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**REACHING UP AND OUT**

**OR**

***THE HIGHEST FOR THE FARTHEST***

(Wells)

YFE





REACHING UP  
AND OUT

OR

*THE HIGHEST FOR THE  
FARTHEST*

BY

**AMOS R. WELLS**

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## Reaching Up and Out

### I

**T**HE compression of truth is a hazardous process: sometimes one gets attar of roses; sometimes, a squeezed orange. Nevertheless, I fancy that I have packed my whole philosophy of living into the five words that stand as the secondary title of this little book. And, though it is hazardous also for one person to recommend his life mottoes to another, I shall venture to urge those five words for your adoption. They are: The Highest for the Farthest! In other words, Reach up as high as you can.



## REACHING UP AND OUT

ness of bliss. I mean the summit of character beyond your most adventurous hope. I mean a wealth beyond your wildest dreams. If there is anything stronger, or better, or happier than you have dared to imagine, I mean that.

Nothing less than the highest, for all departments of life. For thinking, the highest thoughts. For working, the highest motives. For writing, the noblest expressions. For speech, the fittest words. For dress, the loveliest forms. For enjoyment, the richest delight. For rest, the sweetest slumber. For friendship, the most perfect accord. For worship, the loftiest inspiration.

Back of all we think or say or do

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there is the ideal, the perfect, the possible thought and word and action. Of that beautiful thing our thought or word or deed is only a shadow, often a sadly grotesque shadow. When we write a letter, it is a parody of the letter we might have written. When we greet a friend, it is a mocking echo of the true hail of comradeship. When we perform a task, we are merely practising for the authentic achievement.

How patiently, out in the silences, these ideals are waiting for our summons! When we speak our crude and ineffective sentences, there in the air just before us are trembling the right sentences, the stronger, truer, kindlier sentences, eager for us to take them on

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our tongues. When we strike a blow with mallet and chisel, and strike it at the wrong slant, the very ether bends in the right direction and pleads, "Follow me." When we mold our face into frowns and wrinkles and sneers and apish grimaces, above our very head is floating an image of light, ready to rest upon our features and bathe them into its loveliness.

No true author ever wrote a book but the real book floated mockingly before his mind, and his book was only a ghost of that tantalizing volume. No true teacher ever taught a lesson but at the close he had a vision of a more effective teacher standing before a better-instructed class. No true mother ever lived in a home but she saw daily



## *REACHING UP AND OUT*

a possible home, its walls of beauty and peace and love almost coinciding with the familiar abode, almost but not quite.

## II

**“ACHIEVEMENT,”** said Horace Mann, “is only the eminence whence we survey something better to be achieved.” That is, however high we climb, there is always a higher; however far we go, there is a goal beyond. The greatest cannot surpass ambition. The swiftest cannot overtake hope. It must have been this that Carlyle meant when he said that “ideals can never be completely embodied in practice.” But surely he was wrong in insisting that “ideals must ever lie a great way off,” and in adding characteristically, “We will thankfully content ourselves

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with any not intolerable approximation thereto!"

No; Lowell spoke better than Carlyle, when he said, "The true ideal is not opposed to the real, nor is it any artificial heightening thereof, but lies in it; and blessed are the eyes that find it." Yes, the highest, the very highest, lies ensconced within the very lowest, like a fourth dimension. "The kingdom of God is within you." As all the laws of nature focus upon a blade of grass, form and mass, heat and light, electric and chemic and gravitative forces, and you cannot touch the grass-blade but you touch the universe, so the least concerns of man are inextricably involved with the infinite. The making of a loaf of bread fre

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wheat-grains may be as significant as the making of a world out of star-grains.

We are not to think of the ideals of things and of actions as off in some vague and misty space, where Plato stationed them. We are living in a universe that has no top or bottom, no east or west, no centre or circumference, but every man carries the centre of the universe around with him in his pocket. As with God, so with us His children, a thousand years are as one day, and a thousand miles as one inch.

