laborer in his plant, and

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possibly far more so. James J. Hill worked arduously, really toiled, more hours, I will venture to say, than any navy, mechanic, switchman, yardman, fireman or engineer on the whole system of railways he built.

The great regret in life is to see so many men and women working at tasks that are distasteful to them. They are not Singing through Life with God in their work because it is not to their liking. Their mental attitude is opposed to song. They have been taught, either by false teachers or by the sad example of the non-workers, that work is a hardship, a curse, a something to be got through with as easily as possible, dodged where and when it can be, shirked always, and escaped from by any open door, secret window or hidden passageway. *This* thought—more than any other one thing, I verily believe—is the secret of the unrest, the discontent, the upheavals in the labor world. It is right that men and women should be adequately paid for their labor, it is equally right that their labor should be made as safe, pleasant and healthful for them as is possible. I would be merciless in my treatment of the owner of sweat-shops, of the employer of child-labor, or the manufacturer careless of the health, safety and comfort of his employees. I believe the time is speedily coming when workers will have more to say than they now have as to the management of the businesses in which they work. But regardless of these things, important and

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essential as they are, men and women must teach themselves to like their work, or they will ever do it under protest and without joy. The Egyptians compelled the Israelites to build the Pyramids, and other great works of antiquity, under the lash. They were slaves. They could not enjoy their enforced labor. This spirit must pass from all labor today before joy and happiness will possess the heart of the laborer, so that he can sing at his work.

Fortunately there are thousands of workers of both sexes who do enjoy their work. I know milliners, dressmakers, flower-makers, typewriters, mill hands, who sing at their work. Equally so do I know men whose physical and other work is a joy to them. Personally I know the joy of work—physical and mental. I laid a gutter once, of heavy rock, which required considerable physical effort on my part, and I found real joy both in the labor and in contemplating it thereafter. I thoroughly enjoy chopping and sawing wood, though I am afraid I should earn a poor living at it. I once joined a friend in taking a contract in the Santa Cruz Mountains of California, for the sawing and cutting of so many cords of wood. My earnings in cash were small, but my enjoyment of the work was large, keen and sustained. I do not forget that it was work of my own choice; I was not doing disagreeable work under the compulsion of necessity. Where people feel this compulsion, and their work is not agreeable, they should make a

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deliberate and determined effort either to change to some work they can enjoy, or-else to *change their mental attitude*. This latter can be done, and when it is accomplished, one can sing at his work. It is no longer a burden to be shirked as much as possible. It is a joy to get to it, a regret to leave it, and one can sing while engaged in it.

How far we have got from the motto of the Prince of Wales,—Ich Dien—*I serve*—is evidenced by the spirit of practically all aristocracy today. It is not “I serve,” but I rule, I control, I boss. You do the work while I look on. Workers of every kind are given little or no consideration by a certain class of employers; they are regarded merely as cogs in a wheel, a part of the machine, to be supplied easily by another part, should it for any reason fail or drop out. Selfishness too often controls. The employer does not want to be bothered, distressed, by the cares, distresses, problems of his workers. He delegates his authority to subordinates who desire to please him—and *results*, to him, are the things that count. A man’s feelings cannot be considered in business. Business is business! If an employee is not fully measuring up to what is required of him, fire him,—but, while it is being done, the employer keeps out of the way. There is no sympathy expressed, little or no effort made to find a new job for him. His work is done; let him out; get a new and competent man. True, there are two sides to

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this question, but it cannot be denied that the man who fears he may some day thus lose his job is not as free to sing as the one who knows his employer will be fully considerate of him and his needs.

If employers would take the motto, "I serve," for their own; esteem it a privilege to have men and women work for them; show deep and real sympathy with them in their families, their problems, their endeavors, their ambitions; seek to help them in every way possible; take them more into their confidence; let them share in the difficulties and responsibilities as well as the successes and profits of their undertakings; how much better off the Labor-world would be, and consequently the World of Capital.

The employer often has much to do with making his employees happy and contented in their work. I hail with delight the new spirit of kindly treatment of girls in stores, who are no longer compelled to stand, whether they have customers or not; of the welfare work introduced into mills and factories; the safety clubs for reducing danger to the minimum, and everything that conduces to the comfort, safety and happiness of the worker. But there should be a corresponding response. The worker should show his or her appreciation by more diligent and faithful service. Where one has his hands out to receive all the time and is not willing to give in return, he places himself in the position of the unreasoning animal in

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a pen, rather than in that of an intelligent, responsive human being—a god though in the germ.

The man who sings at his work—finds joy and delight in it—is far more liable to succeed in it than the one who does it unwillingly. Hence it is the part of wisdom, if one values his own advancement, that he seek to enjoy his labor. In the chapter on “Sporting Songs” I have written of the value of adventure. And here and now I earnestly commend to the worker the spirit of adventure if the work he is doing is not to his liking. Get out of it. Find new work. Somehow, anyhow, bring about a change. Go out and tramp, if necessary, rather than stagnate and develop a mean disposition, a grouchy spirit, an unwillingness to work at the job you are doing. For even a tramp can sing. He enjoys the open air and the freedom of his life. Make Singing through Life with God a serious business. Resolve that you will do no work where you cannot sing, that does not lead you to sing, make you want to sing. And if you keep to that resolution I will vouch for your happiness.

There is not a conscious hour in the day when I do not feel thankfulness for the work I have to do, and the power to do it. He who brings me more work is a benefactor. I am grateful to him. And I desire so to do my work that it becomes a part of my daily song. How artistic work does sing! It matters not whether it be the digging of a ditch, the composition

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of an opera, the writing of a poem, the filming of a great pictorial conception, the building of a cathedral, the construction of an automobile, the erection of a bridge, or the making of bread, the washing of the floor, or the dressing of the children—let me repeat—*how artistic work does sing.*

Brother, sister, are you a singer or a slacker, a vocalist or a yellow voodooist, happy or discontented in your work? If the latter change your work or your disposition. Get a job that you can make sing for you and with you, and that compels you to sing while engaged upon it.

The world today is cursed by the conflict between Capital and Labor. Yet they should be, and really are, one, working heart and heart, hand and hand, together for the same end. There are several reasons for this lamentable conflict. One is our false standard of life. Kingcraft, autocracy, selfishness, have taught men throughout the ages that a life of idleness, of possession, of luxury, of self-indulgence was the desirable life, and they have struggled and fought and ridden rudely over the rights of their fellows—even deliberately stolen their necessities from them—to gain this coveted position. Out of this false standard has grown another, viz., that the position of the Laborer is inferior to that of the Capitalist. Practically nearly everybody believes this—in his life and actions, whatever his words may be—at this present hour. We prate about the “Dignity

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of Labor,"—but it is dignified "for the other fellow" only.

On the face of it, as well as deep down in the heart of it, this is all wrong. The greatest man in the world is he who knows his work and *does it well*—whether it be designing cathedrals, painting pictures, chiseling marble for sculptures, chopping down trees for lumber, building concrete roads, digging ditches, building sky-scrappers, running a grocery store, growing oranges or cabbages, sailing a ship, playing a violin, keeping books or running a trolley car. Only such an one can have the singing heart:—he who knows his work, has found his own particular job, and *does it well*—does it rejoicing in it, thankful that he knows how to do it, glad of the privilege of doing it. That thousands, millions, to a greater or lesser extent *do* know this rejoicing spirit at their labor is evidenced by the great part the joyous Songs of Labor have in the world's symphonic chorus.

Even in faraway Zanzibar one may see oxen tied tail to tail, going round and round, grinding out sem-sem, while dark-skinned *Swahilis* sing to them. The moment the song stops the oxen stop, and when it begins again they go on of their own accord. The song—to the oxen—comes from the outside, yet it makes their work easier. On the other hand the Indian women of the Pueblos of Arizona and New Mexico sing as they grind their corn upon the primi-

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tive metates, or mills, they have used since the dawn of history.

I cannot emphasize too strongly my full and utter belief in the Joy of Labor. He, she, does not know the Joy of Life, the Purpose of Life, who has not thrilled with the delight of needful work, well performed.

Today, in California, it is the fashion of some to decry the Chinese and the Japanese, and I am not going to enter into any argument on the question. But I cannot help but feel that these Orientals must thrill with joy as they look over the vast fields of lettuce, cabbages, tomatoes, carrots, strawberries, and other vegetables and fruits the labor of their hands have produced. Our daughter started a garden during the war where she produced a variety of vegetables for home use. How proud I was when she brought in corn and beans, peas and tomatoes, that she had grown, and how I regret that my time is so occupied with other work, and I am taken away from home so much that I cannot work with her. Everyone who makes two blades of grass, even, grow where there was but one before, joins in the great hymn of creation, feels the creative joy. And many a nervous, irritable, unhappy, neurotic woman—who has not sung a cheerful note for years—either vocally or in her work—would find a new song welling up in her mouth if she would put on a pair of gloves and overalls, get a spade, a hoe and a trowel

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and go out into the garden and *work*. On one side of Palo Alto, in California, there stands the great Leland Stanford, Junior, University, one of the great educational institutions of the world, a monument to the untiring work of Leland Stanford, one of "the big four" who built the Central and Southern Pacific railway systems. On the other side is a modest colony of chicken breeders, known as Runnymede, comprising several hundred acres of "acre" farms and chicken pens. At the present time there are over a hundred happy families living and working here—broken down in health clerks and carpenters and stenographers (for there are as many women as men), old couples, superannuated preachers, tired-out teachers, body and soul weary toilers in many fields who were attracted here by the slogan, "One acre and a competency, a good livelihood." Mr. Charles Weeks, who for years had been devoting his life to a careful study of the chicken business and intensive farming, had finally evolved a system *which worked*, whereby any ordinary person—man or woman—could make a good living, satisfactory to all normal needs of body, mind and soul, on *one acre of land*. He did not talk about it; he *demonstrated* it. Recently I visited Runnymede, and I could fill the whole of the pages of this book with the happy songs of those who had here learned the joyousness of creative work. Faces were rosy and radiant, eyes bright and active, hands warm and

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vigorous, bodies alert and healthful, voices full of cheer and happiness. Why? These people had all *found their work*—the work in which they were happy. They had entered it with hope, attacked it with courage, and now were rejoicing in the results. Snug little cottages, neat and tasty bungalows, and a few more pretentious houses, were springing up on every hand. Chicken-houses dotted the landscape, surrounded by glowing, singing fields of alfalfa, kale, chard, beets and fruit trees. Single women, unaided and alone, were doing their own work, and were making \$500, \$750, \$1,000 a year, and more, *clear*, as well as their own living, from their one-acre chicken ranch. And how healthy and happy they had become in the doing of it! That was the result that made my heart sing. They had learned the joy of *creation*. In the crowded cities men and women perforce largely live off one another. Many of them are distributors rather than producers. They are cursed by the spirit of competition, and the larger stores have a habit of swallowing up the smaller ones. But here they were laborers, producers, fully imbued with the “dignity of labor,” for it had given them freedom from bossism, from the fear of an incompetent old age, of dismissal, of decline in health and vigor, and set their feet upon a firm foundation of independence and economic competency. How could they help being happy and joining in the Universal Song of happy content?

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I wish to record it as my firm conviction, that the Lessons of Life taught at Charles Weeks's chicken ranch colony of Runnymede are of as great importance to the happiness and development of the race—in that they are fundamental—as is much of the education and culture given at the great and truly wonderful Leland Stanford, Junior, University.

I believe so thoroughly in the dignity of personal labor, the *need* for men and women to toil in the soil, the compelling necessity for them to become economically free that they may be intellectually, socially, and religiously free, that I value the chicken ranch which, perforce, though unconsciously perhaps, produces these highly desirable results. There is no real development of mind or soul unless there is freedom. No worker can be really free who *fears* the person above him. Hence the joy of seeing the development of free men and women through the medium of acre chicken ranches.

Let the good work go on. It is adding a beautifully strong note to the Universal Symphony.

True, honest, joy-accomplished labor is always honorable, always dignified, always noble, and therefore, always artistic. One cannot feel the nobleness of his work unless his work shows it. Hence the wonderful and artistic work accomplished in the Middle Ages, when workers worked for the joy of it, established their Guilds, and were never so happy and proud as when they could exhibit a piece of

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artistic work. Look at the old Gothic and other cathedrals of Europe, some of which the Hun vandals—let the spirit in which it was done never be forgotten—wilfully and ruthlessly destroyed. What grace and symmetry of general outline, what massiveness and solidity in structure, what delicacy and rare refinement in adornment. Every man that worked upon these buildings, from the architect to the mere layer of the stone, was, must have been, an artist, have *loved his work*, have realized its glory, its dignity, or the results of harmonious elegance and majesty could never have been attained.

In concluding this chapter I wish to give a caution. It is not needed often, but there are a few to whom its words are required. There are some workers who work too hard. They deplete their physical life-forces and this seriously reacts upon their power to sing. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in his *Elsie Venner*, thus describes what I have seen in not a few who are overburdened with what has been called the New England puritanic conscience:

When the nervous energy is depressed by any bodily cause, or exhausted by overworking, there follow effects which have often been misinterpreted by moralists, and especially by theologians. The conscience itself becomes neuralgic, sometimes actually inflamed, so that the least touch is agony. Of all liars and false accusers, a sick conscience is the most inventive and indefatigable. The devoted daughter, wife, mother, whose life has been given to unselfish labors, who has filled a place which it seems to others only an angel would make good, reproaches herself

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with incompetence and neglect of duty. The humble Christian, who has been a model to others, calls himself a worm of the dust on one page of his diary, and arraigns himself on the next for coming short of the perfection of an archangel.

Conscience itself requires a conscience, or nothing can be more unscrupulous. It told Saul that he did well in persecuting the Christians. It has goaded countless multitudes of various creeds to endless forms of self-torture. The cities of India are full of cripples it has made. The hillsides of Syria are riddled with holes, where miserable hermits, whose lives it had palsied, lived and died like the vermin they harbored. Our libraries are crammed with books written by spiritual hypochondriacs, who inspected all their moral secretions a dozen times a day. They are full of interest, but they should be transferred from the shelf of the theologian to that of the medical man who makes a study of insanity.

Should there be among my readers even one person afflicted with this super-sensitive conscience, deeming himself, herself, unworthy of singing with God, I would bring the balm of profoundest sympathy and the healing power of love to him. Believe God rather than your troublesome and diseased conscience. Trust in Him. By all means give your mind and body the rest they need, if possible. Trust God and leave your work and your cares in His hands for awhile, and go up a mountain, to the seashore, into a forest,—anywhere,—away with His healing spirit and you will come back whole, filled with thankfulness and, therefore, with song.

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE SONGS OF THE NOBLE GREAT

We may make our lives sublime.—*Longfellow.*

EVERY noble life sings its song to the world, and to every personal soul that will listen. What a masterful, strong, purposeful song was that of Roosevelt, and how America and the best of the world missed his vibrant voice when it was hushed. In the main his was a Divinely ordered song, for every note in private and public was for purity, honesty, manliness, straightforwardness, sincerity, truth. His voice is seriously missed *here*, but the clairaudient can distinctly hear it yet, clear and strong, in God's great and glorious chorus.

How the story of Joan of Arc has gone singing down the centuries for the heartening of weak and fainting men and women of all countries and climes, to be heard again with renewed vigor in our day when France and Belgium and England needed heartening in the days of their great testing.

[And here let me interject, by the way, a question. Have you yet read Mark Twain's *Joan of Arc*? If you haven't, your education as an American, as an Internationalist, as a man, a woman, is incomplete.

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Go, get it at once and if you are not inspired to greater faith and nobler deeds, as well as delighted with the masterly way in which it is written, I shall miss my mark.]

Thousands, hundreds of thousands, yea millions have sung new songs because of the maiden heroine of France. Truly she has been "calling to us"—and our songs answered, from concert halls, drawing-rooms, recruiting stations, lines of marching men, and men singing or humming under their breath in the trenches. Our soldiers and workers have answered by the noble devotion of their lives to the great work of Freedom for all Peoples.

