

The Kingdom of Love

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"THE DOOM OF DOGMA AND THE DAWN OF TRUTH,"

"A VISION OF THE INVISIBLE,"

"THE SHRINE OF SILENCE," ETC.



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BY HENRY FRANK

The Kingdom of Love

TO
My Wife
WHO WAS AND IS
MY SWEETHEART

166839

foreword



To those whose souls are strained in life's hard struggle; to those who bear the noise of traffic and feel the cruel pressure of commercial strife—to those whose feet have trodden stony paths, whose hearts are sore with pain and disappointment; 'tis hoped these pages may become an inspiration and encouragement and gladden with a note of joy.

To those whose skies are clear, whom favoring winds have guided to safe and happy ports, whose lives are redolent of happiness and hope, the words within may bring a touch of sympathy with those who are in want, a sense of human solidarity essential to social progress and individual enfoldment.

Love is God.



Love is God—the king of power,
Soul of seed and stem and flower;
Force that sways the world as one,
Balancing the stars and sun.

Love films with peace the azure blue,
The rainbow paints with promise true;
Moulds the breast of radiant rose
With modesty and sweet repose.

Love inspires vernal breath,
Rescuing earth from winter's death;
Shapes the perfect crystal form
Of snowy flake in frigid storm.

Love weaves the leaves and builds the tree;
Soul is he of symmetry;
Shapes the vast anatomy
Of cosmic frame with unity.

Love is Lord of Heaven and Earth,
Satisfying want and dearth.
He who fears, has yet to learn
E'en the least he does not spurn.

Love is Lord of Heaven and Hell;
Banishing the maddening spell,
Ages long with fright enchained,
Bath Paradise for us regained.

Vistas of Progress.



Far on the planetary rim I stand,
Poised pendants upon a beam of light;
Infinitesimal amidst the grand,
Eternal wheel of endless worlds of night.

The myriad orbs fling far their radiant arms,
And swim illimitable seas of space;
Forever forward, dauntless of alarms,
In wild, impetuous, perpetual race.

Whence come, or whither gone, no sage can say;
Yet countless worlds their trembling passage wend
To some far-fancied goal and final day,
Beyond the scope of thought and human trend.

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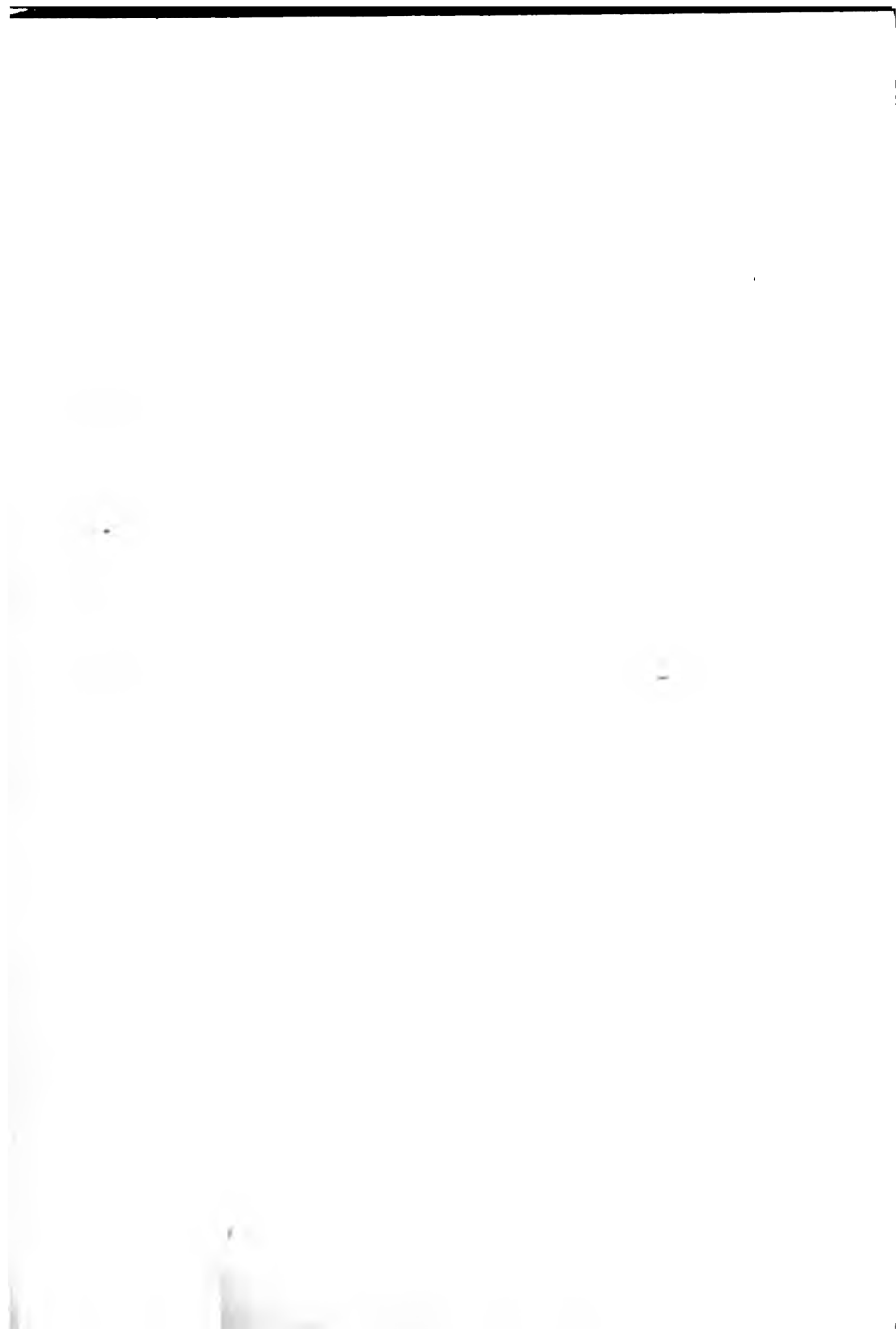
How feeble, frail and nothing-worth seems man—
A puny atom 'midst Immensity;
A microscopic speck within the span,
And vast horizon of Eternity!

Yet he who reads aright in Nature's Book,
Knows, as the stars from primal nebulae
Sprung forth, and thence their pristine state forsook,
For glory wrung from strife and liberty;

Man, too, must on by "progress" to his fate;
Through age-tumultuous conflict and dismay;
Nor sinks he backward, once from savage state
Restored to view the dawn of Freedom's day.

Though fraught with feebleness, triumphant Man
Still owns the planet and assails the stars,
Nor falters at the immeasurable span
Of suns, that fill the void like flaming spars.

Upon the planet's rounding rim I stand
And view the rising vistas from afar:—
I see but Justice, Truth and Progress planned
For all—or Atom, Man, or august Star.



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PART I.

The Kingdom of Love.



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I.

The Kingdom of Love.



HOEVER thinks love makes of man a weakling or a coward—a slender sprig of effeminacy—knows but little of Nature's most potent force.

To recognize love as a force is at once to revolutionise the popular notion concerning it and to suggest an energy whose possibilities are beyond imagination.

As a force it reveals its cosmic nature. It passes beyond the limited plane of human relations and takes its place in the procession of the stars.

The force of love is as realisable in Nature as the force of gravity. It may be impossible to expound some Newtonian law that shall establish its correlation with the mathematical forces whose conservation and transmutation are the basis of natural phenomena.

Nevertheless, that it is a transmuted phase of

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some of the well recognised forces which science discerns cannot be questioned.

As all the forces in Nature are but the transmutation of a single energy so love is itself but the transmutation in human and vital experience of gravitation and attraction in the material world.

As gravity establishes the poise and integrity of the cosmic spheres so love maintains the integrity and permanence of the social spheres.

As gravity tends to draw towards the center of the planetary orb all bodies that come within the plane of its energy, so love draws to the heart and soul of the individual whosoever comes within the plane of its attraction.

Surely men may trust that Force that sways the universal atoms into equable relations, and out of cosmic dust creates the rhythmic orbs that fly through space.

For, not other in principle than the Love that sways a mother's heart for her dearest offspring is the power the sun displays toward the brood of golden spheres that leapt from his burning breast.

By this power were cosmic atoms mated in primeval nuptials. By this power were worlds begotten, as from Chaos sprung the myriad phases of Creation.

It fused the primal gasses and condensed them

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into physical form. It palpitated through the universal ether and from infinite vibrations formed all substances.

It grasped the incandescent globes and cooled and kneaded them into final shape.

It begat and mated metals in the bowels of the earth. It caused the passion of the flame to bring forth jewels and glorified their hearts with imperishable lustre.

It warmed the bosom of the planet, palpitant with life, and nursed the feeble forms that moved upon its surface.

It laid the pleasing carpet of the green, painted the flower and dotted the mead, overarching all with the canopy of blue.

It peopled the globe with countless crawling things, and things that walk and fly, and the vacuous air with microscopic dots of life, perishable, transitory, ephemeral.

It taught the law of supreme demand—the law of sacrifice.

It taught life to feed on life that greater life might come. It made the serpent's skin sparkle with hypnotic splendor, and put venom in its fang, to conquer for a day and then to die.

It painted the male bird's gorgeous plumage and throbbled its slender throat with passionate song,

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that it might propagate and perish, for nobler species still to follow.

It carved the cave, and built the nest and hive, it reared the home, and all the complex structure of society.

It caused the blood to flow in human veins and become peopled with a race of microscopic warriors, through whose vicarious death the plague and pestilence are parried, and mankind grow to health and power.

It is indeed the centre and the soul of every form and force of being. Life is redolent of love's fragrant flowers of sacrifice.

Yet love demands no sacrifice not made for higher ends and loftier attainments.

The individual must needs expire: the species and the race survive. None knows his power till love commands: the crisis is proof of the affection.

He who dies that he may live again in other hearts plants the seed of immortality.

He alone who satisfies the call of love reaches the measure of his mission.

Love is the ultimate and perennial power from which all others spring. All other forces are ephemeral, love alone is final and eternal.

Only that ambition that love inspires leads on to true success. The success of hate, of intrigue, of

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envy and revenge is as perishable as the source from which it sprang.

The caress of love is more effective than the clink of gold. Love may command power, riches, position, but naught can purchase love.

The love that can be bought is the lust that soils. He who trusts ideal love touches the hem of the garment of Heaven.

* * * * *



LOVE is the inspiration of the poet, the wisdom of the philosopher, the courage of the warrior, the hope of the hero, the devotion of the mother. Without love humankind would perish and society were inconceivable.