“There is no end to the sky,  
And the stars are everywhere,  
And time is eternity,  
And the here is over there;  
And the common deeds of the common day  
Are ringing bells in the far-away.”

*Henry Burton.*

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So the highest—not a higher, but the highest—is just beyond us. Only a little better is the best, and all the merrier if there is another best beyond that one.

Robert Louis Stevenson praised himself highly when he said, looking back upon his life-long struggle to express his beautiful soul through a feeble body, that, though he was conscious of woful inequalities in his writings, he was sure that in each writing he had done the best that his strength and the occasion had allowed. This is the charm of his writings, that he was always at his best — an ever varying best, a best of widely ranging quality and power, but still we are conscious of the presence of that transforming

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ideal which renders immortal the least fragment that it touches.

So that it makes little difference where we are, and little difference what we are doing. The centre of the earth is as near Alaska as London—a little nearer, to be exact; and sewing buttons is as near the heart of things as writing “Hamlet” or governing India. It is as easy to touch the heart of things with a needle as with a pen or a sceptre.

“I broider the world upon a loom,  
I broider with dreams my tapestry;  
Here in a little lonely room  
I am master of earth and sea,  
And the planets come to me.”

*Arthur Symons.*

The mediocre, the underling, is the man that sees no highest in his lowest.

## ***REACHING UP AND OUT***

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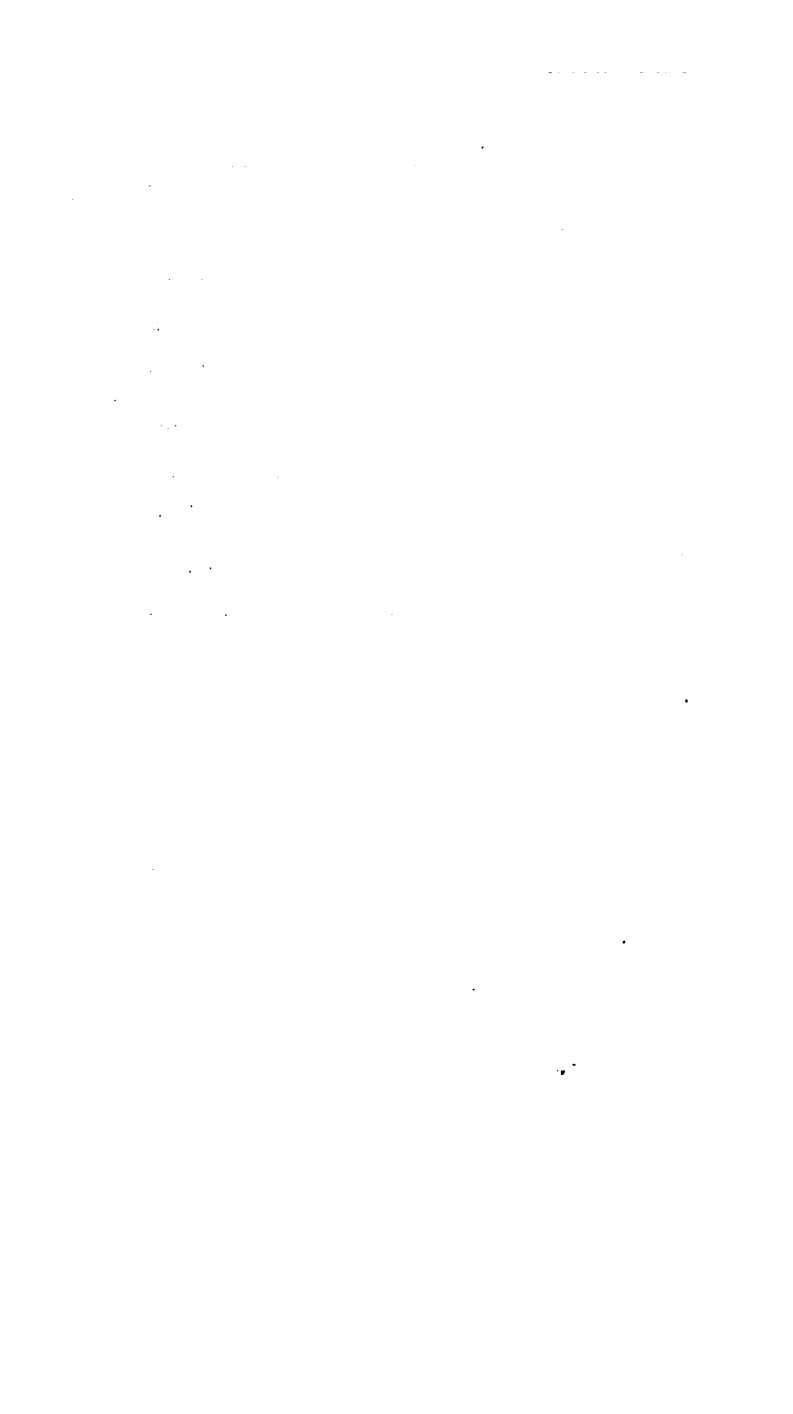
If he digs a ditch, it is in dirt, and never by any possibility in gold-dust. But the man that will rise, nay, that has already risen, connects his ditches with the canals of Mars. Such dreaming drains the Everglades and cuts a way from the Atlantic to the Pacific. One of the best sermons I ever heard was from that unconscious idealist, Frederick W. Taylor, as he stood before a Harvard class in business methods and showed them the perfect way to shovel coal. What niceties in shovelling coal!—the right position, the proper thrust, and especially the shape and size of the shovel, and exactly the just shovel-load that will balance between over-wearying and under-working, so that one must use a broad