Another typical "mastersinger," was Darwin, the great naturalist, and I would include with him, Huxley, Tyndall and their great exponents, Herbert Spencer, John Fiske, and Joseph Le Conte. They sang the Song of Scientific Truth, of Intellectual Freedom, of daring to think for and be responsible for oneself. The church too long had endeavored to stultify man's thought, his reliance upon his own God-given faculties, by such assertions and teachings as: "He that doubteth is damned." Darwin and his co-workers dared damnation in their search after truth. Revealed religion could not conflict with any other kind of religion. All religions must agree, must harmonize, or they could not originate from the One Source—the source that revealed religion itself emphatically asserted was the Only Source of

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all good and real things. Their song was a loud one. It penetrated the ears of the scientific and then the theological, and finally the common world. It sang freedom to many a soul, and gave a leap to the heart and a new thrill to the life of countless millions. For the song now is heard everywhere. Most men sing it unconsciously. Though many are still bound down by a meaningless and lifeless creed—a creed that falls to ashes as soon as it is seriously studied—they hear this song of freedom and it appeals to something within them that responds. Browning, in his *Ring and the Book* gives it to his noble character, the Pope, to state this responsibility for his belief and life that inheres to each man individually, that no church can relieve him of, no priest absolve him from:

God, who set me to judge , meted out
So much of judging faculty, no more:
Ask Him if I was slack in use thereof!

In my list of the noble and great singers of the world I would place all the opponents, great and small, unsuccessful as well as successful, of the tyranny and oppression of kings. William Tell, Stephen Langton, Garibaldi, Kossuth, Cromwell, and all the unnumbered hosts who would not bow the knee to, or cringe before, Baal. How can anyone respect the arrogant and impudent assumption of kings,—all kings, and kaisers, and czars, and emperors, and their attendant parasites and associate thieves,—the nobility, the aristocracy. They might

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truthfully be termed thieves of the land that really belongs to all the people; thieves of national privileges; dodgers of legitimate taxes; and, worse than all, thieves of the manhood, the womanhood of their nations. The bowing and scraping, tipping of the hat, curtsying, and general kow-towing to these "great ones"—how hateful it all is, for how despicable it makes the people that indulge in it. The "My lord-" ing and "my lady-" ing, and "your grace-" ing, and "your worship-" ing, ought to make the healthy stomachs of normal men and women turn. In the early days of the world's history there might have been some justification for chieftainship, the leadership of the strong—even as there is now,—and all intelligent men are willing to submit to such leadership. But this is a very different thing from the artificial "class system," based upon so-called "blood," and "wealth." The "class" of brains, of character, of goodness, of real useful power all intelligent men recognize. We gladly rank ourselves followers under the leadership of the Washingtons, Jeffersons, Roosevelts, Jim Hills, Gladstones, Lincolns, Lloyd Garrisons, Frances Willards, Anna Shaws, Clara Bartons, and the leaders of musical, literary, poetic, and artistic power, but why God-created men and women should demean themselves and their children by bowing and scraping to a group of people because they were born to a useless life of luxury and self-indulgence is more than I can com-

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prehend. And the remarkable thing of this obsequient subserviency is that those who bend the neck and bow the knee have made this condition possible by their very subserviency, for they and their ancestors were robbed of their inherent rights by the very people who "lord and lady" it over them. Thank God the note has now gone forth of a new song: Let all autocracy perish. All men, in their inherent political rights, are born free and equal. No man, or class of men, should have more rights and privileges than any other. The era of kings and kaisers is past. Let man stand proudly upright in his manhood, his dignity and honor of character, his sonship to God. With a new song like this men and women can march together in triumphant glory far surpassing all the glory and pomp of war, with its false glamour and deceptive offers of fame, for this is the march of the world towards the highest achievements possible to mankind this side of heaven. So let this song abound, increase, rise higher in its all-conquering strains, and *let everybody sing*, so that its power will be all-embracing, all-absorbing, all-encompassing.

Who is there, of civilized lands, that has not heard the strong note started two generations ago in the streets of London by William Booth, the founder of the Salvation Army? Strong and robust at times to raucous vulgarity, now and again rising to uncouth shouting and ranting, or screeching and yelling, and accompanied by inconsequent jingling of tam-

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bourine, thump of bass drum, and rattle of kettle drum, there were yet notes of manly sincerity, womanly sympathy, human helpfulness, desperate earnestness in the song, and in spite of jeering laughter, ribald scoffing, silent scorn, openly expressed contempt and occasional vindictive persecution, it continued to be heard. Countless thousands of the "down" who thought they were "out," but whom the Salvation Army declared could never be out—could never separate themselves from the boundless mercy and love of God—have joined in the song and enlarged its power and scope, until, at last, it reached the trenches of France and Belgium and Italy. There its note was heard amid the pounding of shot and shell, the booming of the great guns, the bursting of bombs. Clear and strong, men's hearts heard the song of sympathy, love and human helpfulness. Between whiles it was accompanied, not with jingling tambourine and rattling sheepskin, but the sizzle of frying bacon and eggs, and the hiss of the succulent doughnut as it fell from the hands of the Quaker-hatted Lassie into the pan of melted lard. Humble accompaniments, certainly, and laughable, ridiculous, absurd, impossible, doubtless, to the conductors of the orchestras and choruses of a refined civilization, yet I doubt not they were heard and rightly appraised by the Divine Conductor of Life's Complete Symphony, even as were the songs of thank-

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fulness aroused in the hearts of war-weary men, rotting in the trenches.

There are songs of the noble and great that reach the ear of the Divine of which few on earth catch more than the echoes. They are of the unknown great; the unsung heroes; the unheralded, non-cited singers, whose faces are not photographed—for they might be rude and uncouth, dirty and time-scarred—and whose names are not recorded in local or national Halls of Fame. There are hundreds of thousands of such—firemen, engineers, sailors, brakemen, laborers, policemen, priests, nuns, sisters of charity, deaconesses, nurses—heroes and heroines, who, in the discharge of their daily duties, brave dangers, endure hardships, overcome obstacles with a smile, and who laugh at any idea that they have done anything more than was required of them. Here is the story of just one of these heroes, that, fortunately, like Jim Bledso, was found and chronicled for the benefit of the race. It appeared originally from an unknown pen in *The Toledo (Ohio) Blade*.

A HERO OF THE FURNACE-ROOM

The duty of the boiler-makers on warships is of the most dangerous nature. In action, between actions, and out of action the repairs that they are called upon at a moment's notice to effect are sufficient to send a chill of fear through the hearts of most men. They will creep right inside a boiler or furnace which had but a few moments before been full of boiling liquid or hot coals. They will screw up nuts and fasten bolts or repair leaking pipes or joints in places that other men would consider impossible

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to approach. While the ship's big guns are making the vessel tremble, and the enemy's shells are bursting in every direction, these men, with positively reckless fearlessness, will venture down into the bowels of the fighting ship, amid roaring machinery, hissing steam, and flaming fires, to rectify an accident which, unrepaired, might send the ship and all her human freight to the bottom more easily and more surely and more quickly than shell or shot from the best guns of the enemy. These men are heroes.

The Castine, when she went to work to batter the walls of San Juan, carried on board three of these boiler-makers, Fish, another, and one Huntley, of Norfolk, Virginia. The Castine went into action under full steam, her triple screws revolving at the fullest speed, and her battery of eight guns started her quivering with excitement and the fierce delight of battle. The furnaces were heated almost to white heat, and the forced draught was urging the flames to greater heat, the boiling water to the higher production of steam, the engines to increasing revolutions. Suddenly, without expectation, without warning, far down in the furnace hole, unheard by officer or fighting man, amid the din of battle, the thundering reverberations of exploding gunpowder, there arose a fierce hissing noise right inside one of the furnaces; and all those who heard it trembled as no guns or shot or shell had power to make them tremble.

A socket bolt in the back connection at the very farthest interior extremity of the furnace had become loose. A leak had been sprung; the steam was pouring in upon the fire, threatening in a few moments to put it out and stop the progress of the ship if it did not have the more awful effect of causing a terrible explosion and annihilation!

The faces of the men below, in that moment of terrible suspense, blanched beneath the grime that covered them. None knew what to do save to wait the awful coming of the shock they knew must come.

None? Nay, but there was one! The first to pull himself together, the first to whom returned the fear-driven senses, was Boiler-maker Huntley. His name does not ap-

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pear on the navy list. Even his first name was unknown to his confrère, Fish. Only Boiler-maker Huntley, of Norfolk, Virginia. But that is enough, and the annals of fame whenever and wherever the story of the United States and her navy is told.

One instant of startled horror—then, without hesitation, without trepidation, with stern-set jaws and fierce, devoted determination on every line of face and form—

“Turn off the forced draught!” he cried.

“Goodness, Huntley, what are you going to do?”

“Bank the fire! Quick!”

“It’s certain death!”

“For one—unless, for all! Turn off the draught! Bank the fire!”

The orders were carried out feverishly.

“Now a plank!”

And before they could stop him this hero had flung the plank into the furnace, right on top of the black coal with which it was banked, and had himself climbed and crawled over the ragged mass, far back to where the steam was rushing like some hissing devil from the loosened socket.

For three minutes he remained inside that fearful place, and then the work was done—the ship was saved—and his friends drew him out at the door. The force draught went to its work again, and in an instant the furnace was once more raging.

But what of Huntley? Scorched, scalded, insensible, well-nigh dead, he lay upon the iron floor of the furnace room, while around him stood his mates dousing him with water, and using every known means for his resuscitation. He did not die, but when once more he opened his eyes, and was able to be carefully lifted into daylight, there arose such cheers from the throats of those dirty, grimy mates as never greeted taking of city or sinking of fleet.

The story is briefly chronicled in the log of the *Castine*, and Huntley simply claims that he “did his duty.” But while the United States remains a nation; so long as the

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banner bearing the silver stars on the field of blue, above alternate stripes of red and white, remains the symbol of purity, bravery, and patriotism to American hearts the whole world over; so long, when her heroes are spoken of, one name should never be omitted—that of Boiler-maker Huntley, of Norfolk, Virginia.

In the category of the noble great I would place those brave and noble women who have fought so long for the economic and political freedom of their sex. To my mind there is but one term that adequately describes the mental attitude of those men who have denied women their inherent and inalienable rights as the mother-half of the human race—and that term is “impudence.” I am grateful and thankful for the songs of freedom sung by Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, Anna Shaw, in this country, by Ellen Key in the Scandinavian lands, and the other brave women in other countries who have fought the same good fight. While the voices of some few of the women may have been “quavery” a little at times, in the main the notes have been clear, strong, and as penetrating as woman’s love is pure and enduring. From now on women’s songs will have a new note in them, a note that will add to the joy of their singing not only to themselves, but to their husbands, fathers, lovers, and sons in all the years to come.

Equally beautiful is the song of those leaders of the forces of women against intemperance—Mother Stewart, Frances Willard and their co-workers and

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followers. "For God and Home and Native Land," was their motto, but their aim extended far beyond home and native land. Theirs was a song of freedom for the race against the curse of intoxicants. While alcohol in its varied forms was the chief aim of their destructive endeavor, the principle of their fight was for freedom of the whole of mankind from the besotting and benumbing influences of all narcotics and stimulants. Let the song never cease. Let its sound be increased and prolonged. No people, race, or tongue can ever live half free and half slaves, half awake and half asleep. I want to join in this song of freedom for my kind every day, and I would that its tones might ring insistently, persuasively and convincingly around the globe as I am assured eventually it will.

And akin to these are those sons and daughters who have silently, bravely, sweetly, given up their own lives, their own domestic hopes and desires and longings, to care for needy or sick members of their own or other families. Do not all these send up sweet songs to the God of the Universe, that add a deep undertone, or overtone, of richness to the Sublime Symphony of the ages?

Nor would I omit from this chapter of great and noble singers those earnest and true-hearted advocates of Peace, who, in evil report and good report, have lifted up their voices for the speedy coming of the era of Christ—of Peace on Earth, good will to men.

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David Starr Jordan, Rabindranath Tagore, Norman Angell, Katherine Tingley, Edwin D. Mead, and all the great labor-leaders who have conscientiously fought for the vision they have so clearly seen of a world freed from the curse of war. The song of these cannot be ignored. Patriotically helping their country when it decided it must submit to the "dread abitrament of war," it was known that their voices, their songs, their lives were devoted to Peace—real peace, the friendly, helpful, unselfish peace that comes from mutual understanding and true brotherhood. Let humanity take up this song now as never before. It surely is God's song. Let us sing it with Him, with a zealous fervor that shall ring to the very heavens, aye, and reach the Divine Throne, so that all mankind shall hear and respond, and *War shall be no more.*

And I would not forget Woodrow Wilson and his new, great, glorious Song of Internationalism. Scores of God's inspired ones had struck the note before him and Tennyson had voiced the hope of the pure and good of all ages when he called for "the federation of the world," thus echoing in his own way the song of the Christmas angels: *Glory to God in the Highest, and on Earth Peace, Good-will towards men.* Yet never before in the world's history had the opportunity arisen—and no statesman had been great enough to *make it*—for a man in high position, in any nation, or among any council of the nations. to

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bring forth this "hope," this "aspiration," this "longing," this "idea," and crystallize it into a reality. Oh, opportunity of opportunities. A lesser man would have let it go by, would have failed to see it, or, seeing it, would have hesitated, not have dared, to grasp it, because of the tremendous fight involved to hold and secure it. But President Wilson saw and grasped. He did not shrink, rather he gloried in anticipation of the inevitable conflict for its attainment. Undoubtedly the statesmen and people of the Old World longed for the same thing, but they were tied down by centuries of precedent, by their national pride, and the antagonisms that selfishness and national aggrandizement had gendered. He, alone, of all the statesmen that had gone before him, in all the ages, was free from the desire for further territorial expansion; his people had no such desire. Hence he was able to give his whole heart and mind and strength to the gaining of this desirable end for the future benefit of the world. Naturally the "League" he proposed, being a first attempt at real internationalism, was a subject for discussion—that is, as to the best method of accomplishing it, and there was bound to be considerable diversity of opinion concerning it, and it was equally to be expected that no body of men, however wise and clear their vision and broad their statesmanship, could at the first attempt formulate a constitution that would meet all the needs of the many conflicting nations. Yet with

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dauntless courage, with unflinching devotion, regardless alike of praise or blame, Woodrow Wilson adhered to the great "idea," the fundamental principle that "all men are brothers," and the first constitution of the "League of Nations" was formed, and even now as I write, is being submitted to the parliaments of the nations chiefly interested. That it will ultimately pass there should be no question, regardless of the opposition of partisanship or the pride of a narrow and selfish nationalism. And when it has become an established fact, how the hearts of men and women of all nations will sing; and unborn millions, later on, will take up the great song and sing it to the end of time. For Peace, not War, is the normal state of civilized, decent mankind, and in Peace men learn to sing the sweetest, dearest, and most beautiful of songs.

Just one more song I would add to this chorus of the great and noble—not that this will make the list complete, by any means, but solely that the limits of space forbids further expansion. It is that of John Wesley Powell, the brave explorer of the then unknown depths of the canyons of the Colorado River. That was a song of bravery that thrilled the hearts of many thousands, yet, later, he sang a song that will resound through many centuries and sing itself into the hearts and intimate lives of millions. He saw the vast areas of our arid lands and visioned their possibilities. He realized that men could not

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continue to crowd into the cities and live like rabbits in a warren, and he started a campaign of education and finally a movement of political action, in which he was bravely and persistently backed by such men as Senators Newlands of Nevada, Smoot of Utah, Representative Mondell of Wyoming, George H. Maxwell, of Los Angeles, William E. Smythe of Omaha, and others. President Roosevelt joined forces with him and the U. S. Reclamation Service was born. Under its beneficent operations the Roosevelt, Elephant Butte, Pathfinder, Laguna, Lahontan, Grand River, Minidoka, Huntley, Fort Belknap, Umatilla, Lost River, Belle Fourche, Conconully, Shoshone, and other great dams have been built—marvels of engineering skill, and millions of hitherto waste acres put under water and brought into a state of cultivation. Naturally some mistakes have been made—as when are there not, in the learning of a new and somewhat difficult song? Yet the song has been sung, is still ringing in the ears of a multitude of happy farmers and their families, is growing in power, and will continue to increase in volume until millions more of our waste and arid acres are redeemed, smiling fields of grain and alfalfa, wide expanses of blooming orchards and gardens occupy the site of desert cactus, sage-brush and mesquite, and joyous children leap and laugh and sport and sing where now the horned toad and scorpion, the tarantula and rattlesnake, have their homes.

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Brother, sister, how are you singing? Are your songs worthy to be heard with those of the noble great? Though not so well known, not so easily heard above the throng, your song is just as important as any other. God needs your song, the world needs it, your family needs it, your friends need it, *you* need it,—for no man is truly happy until he has learned how to go Singing through Life with God.

CHAPTER XXXV

THE SONGS OF THE BLESSED VISIONARIES

ARE you content with Life as it is? Even though your own lot is cast in pleasant places are you satisfied to have so many of your fellows diseased, poverty-stricken, insane, sinful, criminal, locked up in prisons and penitentiaries, incurable, incompetent, failures, tied down by drug habits, sensualists, gluttons, thieves, burglars, and the like? Has not the Great War revealed to us how disastrous to mankind selfishness and cruelty, urged on by desire for the possessions of others, can become? Think of the miseries caused by the hatreds, jealousies, malices, slanders, gossipings, and contemptible envies of mankind? Are you content that these should exist in the hearts of others—much less in your own?