Love is a burst of sunlight on a floating cloud; the radiance that glows in the fractured crystal.

Love is the living sprout that leaps from the dying seed: the vital force that survives all varying forms of death.

Love is the moonbeam's glimmer on the golden wave; the flute note echoing through glade and glen.

Love is the song of a bird in a deserted grove; the voice of a friend in the haunt of foes.

Love is the angel at the tomb of the heart who

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rolls away the stone of despair; the spirit that calls from the breast of sorrow the song of rejoicing.

Love is the forgiving judge, the succoring king, the redeeming savior, the creating God.

What God is, is love; more than love God cannot be.

The love that one bears for another beautifies oneself.

To build without love is to use mortar without sand. To see through other eyes than those of love is to see life reflected through a broken glass.

Love's ear hears but the music of the spheres; he loves not who hears but discord and inharmony.

Yet to hear disharmony with love's ear is to change its dissonance to melody.

For, whoever loves his brother and the race will never be contented till the last discord is corrected in the orchestration of the social forces that make the melody of individual and collective life.

He only is wise who follows where love leads the way; the courtier and reformer are each alike inspired, the one to win his bride of the flesh, the other his spouse of the spirit.

The birth of love is the beginning of life.

II.

Love, a Cosmic Principle.



THE principle of love has been too commonly construed as one bearing relation only to the conditions of human association. It is usually conceived as a poetic sentiment—a quality of romantic sentimentalism.

But the sphere of love is far wider. It is a complete circumference, holding within its bounds all the cooperating energies of Nature. It is the primal force, which existing between two or more individuals draws them into harmonious relations and establishes the foundations of happiness.

But the two individuals need not necessarily be human individuals or even animals. All entities, of whatever character, which are subject to the force of mutual attraction, are the visible media of love's manifestations.

As much love exists, proportionally, between two atoms as between two human beings—between the

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elements that compose the chemical substance as between hearts that beat in unison.

Love is a cosmic principle, pervading the entire universe. We may speak of the love of atoms, without the violation of scientific verity. The cosmos is primarily a drama of primitive atomic affections, unconsciously evincing the supreme force that sustains the world.

Mutual affinity inhering in the particles of primal nebulae or the first fire-mist, we believe, drew them into the original rings or nodules, of varying temperature and density, and finally into the revolving spheres and grouping constellations that compose the vast universe in which we now abide.

In the theory of world-evolutions from primal nebulae, the dream of the nebular hypothesis, we read the first love-story played upon the infinite stage of existence. The power that combines is the mother-heart of the universe that inspires and sustains all her manifold offspring.

Could we but obtrude our own conscious feeling into the activities of the atomic world, we might speak with but little exaggeration of its comedies, dramas and tragedies, full of interest as our own.

When several atoms instinctively combine as constituent elements of any substance, the united force is termed, in science, chemical affinity. Yet such

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affinity is but mutual attraction, the common force that holds all entities in harmony; nor can we think of such harmonious relation but as a phase of love, the primal unitary force ever binding two or more as one. ✓

This is the principle that establishes and coordinates the order of the universe, the logical procession of events. By its exercise alone have evolved all the wonder worlds of space. ✓

Were not this principle persistent and pre-eminent in Nature, all substances would instantly dissolve, the starry spheres disintegrate and universal ruin follow. It is the ridge-pole that holds and balances the entire structure, pinning together firmament and foundation in indissoluble unity.

Studied from the cosmic view-point, Love is not mere sentiment; it is the underlying, sustaining, supreme principle of all existence. ✓

And still a larger lesson in love, does nature teach us, by the manner in which she associates primitive, non-sentient atoms. Not only are such atoms mutually correlated by the principle of chemical affinity, or atomic love-relations, but even these microscopic relations are fixed according to exact mathematical formulae.

If for instance nature resolves to cause the formation of a molecule of water, she combines just two

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atoms of hydrogen with one of oxygen. Now, by no possibility can there be other combinations in nature, that will produce the substance we call water. Nature will not allow that sometimes *three* atoms of hydrogen may unite with one of oxygen in order to produce this substance.

The law is fixed and exact: it has the severity of mathematical certitude. It cannot be sometimes three and sometimes two. It is and must be always and only two.

Now, if perchance, in their peregrinations, three of these atoms should come upon two atoms of oxygen, suing for their embrace, instinctively one single atom of oxygen alone will seize the two of hydrogen, whilst the two superfluous atoms of both the elements, with haughty indignation, will wander away to find in other fields their more congenial companions.

Thus early in cosmic experience the law is uttered: "two are company; three are a crowd!" Thus the first tragedy of unrequited love is enacted in the stupendous drama of existence.

Howbeit, the atoms do not possess a sensitive nature, there is at least such affinital responsiveness between them as to permit us who are sentient to read into them the sentiments such relations awaken in ourselves.

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A still more remarkable fact, and one that still further elucidates this universal principle of love, is that atoms must not only unite according to certain laws of proportion, but that they must be grouped according to fixed formulae in order to produce any particular substance required.

Starch and sugar to the ordinary person appear to be very different substances; nevertheless chemical analysis informs us that they are made up of precisely the same elements. The only reason for their having a different appearance and different qualities is that the elements which constitute them are differently grouped in each.

Water, we know, consists of the combination of proportionate atoms of hydrogen and oxygen. But this tells only half the story.

We say further and with more exactness that a molecule of water can only be produced in nature by the combination of exactly two atoms of hydrogen and one of oxygen. Yet even this does not tell the whole story.

A yet profounder mystery abides in this primal love story, whose plot is so elusive it long escaped the discovery of the most critical students. Thus far we have simply learned that by some mysterious process wherever two atoms of hydrogen unite with one of oxygen, a substance is produced, whose ap-

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pearance and physical qualities are wholly unlike those of the elements which united to produce it.

But now we further learn that not every combination of these elemental atoms—not any accidental union of the two hydrogens with the one oxygen—not every hit-or-miss combination—will result in the substance of water. So wonderful are the ways of Nature that she scorns lottery or chance of any kind, and evermore insists on exactness and precision.

Hence she astonishes us by revealing the fact that not any possible chance combination of the three constituent atoms of a molecule of water will produce it. And so jealous is she of her mysteries that not until we have sought and found the one only combination of all that are possible in the permutations of the three which alone will magically create the water shall we be able to become her imitator.

So precise is her mathematical calculation, so accurately does she correlate her forces, making waste impossible, that she insists upon these atoms being invariably grouped according to one only formula, and never any other, ere a particle of water shall be evolved in her stupendous laboratory.

The arrangement of the atoms is not satisfied by the mere symbol of H_2O ; for this does not yet indicate the form in which these atoms shall combine,

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which must ever be not other than in the alternative relation of one hydrogen atom first, followed by a single oxygen atom, which again is followed by another hydrogen atom, satisfying the graphic symbol, H-O-H.

We find numerous illustrations of this principle in a number of cases of two or more wholly different substances having exactly the same combination of the elemental atoms, yet very differently characterized in external qualities. Chemists inform us that butyric acid, the offensive principle of rancid butter, an oily liquid, and acetic ether, which is a transparent liquid, having a pleasant smell of fruit, so utterly different in outward appearance and characteristics, are after all made up of exactly the same combinations of the elements that compose them.

Why then are they so different? If they are composed of the same elements, and these elements are of exactly the same number in each of the substances why do they not produce identical results? Why do the same unions at one time produce one effect and at another, another effect? You begin to wonder whether nature is indeed so exact and absolute as we have said. You ask, are there not, then, in nature's dramas and love-experiences as many uncertainties and subterfuges as there are in the dramas of human life?

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But Nature has her answer ready. She insists again that she knows no accidents and that where there are differences in effect there must be somewhere a satisfactory cause. Nor is she long in revealing it to the anxious student. And when she discovers the reason to us we are covered with shame at our stupidity. It is so simple we marvel why we did not long ago divine it.

Nature proves in her answer that she is a mighty mathematician, and that all her love stories are symbolized in geometrical formulae. She produces these startlingly different effects merely by a difference in the molecular arrangement of the constituent atoms. "The same atoms arranged in a different order may form molecules of different substances having wholly different qualities!"

Nature is not so much concerned in her laboratory with "What," as she is with "How." The "What"—the source from which she derives her infinite variety of form and substance is indeed most small. A handful of elements—sixty or eighty—is all she has to work with. Her problem is ever how shall these few elements combine to make whatever she may desire. She is ever more concerned with the manner than she is with the matter.

Mark, here, what a wonderful lesson in affinital, or love relations she teaches us by this discovery!

These few atoms must be so united that they shall form one only substance at a time, and if these same atoms are differently united they will not produce the desired substance, though they may produce something else. But more than likely if they do not result in the substance sought for they will mutually repel each other and be dissipated into space.

Why, however, must there always be just an exact number of atoms, and why moreover must these same atoms always be so grouped that they arrange in the same sequence and never in any other, in the production of any specific substance? Why must there always be just two atoms of hydrogen and one of oxygen to produce a molecule of water, and why must those three atoms be always arranged in just one fixed sequence ere that molecule of water will appear?

Why, indeed, unless there does really exist within these atoms certain inherent repulsions and attractions, which ever obey an irresistible and universal law?

We learn that four atoms of carbon, eight atoms of hydrogen, and two atoms of oxygen may so combine that they will produce either the oily substance we call butyric acid or the clear and pleasant substance we call acetic acid. Whether they produce the one or the other depends wholly on the manner

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in which their mutual attractions and repulsions are exercised when they are brought together. If they find comfort in each other's society by lying a certain way in their mutual embraces then they will produce as their offspring one substance, say butyric acid; but if such sequential relation proves unpleasant to them and they are torn apart, then they may—these same atoms—embrace each other in another manner or propinquity, whereupon the offspring shall be another substance, say acetic acid—so utterly different from its step-sister, butyric acid.

Almost we might imagine a comedy-drama at work, with its plot and counter plot, its surprising situations and startling denouement!

In all the diversified consequence of molecular arrangements we find merely the results of inherent repulsion and attraction between primary atoms. But what are attraction and repulsion in inanimate atoms but the principles of love and hate finally humanized and revealed in conscious activities?

And what matters it whether that principle be discerned in atom or animal? Is it not everywhere the same principle and is it not everywhere manifesting itself throughout the infinite?