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shovel with light coal and a narrow shovel with heavy coal! That plain, matter-of-fact man, standing with his hands in his pockets and talking along level practicalities, had not shovelled coal with a shovel merely, but had seen the highest within the lowest, had picked the perfect out of the grime, and had shovelled diamonds with a tool of gold.





### III

THE mistake, the great mistake, that is made by the common man is holding anything to be common. That is what makes him common. Of all the myriad definitions of genius I like best the one that Ruskin hit upon, without seeming to realize that it is a definition,—his chance allusion to genius as “a fountain of eternal admiration.” The common man counts admiration a weakness. He considers himself elevated by all that he can look down upon. A cactus, to him, is a coarse, prickly shrub, to be uprooted indignantly and burned contemptuously. But Burbank, with the genius

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of admiration, notes the sturdiness of the cactus, its endless variety, its lovely flowers, its brave conquest of vigor out of sterility, sees the highest in the lowest, perceives the thornless, edible cactus in the bristling monster of the desert, and patiently brings to being the thing he sees.

There is no drudgery except to a drudge. Love is the magician of ceaseless variety, of continual surprises. Whoever is in love with his task has bidden farewell to routine. It is the same room we sweep day after day, and we use the same broom and dustpan, but ah, every day it is different dust!

Each mediocre man, strange to say, thinks that the dulness of his lot is

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unique. Each commonplace woman is convinced that, though others lead interesting lives, her own fate is walled in with monotony. "Burbank!" says the farmer; "of course he can do wonderful things with plants, for he lives in California; but I live in Vermont." Always it is the accident of place or circumstance we rely upon to excuse our dulness and our discontent. But the golden stairway rises for Jacob from the rocky field of Bethel and not from the fertile plain of Mesopotamia. Visions live in eyes, not in houses. To admit that any lot is barren of the highest possibilities is to deny to God a fundamental attribute, His omnipresence. Since God is here, here in the kitchen, here in the shop, and all of

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God, no university offers a higher education than that kitchen or shop, no parliament a nobler authority, no Thessaly a more beautiful garden of delights.