There are those who are *not* content. While they really believe that "God's in His heaven"—and that all space in all the Universe is His heaven, and that "all's right with the world," they see and feel that all is not right with mankind. And they wonder why? Then they begin to ask: Are there no remedies for these evils? And Faith, Hope and Love spring up within their hearts and give them many and diverse

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answers. Urged by a passion of love for humanity, they seek to make these answers known, to visualize them for others to see and seek to realize. These are the *visionaries* of the world, and most of them become, in the very nature of things, the so-called *reformers*.

I am not a socialist, nor am I at all satisfied that if the socialists had their way the world would be any better than it is today. Selfishness is just as rife in the hearts of one class of men as another, and until we are able to look at Life from a larger viewpoint than that of our own selfish interest there will be but little real improvement in the condition of mankind.

Yet I am not so blind that I cannot see the unselfishness, the Divine urge, in the passion for humanity manifested in the work of many socialists. Though I do not see eye to eye with them, I can understand their *vision*, the aim of their endeavor, and it is a noble and beautiful one.

Karl Marx, William Carpenter, Lloyd Demorest, Kropotkin, Wilshire, Sinclair, Jack London, saw in socialism of some form or other, the nationalization of capital and all machinery, and of all public utilities, the panacea for most of mankind's ill, and they worked, and are working, with their successors and compeers, to that end. Their vision is of legal and social equality—which certainly does not exist now—and their song has a large note in it of un-

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selfish helpfulness. This, I am assured, is heard in the Universal Symphony of God. Hence I see the true-hearted, devoted, socialist visionaries, "Singing through Life with God," and if their followers were as unselfish, as sincere, as their leaders, there is little doubt but that others would look upon their endeavors with more favor.

There are other visionaries—and I confess I am one of them—who resent the exploitation of the child in mill, factory, mine or field. They declare it a crime against humanity that boys and girls should be compelled, by the stern necessity of existence, to labor eight, ten, twelve hours a day, in the darkness of mine, heat of glass-factory, wearing grind and enervating atmosphere of cotton mill, and exhausting labor of the farm.

I should hate, you would hate, to have *my, your,* children thus compelled to labor. Should we not also hate that *other parents' children* are under these cruel compulsions and do all we can to render them impossible? Yet, by many, this desire for justice and freedom for the child laborer is called visionary and impossible. Nevertheless, decent men and women will continue to see the vision and work earnestly for its attainment.

Several years ago the late Elbert Hubbard wrote a passionate plea for the release of these wronged children from the body-destroying and mind-deadening labor of the Southern cotton-mills. He added to

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his plea a fierce denunciation of the owners of the mills for permitting this great wrong to continue. Soon thereafter I was invited to a beautiful New England home to a special dinner, where there were a number of guests, among whom I chanced to be selected for special honor. During the meal various subjects were discussed, until, finally, the host himself introduced Elbert Hubbard's article and began to comment upon its untruthfulness, injustice and wrongful censure of the mill-owners. It happened that but a few weeks before I had been on a lecture trip South, had visited the very mills referred to by Hubbard, had seen boys and girls, under twelve, under ten years of age, trudging back and forth, hour after hour, in a heavy, warm and oil-odor saturated atmosphere, watching the spindles for the breaking of threads, stopping the "spinning-jenny" at each break, tying the threads and starting the jenny up again. Monotonous, wearisome, eye-straining to a degree, I was not at all surprised—though I was horrified—when noon-time came, to find that more than half of these youthful toilers were too tired to eat the scanty and unappetizing meals their older or younger brothers and sisters brought them, but threw themselves down on the ground to get the sleep and rest outraged Nature demanded they should have. *These things I had seen with my own eyes*, hence, common honor and simple truth demanded that, when my host denied their existence, I defend the statements of

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Hubbard. He still denounced their untruthfulness, and I asked, therefore, if he was familiar with the conditions. I was greeted with a laugh from several at the table, and either one of them or the host himself astonished me with the amazing declaration that "he ought to be familiar with the conditions for *he was the owner of the mill* in question." Outraged at the man's indecency in not only allowing the monstrous wrongs to exist, but even more so at his mendacious denials, I arose from the table, asseverated that I had just come from the mill and could and did confirm, on my honor, every word of Hubbard's charges, and, bidding my host and hostess as courteous a good evening as I could muster, I made little or no attempt to restrain my indignation as I declared that I could not and would not accept the hospitality of any man who permitted such crimes against childhood to be perpetrated, and then had the mendacity to deny their existence.

I felt and still feel for myself: Better a crust and a glass of water earned honestly and unselfishly, than a feast of so-called good things won at the expense of so much suffering and dwarfing of youthful lives.

In the chapter "Songs of the Humane," I have written of the visionaries who see the dawn of the new day when all unkindness to children and animals will cease. I rejoice in such visionaries, and gladly join in their songs.

There are those who believe that the interests of

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science are not furthered by the cruelties of vivisection perpetrated upon countless mice, rats, rabbits, guinea pigs, etc., bred for the purpose, and stray dogs and cats that are purchased wholesale to be used in the same cruel ways. I sing the same song as these visionaries, and glory that I am one with them in their humanitarian protests. For, whatever the advocates of vivisection may affirm, we know that many of their experiments are utterly useless, practically all of them are awful in their cruelty, that the animals are not always rendered insensible to pain by anesthetics, and that when they are kept for observation *after being operated upon*, it is not possible to keep them anesthetized. We know further that scores of the greatest physicians and surgeons of the world positively disavow the claims made by most of the vivisectionists, and declare that all of animal anatomy learned at the vivisection laboratory had to be unlearned when they began to practice real surgery for the helping of the human body.

Among these visionaries boldly stands forth Coleridge, the eminent barrister of England; Minnie Madder Fisk, the accomplished actress; Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the poet; Annie Besant, Katherine Tingley, and hosts of others prominent in various activities of helpful citizenship. Nor must I forget Mark Twain, whose stern common sense forbids that any should accuse him of a maudlin sentimentality in pleading for the rights of the lower animals. Let those who

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are in doubt on this question read his *Tale of a Dog*, and realize what he and thousands of other good and true-hearted citizens feel about this unnecessary and altogether barbarous custom. For it must be recalled that not only do the so-called purely scientific investigators engage in it—every teacher of anatomy in a medical college, every medical *student*, and thousands of boys and girls in the ordinary high schools, are allowed to engage in this outrage upon the bodies and lives of those of our lesser friends, whose helplessness is their natural claim upon our love and protection. I firmly believe that the songs of the protesting visionaries are heard by the Divine Conductor, whose other name is Love, and that He has given them place in this Universal Symphony.

Another sweet and beautiful song that has lately arisen is that of the Community Church. Vaguely visioned in the past by such great souls as Horace Bushnell, Joseph Parker, David Swing, Felix Adler, Frank W. Gunsaulus, Jenkin Lloyd-Jones and others, its chief exponent to-day is John Haynes Holmes, of the former "Church of the Messiah," of New York City. He sings firmly and clearly, and his song is far-reaching in its beautiful visioning. He would have all barriers to religious association and fellowship removed. Give to every man and woman as much right in the Community Church as he, she, has in all other community affairs. Ordinary denominationalism says to me if I wish to worship: Do you

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believe as we do? If not, while we will tolerate, may, possibly, even welcome your presence as a worshipper, you cannot become one with us; you can have no part in our affairs; you must feel yourself an outsider. Thus, instead of the religious life being made easy by association, stern barriers are erected that make it hard by keeping men apart. And this in the name, and ostensibly in the service, of Him who came to call *all* men, whose ministry left none neglected, and whose whole life was one urge that mankind "love one another." While, until men see a larger vision, I have no quarrel with any sectarian or member of any church, personally I rejoice in the vision of the Community Church and long for its speedy advent.*

Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, profoundly moved in her tender and compassionate heart, with the sin, poverty, disease and woe of the world, visioned mankind rising to a newer and nobler consciousness of God. She saw that man is spiritual, not physical, that the "image of God" in which he is made is not sensuous but of Divine essence, and therefore eternal. She saw that the evils that curse mankind belong to this sensuous, this temporary, dream-sense of life, and that they have *no place whatever* in the Divine Life, the real life of man. Hence she began to sing in loud, clear,

* To those who know little of this movement I heartily commend *The Community Church*, two sermons preached by John Haynes Holmes, and copies of which can be had from him by sending fifteen cents in stamps, addressed Community Church, Fifth Ave., New York.

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insistent, lovingly penetrating tones that "God is love," that "He is *all* there is," and that if man will but rise into that spiritual consciousness, the physical and temporary illusions of sin, disease, poverty, failure and misery will disappear *even in this transitory life*, as do the figments of a dream upon awakening.

Is this not a beautiful and glorious vision, and one that all true lovers of their kind must long to see realized in some way or another?

There are many other visionaries whose visions I should like to have outlined. Some of these are referred to in other chapters, especially that on "The Songs of the Idealist." These are types and must suffice. Every student and careful reader will find the idealist, the visionary, everywhere. They do not always agree, and, sad to relate, often fiercely assail each other. This is one of the evil phases of human nature that must be "visioned" away. Jealousy, pride over "my" plan, arrogant conceit—aye even arrogant conceit in the minds of those who are idealists and see visions of glorious advancement for humanity, too often arises.

True 'tis, 'tis pity,
Pity 'tis, 'tis true.

This fact we must never overlook: So long as human nature is human nature it will be *striving toward*, rather than *rejoicing in*, perfection attained. For myself I clasp hands with *all* visionaries, endeavor to see eye to eye with them as far as I can,

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revel in their visions, seek for, hope for, and work for their attainment. Of course some appeal to me more than others, and those are the ones for the gaining of which I strive the most constantly. Even where they conflict I allow no difficulty to discourage me, for conflict is but mere human nature showing itself in its inability to see eye to eye as to *methods* and *details* of accomplishment.

Let each of us work for the vision given to himself, without criticizing, finding fault with, or attacking, the visions of others, rejoicing in *any* thing, *every* thing, that will, or even may, lift man out of his stupor of indifference, the slothful contentment of mediocrity and the callousness of selfishness.

Then that era will speedily dawn prophesied by another visionary, Abdul Baha Abbas, and thus described by one of his followers:

It is more than true that the Spiritual Life of mankind is a panorama of ravishing beauty. Abdul Baha hath unveiled to us this heavenly landscape through his recent words. He took us with him to the height of the Mount of Transfiguration, and from that vantage-ground of beautified humanity pointed out to us the charms of this ideal panorama. With wonderful strength and super-heroic power he reached the summit. . . . His first aim since then hath been to unfold this celestial vision before the eyes of mankind. Here you will gain . . . a bird's-eye view of that which is best and most holy in the complete landscape of human life. There are azure lakelets in which are reflected the perfect, adoring images of the heavenly Beloved; primeval forests of sturdy, vigorous qualities; never-fading green prairies of young hopes; rosebuds of universal aspirations; verdant trees with fragrant blossoms

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of pure yearnings; cool, flowing brooks of crystalline thoughts and translucent ideals; luxuriant gardens of sweet morals and good character, rivaling in beauty and freshness those of Elysium and Hesperides; lofty mountains of heroic deeds and self-abnegation, raising their noble heads to the blue dome of God; undulating hills and glades of divine arts, increasing the charm and attraction of the whole; deep valleys of eternal silence and solitude, filling the heart with sweet dreams and meditations; mighty waterfalls of selfless deeds and actions, rushing forward and sending their arousing tones into the minds and hearts of men and women to rise and do the same; fairy palaces of supernal qualifications, built by the hand of the Great Architect for the dwellings of the heroes of the Cause of Humanity; sweet, singing nightingales, their lays foreshadowing universal progress and the widening of the circle of international sympathy. This is indeed a delectable scene, a charming view, an enchanting spectacle, a delightful panorama.

Yet it is but a vision of what might be, ought to be, and, let us hope, soon will be. I firmly believe in the Blessed Visionaries. The one important consideration, however, that should never be overlooked, is that no vision of the Good-to-Come should wrongly interfere with the present Good-that-Is. No real good can ever come to one part of mankind through injuring another part. Honesty and integrity, justice and unselfishness, combined with persistent purpose, will alone bring about a realization of man's nobler visions for the good of his fellows. The fate of Germany should teach us the folly and wrong of attempting to *build up ourselves* at the *expense of someone else*. It cannot be done.

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE SONG OF THE HUMANE

CRUELTY and selfishness were at the bottom of the great world war. Had men not been selfish, they could not have desired a war of aggression, and had they not been cruel they would have found it utterly impossible to carry it on. They sang songs of greed for others' possessions, of lust for power over others' lands, of personal and national expansion at the expense of others' diminution, of personal and national glory at the cost of the woe, suffering and disaster of others. Their songs were of the devil, devilish, and it is well they were brought to naught. All such songs as these, sung at any time, by any people, under any conditions, whether nationally or individually, should be brought to naught. Yet far better would it be were such songs never sung. Immeasurably advantageous would it be to mankind were children never allowed to listen to them, were their baneful influences never felt. Then the time, strength, thought, and endeavor expended on putting these evil aims in their minds could be utilized for the cultivation of noble ideals, and, furthermore, the time spent by earnest-hearted

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well-wishers of the race, pure-minded philanthropists, who desire naught but good for their fellows, would not have to be spent in eradicating the evil obsessions, and changing them to impulses towards the unselfish and the good.

Hence every moment, every hour, spent by parents, teachers, professors, preachers, lawyers, doctors and philosophers in inculcating ideas of unselfishness, kindness and humanity are most wisely and beneficently expended. It would delight my soul to hear the songs of the humane grow into such an insistent chorus that no one could ignore it.

What a wonderful song it would be if Bands of Mercy, Humane Societies, Anti-Vivisection Societies, Anti-Cruelty Societies, Audubon Societies, Fish and Game Protective Clubs and the like, sprang up all over the world—in every precinct of every city, every town, village, hamlet, camp and mountain settlement. And why should it not be so? It is far easier to be humane than cruel, and far more satisfactory to the memory. Deeds of cruelty, even when thoughtlessly performed, live long in the secret recesses of the memory, and are apt to spring forth with hideously accusing mien at some future time when least expected, and far less desired.

I want to join every society and club I can that has this ennobling, uplifting, humanizing influence in view, for I fully believe in the Universal Kinship idea, so beautifully, eloquently and sympa-

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thetically taught by Professor J. Howard Moore, and so poetically and benignly expressed by St. Francis of Assisi, when he preached to the birds, beasts and fishes, as his "little brothers and sisters."

How sweet the songs of kindness and love are to the sentient heart, and how harsh, stern, forbidding, cruel, monstrously inhuman men and women become when they refuse to listen to their benign sounds. Dickens, in his *Tale of Two Cities*, and Carlyle in his *French Revolution* draw such pictures of the French women, during the great revolution, who were lost to all sense of humane treatment of their fellow men and women that the heart almost stops beating in its terror at the horrible aspect of their brutality—nay, brutes! I apologize to you for the use of this incorrect word—of the damnable devilishness of the malignity displayed. And if the reports of the Bryce Commission, and of Dr. Hillis's investigations be one-tenth the truth, we can see how the kind, religious, progressive German nation of Kant, Goethe, Schiller, Schlessing, Beethoven, Mozart, Weber, Mendelssohn and Handel, of Luther and Katherine Von Bora, of all the noble, generous, humane and kind of its historic past, had retrograded, debased itself, denied, nay, almost killed its humanity and natural sympathy, ere it could have been guilty of the atrocities it engaged in in Belgium and the north of France.

To make forever impossible such awful and mon-

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strous cruelties should be not only the high endeavor of the League of Nations, but of every man and woman in the world who has the welfare of his fellows at heart. And it can be done by singing the songs of humanity, of kindness to all animals, by rebuking all thoughtless or careless manifestations of cruelty, whether to lower animal, child or helpless adult, and by stern repression, and punishment if necessary, of those who wilfully and persistently perpetuate such cruelties.

It is astonishing how the songs of humanity will spread, will enthuse others, kindle in them the desire to sing, when their notes are once clearly and positively heard. Let me here record one song and its long-continued and still-continuing vocal manifestations.