Above we have illustrated by the constituency of a few familiar substances a law that controls the multiplex forms of matter, and on these two marvel-

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ous principles in nature are established the harmony, symmetry, perfection and wonder of all the worlds.

And yet what are these minute atom-relations, as already intimated, but relations of affection, ascending from primal affinity into sentient emotion, from sentient emotions to sentimental love?

The fact that atoms possess fixed affinital relations evidences their desire for or love of mutual union as emphatically as we find similar evidences among living forms in plant and animal worlds.

Indeed from this primitive, humble origin,—the inherent attraction or affection existing between atoms—love slowly rises to exhibit itself anon in the complex relations which exist among sentient and conscious beings. How often are we forced to realize that every flower which blooms; the yellow cowslip at the river bank, the daffodils on the heather, the roses ablush in the early summer, and fresh blossoms ablaze on orchard trees, are all the product of simple wooings as realistic as those in human experience!

The fingers of love everywhere weave the meshes of life's fabric.

III.

Love, the Mother Principle.



THE pollen of flowers floats from the heaving bosom of one blossom till it nestles in the stamen of another, and thus, thanks to the procreative power that inheres in nature, is another flower conceived, which shall develop anon through seed and soil, through branch and leaf, until at last it lifts its radiant head to the great sun, source and sustainer of all planetary life.

Clearly in the vegetal world there thrives the principle of love even more palpably and in intelligent evidence than in the world of non-living matter. Here it would appear we may behold the forecast and prophecy of that force that finally flames into the passion of the human breast.

Almost can we hear the wooing of the flowers as their winged messengers of desire float through space seeking their waiting affinities, from whose

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fructifying embrace shall issue the offspring of grace and beauty.

It is no exaggeration to speak of the love of flowers. The luxuriance of plant life everywhere exhibits the warmth of the unions which generate the witchery, grace and form that so much delight us.

Plant love is a scientific verity, charmingly illustrating the principle of universal or cosmic affection of which we are daily reminded. How inspiring is it to realize that in all nature the product of harmony is beauty: alone in the expressions of love are beauty and harmony perfected.

Flowers are earth's most fascinating expression of beauty, charming us with their colors, thrilling us with their fragrance, because they are the product of the most delicate adjustments in nature, and the direct issue of the free relation of affinities.

Nor is there wanting in this lower exhibition of the love life that quality which in human experience makes love the noblest and most exalted of all human passions. Love inherently seems to be selfish. Yet the very selfishness of love becomes altruistic as it compels the merging of the individual in the multitude, the office of service on the part of some for the development of the many.

In the very cells out of which the varied forms and divisions of plant life evolve there is an exhibi-

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tion of such apparent mutual service as to cause us to feel that almost there must be here the presence of intelligent affection and the sense of duty.

Else, from the human point of view, why are some cells so obedient to the demand of the "larger self," that willingly they suffer themselves to be submerged beneath the soil, far from the light and beauty of the day, whilst others shape themselves into the outer crust of the rigid bark, and still others form the finer circuit of the nervous centres on whose sensitive threads the drama of the plant is registered?

All these and other varied forms of cell life seem cheerfully to bury themselves in depth of soil, or bark of tree, or the flinty coating that embeds the roots, in order that the fuller and larger life of tree and plant may thrive and unfold to the encircling air the beauty and charm of foliage or brilliance of the flowering crown.

And even more palpably do we discern the office of vicarious labor performed by the swarming bacteria in the soil, which by converting the nitrogen of the surrounding air and earth into the humble nitrates afford the only gateway through which the burrowing roots may receive it.

Were it not for the willing service of these "root knobs," which seemingly of their own accord attach

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themselves to the rootlets of the common flowers of the field, it would be impossible for them to breathe in the nitrogen from the air and utilize it for their development and growth.

These nitrates, as it were, seeing the incapacitated plant struggling for its sustenance, unfurnished with such instruments as enable it to conquer, rush to its rescue and by freely granting it their services rescue it from the death that everywhere threatens the defenseless.

Even though they may not know what they do; though no conscious intelligence may guide them; yet instinctively they are engaging in the noblest phase of mutual service, which in intelligent forms of life is prompted only through sacrifice and love.

Anon, as we ascend from the vegetal to the animal world, we discern the ever predominant principle increasing in power and manifestly directed by individual intelligence. The love of animals is indisputable. Yet it is a love, which, like the love of flowers, finds expression not in the symbols of speech or by a process of conscious introspection, but wholly through instinct or inherited impulse.

It is sometimes contended that animals have acquired many of their milder qualities through domestication. The cat of the hearthstone is differentiated

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in its characteristics wholly from the catamount or panther, yet belongs to the same species.

The dog in his kennel but little suggests his origin from the wolf or jackal; yet he is scientifically so classified.

But though the "human" qualities of domestic animals may have been acquired by association, this can scarcely be proven of the quality of love. It is not yet evident that this passion is the product of mere environment or of the law of the survival of the fittest.

Obedient to this law doubtless the species is preserved by the sense of self-preservation which prompts the parent animals to protect their young; but still the problem rises, whence this disposition to protect?

The mother love in animals is the secret force that generates and ever preserves, protects and defends its offspring. Is then this love but the mechanical effect of the law of the survival of the fittest? The argument maintains that the reason certain species of animals have survived is because their parents fought successfully for their preservation; whereas when such contest was unsuccessfully waged the species was exterminated.

But does not such an argument merely "beg the question?" A more radical problem confronts us

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when we ask, why should the instinct ever rise in the parent heart prompting it to protect its own and thus preserve its species?

Had not the affection already lived in the parent heart for its young, had not the love of its offspring consumed it, why should the mother animal seek to defend and preserve it? Here, too we learn, that in nature's marvelous transmutation of forces the very selfishness that compells the mother animal to fight for its own young becomes altruistic in that it results in the preservation of the entire species.

So true is this, that curiously natural history teaches us each animal normally fights alone for its own offspring, diligently pursuing and destroying the offspring of all other animals whose interests may conflict. Why, then, may we not ask, does this law of the distinctive parent—or mother-love—prevail throughout the animal kingdoms?

Why, perchance, in the animal world are not offspring generated and then suffered to shift for themselves, finding their own fate, as with the products of wandering atoms or mated flowers? Or why, forsooth, did not the wolf conceive that the offspring of the fox would be more congenial and profitable, and thus neglect its own offspring and nurse the fox's?

Such transferred or irregular relations are never

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discovered among the animal kingdoms, save as a freak or accident in nature. The all-suggestive fact is the love for one's own offspring—every animal after its kind—and had not this mother love existed as a primitive instinct in the bosom of the animal the species would never have survived the fierce onslaught of prowling marauders.

It matters not how uneven may be the possibility of success, whether it be the contest of a mother bird with a more powerful serpent, or a mother sheep, oblivious of its native timidity, with a cunning tiger, the battle is as fiercely waged and blood as freely spent by the insane parent as though victory were assured.

When opposing its foes, how firm, how cruel, how majestic appears that king of beasts—the lion! Without remorse, bent only on cruelty and death, he ferociously leaps upon his prey; calmly drinking his blood, devouring his flesh!

And now behold, a moment later the mother-lion! She, too, is fierce and cruel, bloodthirsty and revengeful. Yet, (now she holds between her legs her nursing cub) with those same paws, whose piercing claws ran but lately red with blood of their prey she gently smooths the nursling's silken fur and purrs as tenderly as would a mother cat petting a domestic kitten!

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Such is the power of mother-love—one of nature's great, suggestive secrets. The origin of this love is not discoverable as is not the origin of atomic affinities. Nothing more amazes the chemist than when in the laboratory he unites two or more wholly unlike elements and instantly there leaps from the mystic union a foreign substance totally differing in quality and characteristic form from the original elements which entered into its composition.

What is the origin of this instinctive affinity—why those elements possess within their essences the inherent affinities which result in such harmonious relations—who shall say? Yet the fact exists—the wonder and the glory of all creation.

So, too, is that palpitating instinct that causes the breasts of the mammals to heave and throb in sympathy and love for their defenseless young. No suggestion of nature intimates to us the origin of this feminine quality; we can but say, it is, and being so, it constitutes an unconquerable protectorate over the entire animal world, and the primal source of the evolution of the species.

And even more emphatically does this innate principle of animal affinity find its expression in the higher strata of evolution, constituting the strongest bond of unity that maintains the integrity of human society. Clearly may we discern the slow

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ascent of this principle of affinity in increasing emphasis as it develops from union in the atom to attraction in the vegetable, from attraction in the vegetable to affection in the mammal and from affection in the mammal to pure and noble love in the bosom of humanity.

✓ Out of crude mother love which develops from the mere physical affection in the mammal to that sacred thing we all adore in womankind, there spreads throughout the human species, by slow stages, that common bond of sympathy, that love of fellow man, which is the prophecy of ultimate society integrity and a millennial civilization.



IV.

Love, the Social Principle.



WITHOUT mother love how hapless the possibilities of the race! Without some common bond of sympathy what were the despair of the social world!

From a primitive force in the animal world the love of offspring has become in humankind the strongest manifestation of the cosmic principle of love yet developed in natural experience. It is the chief corner stone of society. It is at once the conserving force of civilization and the aggressive motor of evolution.

Mother or parental love constitutes the foundation of the family. If the primitive love of the mammals—which instinctively fights for the preservation of its young—had not also entered into human life as its chief preservative, it is true the species would not have expired as in the lower kingdoms, for man as a race is structurally a unit; but the

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principle of familyhood would never have been developed and as a consequence the exalted growth of the race would never have ensued.

Conceive of the human race without a family! There have, indeed, been stages in the racial evolution where the family as yet had no existence, at least no more of the family relations than exists among the lower mammals. In such a stage the human mind was dull, the heart was stolid, intelligence was undiscovered and progress lay at a low ebb.

At other stages the community or the state (as in Sparta) sought to substitute the functions of the family for society, with the result that citizens and soldiers were created at the sacrifice of fathers, sons and husbands,

Only when familyhood became an organic factor of society, protected by the common consent because of its inherent sacredness, did human society grow into more symmetrical proportions and civilization attain a more noble and refined culmination.

The experience of the race has finally proved that the family is the essential and indispensable centre and unit of society. The family, ideally conceived, prefigures the ultimate ideal of the state, when all its members shall mutually function in harmonious relations, each performing his just and worthy duty.

But what shall we regard the family? A congregation of consanguineous individuals, bound under one roof by the sacred ties of love, each living to serve the other that none may want, is the only association that really constitutes the fundamental family relationship. That assemblage, purporting to be a family, which becomes the home of envy, hatred and contention, may be one in material organization, and outward similitude, but inwardly is an arrant counterfeit.