Nothing less than the highest is good enough for any man, made in the image of the Highest. Is it only an Agassiz that can think God's thoughts after Him? That is not to exalt Agassiz, it is to discredit God, it is to call the Creator a very indifferent artisan, since most of His thinking-machines work so poorly. Agassiz would be the first to discredit the notion. "Your eyes are as good as mine," the great Swiss would say. "You can see what I can see, if you look as long and as patiently."

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If I believed that any least corner of real attainment were shut away from any man, I should become an atheist. In that hour I should deny both the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God. There would then be some chosen children admitted to higher privileges than others, and that is not brotherhood or fatherhood. The happiest, the highest, the best, is for all, and for all alike.

Of course this is not to lower all to the same level of ability; it is to lift all to the same level of privilege. Of six sons, seated around the same table, helped by the loving father impartially to the same food, one will make of the food a lawyer, another a merchant, another a banker, the fourth a farmer,

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and the fifth a poet. One will transmute the food into gold, another into golden thoughts. One will build from the food a palace, another a warehouse, another a council-chamber, another a railway-station, another an even more permanent and tangible castle of dreams. But it is the same table, the same food, and the same father. In the noble phrasing of Paul, "There are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit, differences of administration, but the same Lord, diversities of operations, but the same God; and the manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal."

This highest, that lies for every man within all circumstances and all tasks, is not to be reached by a formula or

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a programme. Franklin set out to perfect himself by schedule. This week he would amend this fault; next week he would cultivate that virtue. He graded himself, and kept a ledger of spiritual attainment. But with all of his philosophy Franklin does not seem to have perceived that what made him Franklin, the original, sagacious, purposeful, restrained soul of him, was in the very forming of that methodical design, was there at the beginning of his bookkeeping quite as much as at the end. Not the wisest physician of the spirit can write a prescription for masterfulness. If you would attain the highest, the chances are that you have already attained it.





## IV

WHAT a marvellous thing is character! The word means "engraven," and certainly character is etched deeply into all compartments of a life. Hardly can a clerk do up a bundle but he wraps up with it his entire nature. The shrewd burglar wears gloves, lest he leave his registered finger-prints upon some dusty surface. Yet he will not go far without leaving a characteristic mark behind him, if only by the crossing of a "t." If you would know whether a man is a book-lover, ask him to hand you a book. You will meet a gentleman in his overalls cutting fodder in a stable, and you will not for a

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fragment of a minute question his gentility. A soul that cares nothing for the highest is low in every quality and action. A soul that lives for the highest imparts nobility to his hat, his pocket-knife, his very door-scraper. All things about him testify of the heights.

So that if any one complains of the difficulty of reaching the ideal, he has not yet seen it, however he tries to persuade himself that he has. To see it is to own it. Nay, to see it is to be it. All love of truth is love at first sight; and all love of a truth is possession of the truth. So certain is this that sensitive spirits will avoid the haunts of the ideal, for fear they shall stumble upon it, and instantly be brought un-

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der its imperious control. This is the mood pictured in Miss Guiney's mystical poem called "Border-Lands."

"Through all the evening,  
All the virginal long evening,  
Down the solemn aisle of blossoms it is  
dread to walk alone;  
For there the intangible is nigh, the lost is  
ever-during;  
And who would suffer beneath the old and  
too-divine alluring,  
Keen as the ancient drift of sleep on dy-  
ing faces blown?"

"Yet in a valley,  
At the turn of the orchard alley,  
When a mild aroma touched me in the  
moist and moveless air,  
Like breath indeed from out thee, or as airy  
vesture round thee,  
Then was it I went faintly, for fear I had  
nearly found thee,  
O hidden, O perfect, O desired! the first  
and final Fair."

