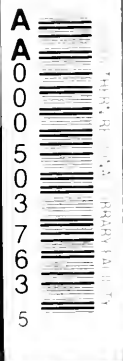
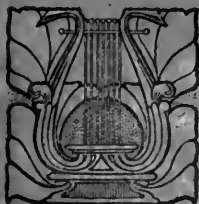


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A SONG OF LIFE

MEDITATIONS

—
ATKINS





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2
Dear Miss Fawcett Lloyd
Bryant.

With best Wishes
Albert J. Atkins



“ Listen to the Song of Life ”

A SONG of LIFE

MEDITATIONS

by

ALBERT J. ATKINS

Third edition, revised and enlarged



San Francisco, California

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A SONG OF LIFE

WAKE, arise, listen to the song of life. It has notes of gladness, and strains of sorrow, disappointment and despair, yet even these are softened by the sweet notes of pathos and of love.

At first, all may seem confusion and you may declare that all is discord; but wait, strive to catch the deeper melody, for the song is there. It may not be judged by any one note, nor even by any one strain; you must catch the whole theme, then all discord will be lost in the complete harmony of the mighty song. Perhaps you have only heard the voices of the storm and the whirlwind which make the earth tremble as if in

fear; listen again, you will hear other voices, for there are many in the song of life. After the mighty peals of thunder have ceased, after the clouds and storm have vanished, then, in the stillness of the hour, will be heard the minor notes, the expressions of melody which awake the slumbering emotions of the soul. Listen to the note of one chirping insect, then another, and another; follow upward from these infinitesimal singers, you will hear the song of birds, then the lowing of a distant herd, all full of music for him who hath ears to hear. These songs are borne upon the bosom of the breezes, to the flowers and trees of the woodland, until all the voices of Nature blend in one grand symphony—this is the song of life.




PROGRESS

IN the pathway of progress, the poets ever lead. They are the Prophets whose eyes see visions of beauty, and possibilities of attainment that lure men onward to conquer obstacles and to wrest from Nature her finer secrets.

Later come the toilers, hewing the world's pathway, making practical that which hitherto was only ideal; giving to humanity the power to take another forward step in the onward march of progress, which all are eager to join, and which in these days of achievement all are sharing by coming into practical possession of great truths.

The minds that vibrate in unison

with life's grander scale are those who lead the world to greater development and harmony; though many of these are unknown, yet none the less they are doing their part in the constant progress of endless evolution. Others, in various arenas, are visibly working out grand ideas; the world's work requires them all. The way is long and difficult; the goal of today becomes a new point of departure from which we must strive toward a yet higher goal tomorrow; yet, he who loves his fellowmen labors with untiring zeal in his efforts to uplift humanity.

 **H**OWEVER becomes overenthused by any one idea cannot see a composite whole truth, consequently cannot know that a universal relationship exists between all conditions of life; that a thread of unity runs through all diversity.



EVOLUTION

When we think of the many failures
Of lives that have gone before,
Each with its proud ideals,
Scattered along the shore;
The heart is filled with sadness,
For all the efforts of man
Should only be notes of gladness
In the great eternal plan.
Each shares his own of sorrow,
Each must feel his bitter pain,
That in some distant morrow
There may come the perfect man;
And never an effort is wasted,
No good thought goes astray,
If we look at life's great problems
In the higher and broader way.



INFINITY



AM the Infinite, from me all things proceed, unto me all things return.

Before the morning stars took their place in the great procession of time, I had existence in the silence of the universe.

I am the light and glory of the sun, the purple tints of the morning, the soft shadows of the evening. I am the blush of the rose, the divinity of love, the sadness of thought, yet I am invisible, the great Unseen.

Wise men of all ages have sought for me, yet found me not, for I am the Great Unknown.





A GROWING PLANT

WHEN I look into thy heart, O growing plant, when I see thy flowers unfolding to the breezes, I feel like pressing thee to my bosom, like crying out I have found in thee a brother to my finer self. Why have my dull senses only recognized thy external beauty? Why has my soul not felt its kinship to thee?

Truly thy life is a pattern of all that inner life which I would express; thy beauty is an image of the ideal within my heart. The power which plays through thy delicate structure, causing it to respond with sweet perfume, is the same power which uplifts my mind in inspiration, thus enabling me to read


within thy being the same principles which are in my own life, the same principles found in every phase of life throughout the universe. As I study thy beauteous form I see the positive, heat-producing sunray mingling its red tints with the cool, blue rays of the negative earth, until they interblend under the law of magnetic harmony, pausing to build thy petals and to paint them in all their brilliant coloring.