Such an alleged family becomes but a congregation of animals, with animal instincts, but not a family of human beings instinct with the sense of sacred duty and mutual service. Not till love becomes the conforming and unifying force of consanguineous association is the family truly formed.

Out of primitive mother love has sprung the larger family love. It is love's higher manifestation in higher stages of human development. Nevertheless, that alone did not create the family love. Although the mother love primarily protected the young and preserved the species, not until mother love awoke the father love and the two united developed into household love was it possible for the family to become manifest.

The love of the lover must become the love of the husband, the love of husband the love of father, the

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love of father household love, ere the entire family is enrobed in love and the bond of unity made secure. And yet, the integrity of the family can rest securely only on natural and mutual love; on other foundation it is not a family, however firmly held together by the bonds of law.

Force can never produce the element of affection. Legislation cannot establish parental devotion. Coercion cannot create nuptial harmony or filial regard.

Love springs only from a conscious condition of equality, freedom and harmony. The lash of the master—the law of the land—can never be effectually substituted for the sincere promptings of the heart.

Therefore, as a race we are still far in the rear of such a stage of family development. Ideally construed, the family as yet has scarcely an existence. Ideal civilization will but be approached when true familyhood becomes voluntary familyhood; founded only on the principle of natural affection and mutual affinity, unrestricted by external interference.

The family is the essential unit of ideal civilization and can never be obliterated. Evolution prophesies not the annihilation of the family. It prophesies its emancipation, its freedom, its exaltation but not its abrogation. Sometimes voluntary

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familyhood will occupy the place in civilization of existing legalized and enforced familyhood. Then will the soul be free—the mind triumphant. Then will the young be the offspring of love and not of coercion or compulsion, and will constitute in structure, temperament and mentality more than mythical giants.

The course of true civilization, if the past is to be our teacher, must follow the trend of pure and natural love, and thus maintain the harmony of that unifying principle which pervades all nature.

Tracing still further the development of primitive atomic affinities, we find it unfolds from mother love to parental love, from parental love to family love, and from family love to social and communal love.

This last stage of love is as yet but a bare suggestion in human experience. The dreamers and poets of the race alone conceive it. At present in human society there exists but the fragile bond of fellow feeling. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." We know our common experiences, our sufferings, battles, sieges, our triumphs, our defeats, and these common vicissitudes produce in us a fellow feeling that makes us wondrous kind.

Yet this is but a bare hint of that possible social love—that love which sometime will generate a

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true human brotherhood—the soul of sincerity and the surity of willing service.

When the existing bond of fellow sympathy—the colorless affection which now pervades the race—shall have become as strong and indispensable as the bond of present mother love, society will evolve to social brotherhood.

When the social love shall crown the mother love—or, shall we say, when in that far off paradise the mother love shall be dissolved in the universal and all-absorbing social love,—then will come the millennium and the apotheosis of aspiring humanity.

To realize how far removed we are as yet from “that far-off, divine event” we need but review the social conditions that are extant today. How unequally yoked is man with man! The pauper clings with the grip of hunger to the prince. Rags are still the emblem of woe for more than three quarters of the race; the gilded purse is still the proud insignia of the ever acquiring few.

The stately homes of wealth rear side by side with the vermin-eaten dens of the rag-picker and the thief. The resplendent mansions of our social princesses are outdazzled by the false glare of the mai-son doree of the demi monde. The jewelled fingers of the princely plutocrat clip his fabulous coupons,

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whilst an army of shivering wretches beg at private bakeries for a coveted loaf of bread!

In our great city—the city of marvels and magnates, of buildings rivalling in height the Tower of Babel, of mansions whose possessors a Croesus might well envy—into whose narrow coffers the wealth of the world is ever pouring—in this great world-metropolis—and in all the world-metropolises of all the nations—what travesties of human hope and perversions of earthy ambition we behold!

Here, as everywhere throughout the globe, are still witnessed in human form the ferocity of the lion and the cunning of the fox. Where the lion cannot claw and gnaw his victim, some cunning “Reynard” easily entices him to ruin and destruction.

What wonder we hear of social wars and rumors of wars! Howbeit, there is hope in human progress.

The time will yet come when *love shall be recognized as a social principle*: not a sentiment or a prophecy, but a principle and a realization.

We shall sometime learn that love is the one and only force that can finally readjust the social discrepancies and reinstate the status of harmony for which all earnest souls have ever yearned/ So long as the attitude between capital and labor—employer

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and employed—is one of mutual mistrust, intrigue and deceit—envy on the one hand rivalling fear on the other—so long will the existing social disharmonies continue and disastrous results ensue.

The real interests of the whole of society can be faithfully subserved only when both social extremes shall discern their actual correlation and interdependence, and shall cheerfully seek a common ground of harmony through mutual and deferential concessions.

Compromises, which dishonor manhood and emasculate the virility of a just cause, are not to be countenanced. A flaccid, cringing, self-apologizing and dehumanizing spirit is neither to be encouraged on the one hand, nor on the other a haughty, imperious, selfish and tyrannical spirit.

Be he rich or poor, weak or powerful, whoever in that coming age has a just cause he shall not need demean his manhood that justice may attend his cry.

May that day never come—though the menace of its advent cannot be disguised—when the stratum of our social aristocrats will be held beneath the iron heel and the dripping sword of a Robespierre or a Marat!

Such an issue of the current crisis would be

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but turning the tables: the substitution of a potential plutocratic tyrant by an actual mobocratic despot.

It would but place the netherstone atop the upper yet between the two the innocent multitude would be ground to powder and the imagined millennium a thousand millenniums removed.

It must needs be that both extremes—on the one hand, greedy, grinding, avaricious and autocratic monopoly, and on the other, oppressed, despairing, outraged and revolution-threatening labor—shall learn that only as they meet at the point of mutual considerateness and honorable concession for the sake of harmony and peace can social solidarity ever to be attained.

So long as employer determines to protect himself behind Pinkerton detectives and Winchester rifles, so long will the "walking delegate" secretly conceal his weapon of defense and the infuriated revolutionist hurl his deadly dynamite.

The spirit that rules begets a spirit like unto itself. Anger gives birth to anger. Hate begets hate. Love alone banishes fear and hate and conceives love for all mankind.

Love is the only alembic that will finally distill from the impurities of hatred, jealousy, intrigue, oppression and revolution the pure relations of

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mutual appreciation, honorable concession, pacifying forbearance and redeeming justice.

The one law that everywhere prevails throughout animate and inanimate nature also controls the organic functions of the social constituency.

Only when this law is recognised and obeyed by governing social functionaries will social integrity and peace prevail.

Until the law of love be realized and become manifest in all the industrial, social and domestic relations of earth (a faint adumbration of which at present pervades the family), the oft-desired Paradise need not be anticipated, for this can come to pass only when the human heart is at peace and the soul may rise superior to unworthy power or oppression's curse.



V.

Love, the Deific Principle.



one perceives the conscious evolution from atom to animal, from animal to man, from man to spirit, in spiral ascension from dirt toward deity, everywhere he still discerns the ever prevalent principle of love.

Yet betimes the principle has been beclouded, lost in the crush of human interests, forgotten in the grasp of selfish greed.

Oft in crypts and caves of theology has half-developed man groped for his God; feeling for him in the darkness, hailing him in epiphanies of gloom, snatching for him in the shadows of the night.

Too oft his perverted imagination has transformed him into a ghoul—the deity he adores but some future devil he abhors!

What boots it to conceive of God as baser than the noblest man? He whose God is crueller than his own heart, more unmerciful than the prompting

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of his tutored spirit, but adores an idol as revolting to his finer sense as Caliban to Prospero or the canting Richard to his trembling victims.

If one can but conceive a God more adorable than creed or catechism, ritual or rubric, bible or bishop ever portrayed, one need not doubt such God is nearer reality than aught that imitations or pretensions conjure. What God seems most like the ideals that love conceives must needs be truest and supreme.

Say not what says authority, or what tradition teaches or fear inspires. Love alone is the most potent, the only inexhaustible and eternal principle whose governance is final and supreme.

He who trusts love most truly trusts God. What other God may be? Love alone is only God. Oft has been said that God is love. To most a commonplace, a cant expression. To-day 'tis meaningless.

What recks it if your God be He of the creed, product of superstition, concept of hypocrites? Still you might implore him, as many listlessly do, as God of love.

Transpose the terms, and behold how great a difference! Not God is love, but *Love is God!*

Banished at once the vain, imaginary, impossible and inconsistent Personification, who stood so long in man's conception the false embodiment of love.

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Think but of love, all pure, all merciful, all powerful, benign,—the all-pervading, irresistible, beati-fying principle—no other God but this, the potency supreme, encompassing all space, promise and prophecy of universal happiness!

Such deity holds not its tenure by the thin logic of man's acumen or the glamour of human imagination. Each particle of dust, and crystallized form of rock, each blade of grass and crowning flame of flower, the stars in panoply arrayed, and man's persistent march from amoebae and monera to forecast of divinity, proclaim its presence everywhere.

By love's mystic presence is sustained the wondrous harmony of worlds. By his power the stars suspend their yellow lamps in spacial deeps, the moon depends her silver horns, and the sky spreads its azure folds in peace.

By grace of love our little planet holds its place in the galaxy of spheres, and all the rolling orbs are strung upon the invisible chain of mutual attraction.

For where proportion, balance and harmony exist, there is love. And where in all the vast Existent are not these qualities discerned?

Howbeit for a time usurpers take their place, 'tis not for long. In the final struggle Love arrays her powers and her retinue reigns supreme.

Planets may be crushed and constellations

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crumble; yet in the crucible of eternity again their elements assemble and orderly form and process triumph.

✓ Love is the cosmic magnet, whose far-reaching force permeates and grips all space, thrills every atom with its power, nor suffers aught in all creation to be unaffected by its presence.

— Love indeed is God, if power, authority, supremacy, be qualities of God. Love is God if omnipotence, omnipresence, invariableness and justice are attributes of divinity.

And would we seek the empyraeam and learn the joy of the spiritual skies, we must needs not be deceived by any deity whose overtures are but the vanity of human dreams, but look for that indwelling and all-compassing principle, which recognized, realized and obeyed, becomes the loftiest ethical inspiration of humankind.

If there be not such a God writ within the creed—then better the creed were shattered than such a deity be found.