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But that is the evening mood, of longing hesitation. There is also the morning mood, when the air is crisp and clear, and the sunshine beckons us to enterprise. Then we are not afraid to open our eyes to the highest, and, seeing, to surrender and follow. Then, in ploughing his field, the farmer of a sudden finds his acres thick with crowding hungry folk, their hands held out to him for bread; and no more does he plough dirt and dollars, but he is the proud partner of the sun and the seasons, the almoner of the nations. Then, in her thronged schoolroom, the teacher finds the walls suddenly vanished, and she is on the Continental Divide, streams flowing thence, hither and yonder as she turns them, to arctic

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frost or tropical verdure; and no more is she teaching geography and arithmetic, but she is directing eternal destinies. Then, standing at his counter, measuring out pounds of sugar and tea and butter, the grocer suddenly perceives the counter stretching out, over the land, bridging the lakes and the oceans, branching here and there, reaching India, reaching China, reaching Brazil and Egypt and Australia, while over its smooth surface roll to him the products of every land, and his shop has become the focal point of commerce and useful distribution. Then, on this morning of clear vision, the darning of stockings is transformed into a softening of hard ways for our loved ones; the planing of boards and

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driving of nails is the erection of a new Parthenon; the mending of roads is the building of the King's highway.

Poor indeed is the soul that has never a vision of the highest in the lowest, never a sense of the outreachings of his task, never a solemn glad consciousness of the endless issues of life. That vision is a gift, not to be earned, not to be begged for, not to be captured by strategic approaches. But it is a gift that is pressed upon us out of the ether at every point and at all times. It is a gift that is as inevitable to those that wish it as electricity to the extended wire. It is a glory that will not be denied to any loving, brave, and purified soul.

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Clear away the tangles of selfishness, and it will come to you. Wipe from your eyes the tears of self-pity, and you shall see it. Prepare your heart to obey it, and your life will become its throne-room. Raise the sturdy song of Arthur Hugh Clough:

“Go with the sun and stars, and yet evermore  
in thy spirit

Say to thyself, It is good; yet there is better than it.

This that I see is not all, and this that I do is but little:

Nevertheless, it is good, though there is better than it.”

Surely I do not need to insist upon the practical reality of all this. One has gone but a short way in his thinking if he has not discovered the pre-eminence of the spirit. One is pur-



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blind indeed if he cannot peer over the edge of this tiny floating island of material things, if he does not know, as the foundation of all his knowledge, that he is not of the island but of the sea. If the consciousness of your immortal destiny is not aroused in you, I have been speaking to you in an unknown tongue, and shall continue to be a chatterer of emptiness.

But even those that realize the supremacy of the spirit need constantly to be reminded of it. It is so easy for the body, intended for a springboard, to become imprisoning stocks. It is so easy to forget the highest and gradually to entwine ourselves with the lowest. Happy the shock, however rude, of impoverishment or dis-

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ease or hostility, that shakes us from debasing alliances, and emancipates us, bare and splendid, into the life that endures. And fortunate the youth who never needs this severance. Fortunate the youth who has been trained in true values, who has been taught the task beyond the task. He will work for money, but that he may invest money in life. He will work for fame, but it will be the fame of truth. He will follow pleasure, but it will be the pleasure of new attainments. He will have a passion for power, but as a conduit has a passion for water. He will be impatient with any inferiority in his life. "The highest! The highest! The best, and ever the best!" will be his cry. He will

## ***REACHING UP AND OUT***

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take up in that spirit the nearest duty,  
and it will become a sceptre in his  
hands.

## V

AND now we are drawn, beyond escape, to the second half of our life motto, "The Highest for the Farthest!" Nothing would be more shameful than the cry, "The Highest for Myself!" Indeed, that would be a contradiction in terms. All supreme and lofty influences are bestowed only upon bestowers.