Evelyn Brooks was brought up as thousands of other girls were whose parents were well to do, and there seemed to be no reason why her heart should be any more tender than that of her companions. But, one day, when she was going through one of the streets of Chicago, near Marshall Field's store, she saw a dog, lying in the gutter, that had just been run over. The piteous wails of the poor injured creature, its utter helplessness, for it was fatally crushed, its pleading eyes, all appealed to the young girl and so affected her tender heart that tears sprang into her eyes. Yet, why should she interfere? The dog was not hers! She had not "run over" it! Thousands

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of people would have passed it by unregarded—as being “none of their business.” But there was that within her—the fire of Divine Compassion—that could not bear to see any of God’s helpless creatures needlessly suffer. Stepping to the door-man of the great store she asked if nothing could be done to put the wounded animal out of its misery. With half-calm indifference he declared it was none of his business; and the near-by police-officer, also appealed to, said he had no authority, “no orders in such cases made and provided.”

Immediately she rushed into the store to the telephone, and called the Humane Society. The president happened to respond to the call, but declared nothing could be done immediately, as he was alone, could not leave the office, and anyhow, it was fifteen blocks away. All he could promise was that the dog-catcher should pick the poor wounded animal up *in the morning* and then give it the attention it needed.

Aroused to indignation by what seemed to be callous indifference Miss Brooks hurried down to the Humane Society’s office, and there saw one of the officers of the society. “Do you mean to say,” she asked, “that you will allow that poor creature, wounded unto death, to remain there all night, and remember, too, it is November and bitterly cold?” She was informed that this was the best that could be done. But this answer was not satisfactory to the tender-hearted maiden, and she persisted in de-

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manding action, until an officer was sent for, with orders to go and relieve the dog if possible, and if this were impossible, to shoot it and thus put it out of its needless pain. This was done, but, not content to go until it was reported actually accomplished, Miss Brooks remained, asking questions about the Society and its work. She learned that for ten dollars she could become an active member and participate in its work. She attended the next meeting, and showed such an intelligent and enlarged appreciation of the possibilities of its activities that she was immediately elected a director.

She soon found, however, that politics played a large part in the affairs of the Society, the dog-pound especially being the shuttle-cock of the politicians, and that little or no effort was being made to curb the activities of these men who cared nothing for the needs of the helpless animals, and sought only the filling of their own pockets with illegal graft. Protests and complaints, exposures and denunciations, proving of no avail she finally, in conjunction with Mrs. Theodore Thomas, the kind-hearted, intelligent, progressive and wide-awake wife of the great orchestra leader, organized the Anti-Cruelty Society of Chicago, with Mrs. Thomas as its first president. One of the new society's first activities was the securing of a tricycle ambulance for dogs and cats. Guaranteeing that the Anti-Cruelty Society would support and maintain it in active daily and nightly

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operation, if she would provide it, Evelyn prevailed upon her mother, Mrs. E. W. Brooks, to donate the required ambulance. It was soon in operation and hundreds of thousands of adults and impressionable children in Chicago, have had their first lessons in kindness to animals by watching Officer Dean gather up stray, forsaken or homeless dogs and cats, or care for those that had been injured.

Bands of Mercy were organized, until over 5000 children were enrolled, and Mr. Hugo Krause, well adapted for the instruction of children, was engaged to conduct that branch of the Society's educational work.

Perhaps one of the best effects of the new Society was its influence upon the old and long-established Humane Society. It was awakened out of its lethargy. It not only took on new life, but was spurred into vigorous action to the decided benefit of the helpless ones for which it was ostensibly in existence.

Another beneficent result, in which the new society largely shared, was the personal investigations made by one of its members, of the hog and cattle abbatoirs at the Stockyards. This refined and cultured lady, a member of one of Chicago's proudest families, living in a mansion on the North Side, took a room at the Transit House—a well known hotel of the Stockyards and patronized in the main only by stockmen and buyers of stock—engaged a detective and with him spent days and weeks inves-

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tigating and studying conditions in the Stockyards. She made photographs of cruelties that were being inflicted, and finally, backed by the Anti-Cruelty Society, which had made her one of its officers, made complaints to the officials of the great companies whose men were the offenders. Many reforms were instituted under her intelligent guidance, and there is no doubt her work paved the way for the later revelations of Upton Sinclair's *Jungle*, and its consequent improvements in the management.

During all this time, however, the dog and cat ambulance was carrying on its kindly work, and Evelyn's interest in the Society's labors had so increased that they had engaged the sympathy of both her father and mother. Mr. Brooks was one of those large-hearted, patient, loving fathers, actively engaged in the lumber business, but never too busy to listen to his daughter's experiences or thoughts, and wisely tolerant of any and every suggestion of hers or her mother's. His practical mind often suggested how things that ought to be done could be actually accomplished, and many were the helpful words and acts that went out to the blessing of the animal world from the Brooks household.

A home for stray and injured dogs and cats was provided and here Officer Dean brought his daily catch of waifs, strays and injured. If it was found on examination that the latter could be cured, a veterinary gave them skilled attention; otherwise

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they were placed in a lethal chamber, and painlessly killed.

Then it speedily became known throughout the city, by advertising of several kinds, that anyone needing a dog or a cat might be able to supply the need by calling at this stray animal home.

The work thus begun in Chicago under Evelyn Brooks' influence is still being carried on, and there is scarcely a city in the civilized world that is not doing something of a similar character, so that, in the aggregate, millions of poor homeless creatures are being saved from their lives of misery as the result of her kindly impulse. Nor is this all; the fact of there being so many suffering cats and dogs led to a campaign of education by the various Humane Societies, urging people to do away with all superfluous kittens and puppies rather than turn them upon the streets, and thus much misery was avoided.

But Evelyn's work and influence were to extend further still. One winter's day she noticed the horses of a loaded coal wagon trying to pull it up a short and steep grade at one of the Chicago bridges. The snow had made the footing of the horses insecure, and strain though they might, it seemed impossible for them to drag the heavily laden wagon up the hill. In vain the driver urged; then growing desperate and angry, he began to whip the already straining horses. Here was another case for swift and decisive action. Her mother was again appealed to, and the father in-

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terested. In a few days a magnificent, sturdy black horse, well blanketed and cared for, stood at the foot of the grade, in charge of an intelligent and kindly driver. As soon as a wagon arrived, the helper-horse was hitched to it, and with his aid, there was no trouble in dragging it to the top and sending its horses as well as its driver on their way rejoicing.

For years this horse, who soon became known as Black Beauty was continued in this excellent and needed service.

As their interest in the work of the Anti-Cruelty Society increased, Mrs. and Miss Brooks naturally came to learn of the great cruelty practiced against helpless children by their drunken, debauched and degraded parents, as well as by others. Their sympathies were now so constantly aroused that much of their spare time was spent in investigating cases, both of cruelty to animals and children. Evelyn became a well-known figure in the courts of Chicago, and woe be to any man or woman whose persistent cruelty demanded the restraint of adequate punishment. And in all this work her mother was her earnest supporter and adviser.

Hence when, some years later, after Evelyn had become Mrs. Robert L. Gifford, and the two families had removed to Pasadena, Mrs. Brooks was as much interested and as actively engaged in anti-cruelty and humane work as was her daughter. It was through her influence and by her practical financial

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help that Mrs. Florence Helm Krause was enabled to write and publish her excellent "Manual of Moral and Humane Education," by far the best work for teachers on the subject. It is beautifully illustrated, and not only gives a graded course of study for Humane Education in Elementary Schools, and High Schools, but also gives a classified list of the more common birds and a great deal of information upon the activities of the varied Humane and Anti-Cruelty Societies throughout the country.

In Pasadena and throughout California Mrs. Brooks' kindly and quiet influence and help was continuously felt. While of the most modest and retiring disposition she was a very effective speaker upon the public platform, and was called upon on many occasions, to speak for churches, societies, clubs and schools, as the warmth of her feelings and her deep sympathy with helpless animals and children made her tongue eloquent on their behalf.

Several charitable institutions—notably the Orphans' Home of South Pasadena, the Day Nurseries of Pasadena, the George Junior Republic, near Chino—felt her helpful friendliness in the most practical way, and when the boys and girls of Pasadena began to ask for a public swimming pool, a generous contribution from her purse made it possible. The city authorities have since named the park, Brookside, after her.

Mrs. Gifford, encouraged and aided by her mother

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while she lived, in the carrying out of her good impulses towards helpless animals and children, has become a power in Humane work, and is the present president of the Pasadena Humane Society.

Were this brief and imperfect record to close here it would be a remarkable illustration of the influence of one girl, but the story is only partially told. When Mrs. Brooks passed on into fuller and larger life she left a certain sum as the basis of a fund for the further carrying out of her humanitarian work. This fund is under the direction of Mr. Charles H. Prisk, editor of the *Pasadena Star-News*, and Mrs. Gifford. For one year Mrs. Krause, the author of the book referred to, was induced to give her services to the cause, and delivered lectures before schools, churches, clubs, etc., on Humane work, and now the author of this book has gladly engaged to devote as much of his time and energy as is possible to this excellent work. He has already lectured before many schools, orphan asylums, clubs, churches and general audiences, and awakened many hearts to more kindly impulses towards animals and children. In the spring and summer of 1919 he took a trip East and in Chicago, New York, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, East Aurora at the Roycroft Convention, Cleveland, Columbus, and in other cities delivered illustrated lectures, under the auspices of the Brooks fund.

More thorough and systematic work is now being planned with the aim of reaching every boy and girl

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of school age in California, and of giving a course in the Normal Schools on "How to Teach Humanity to Children." Thus, as the years go by, the influence of this work will expand, until thousands will have joined in the Humane Song to the decided improvement of mankind's Universal Symphony.

CHAPTER XXXVII

THE SONGS OF THE GENTLY COMPASSIONATE

WHY is it that so many "good" men and women—especially the latter—are so stern, unforgiving and inflexible in their condemnation of certain types of wrongdoing. I know women whose faces turn to marble and whose conversation is as frigid as an arctic winter, in the presence of those declared guilty of sexual crimes. Others cannot tolerate one whose word is not to be relied upon. Still others are inflexible towards those who get into debt without full knowledge as to how they are going to pay. In a novel recently read one of the characters is made to say of a gambling, spendthrift woman, as his mouth and eyes hardened and the line of his jaw looked square and ugly: "She squandered money that wasn't hers, and gambled to buy rubbish she could never pay for."

And though a woman he loved pleaded that he be more kind to the offender and cried: "Don't be so hard. Perhaps she was only foolish—perhaps she didn't mean ——" he exclaimed in reply: "The paltriest of excuses. I suppose no woman deliberately means to steal when she orders things she can't pay for, or even calls it stealing to fling away money be-

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longing to other people, but it's theft all the same. Dishonesty is the meanest, most sordid of vices. For me those whom I can't trust cease to exist. They are snuffed out of my life like a candle flame."

Observe the sternness, the unforgiving attitude, the uncompromising hostility towards those "whom he could not trust."

Again, later, he is made to say "I can't believe that we're ever forgiven for sin or even folly on the grounds of lack of intention. After all, we're reasoning human beings, with brain and will and heart. There are essential rules laid down which we must not transgress. It's no excuse for us if we do so without meaning to. We *should* mean. We should control our actions, our impulses. We're given our powers of reasoning and free will for no other purpose. It's as if one deliberately let go a rudder, and then excused oneself for allowing the ship to dash upon the rocks by saying one didn't mean it! We all have rudders if we care to use them. We must use them if we mean to steer through life with any success."

All true and incontrovertible, yet—

Once again he speaks:

"The men and women who drift into debt, ordering everything in the world they want without an intention of paying for it: the people who look upon gambling debts as debts of honor and think nothing of owing their tradespeople for the luxuries or even

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the necessities of life. What is a debt of honor if not the latter I should like to know? It is a subject on which I feel very strongly indeed."

It is not that one wishes to condone, to palliate, or to tolerate wrong-doing, that he longs for a tenderer view of the wrong-doer. Punishment for such wrong-doing is doubtless needful and beneficial, but even in the administration of punishment there can and should be compassion, sorrow and helpful sympathy. Those who use the Lord's Prayer ask that they may be forgiven *as they forgive*. And Christ declared that "seventy times seven" was the measurement he placed upon *human* forgiveness. Yet society as a whole totally ignores this tender teaching. Its prisons and penitentiaries are still a disgrace to civilization—even the best of them. Arizona and Colorado, which have sought to put into practice more humane measures for the treatment of its convicts than most other prisons, have been compelled, by the force of public criticism and opposition, to take backward steps. Once condemned by the officers of the law and sentenced to the penitentiary one meets with little or no tenderness, sympathy or compassion. Yet enlightened medical science, and psychological knowledge is daily making it more clear that much of what we call sin, inherent wickedness, persistent criminality, is as much the result of disease as are smallpox, typhoid or yellow fever. As well sentence the man, sick with these forms of disease, as those in whom

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the manifestations appear as theft, forgery, burglary and the like. *Cure the disease, by all means*; restrain the criminal, so-called, if necessary just as we quarantine the patient suffering from smallpox, or bubonic plague, but do it kindly, gently, sympathetically and with tender compassion. Nor does this mean a mushy, sickly sentimentality. The strongest men and women are those who can look upon wrongdoing and wrong-doers with the tenderest heart, for they are powerfully moved to practical and effective steps to cure the sinner of his desire to sin.

Harshness, sternness, inflexible justice, never yet softened a human heart. Pure justice, in this world of conflicting passions and interests, should be meted out, but it should ever be tempered with mercy, and its judgments and punishments softened by tenderness and sympathy.

How well do I recall, although the incident occurred many years ago, visiting a parish rector with his organist, who had been "overtaken in a fault"—the inordinate craving for alcoholic liquor. The latter was full of penitence, of true repentance, humbly acknowledging his wrong and not resenting punishment, yet how did that "good" man receive him? Did he seek to restore him in "the spirit of meekness; considering himself, lest he also be tempted?"

No! with inflexible sternness, cruel coldness and intolerant harshness he bade the temporarily disgraced man begone and refused to listen to a word in

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extenuation, or that he generously pardon the offense.

I cannot think that that rector on that occasion sang with God. I heard no song over the returning sinner, no pæan of thankfulness for sin forgiven, for transgression tenderly overlooked, though uncompromisingly condemned, and had I not taken the humbled man to my home and kept him there until body, mind and soul were somewhat restored to their normal condition, there is little doubt but that he would have gone on a prolonged debauch, to his and his family's wretchedness and undoing.

I never cease being thankful for the tender compassionateness of my own father at the times of my own childish delinquencies. There was no shirking justice or due punishment, but it was never given in haste, in petulance or in anger. The need for it was even made clear, and its reformative purpose fully explained and understood. Then, with tender prayers for the wrong-doer, and sympathetic regrets that his own actions had rendered the administration of such justice necessary, the agreed upon punishment was inflicted.

To my mind one of the great secrets of the spirit of stern condemnation and unforgiveness is intolerance. And all intolerance is a form of righteous self-conceit, or Phariseeism. "*My* standard is the only right standard. I live up to it; so must every one else. Here is the path of right. Every step

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taken off that path is wrong." There is no consideration as to whether the walker is blind, is suffering from some disease that renders steady walking impossible—the mere deviation, one step, from the path is *sin*, to be severely reprobated and sternly condemned.

Such an attitude of mind is wrong—definitely, positively, certainly, surely wrong, no matter by whom taken. It is impossible that any human being can ever see so perfectly, know so surely, that his, her, judgments are infallible. In the light of man's own imperfections one would think that at least he would be humble. But no—there are few who are humble in this sense, few who deem it possible for them to err in *this particular* way.

In some respects society is as harsh as are these pharisaical people. Many boys and girls are born with inherited tendencies that incline them towards evil; they are naturally wayward, wilful, blind to their own highest interests. In addition they are cursed with evil and depressing environments—drinking, gambling, sensual, gluttonous, thieving, lying parents or companions. How can fair-minded people expect of these unfortunate ones the same standard of life as of those who have every advantage? Most theologians and ministers, unless they are better, bigger, more human, than their creeds, take the narrow view of human frailties. Society largely backs them up—in *some* things—and thus reveals human selfish-

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ness. Every so-called "crime against society" is thus harshly and narrowly judged. Theft, burglary, arson, the wilful destruction of property, forgery and the like; and all sexual transgressions are severely condemned, and, as a rule, their perpetrators are mercilessly and harshly punished. I have no plea to make for the lowering of standards of the highest conduct of life, but I do plead for a more compassionate view of some who fail to reach these standards. On a recent visit to a "state school for girls"—all of whom were sent there for a definite period by the courts, hence they were, in reality, prisoners of the state—I found about 200 girls, commonly referred to as "bad," "wayward," "wicked," "morally depraved," etc. At my request, made a year or more before, the superintendent had instituted a searching inquiry into the "history" of each "case." In over forty instances these poor girls had been tampered with by vicious men before they had reached seven years of age. Most of them had drunken or depraved parents; many had been accustomed to sights of drinking and vice in their own homes from a time earlier than they could remember and less than two per cent. had come from normal homes, where parents and children were living together in happy relationships.