If such a God thrill not the heart, then is that heart out of tune with the universe, and needs must be transformed into a “new heart” or lose the key of nature’s symphony.

If, perchance, this God be not discerned within your Bible, then gaze beyond, and forget not the

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universe is vaster than any scripture scrolled by human pen, and read again the eternal truth written in the scripture of the stars!

Ay, love, love *is* God. Yet love itself is variable with its conception in the human heart. There be Love and loves. Love is ever divine; loves are but human, fractured facets fallen from the eternal crystal.

Not Eros, nor Venus; not love of self or selfish love, not love of association or mating passions of the breast; not these are God of love, though deflected emanations of his presence.

But that divinity that yields never an inch to wrong nor dwells one instant with disharmony, but spreads the mantle of mercy over all and invites humanity to peace, plenty and prosperity; this be the Deity we recognize in love and beseech for happiness and help!

Such love is the world's only savior to adore; which is to approach the Most High.

Divine
minded

VI.

Love, the Healing Grace.



LOVE finds its humble triumph and fruition in the human frame. Love says not: "Dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return." This "was not written of the soul."

Love would with its presence thrill each conscious and unconscious particle of the human body as it thrills and sustains each variant atom of the universe.

What is Love? It is at once the source and fruit of harmony. Given love, and harmony must needs be. Given harmony, and love at once awakes.

Where love dwells there must needs be but harmony, and where harmony abides what room for friction?

Within the human frame disharmony—friction—is but disjointedness and fever.

If stiff be the joints and the muscles painful,

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sluggish the blood and the bones rheumatic, if the eyes be sunken and the skin fallow,—some virtue has passed from the unconscious relations once exhibited in the organic functions of the body, whose return alone will assure the restoration of health.

Love is a soothing salve that oft may soften the pain of stiffened limbs. Love is a lubricant, easing the movements of our body's machinery. When poured like a sacred crysm into the human breast it causes all the fluids of the frame to freely flow and its functions frictionlessly to exercise.

How oft has Love removed immedicable pains! How oft a breaking heart has threatened the citadel of life rescued only by the tender ministrations of medicative love! How often hate, jealousy, disappointment, anger have clogged the sluices of the body, damming the blood and enfevering the cells; nor yielded to physic's art, yet fled when Love with healing balm breathed upon the aching flesh!

Sometimes the head has ached and fever flushed the frame. The room was overheated; the air impure, the atmosphere perhaps was stifling. The victim walks into the cool of the evening; looks at the clear sky and the peaceful stars; listens to the trickling of a quiet brook; perhaps the whisper of the tall tree tops or the warbling of a bird charms him

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into silence; a sense of restfulness creeps upon his frame; peace soothes his every nerve; sweet Nature breathes a prayer that nestles in his pensive breast; through all his being there spreads the warm, sweet sense of comfort. How have now his aches and fever gone! Love, through her gentle messengers of peace and harmony, pervaded his body, calmed his mind, and guided the fluids of his frame to normal action.

— Whereas he was sick, now he is well, and Love his only doctor! Is it in man to learn to trust supremely this power, Nature's safe and reassuring force?

If love gives music to the song bird why can it not thrill the human heart with melody? If love paints the radiance of the rose, why can it not beautify the human face? If love gives symmetry to the blade of grass, why can it not duly proportion the human figure?

Is it not true that poets are chiefly born from love's conception, and songs that thrill us and art that charms, are all children of the inspiration that love awakens?

Is it not true that much loved wives become mothers of beautiful offspring, and even an ugly face sometimes by love's enchantment is magically transformed? Are not the most graceful figures

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too oft the luckless boon of illegitimate love, whilst oft the cripple, hunchback and deformed leap from the womb of anger, oppression or revenge?

Mankind resort to every aid for comfort and strength too oft forgetting to draw near to nature's heart. When lovely woman finds within her faithful mirror the aging lines that Time with heavy hoof has carved; when from her cheeks youth's roses vanish and lustre leaves her eye; she hastens to the complexionist's art.

Upon her cheeks and lips she daubs the deceptive rouge; within her eyes she thrusts some vicious liquid that their lustre may return; her brows she pencils; her visage enamels; and so, "arrayed like Solomon in all his glory," she hopes to charm with youth's returning witchery.

Ah, did she but know that in nature's free dispensary there lay a lotion more potent than ever liquid vended; a rouge more brilliant than aught yet invented by skill of cosmeticist; a rejuvenating element to antiquated beauty more revivifying than "witch's broth" or any "strange potions or amorous charms," by human genius brewed; how swiftly would she seek its comforts!

And yet 'tis true. This power Nature does possess. When love enthalls the heart and thrills the soul it warms the sluggish blood and sends it

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like a courier of hope flying through the veins and arteries. Once again each tissue awakes to action, each function, to its allotted duty. The nerves become alert and active, the muscles energetic and elastic; the weakling is now an athlete; the cringing craven a fearless hero!

Behold the eyes renewed with lustre, the heart with buoyancy, the cheeks with native hue, the lips with lifefulness and all the being reverberant with song and cheer!

The soul is the realm of harmony. Within its abysmal deeps abides an undisturbed and unknown calm.

The mind and the body are the realm of action, and oft of perturbation. Thought is the mediator 'twixt soul and body. When with love's force thought sways the wires of the nervous system, it stirs the body, thrills each atom, radiates from its surface, and like a divine energy—a living principle—compels the physical organs to function in unison, and restore the normal situation. The mightier the flow of love the more effective its potent presence.

It is not to say that because Love can so officiate throughout the human frame, therefore her spirit is all sufficient and naught else may oft be needed. If Love's medication be insufficient then nature must

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be sought in her vast laboratory for herbs and acids and solutions that may the better effect what the conscious presence of love may ill achieve.

Love may be all-sufficient, but through lack of media through which it must needs act in momentary demands may be momentarily inefficient.

So much of love's power only can we test as of love we possess. If we court but little love, little will be love's boon. If larger nurture we encourage, amazing flood of gifts from her cornucopia yet shall flow.

And yet like as the sun o'ershadows and empowers the world, so love affects mankind. When in the suspense of night the sun is unrevealed, the earth is covered with the damp and dark; a murky atmosphere envelopes it like to the gloom of death.

But forthwith the dawn peeps above the pink horizon, the vast bosom of the planet heaves with returning consciousness, as if aroused from sleep, and through its myriad channels again sweep the reinvigorating powers of the light with growth and energy and life. The fogs are swept aside, the skies bedecked with glorious hues; the birds rejoice in song and all the air is redolent of blooming fragrance.

Such is the power of the presence of love over the human frame. When man is oppressed with

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disease he absorbs the damp atmosphere of discouragement and despair. The gloom of the night is upon him. His thoughts are vicious; his breath is poison.

But when Love—like a golden sun—warms him with its enswathing beams, light seems to penetrate the very cells of his blood, radiate from his veins, glow from his eyes, gladden his cheeks, and illuminate his being with a splendor whose presence is peace, whose power is overmastering.

It is a remarkable but undeniable fact that even semi-conscious, animate natures respond to the ministrations of Love. Every flower, every grass blade, every insect, every bird and quadruped is instantly responsive to the presence or absence of this mystic minister.

What floral culturist knows not that the variegated foliage and the piebald flowery crowns of his nursery or fields depend wholly on the manner of his caresses and approach?

'Tis only the woman who loves her little potted plants, so carefully and tenderly cared for on the parsimonious window-sill, who woos them into radiant expression, returning for her smiles and cares the luxury of their inimitable beauty.

The farmer who caresses the seeds he plants and with warm heart and eager breast plows the soil

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with a devotion Ceres herself could not more compel, is ever well rewarded with rich returns and copious crops.

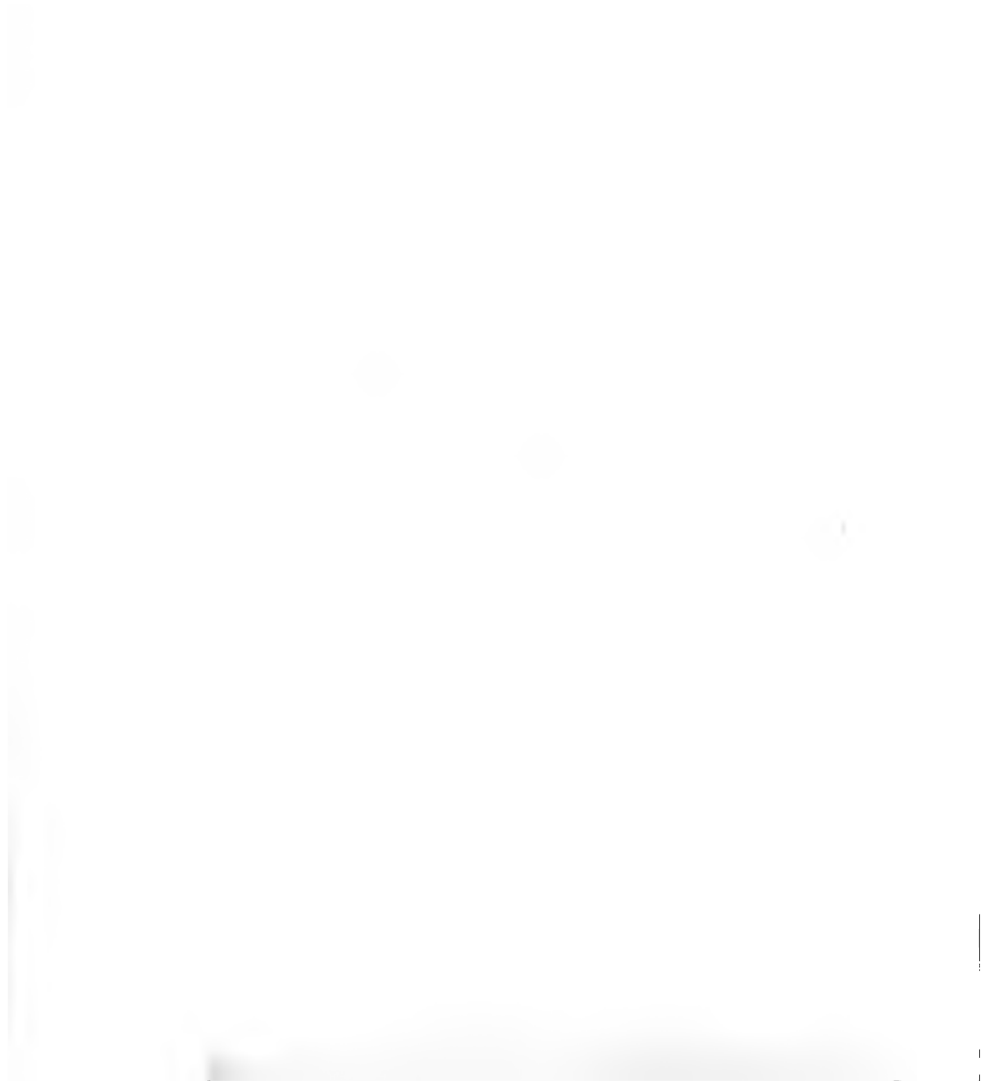
He who plows with sluggish feet and listless spirit ekes but a petty response from the soil, seemingly mindful of his lackadaisical service.