 RUTH is a correct conclusion based on facts that are gathered from all extremes, therefore truth is central and is most to be found on middle grounds.

 HE who would ascend Mount Olympus and know its divine wisdom, must first write upon the tablet of his heart the love of truth and become one in spirit with all mankind.

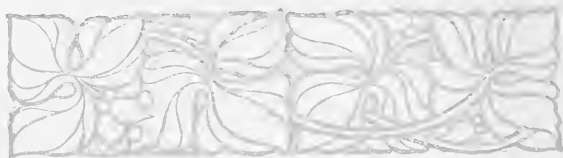


A PRAYER

 HE Divine Spirit of Nature permeates all life; its action is both visible and invisible; its basic unity is indestructible, calm and serene.

O Spirit of all matter, Spirit of all force, Spirit of all nature, from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art full of joy, full of contentment, full of peace. In thy great presence the soul unfolds to the possibilities of its own achievement, to the realization of its own divinity.

Let our individuality reflect thy divine selfhood, let us sink into repose upon thy bosom, like a child cradled in the arms of love; in this atmosphere of peace we shall find all that for which we have labored in the great efforts of life.



DEATH

O DEATH, thou hast bathed the earth in tears, yet, with all thy somberness thy strength has not been sufficient to destroy man's thought of ultimate victory over thee.

Thou art a part of Nature's purpose, the infinite measure of which we cannot understand, but in the darkness of thy sable night, ever shines the Star of Hope.

Through thy portals pass all things, the brave, the noble, the good; all that is beautiful, all that is sacred to human affection. All these have woven about thee a halo of love; a love that is stronger than thy shackles, more lasting than thy spell.

Love tears away thy mask of sadness, revealing thy true character—an Angel of Light.



THE LAST SLEEP


LEEP on, O Friend; may peace
attend thee in thy slumber.

The noontide of life was scarcely
past when the weariness of death over-
shadowed thee, calling thy spirit to rest
in the chamber of silence.

These beautiful flowers placed about
thy couch are the fitting guardians of
thy gentle spirit. Each flower breathes
in love upon thee, a blessing from some
friend. Each bloom is but the mate-
rial symbol of some loving thought,
which, in the past, sprung from thy
generous heart. Thy magnanimous
nature brought order out of discord;
thy cheerful words were melodious
strains in the song of life.




THE LIGHT ETERNAL

HEN palling shadows of mental night overwhelm thy brooding spirit, turn thy expansive longings from the external world of sensation into the silent chambers of thine inner selfhood, for here thou shalt find light. At first the subtile rays will be so faint that thine eye can scarce discern its feeble power lighting dimly the ruin and desolation of thy heart, but trust its guidance with all thy failing strength, for the light will grow stronger with thy trust. Soon its beams will be brighter and brighter until thy whole life will become illumined and a new song will burst forth from thy quivering lips. Follow on in the light for this is the

sacred lamp of truth within thine own soul. Its power alone can guide thy faltering footsteps along the pathway of life into the light eternal.

EXPRESSION

ING on, O Soul, though the cadences of thy voice fall within shadows of the night. In the shadows of the silence thy brother is awaiting the inspiration of thy thought and prayer. Breathe forth thy love in accents sweet and low, for every out-breathing of the soul's desire is a prayer, which shall ultimately find answer in the eternal events of life. Therefore, let the beauty within thy heart find full expression in the great rhythmical song of life.



MY RETREAT

HERE is a garden in my heart,
A place from all the world apart,
Where I alone in sorrow move,
Awaiting her whose name is Love;
Here in my hour of deepest night
I turn to find her beacon light.

Sometimes I feel an inner gleam
Of Love's true light, a steadfast beam;
Then comes to me a low, sweet voice,
Which makes my longing soul rejoice;
A message brings of strength, of might,
That gives me courage for the fight.

When weary with the outward strife,
I seek this sacred inner life,
And find within its calm repose,
A brief surcease from earthly woes;
Thus, in the garden of my heart,
I rest from all the world apart.



TO MY FATHER

IT seems but a little while since you and I struggled side by side in the warfare of life. Ours was a condition of great privation, yet it was ever lighted by your loving smile, which gave me hope. One day, before I fully realized that you could go, the spoiler came and took you away, and I was left alone to go onward in the pursuit of young ambition. Years have passed, and I seem to be waiting for you to come as of old, to tell me that you share my sorrows, rejoice in my victories, and still believe in me. Yours was a great love, it was from a heart of gold.