There can be no question but that, for the protection of society, it is wise and proper to isolate these girls—many of whom are diseased—yet who with a

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human heart can be bitter in condemnation of them? Many of them were inducted into evil before they knew the first letter of the alphabet of personal responsibility.

When children have their intellects or moral perceptions injured, is it not monstrous to judge them by the common working standards of right and wrong? We do not expect a youth with a crook in his spine to stand upright, to do all the physical work of an athlete; then why should we expect one who has a crook in his intellect, in his moral perceptions, to walk as upright, to be as perfect morally, as one who has every faculty normally developed?

Oliver Wendell Holmes, in that peculiar novel of his—little read nowadays—*Elsie Venner*—puts some interesting reflections into the mouth of one of his characters on this very question:

Crime and sin, being the preserves of two great organized interests, the church and the law, have been guarded with as great jealousy as the Royal Forests. It is so easy to hang a troublesome fellow! It is so much simpler to consign a soul to perdition, or say masses for money, to save it, than to take the blame on ourselves for letting it grow up in neglect and run to ruin for want of humanizing influences! . . . The chaplain of Newgate preached to women who were to swing at Tyburn for a petty theft as if they were worse than other people,—just as though he would not have been a pick-pocket or shoplifter himself, if he had been born in a den of thieves and bred up to steal or starve! . . . It is very singular that we recognize all the bodily defects that unfit a man for military service, and all the intellectual

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ones that limit his range of thought, but always talk at him as if all his moral powers were perfect. I suppose we must punish evil-doers as we extirpate vermin; but I don't know that we have any more right to judge them than we have to judge rats and mice, which are just as good as cats and weasels, though we think it necessary to treat them as criminals.

. . . Shut up the robber and defaulter we must. But what if your oldest boy had been stolen from his cradle and bred in a North Street cellar? What if you are drinking a little too much wine, and smoking a little too much tobacco, and your son takes after you, and so your poor grandson's brain being a little injured in physical texture, he loses the fine moral sense on which you pride yourself, and doesn't see the difference between signing another man's name to a draft and his own?

I suppose this view . . . is liable to abuse,—no doubt. People are always glad to get hold of anything which limits their responsibility. But remember that our moral estimates come down to us from ancestors who hanged children for stealing forty shillings' worth, and sent their souls to perdition for the sin of being born, and who punished the unfortunate families of suicides.

I do not know in what shape the practical question may present itself to you, but I will tell you my rule in life, and I think you will find it a good one. Treat bad men exactly as if they were insane. They are *in-sane*, out of health, morally. Reason, which is food to sound minds, is not tolerated, still less assimilated, unless administered with the greatest caution: perhaps, not at all. Avoid collision with them, so far as you honorably can; keep your temper, if you can,—for one angry man is as good as another; restrain them from violence, promptly, completely, and with the least possible injury, just as in the case of maniacs,—and when you have got rid of them, or got them tied hand and foot so that they can do no mischief, sit down and contemplate them charitably, remembering that nine-tenths of their perversity comes from out-

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side influences. Drunken ancestors, abuse in childhood, bad company, from which you have happily been preserved, and for some of which you, as a member of society, may be practically responsible.

Thus wrote a great, wise and good man, and, in the main, I agree heartily with all he has said. Let us never forget that very seldom, if ever, is sin *inherent in the act itself*. It is in the *motive*. Where an evil motive is lacking an injury may be done, but there may be no sin, in one sense, in the act. That is the reason, I believe, why Christ emphatically commanded "Judge not, that ye be not judged." In the imperfect condition of our knowledge we are incompetent to judge and Christ wished to point out to us the unwisdom of attempting what it requires Omnipotence and Omniscience to accomplish.

There is another important phase of this question that should never be overlooked, viz., that what is evil doing, sin, in one place or country, is not so regarded in another. Elbert Hubbard was severely condemned for making the statement that "sin was largely a matter of geography." This is what he meant. The conscience of one race of people teaches them to do what in another race is a crime, *vide* the slaughter of girl babies, the marriage of little girls, the suttee and other customs followed in India. Stephanson relates what is well known to travelers among the Eskimo, that when one couple visits another it is an act of common courtesy for the husbands to change wives. Furthermore, it is regarded as a mark

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of distinction on the part of a rich couple to accept a prolonged visit from a poor couple, for then, and ever after the wife of the poor man is received in "Society" on an equal plane with the rich wife. Such a custom is unthinkable to people of decent American civilization, yet while we might prohibit the custom, we should have no right to condemn, with harshness and sternness, those to whom it seemed right.

As a nation we have a right to prescribe what shall be tolerated, allowed or approved of in our civilization. That is a matter of mutual agreement for our general peace and comfort. But we have no right to condemn the actions of those whose consciences have been trained to permit or approve of things disallowed and disapproved by us.

Therefore, to the inflexibly just, the intolerantly upright, the unforgivingly good I plead for a kinder and more compassionate spirit. Be not stern and unyielding, but seek to let the spirit of a greater love take possession of you. Try to sing the Song of Compassion and Sympathy and see what the result will be, and my word for it, the responding songs from the grateful heart of the one thus treated will more than compensate for any loss of money, property or dignity you may suffer, and you will find yourself enjoying a new delight in "Singing," in your new found compassion, "through Life with God."

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE SONGS OF LIFE'S IDEALS

YOUTH is generally and rightly regarded as the time for the creation of ideals. Are ideals ever *formed*? Do they not rather spring spontaneously into being, reaching the conscious-mind from the Immortal Mind and suggesting that Life is more than raiment, meat or money? When they are recognized and placed before one as a desirable goal, striven after, and, in a measure attained, they do not leave one in youth. They persist into old age, so that the octogenarian is as full of ideals as was the youth or maiden of eighteen. This, I believe, is the *normal* condition of man's mind towards idealism, and the reason so many persons believe that youth alone is the idealistic period is because the majority of young people allow their senses to capture their inclination and their will, and run away with them as a pair of fiery broncos will run away with an inattentive or incompetent driver.

Youth is the time for ideals, no doubt. The sap flows strong in the young tree and bids it grow and expand, but the highest idealism comes from the still small voice of the Godhead speaking, and he only

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can hear it who listens attentively, carefully and persistently. And what wonderful songs this still small voice sings for the listening ear! What dreams of beauty, glory, and power it pictures; what visions of splendid attainment and high achievement it sets forth!

There are several reasons, doubtless, why youth loses its ideals, or, at least, ceases from their pursuit. Many yield to the temptations of the senses, to an easy life, to luxurious habits. I know two California girls, of good family and birth, fairly well to do. They both desired to "do something," in the literary field. Both had unusual attainments. The parents and friends of both bitterly opposed their going into newspaper-work although this seemed the best available method for giving them the training they needed. One had the independence and courage to "take the bit between her teeth," go to San Francisco and engage in work on one of the leading newspapers there. The other listened to her father's remonstrances, and fretted her days away in useless longing, though not more than nineteen years old. She drifted into the gay and frivolous set and one of the last times I saw her she was sitting *tete-a-tete* with a notorious man about town at one of our pleasure resorts, openly drinking cocktails, and even stronger beverages.

There are many young people who yield to this kind of pressure—that of so-called "practical" rela-

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tives and friends, who see for them nothing but the lazy and luxurious life or the sordid commercial life. All commercial life need not be sordid. I believe many scores of merchants, like Peter Cooper, John Wanamaker, Marshall Field and others have had high ideals of business, and have stuck closely to them. Yet that many young men and women are seduced from their earlier and cherished ideals by social allurements no one can deny. Many are tempted by money inducements and fall by the wayside. It is so much easier to spend than to earn. Why "struggle" when one can "take it easy?" An automobile, fine clothes, luxurious living, all the time there is for fun and merry-making—these are a powerful temptation, and with Society organized as it is one cannot blame youth for accepting its gifts rather than gladly face the stern struggle of life. One can pity and regret, but not condemn.

But there is another and much larger class who almost perforce lose their ideals. They are the great mass of young men and women who have to work for a living and in the grind of modern competition find it so hard to secure barely the necessities, and perhaps a few of the comforts and luxuries of life, that they can give no time or thought to the following of their ideals. Experience has proven that a forgetfulness of ideals, or a failure, *for any reason*, to follow after them, soon leads them to fade away or entirely disappear. These reluctantly, doubtless,

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lose their ideals, but it seems inevitable that they should go, though the new philosophy of applied psychology contends and affirms with irresistible force that the idealist need not lose his ideals in this way. We are assured, and my own experiences are teaching me to believe it, that "our thoughts are tools, and the life substance is shaped with these tools. Every hour we can stand before our half-formed self and with tools a thousand times finer than those of the finest craftsman of the physical plane, we can cut, from our own thought atmosphere, forms of exquisite perfection, until body, environment, friends, even our whole life, is a world of peace, power, love, joy, health and wealth, limitless and free."

If this wonderful affirmation be true, and if it be equally true, what Professor Weltmer says, that "What man can conceive man can achieve," then certainly there is no need for youth to lose its ideals.

They should be retained, sought after, attained as far as possible, only to give way for higher and more perfect ideals. I am not one of those who believe that ideals are always unattainable. But I do believe that he only is a *true* idealist, who, *having attained*, sets forth on a higher, more worthy, more nearly Divine achievement, and thus, ever attaining, is ever striving for something beyond. Under such conditions as these one sees and feels that middle age is just as appropriate a period for the pursuit of

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ideals as youth. In middle age one sees more clearly than when young, and can judge more certainly what is worth striving after. As Browning puts it:

Youth ended, I shall try
My gain or loss thereby;
Leave the fire ashes, what survives is gold:
And I shall weigh the same,
Give life its praise or blame:
Young, all lay in dispute; I shall know, being old.

Yet I would give a caution here to youth and middle age. Do not assume that your ideals are those of others; or that others do not have ideals, because they do not see and recognize yours. Never was there a greater mistake. America has officially, through its laws in Congress, condemned certain phases of Mormonism, and the result is that hundreds of thousands, nay millions, of good American citizens, consciously or unconsciously, have condemned everything Mormon. This is a great injustice. While one may properly condemn polygamy, in many things the Mormon ideals have been and are high and worthy any man's pursuit.

In so-called religious belief there is always danger of wronging others by failure or refusal to see *their* ideals. [I do not like the term "religious" belief. Religion is a *life* not a *belief*. Our belief is our conception of God, our theology, hence the term to be correct should be our "theological belief."] It is hard for the old type of rigid, puritanic Protestant to see the idealism of a good Catholic, and *vice*

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versa. Yet both may have high ideals in spite of what we may think of the errors of their theological beliefs. To me Padre Junipero Serra, the founder of the California Franciscan Missions, was one of the highest of idealists, yet I am not in sympathy with his theological beliefs. I have the profoundest respect and regard for the ideals of scores of peoples whose creed or no creeds I totally reject. Hence I beg of my readers to exercise a large toleration, a real respect for the diverse and opposing ideals of others, recognizing it as their right to alone be responsible to God. Furthermore, as an added need to this same caution: Beware of seeking to destroy the ideals of others through the mistakenly zealous idea that thereby you are doing God service. The loss of one's ideals is a desperately serious matter. I do not want it on my conscience that I ever helped to destroy those of another. Rather would I help him keep them, no matter how much opposed to them I may be. For, as the light of God shines upon each man's conscious mind he is guided by One wiser than you or I, and ultimately will see the light as God desires him to see it, rather than as we would have him see it.

That it is dangerous to lose one's ideals thousands of cases attest. I knew a man who, in youth, had the highest moral ideals. He was an ethical teacher of influence and power. He was taken sick. To regain his health he went to a great sanitarium. There

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he saw unusual things in the way of foods and drinks, the sale of which could be commercialized and made to yield an immense financial return. He endeavored to make an arrangement for such a commercialization but for idealistic reasons which *he* could not see, his offer was declined. Brooding over the matter, dwelling upon it, until his cupidity was excited to a desire for mastery, he was induced to go ahead without due permission. Legally, perhaps, he had the right; morally he was obliged to sacrifice his ethical ideals. His financial prognostications were correct. He built up a tremendous and exceedingly profitable business. His name became in reality "a household word." But as his fortune increased his ideals disappeared one by one. Ruthlessly he disrupted his family and married again, and a short time thereafter, his material wealth having turned to ashes in his mouth, realizing that he had destroyed the High Altar of his own life, at which, as a youth, he had reverently worshiped, the Gift of Life itself became useless to him, and he deliberately cast it away by committing horrible suicide.

On the other hand if you would know of a high ideal, steadily maintained, read David Starr Jordan's *Life of a Good Woman*. It is the story of the struggles of Jane Lathrop Stanford, the wife and widow of Governor Leland Stanford of California, to establish, maintain, and build up the Leland Stan-

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ford, Junior, University as a memorial to her son, who passed away in his promising youth.

In my *Reclaiming the Arid West* I have recounted the glorious idealism of Major J. W. Powell and his co-workers in the founding of the Reclamation Service of the United States, and history, past and present, is full of many glorious examples of like inspiration. The very air is vibrant with their songs—those of children, youths, adults, the mature and the aged. Look at Gladstone, when nearly eighty, acknowledging, or confessing, his change of mind on the Irish question, and shaking the very heart and mind of England by introducing the first Home Rule bill ever submitted to Parliament. There was a case of high idealism persisting to old age. It threw him out of office, yet he had the sweet approval of his own conscience.

Perhaps you don't hear these songs of the idealist! That is one of the sad facts about those who have lost their ideals; they become more or less deaf to the songs that literally stir the souls of others. I can imagine many such utterly deaf to the enthusiastic idealism of Wendell Phillips, when he advanced down the aisle at Faneuil Hall and threw down the gauntlet of the absolute abolition of slavery to an audience that was tempted to temporize with the question. Thousands of good American citizens could not see the idealism that guided all of Abraham Lincoln's actions, yet today few there are of sentient

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heart throughout the world who do not echo the idealistic songs he sung and with which he enriched the great World Symphony.

Thousands of people, knowing Jack London superficially, or through yellow newspaper gossip, refused to believe in his idealism. Yet those of us who knew him closely were daily aware of his high conceptions, daring visions and exalted aspirations. No one is more emphatic in this assertion than his first wife and the mother of his two children, though she was divorced from him and, to say the least, peculiarly treated by him in his will. In spite of these apparently contradictory facts, she realizes today the zeal with which he sought after beauty and power in his writing. She knows the truth of much of the autobiography of his *Martin Eden*, where, in relating the struggles of his hero, he is, in reality, telling of his own fierce efforts to attain an idealistic standard.

No one can read these accounts and not see the high idealism they contain.

Again, in his socialism. It was not a mere hobby with him, an intellectual debating ground. It was his intense and passionate sense of social justice that led him to his belief, and his constant warfare for his beliefs. There are those who will tell you he did not *really* believe in socialism. Why, then, did he deliberately fling away the good opinion and friendship—or we'll say the profitable acquaintanceship—of the wealthy, those who would have bought his books by

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the scores of thousands, who would have used his pen to his great financial emolument had he been willing to use it to please them? In the lecture-field he could have reaped a rich harvest but, to my own personal solicitation that he speak on other subjects than socialism and the rendering of common justice to the downtrodden and incompetent, he rudely and almost profanely refused, and said it must be that or nothing.

I am compelled, therefore, to believe in his idealism, though there were many things in his belief and life that I neither liked nor accepted.

Equally so was it with Elbert Hubbard, that brilliant and erratic sage of East Aurora, New York, who flashed like a meteor on our horizon and was gone—sunk, with his wife, by the infernal treachery and wilful violation of international law by the Germans. I *knew* Elbert Hubbard—not simply had a passing acquaintanceship with him, but was with him in periods of storm and stress, was honored with his loving confidence and saw into the real depths of his soul. Did I know him completely and perfectly? Of course not! No man ever knew another man—or any woman for that matter—completely and perfectly, for no man ever knows himself in the complexity and hidden potentialities of his own being. But I knew him enough to see his high idealism in many things.

He, in his way, had a passion for social justice,

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saw a vision of ideal conditions existing between Capital and Labor, and worked faithfully and persistently to that end. He built monuments to his idealism in the Roycroft Shop, and the Roycroft Inn where thousands visit annually and thus come in touch, at least with the outer shell, of what he "aspired to." Every one of his excellently printed and bound books was a proof of his idealism, and a loud song calling upon men to artistic expression, to put love into their work, that it might reward them with joy.