Some women always succeed in raising exquisite and enviable flowers; some farmers never fail to secure a good crop, sometimes even when the season is against them; while others invariably fail, though their labor be toilsome and their ambition intense.

Who shall say that the heart of the flower feels not the quality of the heart that woos it? Who shall deny that the apple and the peach, the pear and plum, wait patiently within the vernal womb for the love that best shall usher them to birth and beauty?

The very touch of the pruning hook seems to possess some mystic power and as it is swayed with sympathy and tenderness, or roughly and indifferently, affects the unborn seedling for good or ill.

I knew a woman once who secured abundant wealth from a comparatively small vineyard. Her crops were never known to fail, in favorable season or ill. The velvety sheen of her even rows, the rich green of each proud leaf, the round, big bosomed grapes that hung in ponderous clusters from the



PART II.

Contemplations of Life's Ideals.

VII.

The Wings of Hope.



ULL eyes and sunken cheeks, deep sighs and pitiful expressions, are not the symbols of success.

He wins who dares. The world loves a hero, and deplores a coward.

Go forth to the battle of life each day, with a bold breast, a lofty brow, a heart nettled for any fate.

Walk with firm elastic tread upon the bounding earth; sway the shoulders backward and drink in long draughts of freedom's air, swelling the chest with resolution's proud impress!

Fear not. Whatever thou hast done; abide therein. If wrong, it will in time adjust itself, if thou art true. If right, the world must see it in the end, though blind and stolid now.

Justice balances the scales of fate. Time heals all wounds. Truth at the last must conquer, though oft beset with ambuscades of error.

Far above the gloom of suffering and the grime of

CONTEMPLATIONS OF LIFE'S IDEALS.

toil, high in the heavens of night where not a cloud bedims, hangs the Star of Hope, emblazoning the midnight of our pilgrimage.

Behold the star and fix thy gaze upon her. Tiptoe the earth with lightsome step, and lift thyself by the strong cords of the spirit, toward yon azure dome, where never fall the curtains of the night.

There in imagination dwell in the Paradise of Triumph. Build castles in the air while you may; and build them plentiful and strong—for no artist has ever carved his ideals in the clouds but what some day he has seen them moulded in the living marble, reared in architectural glory, or panoplied in the triumphal emblems of progressive civilizations.

And what though the dusk invite thee to frugal fare and coarse-clothed bed, to hapless solitude and uninvited grief?

Alone, by resolution's aid, thou canst arise self-mastered, and prepare another day for victory's glad advent.

Upon the wings of hope ascend, borne in imagination to the plains of triumph, and undespairing strive on till the dream be realized in fact.

Commune with Nature: behold, she faints not nor expires, but struggles and survives.

She frets not if her cleverest creations shrivel in

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her hand to dust; for she breathes into a still more beautiful form of clay the breath of life, and celebrates repeated resurrections.

Lie down upon old earth's brown and breathing bosom and feel her heart's pulsations beat in unison with thine. Bury thyself beneath some ancestral tree and court its soothing memories and cool caresses.

Spread thy nostrils and prepare wide avenues for the inflation of God's fresh air that throbs with life in every leaf and humble blade of grass, and thus renewed with vigor and ambition begin again the struggle for achievement.

Thus with freedom throbbing in thy blood renew the promises of youth and swear allegiance to eternal hope.

Then shalt thou seem forever young, as though a thousand years were but a day.

Hope wings her way to where the sun forever shines, and dark despair ne'er shades the night with mantling gloom.

Trust her awakening inspirations, nor falter but toil on till triumph crown the struggle, and peace will smooth the wrinkles that care and age have carved upon thy face. Happiness, the fruit and just reward of faithful effort and obedient virtue, at last shall prove her benediction in the lustre of the eye and the laughter of the lips.

VIII.

Fathoming the Depths of Self.



INCERITY is the mirror of the Soul: therein are seen reflections of the passing vicissitudes of thought.

Seldom do we see ourselves reflected from an unflawed surface and with a perfect eye.

We all suffer from moral myopy. We look askance at each other, with squint of incredulity and shrug of sarcasm.

We distrust and doubt ourselves, as well as others; for in all our search for wisdom we seldom seek the jewel of the self, with sincerity and conscientious scrutiny.

What is it makes us shrink within when we come face to face with self-revelation?

What skeleton there concealed; what frightful ghosts haunt those dim and unfrequented corridors of the heart that make us fear to enter its mysterious halls?

FATHOMING THE DEEPS OF SELF.

Self-search is spiritual-surgery. It requires the scalpel of courage and the anaesthetics of faith.

If we fear to look within lest we discover some hideous monster; if we flee from the brink of the soul as from some foreboding crater, whence may burst the consuming flames of destruction; is it because the Past challenges us, or the dread prophetic Future dismally forewarns?

How oft, when least suspicious, have we heard a beast, prowling through the jungles of the heart, howl with echoing fury!

How often, when we had thought divinity would woo us, have we drifted to the sirens' rocky shores, and been maddened by their seductive charms?

Too oft, as lovingly we gazed upon Apollo, the glory of the day, has he become Apollyon, monster of night and death!

Too oft has Lucifer—the bright morning star—descended into Hell and become Satan—King of Shades!

We glorify ourselves as angels to find we are but latent demons, blinded by our own conceit. Thinking ourselves philosophers, grim circumstance proves we are but simpering idiots.

Yet, there be those who by forfeit of their birth-right fall unopinionated and demeaned for want of self-recognition and inspiring confidence.

CONTEMPLATIONS OF LIFE'S IDEALS.

To see aright is to love or fear, as nature's impress is stamped upon the inmost soul. He who knows himself in truth, is free in spirit.

The liar alone is self-impugned; for he deceives himself by believing that others think him to be what he is not.

Nevertheless, nothing so lends suggestion to the mind as mutual estrangement.

Him whom we know not, we regard either with unwonted favor or unreasonable mistrust.

When we chance to meet on life's broad highway, instantaneously the mind of one "snap-shots" the other; and we receive impressions, right or wrong, that leave indellible traces on the films of memory.

Friends or enemies we make unconsciously by dint of random thought or wanton word, by smile or scowl, by curse or praise.

While distance lends enchantment to the view and familiarity breeds discontent, 'tis also true the perfect diamond is the purer proved by touch of acid; the ripened fruit is luscious to the tongue that tastes it.

Some souls there are that cannot come too near; they loom larger on the view with unaccustomed beauty as the reddened sun that kisses the westering horizon.

Yet till we know, we fear; till we see, we doubt.

FATHOMING THE DEEPS OF SELF.

Therefore we dread acquaintance with the soul,
either of ourselves or of others.

So long have we been strangers we fear to mingle;
so long since we have looked upon her unwonted vis-
age, we know not if like Medusa she affright us, or
like Minerva she inspire us with power.

Who shall say if when revealed in her true form
the Soul shall be like Aphrodite, rising from the
mantling sea-foam, clad in innocence; or like Per-
sephone, wailing the loss of honor at the spurning
feet of Pluto?

Yet who is she, the Unknown Soul, we fear or
favor, kowtow to or scorn? Must needs we fear her
as our foe; or friend is she forever?

Know this, who'er thou art, thy Soul is thine only
and thy lasting Friend. Never will she desert thee
in heaven or in hell, in triumph or defeat. She is
thy sponsor, she bears the brunt of thy responsi-
bility; hers is thy crown of thorns or thy sceptre of
power.

Secret register of thyself, she alone knows thee as
thou art; she alone honors, she only can condemn.

But what is the essence of the soul that holds the
being in harmony and balances the conflicting forces
that make for progress?

The soul is none other than love, howbeit oft dis-
guised and falsely clothed.

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For without love, which is nature's principle of attraction and adjustment, there were neither harmony, nor growth, nor individuality.

Dissonance, discord, disintegration and dissolution, are neither the basic elements of love nor the soul's inherent constituency.

For, whatever else the soul may be, it is that element, quality or energy, that sustains and operates the forces which make for continuity, organization, and functional mutuality.

And what energy in nature more thoroughly and persistently makes for such result than that primary and final principle of all—the Love that inheres in and is expressed by every vagrant atom and wandering world of space?

Such is the soul of star and seed, of grass-blade, and fruit and flower, no less than of man—the sustaining and coordinating power of harmony and organic functioning.

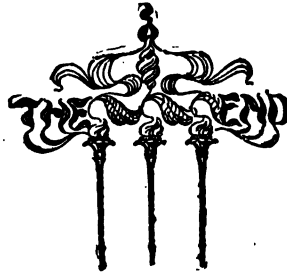
But man of all the universe alone, as far as we know, is the only being who may introspectively gaze upon his soul and behold it separate from himself.

Behold her, then, thy guardian and guide; thy mentor and redeemer! Her voice is the music of winds in echoing caves; her countenance fair as the unflecked sky, lit with Lucifer, and the dying

FATHOMING THE DEEPS OF SELF.

moon; her smile bright as the sun that gilds the brow of day.

Deep in thy inmost self she sits, shrined in peace, goddess of joy. He who seeks her on the surface of evanescent things discerns her not. He only who penetrates the storm and finds its heart of peace discovers the power that soothes, protects, inspires and redeems.



IX.

The Secrets of the Silence.



HE triumph of art consists in communing with the genius of creative Silence.

To a greater or a less degree each human soul is unconsciously the creator of master-works of beauty, grace and harmony.

Within the mind the mystic artist is at work, mixing colors, hewing chips, drawing designs, conjuring harmonies, building phrases, till, all unbeknown, he becomes, in part, painter, sculptor, architect, musician, poet, orator, awaiting but the crisis to endue him with divine expression.

To hear the inward Voice one must drown the outward noise. The blustering and booming world of sound must give way to the wizard world of silence.