Do you know what seems to me to be the best symbol of all that is best in the present tendencies of thought and action? It is the corrugated glass that is to be seen forming the upper third of so many shop windows. Why is it placed there? Its corrugations

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are so many prisms, bending the light from the street, that it may shine far back into the store. In the old days, with windows of plain glass, the light fell slantwise into the shop window, perhaps a few feet beyond. It was too strong there, and curtains must be lowered or cloth would fade. But the centre and rear of the shop were dark. Now, thanks to the corrugated glass, the sunshine of the street is diffused in equal radiance through the store, and the most distant corners catch some of its rays.

The Highest for the Farthest! The sun, ninety million miles up in the sky, brought to every lurking-place of darkness, and shattering every gloom with its cheer. Nay, we are doing

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even better than that, for we are taking the coal, which is only the condensed sunshine of past ages, and we are grinding it up into electricity, and out of it we are making miniature suns, which transform to daylight the very blackest interiors of our business blocks.

It is all very characteristic of our times. In the olden days that corrugated glass would have become a telescopic lens, or a spectroscopic prism, which would have brought the highest, the sun and the stars, down to the eyes of some solitary astronomer. But now we know that the Highest is justly to be obtained only for the Farthest.

What do we mean by the Farthest?

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To whom shall ideals be taken, visions be carried? Whither must we convey the very best that has been brought to us out of the infinite?

As the Highest for each one of us is continually changing, our Highest for to-morrow being always more lofty than our Highest of to-day, so the Farthest for each one of us is ever moving onward. Now it may be our brother or sister. Soon it may be our neighbor across the street. Before long it will be our neighbor in Japan or Natal. It is all a matter of out-reach, and influence grows stronger with exercise as eyes grow keener with seeing. The Highest for the Farthest! And ever a Higher for ever a Farther.

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To all the names bestowed upon our age I will add one more, calling it the age of sharing. Rich men, at least in theory, are now persuaded that it is a disgrace to die rich. No period before us has witnessed so lavish giving. The world's art treasures are gradually finding their way from private galleries to public museums. The world's books are at the hands of all in public libraries. Learning is shared in the public schools, and beauty in the public parks. Even in our materialistic land the old orders of knighthood are reappearing in almost numberless associations for the betterment of society, through which hundreds of thousands of devoted men and women are entering the lists against evil, and upbuild-



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ing the kingdom of heaven. The ages before us knew well the pursuit of the Highest; our age excels them all in the service of the Farthest.

And yet how few, how sadly few, are engaged in these endeavors! As we insist that the Highest is for all, so we must insist that all shall be for the Farthest. Sloth and selfishness are the enemies of the Highest. Selfishness and sloth are the enemies of the Farthest. But the law of all progress is that sharing shall follow gaining. As was said to Abraham, so is said to us, "I will bless thee, and thou shalt be a blessing."

You know something worth while that some one else does not know. You shall have no peace until you have told

## ***REACHING UP AND OUT***

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it. You can do something worth while better than some one else can do it. You are in debt to the universe until you have taught the process. You see an improvement that might be made, a reform that should be accomplished. You are false to society if you do not move toward the improvement and reform. Some new truth, or what seems a new truth, has burst upon your vision. You are a traitor to God and humanity if you do not testify of that truth with all boldness and heartiness.

It makes a difference to the world, but it makes no difference to you, whether what you have to impart is great or little. If the best you have is only a good receipt for pickles, it is as necessary for you to pass it along

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as if it were a just system of taxation or another "Thanatopsis." It is not your gift; who are you to criticise it? Who are you to say, "It is too trivial to share"? Freely you have received; freely give. You could not have received without humility; then give without pride. Say with Peter, "Such as I have, give I thee." It is only by giving what you have that you can have more to give. If you are not to look a gift horse in the mouth on receiving it, neither are you when giving it, if it is all the horse you have.