John H. Patterson of the National Cash Register Company, of Dayton, Ohio, is another idealist of complex and eccentric character, yet that men can do well to study and follow. Perfect? Of course not. A mere man and not a god; a human being, not an archangel—that is what he is; yet with a high idealism. In his factory are conditions that sing a loud, sweet and beautiful song worthy of being heard throughout the earth and joined in by every employer of labor in the world.

He found the material surroundings of his factory sordid and degrading, so that his employees were being injured and dragged down—unconsciously perhaps—by them. He struggled manfully and faithfully to change these conditions and environment, until he made of his factory a place of beauty and a joy to all beholders. The buildings themselves are an attraction, every work bench has an abundance of light and fresh air; every humblest worker is

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given the opportunity to enjoy surroundings that would grace and glorify any palace.

He found his women employees struggling to get their noon meals under adverse conditions, without conveniences or opportunities for rest, retirement and recuperation. In the face of strenuous opposition he installed, first, a place where his girl and women employees might heat their coffee or cocoa, and eat their noon meal in comfort and seclusion. Then the plan enlarged until now, under a competent dietitian, 1500 or more women are given a scientifically arranged dinner, as tastily cooked as the meals of the finest hotels in New York, served in a simple yet perfectly sanitary, dignified and pleasing fashion at a price that nets a loss of many thousands of dollars, *per month*, to the factory. The meal consists of a rich soup, a meat, two vegetables, bread and butter, a cup of tea, coffee, chocolate or milk, and a dessert and the charge made for it is *fifteen cents*. Here is practical philanthropy, that yet pays in dollars and cents. It is philanthropy (according to our present social and economic standards) because it is voluntary on the part of the company—of which Mr. Patterson is the dominating head and controlling genius in every way. There is no legal compulsion to it. It could be abandoned tomorrow, legally, and no law could be evoked to restore it. Yet it pays because no body of workwomen can be well nourished and not give better service than though they were

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under fed, improperly fed and therefore less competent to do the work entrusted to their care. It pays further, in that it acts as a powerful object lesson to every woman who eats in the factory dining-room. She sees how food should be cooked and served. Her own instincts of imitation and desire for emulation are aroused. Her own table at home must be as good, at least, as that of the factory, and thus her husband and children become beneficiaries of that which, at first sight, seemed but a whim of the president of the company.

Furthermore, Mr. Patterson saw that the boys, the sons of his employees and their neighbors, were being neglected, and as is always the case under such conditions, were growing up to be hoodlums. He engaged a wise and tactful woman, set her at work to win the confidence of the boys and their parents, started schools for their benefit, then established gardens, where ground, fertilizer, general cultivation and preparation of the soil, tools, seeds and proper instruction in planting and caring for their produce were provided *free of charge*. The results in the neighborhood were marvelous. Hoodlumism practically disappeared; the boys grew up into useful, thoughtful, industrious young men. A company of them was organized, in which every young farmer has a vote. It has its own officers, bookkeeper, secretary and treasurer. It markets all surplus produce

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and pays its members in cash for what they have for sale, and declares semi-annual dividends.

As a further incitement to industry among the boys a box-factory was established, practically every boy of the neighborhood being entitled to membership if he is willing to meet the easy conditions. Here, under a competent instructor, with tools, wood, and all needful materials provided free of charge, the boys learn to make bird-houses, chairs, tables, cupboards, cedar-chests, book-cases, dog-kennels, sleds, and all the thousand and one things boys and their parents care for in and around the *house* they are making into a *home*. Goods that are sold—as many are—bring their return directly to the youthful manufacturer, and thus habits of useful labor, of skilful workmanship, of home beautification, of self improvement, of idealism, are inculcated, to the immense advantage not only of the boys themselves, but to the joy of their parents, the improvement of the neighborhood, the honor of the city, and, incidentally, to the benefit of those who promoted the undertaking. For, is it not self evident, that boys under such training, taught to work and be subject to discipline, self-respecting and industrious will make far better factory workers, better mechanics, carpenters, machinists, molders, iron-workers, painters and the like, than those who have had no such training and discipline?

Nor does the good work end here. There are night-

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schools and classes for the employees where they may learn—free of charge—everything they may be required to do at the factory from bookkeeping, stenography, typewriting, engineering, carpentering, cabinet-making and the like to molding and iron-working. There are classes in public-speaking, in salesmanship, in making repairs, in supervision of the different departments. It has been my good fortune to watch much of this educational work in actual operation, to see its results, and no words can commend it too highly in its idealistic influence upon the young men and women who are its objects.

Then there are clubs for the men and for the women,—social, educational, and recreational,—where every opportunity for improvement, advancement and recreation is afforded to every employee who desires to avail himself of it. And, as a daily incitement to a fuller life, in the magnificent temple of instruction and entertainment, modestly called “the school-house,” two thousand employees may, at every noon hour, come and sit, listen to a concert, an illustrated or other lecture, or watch as carefully selected a program of movies as is offered in any of the best picture shows of the cities.

Here, indeed, is idealism of a high type, and it does not end even here. There are committees in the factory for seeing that everything is clean, sanitary and safe. There is no piece of machinery allowed to menace the life or limb of those who use it

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or come near it. Guard rails are provided, safety appliances are invented and installed, and where dust or metal or other particles fly from the materials or machinery into the air which would irritate the lungs, suitable and effective machinery is installed to remove it, purify the air, and render such places as healthful as those where no such conditions are evoked. Then for the benefit of those who need their help, medical and dental departments are maintained, where teeth are examined and cared for, and where baths and treatments of all kinds similar to those of the Battle Creek Sanitarium are given.

This is idealism of a practically beneficial kind. Employees are all benefitted, and employers also. There is a consequent Song of Thankfulness, of content, of satisfaction, that perhaps, nay doubtless, many of the singers themselves are not aware of, that daily ascends from the factory of the N. C. R. at Dayton, Ohio, to join in with God's great Universal Symphony, for surely such songs are sweet and pleasing to the ear of the Divine.

There is one note, however, I should like to hear added to those that are already sung. It is that which would come from the workers themselves were they accorded a larger share in the management of all this welfare work conducted on their behalf. Granted that it is purely voluntary on the part of Mr. Patterson and his fellow-owners of the business. He has openly declared that while it was done origi-

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nally for its pure helpfulness, experience has demonstrated that it pays from the employers' financial standpoint. The men and women employees, therefore, that reason about it,—and they are not a few,—assert that as it is their labor that largely produces the profit of the establishment from which the costs of this beneficent work are paid, they should have a large hand in its management. Thus, they assert, it would be removed from the category of charitable or philanthropic work, placed upon the plane of pure business, and not lose thereby one iota of its idealism or its practical beneficence and helpfulness. From the standpoint of a wisely applied psychology this criticism is a just one, and I commend it to the consideration of the sane and practical men who are at the head of affairs at the N. C. R., and to others engaged in similar work.

Referring casually, in this brief account of the Welfare Work of the National Cash Register Company, to the Battle Creek Sanitarium naturally reminds me of the high idealism that has ever animated Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, the practical originator and controlling spirit of the great institution as it is found today. I have well known Dr. Kellogg for upwards of forty years and have closely watched the development and growth of the Sanitarium and its cognate work. In an article I wrote many years ago for *Good Housekeeping* I endeavored to characterize Dr. Kellogg and his work.

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The story of what he has accomplished, and the *how* of it, of his forty adopted children, of his Medical Mission Work in Chicago, of his farm for the "down and outers" of that great city, of his editorial labors, health-foods and implements invented by him, the books written and numerous other activities, reads like a romance. It has all been done with a high and idealistic purpose to add to the health, happiness and active goodness of the world.

Our own John Burroughs is a fine example of the high idealism that can inspire a noble soul to a great and worthy achievement. When he began to write he was "infected"—as he himself calls it—with the subtle "musk" of Emerson's thought and style. Indeed one of his first essays that was published in the *Atlantic Monthly* was credited, in the Index, to Emerson, hence he decided to break away from the great philosopher's influence and methods and strike out on a line of his own. It was this decision that has given to the world the score of beautifully written books where the Idealism of Nature is so wonderfully described and expounded.

Olive Thorne Miller is another glowing example of a high idealism the songfulness of which has given joy and delight to many lives. As a girl she saw the beauty of the birds, and reveled in the entrancing exuberance of their songs. She determined to know them more fully, and lead others to this greater knowledge. With patient persistence, with opera

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glass in one hand and note-book in the other, she resolutely followed them into their secret haunts, listened, watched, recorded, revised her first and second and third observations, until she was assured of a reasonable degree of accuracy, and then gave the results to the world. One by one the books came from her pen, each one adding its Song of Joy to that of the preceding ones, until, when her life sweetly passed out, she had the satisfaction of knowing that *her* songs about the *bird*-songs had awakened in the breasts of countless thousands the desire to know more completely and thoroughly these, our feathered and singing brothers and sisters of the grove.

Audubon's picturing the birds and animals of North America is a glorious song of a wonderful and enthusiastic idealism. Professor Herrick, in his two recently published volumes, gives us a fascinatingly glowing account of the great naturalist's exuberant spirit and resolute determination. And no one can look at the glorious pictures of birds, beasts and scenery he afterwards gave to the world without responding, in his own heart, to the Songs of Idealism the author-artist felt as he wrote and painted.

Here, it appears to me, in the cases of idealism I have adduced, are sources of sweet singing through life with God that will resound and re-echo through the ages. I cannot but believe that, varied though they are, they are all alike well pleasing to God, and

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that He has already included them in his Divine Symphony.

There are some ideals that I long to have sing their way into the hearts of every American boy and girl, man and woman, until their united song could be heard so as to demand acquiescent attention throughout the world. Here are a few of them.

Why should not every person, young or old, set before himself, herself, the ideal of perfect health of body, mind and soul? It seems to me that if God is the God of Health it naturally follows that He desires health for all his children—*all*, without one exception. Christ evidently believed it, for He commanded: "Be ye perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." In these words is no room for sickness, poverty, or sin, and such freedom means perfect health. I have not yet attained to this perfect health, but I firmly believe in it, follow after it and seek to attain it. And I want to believe in it *for others* as well as for myself.

As natural concomitants of this perfect health all shall have beautiful bodies—no scowls, no frowns, no melancholy and sad faces, no wrinkles, no stooped shoulders, no undue fatness, no pot-bellies, no unpleasant signs of old age or disease. Everybody should be scrupulously neat and clean, an open index of a sweet and clean mind and a pure and upright soul. Every voice should be sweet and melodious, low and pleasing; every word clearly spoken, beauti-

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fully enunciated and correctly pronounced. Every person should be radiantly happy because he realizes that he "lives and moves and has his being" in a God of happiness, the Creator and Divine possessor of *all* things good, which He is waiting to bestow upon His children that ask for them. I would have every being eagerly seek unselfishness and kindly living; absorbed in the passion of Social Justice, more eager to see that the poor and the needy, the inefficient and the incompetent, receive the help they need than that their own many and superfluous "wants" are supplied. I would, also, that every human being had a Passion of Compassion for all our younger brothers and sisters—the lower animals, if you please to so call them—who so need our love, our care, and our protection. And, finally (though this by no means finishes the list), I would have every human being desire, long for, work for, and strive after, Universal Peace and Universal Brotherhood until the love of God and man combine to cover the whole earth as the waters cover the sea.

Thus would the songs of the idealists ring out their sweet, their powerful, their dominating notes and God would smile at His children as they thus walked hand in hand with Him, singing as they went.

To go "Singing through Life with God," whether young, middle aged or old, you must keep your ideals, you must sing the songs of the idealist, and

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you must not object to the differing idealistic songs of others. The Great Conductor will put them in their place, and you in yours, and *He*, hearing with Divine hearing, wisdom and knowledge, will recognize the complete harmony and declare it all "very good."

There are those who believe that idealism can apply only to the more important and elevated things of life. This is a mistake. Idealism is of the spirit. And to the spirit there is no high, no low, nothing is common or unclean. Therefore, let your soul sing its highest ideals to you while you are engaged in your lowest or humblest work. The poet Herbert wrote:

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws,
Makes that and th' action fine.

When you put your ideals into your commonest labor all life becomes more dignified, more sacred, and at the same time more joyous, perfect and songful. Love makes everything beautiful, and ideals are love of the beautiful, the perfect, the complete, and all our strivings after them are simply endeavors to reach the perfection commanded and commended by Christ. The sawing of wood, the chopping of kindling, the drawing of water, the washing of dishes, the digging of ditches, the hauling away of garbage, the washing of soiled clothes, the sweeping of floors, the shaking of carpets—all the so-called drudgery or menial services of mankind, rendered in love to their

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fellows and kindled with the idealism of glad service, become glorified, and are a fit subject for the songs of men, angels, cherubim, seraphim and archangels, and the smiling approval of God.

When I look at the commonest and lowliest things of life, the flies, mosquitoes, weeds, and even the lizards, turtles, snakes and horned toads of the desert, I am astounded at their beauty, and the thought at once asserts itself that God has revealed His idealism—His love of beauty and perfection—in these things as much as He has in all those creations of His we are so proud of. Is there anything more wonderful in all the mechanism of the most skilful machinist than the “works” of a fly, of a mosquito?

And the commonest weed—the yarrow, the sorrel, the tar-weed—how perfect it is in structure, in function, in grace of appearance. Indeed, I agree with that philosopher who exclaimed, when someone spoke of a weed:

What right have you, O passer by the way, to call any flower a weed? Do you know its merits? Its virtues? Its healing qualities? Because a thing is common, shall you despise it? If so, you might despise the sunshine for the same reason.

I would also go further than he and ask: Have you studied the structure of the weed? Have you carefully examined its adaptation to life? Have you seen its beauty? Have you tried to conceive what thought it was in the mind of God that impelled Him to the creation of such a flower?

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If so, then I am not afraid of your calling it a weed, or of thinking any thing but the highest thoughts each time it recurs to your attention. And I believe its chief benefit, perhaps, will be to lead you to put your own idealism into your commonest work, and thus add a new and much needed note and song to that part of the Universal orchestra and symphony represented by our modern-day civilization.

CHAPTER XXXIX

THE SONGS OF THE THANKFUL HEART

A THANKFUL heart is one of the greatest blessings with which a human being can be endowed. To know the joy of thankfulness is to be a Master Singer. The heart of the thankful is always full of song, whether the lips are made vocal or not. Ingratitude is one of the meanest of vices, for it shows an insensibility of mind and heart that are the clearest possible indications of selfishness.

When I was a boy there were places that I visited occasionally, where conventional "blessings" were asked before meals. One of them was as follows: "For what we are about to receive may the Lord make us truly thankful." This made a profound impression upon me. I found myself saying: "That is no giving of thanks. Why doesn't he say: 'For what we are about to receive we *are* truly thankful!'" And I came to the conclusion that if one was *not* thankful for the food and other blessings received it was beyond even the power of God to make him thankful.

When I first read the whole of Shakespeare no passage in his wonderful works made a deeper or more lasting impression on me than:

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Blow, blow, thou winter wind!
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

I have always hated ingratitude, not for the reason that I have had ingratitude shown to me, but because it has seemed so contemptible and mean a spirit to show. And there need be nothing of the servile or groveling in a becoming spirit of gratitude and thankfulness. Indeed, pride alone should lead one to express his gratitude for a needed blessing or gift freely and joyously bestowed. Who is there, then, that can properly live who fails in grateful thankfulness? From birth to death most of us are the recipients of such blessings that the least we can do is to be thankful,—for good parenthood; the tender care of our blessed mothers during our period of helplessness; the loving ministrations of brothers and sisters, if we are fortunate enough to have them; the never-ceasing training of parents; the gift of health, of warmth, housing, clothes, protection, food; the anticipation of our daily wants and needs. Then, as we grow older, the tender patience and gentleness with which our childish petulances and tempers are met; the guiding into the way of character and uprightness; the bearing with our wrong-doing; the “line upon line, precept upon precept,” required for our mental de-

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velopment; the watchfulness to prevent evil consequences to our health and happiness from our carelessness, our wilfulness or our deliberate perverseness—these are a few of the things a thoughtful child will soon learn to be thankful for. Then, as our minds and hearts begin to grasp the thought of the Supreme Giver of all the good and perfect gifts of life, how every day brings up reminders of the boundless blessings we are perpetually receiving: the sun, the air we breathe, the water we drink, the infinite variety of the foods provided for us, the provision for our clothing, our ability to provide houses for our shelter from the storms of winter and the heat of summer, and the like. To me, the fluidity of water is one of the Divine marvels for which I never cease to be thankful. How wonderful it is. Its particles so arranged that we can dash our hands into it, throw it up into our faces, plunge our bodies into it, wash our clothes in it, swim in it, ride in boats on its surface, use it for a thousand and one purposes, soil it, spoil it, degrade it, and yet it ever renews and purifies itself with the aid of the sun, the atmosphere, and chemical action—all provided and in operation without a single effort from mankind—is it not enough in itself to provoke one to perpetual gratitude and thankful expression?