Then from the "vasty deep" of the unfathomed self, one by one, the unsought images of beauty, wonderment and power, spread upon the moving canvas to the rapture of the inward vision.

THE SECRETS OF THE SILENCE.

Not till the curtain falls on the false and garish light without, can the soul conjure the forms of sculptured glory and transcendent portraiture, that revel in the half lights of approaching night.

The soft, subdued, suggestive hues of fading twilight best awake the poet's dream, the soul's sincerest secrets.

To be alone with one's self, is to be in the centre of a vast temple, resonant with the echoes of a thousand centuries.

He only hears, who turns his ear receptive to the witching sounds of the voiceless Silence; he only sees, who beholds the visions, invisible to all, save to those whose eyes are for the night.

Hast thou ever sought to explore the deeps of being, the abysm of thyself?

Here lies a realm of more mystic atmosphere than the symbolled walls of ancient Egypt, more crowded with mystery than Eleusinian temple or sunken catacomb, more resonant with spiritual harmonies than cathedral dome or Memnon's sounding shaft—here are prophecies, paintings, poems, discoveries, inventions, the lore of science and the wisdom of philosophy.

Would you become acquainted with what you already know? Be still and listen!

Commune often with the silent self. Conjure

CONTEMPLATIONS OF LIFE'S IDEALS.

from the depths of being what you most would behold, and anon the vision will unfold.

Yet in moments of silence commune not only with thyself, but with all the serried spirits of the unseen that hover round thee. The thoughts, dreams, poems, orations, histories and literatures of a thousand years are thine, but thou ask for them!

Harbor in thy memory, by oft reading and communing with the wise of earth, living and departed, that thy soul be not empty but charged with mental forces.

Be oft alone; for solitude is the seeker's dearest friend. The human mind is sane only when it is calm. Sometimes the tumultuous waters of confusion so sweep the breast, that semi-insanity becomes a common heritage.

Great problems are solved only when the mind is free from disturbing emotion, and the soul from restive anxiety.

He who would be conqueror among men, must be at peace with himself. He who would become a master must learn to abstract himself from conditions, from men, from passions and accustomed habits, and rise into the super-self of restful calm and undisturbed imagination.

Only thus, when wholly abstracted, does the mind work with intensity of delight; then divine inspira-

THE SECRETS OF THE SILENCE.

tion thrills the very pith and marrow of the bones; then triumph crowns the creations of awakened genius.

The gods await the soul that sits in silent contemplation. To him the Mysteries are a book revealed.

Nature's vast achievements are wrought in silent laboratories. All her constructive work, to the human ear, is noiseless.

In noisesome cataclysms she wroughts destruction. On noiseless looms she weaves the threads of echoless vibrations into the vast fabric of revolving worlds.

Yon great progenitor of solar spheres and planetary constellations, who builds from fleeting atoms the slime of sea and soil of earth, and the soul of living things, whose bosom holds the chemic secrets of a universe, and toils eternally and hourly achieves, beats no audible note upon the vibratory air, but noiselessly commands the infinite.

The Sun—tireless toiler and supreme achiever—mother of all powers, maker of all worlds, generator of all life, is today as noiseless as when naught but nebulae compassed the universal void.

Silence is the source of potency. Silence is the soul of sanity. Silence subdues an evil temper, checks the tumultuous tongue, orders the deliberate

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speech, awakes within the god of Wisdom, and oft transforms the savage to a saint.

“Be still and know that I am God,” is the precept of universal experience.



X.

The Law of Altruism.



LL life is centered in the individual. The mass expands only as the nucleus evolves. The soul of man is the composite of the infinite souls of infinitesimal cells.

As the unit, so the mass: as the individual, so the multitude. Nothing rises superior to its essential origin. What aught becomes, it takes on but more of what it has already been.

The gods are, because man is; the gods become what man attains. The highest is that which was the lowest, which is again the highest to that which is beneath.

There is nothing high or low, but thinking makes it so. The most complex is but the multiplication of the simple. Stellar systems are but the serried glory of single orbs, resplendent in themselves, yet myriad-more resplendent because multiplied a million-fold.

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No substance rises superior to the elements of which it is composed. Water is hydro-oxygen substance; a mystic veil disguising the parental source howbeit the conjugal product is naught but the essence of its parentage.

Gold is absolute, enviable, supreme. Though much alloyed with baser metal its auric glory cannot be concealed. Yet adapted to various uses it must needs betimes disguise its primal splendor.

The gold of commerce must somewhat sacrifice its apparent virtue, lest its uncontaminated purity be too frail to endure the shocks of usage.

Divinities adored in earthly tabernacles must descend to human forms. Invisible deities, like pure gold unalloyed, are exquisite curios, but impracticable utilities.

Gold so fine and frail that its very purity becomes its unmarketable virtue must needs be vitiated to become valuable.

Yet, though vitiated, each auric unit is still essentially as pure as if unmixed with coarser stuff.

Purity is ever unpolluted, however gruesomely environed by miasmatic zones. Perfection is never less perfect though compromised by imperfection.

The sun is not less glorious though wreathed with cloud or veiled with mist.

And so with human beings. Each individual

THE LAW OF ALTRUISM.

must first be perfectly *himself*, ere he can guide others toward the perfect goal.

Each human being affects another only as he is more fully individualized. He enters most into another's life only as he is most himself.

Self-culture is an essential antecedent to social culture. Self-consciousness, self-development, self-love and self-devotion, are absolute requisites of ultimate social and collective evolution.

He who more concerns himself about his neighbor than himself, sinks swiftly from imagined heights of sunlit altruism to depths of egotistic gloom; for, in presuming first to exalt others ere he himself had reached the heights, he exhibits grossly selfish instincts as miscarriages of generosity.

The eagle swooping from his eyrie hoists his drooping prey to glory but to die. So many a man of potent girth, by sheer coercion, selfishly clings to another thinking to befriend him, yet immolates him on the altar of ill-advised devotion.

Self-sacrifice has its victims no less than self-ambition. He is deceived who minimizes himself that others may be magnified.

He who would hoist the fallen must reach them from a higher prominence.

Angels may be transformed into men, but they exalt men only as they remain angels.

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If wisdom falls from the mouths of babes and sucklings, the wise man only can appreciate and use it. Others become wise through us only as we exhibit wisdom.

Love is vapid which is wasted on others, yet leaves oneself dry with exhaustion. No one can love another who has not yet learned to love himself.

Though one desire, an atrophied muscle cannot avail in physical exertion. To defend the weak, the protector must be strong. The fool rushes in where the giant fears to tread.

Happiness is an illusive quality, a fitting elf, a cloud-concealed and god-enshadowed wanderer. He must first be captured, ere he can be given. Self-happiness is the only door to other-happiness.

The individual must then ever be first dowered with sublime self-consciousness, ere he can rouse from lethargy the consciousness of another.

Native selfishness by dint of evolution in time thins into the vanishing edge of pure unselfishness.

Self is self-exhaustible; and by inward intensification merges by compulsion into the self of others.

The law is absolute: either to the happiness or the misery of the individual.

The selfishness of the vicious grows into unconscious unselfishness by force of reaction and retribution.

THE LAW OF ALTRUISM.

By the sword of punishment the scales of blind selfishness and egotism are hewn from the eyes of the unfortunate.

In the balances of just reward the weights of gratitude and gratulation reveal to the virtuous the conscious approval of the outer world.

So, by losing, one finds oneself. To live; we die. Death *is* a resurrection. Man cannot be selfish, in the absolute, even if he try.

Hate is the shadow of love. Something of the substance must exist in the shadow. Therefore, he who can hate much may love much; and he who loves deeply knows also how to hate profoundly.

Dying hate merges in love: exhausted love relapses into hate. Both are opposite phases of the same emotion.

The perfect man neither loves nor hates: for both are phases of selfishness. He abides in peace, beyond emotion or desire, and is therefore neither selfish nor unselfish.

But even the imperfect man affects others for happiness or misery, only as he intensifies his conscious experiences.

Like electric currents generated by induction, the vibrations of the heart awaken in others similar conditions.

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We are all hoist by the lever of emulation. Each grows better as he abides with those who are better.

He only is the world's sublimest teacher, reformer, redeemer, who has the most become the embodiment of his loftiest ideals. Thus, being "lifted up, he draws all men unto himself."

This is the selfishness that becomes unselfish. Thus the human exfoliates into the divine.



XI.

The Prophecy of History.



TURNFUL are the events of time; sad the history of man. "As the sparks fly upward, is man born to trouble."

From dim, immemorial dawns, has the race been restive, tumultuous and discontented.

Almost every chapter of the history of humankind has been entitled: "Man's Inhumanity to Man."

But though he slew with sword and arrow, and grasped with bloody tooth and claw, he has nevertheless arisen from quadrupedal animal and savage beast to erect and nobly statured humanhood.

Upward, onward, and ever higher has been the trend of all his efforts, howbeit his steps have oft been steeped in blood, and his pathway marked with havoc and crude carnage.

The gory baptism has been but the sacrament of his redemption. For by this sacrament have ignorance, brutality, baseness and gross bigotry been

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washed from his moral nature. Through struggle, agony and distress, slowly and faintly has he discerned the glimpses of his higher possibilities.

What was it that drove him ever onward, as resistless as the storm-swept sea? What whipped and goaded him to fury, till in his madness he pursued each phantom-promise of rescue and redemption?

What first caused him to cower before tyrants, and then anon to hurl them from their thrones and slough off their heads upon the blood-smeared guillotine?

What converted puny social dwarfs into political demi-gods, and infant-victims of merciless oppression into conquering and resistless champions of liberty?

'Twas the "divinity within that shaped their ends," and spurred them to the imagined goal of political justice and social solidarity.

'Twas the God of the ideal that spake to them through cloud and smoke from the mountain height of human ambition, prophesying the ultimate fruition of the racial aspiration.

'Tis the same voice that ever speaks to each restive human heart, which if heeded leads its votary to glorious summits of ultimate attainment.

'Tis the voice of hope, crying ever to the victimized and oppressed of earth: "Come unto Me, all

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ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give ye rest!"

'Tis the voice of fate that stubbornly declares, despite apparent contradiction, "I come not to bring peace, but a sword into the world!"

'Tis the voice of peace that proclaims, "The sword is my plowshare, for after the rude soils of savagery are turned with the weapon of intelligence and moistened with the blood of purification, anon come forth verdured meadows and the laughing flowers to welcome my approach!"