TAMALPAIS

Now the silv'ry gray mist hovers
O'er the hills and distant bay;
Like a silken veil it covers
All the landscape far away.
Through the haze a boundless ocean,
With untiring ceaseless roar,
Breaks with ever restless motion
Madly on the rugged shore.

And the sunlight softly gleaming
On the hills with mantels gray,
Show the mountains ever seeming
Sentinels to guard the bay.
High above all others standing,
God's own Temple grand and free,
Is proud Tamalpais commanding
Homage from the land and sea.




THOUGHT

HOUGHT is mental vision. Sensation is the instrument of thought. All sensory apparatus photograph their repeated impressions upon the sensitized substance of the brain. These mental pictures are thus preserved, constituting memory. Through will, mental pictures are reversed, bringing them before the mind for comparison, thus forming recollection. Recollection and comparison of experiences permit of judgment. Judgment classifies the results as conclusions. Many classified conclusions constitute knowledge. Knowledge leads to principle. The association of principles gives understanding of unity. Unity is the sum of all experiences, the comprehension of which is wisdom.



APPEAL TO HUMANITY

 CHILDREN of Nature!
Come out from thy illy venti-
lated houses, come into the pure
electrical sunshine, to a life in the open
air where health and strength abound.
Fill thy lungs with its certain life and
catch the vital aroma from the gardens
of perpetual spring and youth. Lie
upon the welcoming bosom of the great
Mother Earth, listen to her teachings;
each lesson will shed the light of wisdom
and joy within thy heart. Walk in thy
gardens, stroll through thy parks, com-
mune with Nature in spirit; she will
soothe thy tired nerves and rebuild thy
vital organism for she alone is the Great
Physician.

Study the vines and plants of Nature seriously,—each one of them can preach a divine sermon of life. Worship God in the Holy Temple of thine own soul, in the house not made by human hands. Lie down by the great pulsating, ever-living ocean; hug its sands close to thy bosom; be once more a simple child; laugh and be glad in harmony with the superabundance of life.

Attune thyself to the Infinite forces all around, beneath and above thee; learn to realize that thine own life is but a part of this greater Infinite life; thou art but a note in the Infinite Song. Uplift thy thoughts; let thy mind vibrate in unison with life's greater rhythmic song and thou wilt know that all is good to him who hears within his own soul the voice of peace.



UNIVERSAL LIFE



HE infinite measure of life's power cannot be told in a language of common speech; it is measured in the flash of the lightning; in the crash of the thunder; in the storm and whirlwind; in the glory of the sunshine as it blossoms in the flowers, painting them in heavenly tints of beauty, while they freight the air with sweet perfume.

Let no man hope to grasp the full meaning of Life's manifestations with flame and retort alone; he must rise to a broader outlook and realize that the Universe is made up of living substance; that all matter is alive, it is moving;

that the changes which we witness are only those of form, of time, and vibratory rhythm; that not one pulsation of energy has ever been lost in all the æons of ages; that life has always been, it ever will be; it is eternal and infinite.

Universal life is the power which builds from invisible substance all that which has form, shape and activity; it builds atoms, shapes crystals, and in its first feeble way shines in the drops of water and glistens in the sands of the seashore. The strength and the power which condenses the atoms into solid rock, with a change of vibration and an increased force, grows in the forest, trembles in its leaves, sways in its vines, which are but prophecies of higher forms yet to come, for the leaf upon the tree, as it flutters in the breezes, has but to feel a higher touch of universal life and it flies forth as the insect of the air.

From the great universal life, which draws from the barren rock the first

tiny manifestation of organic life, upward through all the circling spirals of evolution, Nature points the way, revealing her secrets to him who patiently and diligently searches for the knowledge she holds in her keeping. One phase of life following another, step by step, all brought under the reign of one law of unity, links the kingdoms of Nature into one harmonious whole; through Earth's forests, vines and grain fields she shadows forth her all-embracing plan of organic life. Gradually developing her culminating forces through seed and cell, she brings forth order after order, preserving as far as possible their individuality through heredity; following fixed laws, she ultimately creates her highest product, man. Formed on the same principle as the life beneath him, built from atoms and cells, gradually growing more complex, until at last united into one symmetrical system, the light of a higher intelligence shows itself in him, through emotions and

thought, which may, in turn, scan the nether world, or scale the clouds to catch an inspiration of wisdom, which may lead to an understanding of the harmonies of Nature, whose greatest symphony is the vibratory music of universal life in action.









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