Then, too, I never cease to wonder at the marvelous goodness the Divine Provider has displayed in catering to our tastes in foods and fruits. For the

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mere purposes of nutrition everything we need could have been given to us in foods that would have aroused no pleasure in our senses of smell, taste, sight and feeling. But God is no niggard giver. Without any knowledge, even, on our part, of what to suggest or ask for, He has filled the world with foods of exquisite shape—they allure by their very attractiveness—of delicate, refreshing and permeating odor, that in itself often makes one's mouth water, of delight to the touch, and of eminent deliciousness of flavor, and so adapted them to our physical needs that they are easily digested and thus converted into power for the running of our bodies—supplying brain, bone, muscle, sinew, nerves, lungs, heart, kidneys, liver, spleen, intestines, eyes, ears, finger-nails—everything—with just what they need. Is it not marvelous, and should it not provoke our hearts to the highest expressions of thankfulness?

Were our physical needs alone provided for they would give us a long list of things for which to exercise our thankfulness, but our mental, esthetic and spiritual needs also are amply provided for. How astounding is thought—its action, its grasp, its varied range, and how many millions of things the Divine Designer and Provider for the needs of man has set before him upon which he can exercise his thought. Just to enumerate the mere names of the sciences—structures of knowledge—his thought has built out of the substances God has placed in his

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hands is enough to stimulate his gratitude every hour of the day. There are astronomy, acoustics, chemistry, mechanics, hygiene, medicine, law, dynamics, creation, optics, botany, geography, chronology, conchology, correlation of forces, cosmogony, electricity, engineering, language, mathematics, zoology, anatomy, surgery, theology, sociology, psychology, ethics, logic, rhetoric, politics, economics, dietetics, navigation, esthetics, war, jurisprudence. These might have been given in classified order, but I wished to present them just as they occurred to my mind.

Each and every one of these sciences is made alluringly fascinating, bewilderingly attractive and astoundingly gripping by the infinite resource, invention, adaptability to purpose displayed. Any one of these sciences possesses enough of invention to equip a million earthly "geniuses." How we gape and exclaim, and shout and express our astonishment at the "inventions" of an Edison, a Bell, a Gray, a Morse, a Watts, a Stevenson, a Marconi, or a Wright—and yet one intelligent observer can discern more miracles of inventive genius in the common and generally unobserved things presented in an hour's walk in the country than all the genius of all the men of all ages have discovered, created, or designed since Time began.

For these things my heart is ever full of gratitude. But I cannot stop here. Every sunrise, every sun-

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set, every common "weed" or flower, every peach, persimmon, apple, or other fruit, every single tree—all the glow of sunlight and restfulness of shadow, all the dazzle and glamour and variety of color and shade thrill me through and through with delight. My esthetic senses are aroused, stimulated, fascinated and *satisfied*. There is completeness everywhere. I cannot improve upon it. As Browning forcefully expresses it, so often, and in so many different ways:

Each faculty tasked
To perceive Him, has gained an abyss, where a dewdrop
was asked.
Have I knowledge? confounded it shrivels at Wisdom laid
bare.
Have I forethought? how purblind, how blank, to the In-
finite Care!
Do I task any faculty highest, to image success?
I but open my eyes,—and perfection, no more and no less,
In the kind I imagined, full-fronts me, and God is seen God
In the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul and the
clod.

So for this glorious gift of color I am full of thankfulness. Yet it is but one phase, one branch of the science of beauty, and as I try to think of them all to enumerate them I am bewildered by their variety and number—the exquisite and perfect shapes of things—circles, ovals, spirals, parallelograms, octagons, septagons, cubes, cones, triangles, bowls, cups, caps, cornucopias—and so on and on into an infinity of forms; the variety of textures and materials of which they are composed; the designs of beauty and variety indelibly worked in or through or upon them

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—all these and infinitely more provoke my gratitude and my ever-ascending thanks.

Nor would I be unmindful in singing my Songs of Thankfulness of the joys that come as the results of the variety of climate that my country, my state afford. There are times when I revel in *winter's* snow, frost and snappy cold. It seems to me I don't care how low the thermometer goes—there is a power within that sends my spirits up as the glass goes down. And to breathe deeply in that cold air; to feel the sharp, piercing purity of it, and its quickening influences upon nerves and muscles, lungs and blood vessels, heart and circulation, is a joy one can never forget.

Then when *spring-time* comes and all its wealth of apple, almond, peach, pear, prune, plum, orange and other blossoms, and, in our blessed California, one can ride for hundreds of miles and see little but blossoms, with their promises of the rich harvests to follow; and then, on mountain slope, in canyon depth, on desert floor, on hillside and over wide-spread foothills and valleys one can watch the countless varieties of flowers spring forth in all their newness, spick-and-spanness of life—this is a new and generous benediction. But it includes more than blossoms and flowers—the new leaves come out on the trees, the birds sing new songs, the brooks sing a triumphant note of enlargement, the mares and cows and goats and sheep, with their new-born young, fill

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the fields with songs of rapture, and one cannot help but sing to keep in tune with the Song of New Life bubbling up on every side.

Then when *summer* comes the Harvesting Songs fill the air; the reaper is joyous with his crops; boxing and crating and carting and shipping is going on actively everywhere, and the earth wears its glorious dress of summer in sympathy with the spirit of increased wealth that every one feels. Thus we glide on into *autumn*, the period of rest, of the falling leaves, of the rich colors of hillside, woods and forests, of sunsets glorious and sunrises full of passionate colors, and of the wind's extra activities. Oh, no one can really be alive and ignore the joys of climate nor cease to be thankful that the Divine Provider gives us such wonderful breaks in what might otherwise be the climatic monotony of life.

I wonder if most people ever feel any sense of thankfulness for their five senses. For about twenty years I lost the sense of smell. A blow on my nose, when a boy, caused trouble that stayed by me through and after operation after operation, and until I began to understand somewhat of the Divine laws of health. I had been told again and again by "nose experts" that the terminals of the olfactory nerves were cut and that I should never smell again. In the main I was "resigned," yet now and again a fierce protest would rage in my heart, and a prayer of intense longing go up to the Divine for a return of the

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power of smell. To my intense delight in this year of grace 1919, I began again to exercise my sense of smell, and now I am able to enjoy the piney odors of the woods, the balsamic fragrances of the trees on the warm days, the tang of the seaside, the rich fragrances of lemon and orange and other fruits, and the delicious odors of the flowers. And, oh, what unspeakable delight I find in the surprises of smell that constantly come to me. I am not yet quite used to it all and every fresh recognition of an odor gives me a thrill of pleasure. The loss of the sense has been a blessing in disguise, for it has taught me how wonderful, marvelous, entertaining, informative and delightful it is.

This renewal, too, has quickened the activities of the palate, of taste, and I never have enjoyed the infinite variety the Divine has provided for us in our foods as I do now. How generous He has been; how exuberantly inventive in the designing, the creating, of different flavors. Who can count them, enumerate and classify them? Yet all can enjoy them if he will. The poorest child of the land knows an apple from an orange, and I have eaten again and again in orphan-asylums and in public and private institutions of so-called charity, where the variety offered to the palate ran over a gamut that was wonderful. So that none have been slighted, and I ask myself how many of us are really thankful—consciously—for this blessing?

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And the infinite joys of hearing and feeling—can anyone enumerate them? The intense satisfaction one gets in hearing a fine reader, a perfect speaker with melodious voice, clear enunciation, distinct and perfect pronunciation, rich inflections, pleasingly penetrating resonances, varied intonations; the bird songs, boy-whistlings, joyous shouts of happy children; concerts of vocal and instrumental power; the crooning of the mother's lullaby; the words of first love and the songs lovers sing to each other—the world is full of the beautiful sounds we all love to hear and for which we should never cease to give thanks.

Equally so is it with the sensitive nerves of feeling—the glossy surfaces of satin or silk, the comforting warmth of wool, the smooth surface of polished wood, the roughness of a tree's bark, the delightful texture of a peach, the soothing touch of a mother's hand on a fevered brow, is there not a wealth in the nerves of feeling to keep one singing Songs of Gratitude constantly?

For the gifts of man's imagination in every field I am thankful. Man roams the universe in his dreams and visions and brings back to those of us who lack imaginative power the marvelous wealth of his thought and thus adds new riches to our intellectual life. Every modern newspaper or magazine is a marvel if one tries to realize how much of man's

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imaginative genius has been visualized to make it possible.

And how about the genius of men in the arts, sciences, crafts and industries? Their wonderful achievements fill me with amazement and send me to my knees with overflowing eyes and heart. Who can stand before the Jain, Buddhist, and other temples of India; those of Confucius in China; the massive rock-hewn temples of the Nile and Abyssinia, the masterpieces of ancient Greece and Rome, the cathedrals of Europe and the various palaces and castles of the world, and not be astounded at man's architectural and constructive power? Even the building of a modern New York skyscraper—every piece of steel swung into place by steam or electric crane, measured, fitted, provided for in a far-away office by man's designing brain, and riveted into place in mid-air by machinery of man's contrivance—gives me a thrill of delight and wonder, and sends me on my way bubbling over with thankful emotion.

As I re-read the chapter in this book on "Astronomy" how can my wonder and amazement at the astounding revelations of that science cease? The achievements of the modern telescope and spectroscope, of sidereal photography and chemistry, aided by the wizard-like power of the mathematicians. Not only is the undevout astronomer mad; he is a fool—or, to be more kindly worded, he is mentally blind, incompetent, insane.

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Modern chemistry, optics, mechanics—and the list can be far prolonged—are full of dazzling wonders and marvels, each of which should provoke a sentient heart and mind to thankful joy.

Every book I read, written by an author of power, every poem, drama, comedy, tragedy, or play, creates in me a desire to express my thanks to God, the Creator of man's genius.

Every beautiful, simple-motived, soul-moving song, every light aria, every dance-motif, every chorus, choral, oratorio, fuge, symphony—any reasonably perfect expression of music in any form overpowers me, and sends me weeping tears of joy and gratitude to the God who blessed man with music.

And so on might I rudely enumerate, through the whole gamut of human knowledge, sight, feeling, and emotion, those things for which all men should be full of thanks.

Yet I have merely mentioned the great gift of earthly love—that of parents, of children, of friends, of youth and maiden, husband and wife. I call it earthly love, yet, in its pure and complete manifestations is it any less than divine? Surely of all earthly gifts bestowed upon man by the Divine Creator and Provider this is the greatest, the best, the crowning glory of them all, and the one for which we should be most thankful.

The finest of all arts is making other people happy, hence the most beautiful songs in life are the

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unselfish ones. How a mother's heart sings as she watches and cares for her helpless and unconscious babe. Here is complete and perfect love-giving, for the child knows nothing of what it is receiving. Many a mother makes perpetual sacrifices for her growing children in like manner, and thus Sings through Life with God, but how many children respond, thoughtfully, unselfishly? They miss the joy of the thankful heart, the singing heart. It is a great mistake to bring up children and fail to teach them the Joy of Gratitude for all they receive, no matter from whom. One of the happiest children, and most beautiful singers of the Life-Song I have the pleasure and delight of knowing is a girl of some fifteen or sixteen years who has learned this lesson of thankfulness. Her father and mother delight to do for her, to give to her—and so do her friends—because she sings back such a beautiful spirit of responsive gratitude.

Quite in line with this thought of the expression of our thankfulness, not only to God but to our loving friends, is that we would do well to express our thanks, our appreciation, to those who serve us in small ways. The obliging street-car conductor who, in a strange city, though called upon by many and exacting people, sees that we are not carried past the street we have asked for; the thoughtful clerk in the store; the careful waiter at the restaurant table; the public official who aids us in our ignorant blundering

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over civic affairs; the one, even, who helps us fill out our complicated tax-blanks; the postman who carefully and promptly forwards our mail when we have gone on our vacation—all these and many others are worthy of our thanks. Let it never be forgotten that:

If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen? And this commandment have we from him: That he who loveth God love his brother also.

And can there be any brotherhood if we accept kindnesses without showing our appreciation and thanks to those who gladly render them? There is also a sweetness in the thought that we can sing some of our songs of thankfulness to God Himself by directing them to His children here on earth. Then, too, how sweet the response, generally, when one sings in such cases, instead of barking out fault-finding and criticism.

Oh, there is no denying the joy that flows spontaneously to those who have the thankful heart. Its possession is a "joy forever."

But of all the things we are thankful for let us not ignore the Gifts of the Spirit.

Little by little the veil that hides the real from the temporary—the spiritual from the sensuous—is being lifted. We now see but darkly, but the day of clear sight is drawing nigh, when we shall discern with the eyes of Spirit and hear with the hearing of Spirit, and know with the knowledge of Spirit. Let us be

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profoundly thankful and sing our songs of thankfulness for the glimpses, whisperings, the intimations, that are given to us, and as we use these in our thankful joy we shall prove ourselves worthy of fuller revelations.

Thus in thankful songfulness let us walk hand in hand with God, even as Enoch walked with Him, and thus increase the power, effectiveness and delight of the great and divinely conducted symphony.

CHAPTER XL

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

WE are all familiar with the universal railway sign bearing the above legend. Thousands of people would be alive today had they heeded it. In the days of buggies and horses, even as now when automobiles are more common than horses used to be, men thoughtlessly and recklessly would rush upon the tracks in front of the onspeeding engine and be dashed to pieces, crippled for life, or mercifully saved.

In this hurrying, bustling life it is well to learn to pause at Life's Crossings—and elsewhere. John Burroughs thought more wisely than he knew when he wrote:

*I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.*

It is time we began to learn the value of the pause; learned to stop, look, and listen! The world today is in too big a hurry to look *upon*, much less look *for*, discover, the best things. Even when men find the ideal and greatly to be desired things only the few

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stop long enough to look upon and recognize them. What with the absorption of some in the work that gives them their daily bread, and that must be attended to; what with the mad race of others after wealth which engages all their time and thought; and what with the equally mad and foolishly disappointing race after pleasure that must be renewed daily or it dies—and that *when* renewed daily loses its power and makes its devotees cynical and *blasé*, life-worn before their youth is passed—the great things are ignored, unknown save to the limited few. How many know the intense joy of a new book of poems or the discovery of a new author of power and inspiration? Fabre can write his entrancing books on the lives of the insects and few know of their existence. Science may make discoveries of transcendent interest to the race and unless they are made “practical” and are thus forced upon the attention of mankind by their daily use, scarce a handful know of them. Professor T. S. C. Lowe discovered the principles, built the machines, and made ice for twenty-five years before the world at large knew or cared anything about an ice-making machine. Yet today scarce a well-to-do family in the civilized world that does not use artificial ice. Professor Langley worked for years upon the flying machine, and died of a broken heart because some small thing prevented its perfect flight at the first attempt. Yet, had it not been for the almost immediately-after success of

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other experimenters, he would have died and his valuable labors have remained almost unknown.

How many people know the name of Professor Montgomery, of Santa Clara College, California? Outside of his own circle perhaps not more than a thousand or two. Yet before Langley, before the Wrights, before Curtiss, he had invented, built and successfully operated a flying machine which, in the main, embodied the principles upon which the aeroplane is now successfully operated.

We are in too big a hurry, are too engaged on lesser things, to stop long enough to consider ideals for ourselves, much less look upon the visions, the ideals, the high aspirations of others. And oh, the pity of it, the grief of it, the loss that comes to the race because of it. Let us learn to stop in order that we may look and listen. We pass by the beauty of the dewdrops, the spider-web, its tiny dew globules kissed by the sun into dazzling splendor, the exquisite embroidery made by the grasshopper in the sandy road, the perfection of the oriole's nest, the perfect mathematical skill of the ant-lion's trap, the mechanical ability displayed in the home of the trap-door spider, the symmetrical perfection of the acorn-cup, the wonderfully constructive beauty and rarity of the eucalyptus flower-pod, and the cunning way in which the dainty cream-white blossoms burst off the tight and perfect-fitting cap at the proper moment, the infinite variety yet absolute perfection of the

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shape of the orange, lemon, grape, peach, plum, apple, pear, pomegranate, guava, and other fruits, leaving out of consideration their equal perfection of odor and taste. Yet each and all of these things are worthy of extended observation and study, and they all repay the attention bestowed upon them. Maeterlinck studies the bee and is so entranced that he writes a masterpiece, Proctor studies the stars and does the same thing. From star to clod the universe is full of marvels for our study and our wonder, and most of us know little of them, or pass them by unnoticed. What skilled craftsman in the world can make anything equal to a simple pine cone, and yet, where I walked this morning, there literally were hundreds of thousands of them scattered around. What artist in artificial colors can begin to imitate the mere differences in the shades of the new leaves on the eucalyptus trees, or the needles of the various pines? Is there any artificer on earth can rival the perfection of the maiden-hair fern, the delicate gracefulness of the so-called weed—Queen Anne's Lace—or the exquisite daintiness of the asparagus plant? The trouble is we don't *see* these things. We pass them by unobserved. "Having eyes, we see not." Like Wordsworth's peasant, we look upon the most beautiful primrose, but that is all it is, "a primrose and nothing more."