The fundamental differences among men arise from this sense of obligation to mankind. We are taught that the judgment, the awful day of separation, the day of final condemnation and

## REACHING UP AND OUT

final approval, separates not the ignorant from the learned, not the ugly from the beautiful, not the clumsy from the efficient, but the selfish from the unselfish, the hoarders from the givers. Always the men and the women whom the world reveres, though their world is only village-wide, are the men and the women that have not kept their good things, but have been their brothers' keepers. If it is true in the baser sense that the world is his that will take it, it is also true in the highest sense that the world is his that will share it. In the republic of God there is no patent of nobility but this, to recognize obligation. The moment that any man, perceiving that he is not his own, nor are his goods his

## ***REACHING UP AND OUT***

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own, sets out in any particular to spend and be spent for others, that moment he passes from the lower to the higher order of being. As the ultimate sin is selfishness, so the ultimate virtue is self-giving.

## VI

OURS is the missionary age. As never before, the world is accepting the motto, "The Highest for the Farthest!" Thirty million dollars is spent each year by the churches in carrying to the ends of the earth the very best they know. The flower of our manhood and womanhood is engaged in this high enterprise. No one has ever attempted to catalogue the associations for the uplift of mankind; it would be the largest book ever printed. Whatever needs doing in this world finds somewhere a society of world-lovers that is trying to do it.

## **REACHING UP AND OUT**

Do we need playgrounds for the children? Is our municipal government a disgrace? Should we conserve our forests? Are our taxes unfairly assessed? Do vices corrupt our youth? Should the schools teach patriotism? Should landscapes be kept free from advertisements? Might vacant lots be used for potato-planting? Might the immigrants be distributed where they are needed? For each of these causes, and numberless others, we have our societies and constitutions, our presidents and corresponding secretaries and annual dues. It is all very noble. It is all exhilarating, though somewhat bewildering. We are like a child with a new word, "philanthropy," and the child finds a place for the word in

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whatever he says. That is the way in which to learn words.

But as I look around me, even in Massachusetts, yes, even in Boston, I see that few, after all, are really learning the word; and I see that some, upon whose tongues it frequently is, do not yet understand its meaning; and I see others practising the art and never suspecting that they are doing so. For philanthropy does not consist in organization or primarily in action; it consists in feeling. It means the love of humanity; and, where love is, loving action is very likely to follow. I find endless machinery of philanthropy, doubtless helpful and necessary; but machinery is not in itself particularly comforting or brotherly.



## ***REACHING UP AND OUT***

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I sometimes wish that before any one could qualify as an officer of any philanthropic organization whatever, he should be obliged to show that he has personally ministered to some starving family, been a Big Brother to some boy criminal, or helped some drunkard back into the ways of manhood.

What is needed, if we are to carry the Highest to the Farthest, is love of humanity; warm, pulsing, missionary love of humanity; the love that dreams, the love that spends, the love that prays, the love that goes. To every by-law it adds a heart-beat. To every resolution it adds a hand-clasp. In every office it puts a lover. Humanity, to such a soul, is no vague term. It is at once resolved into men

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and women. It means the Greek boy who shines shoes on the corner. It means the Italian who brings fruit to your back door. It means the Chinese laundryman. It means the Hungarian who mines your coal. It means the scrub-woman with her sick baby. It means that boy over in Turkey who was orphaned by the Armenian massacres. It means the Persians hopeless of independence, and the Chinese struggling toward true democracy, and the persecuted Russian Jews. Love of humanity! Is there a nobler term among all the combinations of words? a term that is more inclusive of good, more fruitful of heroism? Even Jesus Christ called himself more often the Son of Man than the Son of God.

## ***REACHING UP AND OUT***

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The ripe result of education is this love of humanity. When our colleges teach what is called "the humanities," they mean usually a far inferior thing, the branches of elegant learning, such as language, rhetoric, poetry, and the ancient classics. Surely every college worthy the name should see in the humanities more than a scheme of studies; should consider education to be an ever-growing knowledge of the Highest that the student may be an ever-stronger aid to the Farthest.

What else is signified by those words of Horace Mann, "Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity"? Ardent and successful scholar though he was, that shows what he regarded as the true humanities.