Was ever filagree-work of Arab, Moorish, Spanish, or Mexican design and manufacture equal in dainti-

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

ness to the wing of the commonest of butterflies, or as gloriously perfect and beautiful, under the microscope, as that of the moth, dizzily seeking to kill itself in your evening candle, while you look on indifferent because unseeing?

There is no silk-weaver of Lyons, of China or Japan whose textures ever approached within a world's circumference of the satiny texture of the California poppy, the cup of gold—*copa da oro*—of which Ina Coolbrith so truthfully sings:

My satin vesture richer is than looms
Of Orient weave for raiment of their kings!
Not dyes of ancient Tyre, not precious things
Begathered from the long-forgotten tombs
Of buried empires, nor the iris plumes
That wave upon the tropics myriad wings,
Not all proud Sheba's queenly offerings,
Could match the golden marvel of thy blooms.
For thou art nurtured from the treasure-veins
Of this fair land: thy golden rootlets sup
Her sands of gold—of gold thy petals spun.
Her golden glory, thou on hills and plains,
Lifting, exultant, every kingly cup
Brimmed with the golden vintage of the sun.

It would not be amiss if, occasionally, men and women would Stop! Look! Listen! as far as their health is concerned. Our bodies *do* grow old, *do* need attention, *do* need thought bestowed upon them until we grow so fully into the spiritual that the processes are all reduced to such harmonious action that no further care is required. But *now* it is well to heed any and all danger signals of *dis*-ease, of

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dis-comfort, and remove the contributing cause rather than smother or cover up the danger signal with a pill, potion, powder or pellet. Eat less, sleep more, breathe more fully, walk more, ride less, exercise more, get out into Nature more, live more simply in every way and thus come back to God's condition of ease, comfort, joy, and radiant happiness of body. This is possible,—it is attainable, for it is God's plan for each and every one.

I am fully convinced that we shall never rise to the heights of spiritual power and joy possible to us here on the earth until we learn to "stop! look! listen!" We must observe more carefully, and sit quiet, receptive to the voice of the Master. Few Americans know the joy and the comfort of *meditation*. How many of us can sit still for an hour, half an hour, ten minutes, deliberately shutting out all outside things, and allowing the Spirit voices to speak to our soul?

Tagore, the Hindu poet, when in this country, even though traveling, lecturing, writing, etc., devoted two hours of every morning to meditation.

I am assured that when we learn thus to sit and listen to the Spirit's voice, we shall make fewer mistakes, have fewer errors to lament, and therefore, will be more perfectly able to Go Through Life Singing with God.

CHAPTER XLI

SONGS THAT ALL SHOULD SING

WE have volumes in series of songs that all should know, poems that all should read, legends and folk tales, myths, historical stories, dramas, tragedies, comedies, novels, etc., etc., *ad libitum, ad infinitum*, that all should be familiar with.

My chapter will be patterned after none of these, for it will not deal with books or any of the creative works of man's imagination. I would take men and women away from man's work, for awhile, away from books, and theaters, and concert-halls, away from human skill and achievement, away from those things that are most accounted "worth while" by the great majority. I would take them out of doors, into the primitive simplicities of life. I would draw their attention to, and try to teach them the allurements and attractions of the common things, the grass, the trees, the songs of the birds, the flowers, the shrubs, the odorous pine and other balsamic trees, the forests, canyons, brooks, creeks, rivers, mountains, seashore and desert.

Indeed, I would go further. If I may be allowed to express myself with perfect freedom I would re-

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fuse the designation "civilized" to any and all governments that did not teach every child within its boundaries, at its (the government's) own expense if necessary, the full significance of the words country, forest, seashore, ocean, island, mountain, canyon, glacier, waterfall, mountain-creek, river, geyser, and desert.

As for the wealthier and so-called educated classes, I would refuse them a passport into accepted society until they could demonstrate intelligently their familiarity with all the chief scenic wonders of their own land.

But there are a few "ideals of longing," a few ought-to-be-attained visions that I would place in the hearts of the great mass of my countrymen and women for themselves and their children, all of which are attainable, and none of which can be neglected, in my humble judgment, without great and irreparable loss.

Every boy and girl, every youth and maiden, and most men and women should sing the song of the seaside. No matter what kind of a bathing suit is in fashion, everyone that can should plunge in the surf, learn to swim and have a full knowledge of the delight of rising and falling as he breasts the waves of the sea. There is an exhilaration, a stimulus to the senses, a vivifying of the whole body, that comes from this all-embracing clasp of the sea, this close, intimate, surrounding contact.

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Then, while I do not wish to come in conflict with any of the high ideals of morality or decency held by my many friends, I do want to express my assurance that the lounging on the sand by children and adults and the kissing of the body by the sun and air is of incalculable benefit. It makes the pores sing with health, and gives the skin a color that would rejoice an Indian, and at the same time helps make the breath sweet and clean, and gives to the eyes a brightness, a sparkle and a dance that no cosmetic or bottled stuff ever accomplished.

The next step in the universal education should be an initiation into country living—not a hasty dash through it in an automobile, but a full month or two, given over to real country living,—fresh milk, fresh eggs, freshly picked fruit, vegetables, taken from the garden an hour before they are eaten, climbing trees, bathing in the creek, fishing, perhaps, as one follows its meanders and windings, walking barefoot in the grass or in the dust of the country roads, milking the cows or goats, making butter and cheese, skimming the cream from the milk-pans, wearing one's oldest and raggedest and holeiest clothes, going out into the sunshine without a hat, accumulating freckles, tan, and lungs full of fresh air. Then there should be games of running and jumping and climbing—all the baseball, football and basket ball that youth could desire, exercises of every kind to compel deep breathing and the stretching

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and pulling and working of every muscle, sinew, nerve, vessel, and organ of the body. No one (except those too old or physically incompetent) should be exempt. All should get up a healthy "tired," and an equally healthy appetite. Tea, coffee, tobacco, candy, puff boxes, vanity bags, and the like should be absolutely tabooed and living the simple life should be the keynote of every song. Then, when night-time came, no sleeping indoors in stuffy rooms with windows and doors closed, on feather beds, but out-of-doors, on straw or pine-needle mattresses, looking up to the sky and the stars as a ceiling, walled in by the rising sun on the east and the setting sun on the west.

Then, for breakfast, instead of the usual indigestible "truck" of hot cakes and coffee, I would substitute a full quota of ripe fruit,—oranges, peaches, pears, plums, prunes, apples or whatever could be had, giving the body what it so seldom gets and yet ever craves and delights in, a full meal of deliciously sweet, yet refreshingly acid fruit.

Some time during the morning I would interject a few minutes practical exercises, giving to each muscle its work, setting up the body as the soldiers do in their drill, in fact, giving to every girl as well as every boy, the main features of the healthful portion of military drill without any of its suggestion of war.

Then in the afternoon, every boy and girl, youth

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and maiden, man and woman alike, if conveniences could be so arranged, should go, and without bathing suits, under shady trees, in well-planned swimming holes, take an afternoon plunge. It would cost little to make these, half a dozen of them, on a fair-sized creek, and properly protect them so that no peeping Tom could disturb the natural enjoyment of the girls and women as they enjoyed their personal and private pool, while the boys and men were splashing, diving, swimming and frolicking in theirs. Nor should this exhaust the country list. By the side of each swimming pool I would erect a protective stockade or plant trees that would, in the course of a few years make an effective barrier, where girls and women in one, boys and men in another might learn the joy and delight, health and vigor that come from a daily sun and air bath. Comparatively few people take these; we have no private city, state or national provision for them and the result is their beneficent advantages are little known.

Then who that has felt in any degree the splendid physical, mental and spiritual uplift that has come from a sojourn in the mountains can deem any person's education complete who knows them not? To the heights! "Flee as a bird to your mountain." Leave the dead level of monotony and get where you must climb. The mountain is the great "reducer" of the fat, and the developer of the thin. Here one gets muscle instead of useless layers of unhealthful

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fat and the springiness of youth for the heavy gait of age. Here, as you climb—provided you have sense enough to put on loose garments that allow full expansion of lungs and diaphragm—you are compelled to breathe deeply, steadily and *much*. As you fill the hitherto unused parts of your lungs with balsam-laden air, and saturate yourself with sun-purified oxygen, the red corpuscles begin to accumulate in your blood, and then are pumped out to every cell in brain and body so that you become rejuvenated. Under such influences I have seen the staid pastor of the largest church in the Middle West, the president of a college, the head of one of the largest businesses in the world, and the president of a gigantic system of transportation run and jump and shout and yell like a pack of schoolboys released at recess time and given a holiday on a hot day to go swimming.

Try it. Climb the mountains and your aches and pains, “nerves” and whimsies, irritabilities and fretfulnesses, grouches and glooms, your lonelinesses and sorrows, sadnesses and distresses, will speedily leave you. Your physical, mental and spiritual vision will be cleared and expanded, your outlook enlarged, and a cheerful, intelligent, radiant optimism will take the place of the cynical pessimism that has possessed you.

You will be able to sing with Edwin Markham:

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I ride on mountain tops, I ride;
I have found my life and am satisfied.

* * *

I swing on as one in a dream—I swing
Down the airy hollows, I shout, I sing!
The world is gone like an empty word:
My body's a bough in the wind, my heart a bird!

Don't you wish to feel like that? Wouldn't you like to? I have felt it scores, hundreds of times, hence my delight in the mountains.

It is in the mountains, too, that you gain knowledge of snow-fed brooks and dashing torrents, of waterfalls, and the sources of rivers. In winter time the snow falls, often to great depth, five, ten, twenty and more feet. If there are majestic trees to shade it, it melts slowly; if the trees have been cut off, or the place has been burned over, the spring sun melts the snow too rapidly and floods in the valleys beneath result. The mountains are great teachers, as well as great uplifters, vision-givers, horizon-broadeners, and health-givers. They set one to thinking, and many a lad has had his first great Nature lessons that have determined his future career by studying the many and various objects found in the mountains.

Of far more importance, too, in my opinion, would it be that every person should learn the lessons of the forest than that he should know all the rules of technical grammar, or be able to diagram a sentence. Joyce Kilmer, who knew much about the rules of grammar, and of literature and poetry, in his exquisite little poem on trees, said:

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Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

And it is better, certainly, to know God through the hundreds of kinds of trees He has made than to be versed in all men's knowledge of words and their usages—good and useful and happiness-provoking though that knowledge be.

After the mountains I would give my song learners a good hearty taste of the desert and the canyon. They should feel the fierce heat of the noontime and enjoy the delicious coolness of the night, sleeping out-of-doors and learning the glory of the stars when seen through a pure atmosphere.

After thirty years of experience I still seize every opportunity to go upon the desert, to feel again its charm and allurements.

As to the canyons—no American that can should fail to see a score of great canyons that one trip to the west could afford: Weber Canyon on the Union Pacific, American River Canyon on the Southern Pacific, *Ogden Route*, Sacramento Canyon on the *Shasta Route*, Zion Canyon on the Salt Lake, Canyon Diablo on the Santa Fe, the Canyon of the Arkansas on the Rio Grande, and that masterpiece of God's handiwork "the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River in Arizona," on the Santa Fe, which, as far as is known, has no counterpart in the world.

I would also make a course in birds and birdlore compulsory. I would let every boy and girl

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read James Lane Allen's wonderful little book, *A Kentucky Cardinal*. After this they should read Oliver Thorne Miller, and John Burroughs, and Professor Herrick's *Life of Audubon*, in the two former learning how to see and know and love the birds, and in the latter discovering the devotion of the great artist who spent his life in picturing and describing American birds.

Songs of personal knowledge of these things every American should sing. It is impossible for anyone to sing these songs for you. Each must know for himself, and our civilization will not begin to be complete until every child is given the opportunity to sing these joyous songs. Then, far more than from all teachings of books, no matter how sacred, of creeds, no matter how honored, of lives, no matter how revered, he will know God through his own observation, and thus will be led to the higher and more intimate knowledge that comes when love speaks to love, and the human becomes fully cognizant of the Divine.

One fairly thrills as he sees such a vision realized. Who can think of the addition of joy it would be to their lives if all the children of our cities and country villages could be taken to see the grand and sublime, the picturesque, and the wonderful in our scenic gloryland, and not wish it might come to pass. Especially the children of the extreme poor whose parents are never able to send them anywhere for

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real change and recreation. A case came to my notice in San Francisco not long ago where a young mother, who had been ill, was sent by the Associated Charities to a boarding house near the beach to regain her health. She wept with joy when she saw the ocean, and begged that her children be allowed to come and see her, for *neither she nor they had ever once been to the beach in their lives*, as she had not had the carfare. Poor creatures—is it not time that some of those of us who are more fortunate were moved to compassion for these—our brothers and sisters—who are so poor and helpless?

I would like to see every husband and wife sing the songs of happy parenthood, giving joyous welcome to their babe. Thus as he grows up he can and will himself sing the song of his happy advent, he will know in every fibre of his being that he was longed for, wanted, and that his presence brought happiness when he was born. No child can feel this but his voice, his manner, his acts, reveal it. He is the leader, the radiant, buoyant, happy, clever, brainy, reliable, characterful and dominant spirit among his fellows. And just so with a girl. Such children are given the optimistic start and trend in life—their tree is made to grow upright and the bent trees naturally admire their straightness and swift-growing, beautiful characteristics. With health, conscious power and character they march into success. They cannot help singing. Life is good every day.

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Obstacles are but opportunities in disguise; hardships, the gymnasium exercises of life's school for developing power; mistakes discovered, stepping-stones to completer knowledge; criticisms—harsh or otherwise—welcome as standards of comparison; defeats, challenges to one's manhood; successes, but incitements to greater achievements.

Boys and girls, thus growing up, reach manhood and womanhood properly prepared for pure, sweet, perfect love, marriage, matehood, and parenthood, and are therein granted that foretaste of the spiritual heaven that awaits all those prepared for it when their adventure here is over.

There is no sure and certain way of demanding or guaranteeing *these* things to the children of the coming generation, but they are well worth thinking about, and struggling hard to attain. But the other items I have mentioned are conferrable by wealthy men, or by the State, and they should be given to all. Thus hundreds of thousands of new and beautiful songs would be started and swell daily in volume, adding new richness to the Universal Symphony. For the more one's heart is attuned to these manifestations of the Creator's greatness and love, the nearer he will come to Singing through Life with God.

CHAPTER XLII

CONCLUDING WORDS

ALL our lives we have heard the Ten Commandments with their "Thou shalt nots." The wise restrictions of Moses are needful, in the main, to this day, but I have ever felt a desire for a *positive* rather than a *negative* side to the commands that should control my life. One morning the following came to me out of the boundless storehouse of God's thought, without any volition or exercise of mind on my own part, and I gladly share them with my readers:

1. Thou shalt so *desire* God that thou shalt watch for and seek Him everywhere and always.

2. When thou dost find Him, thou shalt so *copy* God that thou shalt be active in doing good all the days of thy life.

3. Thou shalt so *trust* God that thou shalt be fearless in the face of all danger, disease, poverty or death.

4. Thou shalt so *know* God that thou shalt ever be serene.

5. Thou shalt be so *filled* with the knowledge and

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love of God that thou shalt radiate Him, whether thou art asleep or awake.

6. Thou shalt *see* God so clearly, everywhere, that thou shalt see nothing but Him in every place, in every human being—in star or in clod.

7. Thou shalt be so *happy* in God that thou shalt sing with Him and His children all the days of thy life.

8. Thou shalt so know the protecting *power* of God, that no evil thing shall ever come nigh unto thee.

9. Thou shalt so know the perfect *health* of God that thou shalt know no sickness, old age or death. Thou shalt “renew thy strength, shalt mount up with wings as eagles; shalt run and not be weary, and walk and not faint.”

10. Thou shalt be so filled with the *love* of God that thou shalt love Him with all thy heart, mind, soul and strength, and thy neighbor as thyself.



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