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Yes, read the marvellous literature of the Greeks, but in order that you may speak more effectively the language of brotherhood. Follow the story of the geologic strata, but that you may mine the human spirit, and interpret wisely the intricate stratification of society. Ascend to the stars with your telescope, but bring the stars back with you for brightening the world's midnight of gloom and despair. Climb to the Highest in your halls of learning, make them Mounts of Transfiguration, but descend again to the plain of lowly living, to open blind eyes, and heal sick souls, and drive the demons into the sea.





## VII

THE Farthest are ready for the Highest, now as never before. This fact constitutes an appeal not to be resisted by all that know the Highest and love humanity. Those that would bring the Highest to the Farthest have for many generations been seeking to remove the barriers that prevent this vitalizing contact. Churches and reformers have been engaged in negative operations, in societies for the suppression of vice, the abolition of slavery, the downfall of the saloon, the prevention of cruelty, the forbidding of gambling, the cessation of war. This is a Christian method. The founder of our

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civilization drove the money-changers from the Temple and the hypocrites from His church. But a method even more Christian, because employed almost always by Christ, is the positive appeal of a high ideal. "Follow me," He always said. He never said, "Leave the sanhedrin," or "Leave the tax-booth," or "Leave the Roman army."

In the olden days men had to go on foot to reach their brother men. That is the way Christ went. Later, they could go on railway trains and steam-boats. Now they go in flying-machines. Now, I mean, it is easy to reach men's lives past barriers of caste, and language, and distance, and circumstances, and even habits and creeds.

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Now as never before the Farthest is accessible to the heralds of the Highest. Their air-ships are the newspapers, the public schools, the public forum, political parties, freedom of religion, the telephone, the telegraph, the post-office, the banking system, all the multiplied agencies of communion that tear down fences, open doors, and fling men up against each other. The student is educated that is able to use these agencies, and will use them for the truest brotherhood.

What is the Highest for a man? To know his possibilities and attain them; to realize the destiny that God opens before him, and to grasp it. The present struggle for an ideal democracy aims at this: that the people shall con-



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trol their own destinies. That is why men urge the initiative and referendum and recall, that the people's representatives shall represent them and not rule them. This is a valiant purpose, sure to be attained, but not worth attaining unless the people, in controlling their own destinies, adopt the destinies that are the worthiest. It is futile to carry political power to the Farthest unless at the same time you make him in love with the Highest.

The present struggle for an ideal system of labor aims at this: that the laborers, as well as the capitalists, shall control their own destinies. That is why the workers are banded together in labor-unions and the employers in trusts. That is why the socialists urge

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the absolute democratizing of industry. In some form or other, by law or dynamite, this is sure to come about, and the workman will gain the same control of his own destinies that the employer has of his. But this advance also is not worth gaining unless the workers, in controlling their own destinies, adopt the destinies that are the worthiest, and seek in their labor the largest service of humanity. It is futile to carry industrial power to the Farthest unless at the same time you make him in love with the Highest.

Therefore the life-work of all true men and women is plainly marked out for them. Where it may be, matters not. What may be its exterior, of trade or profession or neither, is of

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absolutely no concern. What may be its scope, world-wide or room-wide, makes no difference whatever. Nor will they be concerned for its temporary and external rewards. You, if you are a true man, a true woman, will have no anxiety regarding these things.

To reach up as high as you can for power. To reach out as far as you can with influence. Every day to reach up to a Higher. Every day to reach out to a Farther. To go where the Highest bids you go. To stay where the Farthest bids you stop. To know that the Highest will prevail. To know that the Farthest will draw near. To realize that you are a part, however humble, in the most glorious of all his-



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tories. To forget that you are a part of it in your joy that all men compose it. That is the heroism of achievement. That is the delight of true living. That is the prize of your high calling. That, and that alone, renders your momentary existence here a worthy entrance to the immortality that is to come.

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