Though fate and hope forever clash, yet sometime the sword of fate shall be shapen into the plowshare of peace, and the Son of Man shall pursue the star of hope to the goal of social integrity and individual happiness.

Heed thou, O child of earth, the voice of heaven in thy soul! For, though thou, like the struggling race, must needs endure the storm and stress of conflict and dismay, do thou undaunted struggle on, at last the bays of victory will crown thy peaceful brow.

E'en though victory elude thee, the virtue of endeavor shall have blessed thee.

Some day athwart this swarthy earth the fair blossoms of the social paradise shall bloom. Then shall the song of "Man's Humanity to Man," re-

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verberate with rejoicings at the general commonweal, social equability and individual liberty.

Each patient human warrior, who fights and strives to win in the world's wide war of altruistic strife against selfish greed and titanic aggrandisement, is a herald of the dawn, that sometime shall usher peace on earth and good will among men!

Each son of man who conceives the burden of the world and struggles to relieve it of its weight is a human saviour.

Each soul, upon whose inmost self has fallen the Light of Truth guiding to the Paradise of inter-racial sympathy, inter-national rectitude and inter-human justice, is a Son of God willing to be crucified that Humanity may be saved.

Each clash of internecine conflict, each chasm rent by social revolution, is but a bloody Golgotha, marking the progress of the Via Dolorosa of human evolution, to the final ascension of mankind into the Heaven of universal right and individual integrity.

A martyr comes when the crisis calls. A saviour redeems when the soul demands.

Each of us may become conjurers and save the world by the magic of devotion to the principles of truth.

XII.

Social Sympathy.



THE love of self, though nature's best preservative of the living species, is oft employed for basest ends.

To best sustain the living forces, one must be self-centered; one's own interests must be uppermost in the perspective of one's purpose.

Yet, man lives not alone; nor can he. He is a social being; without sympathetic society he would speedily relapse into savagery.

Hence, not only is the instinct of *self*-preservation an essential requisite of personal integrity; but no less is the instinct of *social*-preservation.

The former establishes the efficiency and fittingness of the individual; the latter the permanence and solidarity of the collective unity.

By the one force, individual character is evolved and emphasized; by the other, the social character, emphasized in the merging of individual characteristics in the social qualities, based on personal association and mutual advantage.

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He who seeks only his own ends, never finds them. For, though he gain the whole world, he must needs lose his self-respect.

Devoid of self-respect, man is devoid of soul.

He who would seek but his own self-aggrandisement and the multiplication of miserly gains, regardless of his neighbor's condition, becomes not only incapable of the cultivation of genuine happiness and sincere peace of mind, but, despite his wealth, is little more than a target for the arrows of abuse and envious accusation.

He only is a true benefactor who discerns the bond of sympathy that holds in unity the high and lowly, the rich and poor, the learned and ignorant.

He who by the influence of wealth and position widens the gulf between the social strata is, however unwittingly, a monster and a dangerous menace.

Whoever flaunts the splendor of dazzling robes and blinding jewels to awe the multitude with the consciousness of his majesty and superiority, is an enemy of the people, and saps the vitals of democracy.

To be proud in intellect, is to be a prig; to be proud in authority, is to be a tyrant; to be proud in purse, is to be a robber.

Blessed is he who, having been both lowly and

SOCIAL SYMPATHY.

poor, ignorant and dejected, has tasted the bitter waters of privation, that he may the better appreciate the pleasures of acquisition and privilege.

Such an one is not impelled by the instincts of the autocrat, the snob or the mean marauder.

He should have learned such sympathy with his less fortunate fellowman, that beholding his privation, he shall be unable to enjoy the fruitage of his own gains till he has spared enough to relieve the misery of the other.

Nor yet does such expression of sympathy fully evince the craving that must needs overcome the heart of one who deeply appreciates the utter wretchedness that oft befalls a moiety of human beings.

To feed, that momentary hunger may be appeased; to clothe, that temporary nakedness be covered; to shelter, that the rigors of a night or instant danger from storms may be averted; this but meanly satisfies the far-reaching ends of sincere philanthropy.

Charity that helps to-day, though to-morrow the misery be a thousand fold more pitiful, is false and seductive.

Mercy, that grants forgiveness for a wrong, but seeks not how to prevent the possibility of its repetition, is deceptive and of slight avail.

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Punishment, that inflicts the penalty of the law's violation upon the culprit, but leads not to such education and social reformation as shall diminish the popular inclination to venality, is barbarous and reactionary.

To cut away the boughs and poisoned fruit from the trees of evil, but little benefits those who dwell beneath its blight.

The danger of infection is banished only when the tree of evil is torn up by the roots.

Thus to palliate the sinister conditions of human civilization, howbeit the root from which they spring is still embedded in genial soil, though it please the time-server and social trimmer, is painful to the social philosopher and sincere reformer.

The crying need of the age is a deeper social consciousness, a wider social sympathy.

If but all feel for each, and each strive for all, justice will soon supplant inhuman selfishness, and a forelight of heaven glint athwart the gloom of earth.

Let him who perceives a wrong not rest till he arraigns the age, and achieves its abrogation.

Let him who hath enough, and e'en to spare, more keenly contemplate the state of him who writhes in poverty, or begs the privilege of toil that he may eat!

SOCIAL SYMPATHY.

And while he beholds the woe of others, let him not pause till he strive somehow for their relief.

While one human being suffers, all the race in some degree must also suffer; while one is deprived of his freedom, all in some degree must also be deprived.

We must all seek to be happy together; or none of us can be wholly happy.

Learn so to love thy fellow man, that thou shalt neither begrudge him his just favors, nor be satisfied with thine own if they unjustly encroach upon his.

Cherish and be jealous of thine own freedom, but only to the degree that it does not encroach upon the freedom of another.

Thus conceived, the social life may pursue the perspective of universal harmony, and the prosperity of the individual need not retard or interfere with the progress of the commonwealth.

Exalt the individual by the ethical ideal; improve the social body by the material environment.

From these two forces, the spiritual and the substantial, mutually merged and balanced, shall emanate the inspiration and redemption of all human-kind.

XIII.

Man is Guided by the Social Instinct.



N unconscious bond of mutual interest and interdependence unifies the race.

Though seemingly made for independence, no man, as no element or feature of the universe, is absolutely free.

As man rises, in the spiral ascent of civilization, he ascends from primitive segregation and native solitude, incapacitated for achievement save as he mingles with co-workers and companions.

Companionship and common experience quicken the consciousness of sympathy and the sense of mutual suffering.

Were success universal and failure phenomenal, were capacity perfected and incompetence impossible in general among the toilers of the race, the unfortunate would command but little sympathy or favoring attention.

That failure is possible, and an ordinary experi-

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ence, reassures the weak and makes the strong more cautious.

If one may fail, all may fail. Hence the pain of defeat in a single heart is echoed more or less in other hearts made sensitive by similar experience.

Thus by suffering, sympathy evolves; and by sympathy, association and co-workmanship are made possible.

Associated work specializes individual functions; and thus develops the diversified achievements of the race.

Yet, nature pays the price of compensation for all the products of her labor.

She pays with one talent for the unfoldment of another. If one talent is cultivated in excess, it must be at the expenditure and curtailment of another.

As individual functions are specialized, individual faculties are narrowed and retarded.

The keenest mind which the highest phase of civilization produces is incapable of accomplishing as much in variety and multiplicity as the crude mind evolved by a coarser state of society.

The crude, primitive workman, is forced to become efficient in various functions, and to cultivate a diversity of talents.

The specialized workman, of a high degree of civil-

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ization, is forced to cultivate but one function and one talent, to the practical abrogation of all others.

Thus as intelligence increases, and individual faculties are specialized by stress of necessity, mutual interdependence becomes a conscious force of progress, and more and more industrial relations and the instruments of labor are socialized among men.

Slowly man learns, that one man cannot accomplish everything. His own vocation is futile if not supplemented by the co-operation of others.

There is not the slightest iota of achievement in industry, art, literature, mechanics, invention, science, music, sculpture or painting, or in any other or all possible occupations of mankind, which is independently and individually produced.

The entire race is socially, industrially, economically, materially and spiritually dependent upon each single unit of the complete whole. Hence it is futile for any to claim absolute right to aught that he has accomplished.

This fact neutralizes the egotism of the individual by blending it with the egotism of the race.

Thus necessity binds man to his fellowman, by dint of the common lot, nor can all the rebellion of the heart free man from this fate.

Nature, thus, by gradual stages, levels all man-

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kind. The high in power are humbled in the dust, and the lowly are exalted to seats of power.

The prince of yesterday is the pauper of to-day; and some day the ragged beggar shall wear the royal purple.

The scorn of the mocker gives way to the tear of the sufferer; the laughter of ridicule succumbs to the groan of despair; the shout of the victor vanishes in the sigh of the vanquished.

Such are the transforming conditions of human experience; such the solemn teachings of universal fate; such the final surrender of all humankind to the great commoner—Death.

By this inexorable law of life—the inescapable interchange of individual destinies,—man learns to *feel* the social status of his fellow man, and durst not, with the hand of cold Ambition, crush forever the breathing clod of clay, he calls a human being.

Were it not for this tyrants would ne'er be overthrown, and despotism would be the universal fate of human governments.

The older grows the world, the more men learn by bitter necessity their mutual and inseparable interdependence.

Hence ripen in the heart the age-sown seeds of charity, sympathy, mutual interest, and universal love.

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In our day the freeman feels the lash of the slave almost as keenly as if the pain were his; the pampered child of social luxury weeps with the child of poverty; the exploiter of a thousand industries and employer of an army of toilers is keenly sensitive to their privations, and must yield to the clamor of their demands.

And yet we should not be deceived. What of charity, sympathy, love, there may exist in the human heart, is but the product of stern and merciless necessity. At bottom it is selfishness.

Social love, in the last analysis, is but the buttress of self-defence. Man loves his fellow man, because he must; else social existence is impossible, and the individual must needs expire for want of social enterprise.

Thus it is well that nature and material compulsion set the bounds to human selfishness, and plant the seed of human love.

Nature knows no mercy; but with the besom of progress sweeps all obstacles from her path.

Thus, at last, is injustice and every wrong removed by the great leveler. Thus by hard strokes, like the beaten wire, are men keyed to the lofty pitch of conscious brotherhood—the world-dream of the ages that some day shall be realized by all human-kind.

XIV.

Forbearance.



IN the clash of human interests, the conflicts of necessitous intercourse, it must needs be that pain must come to some.

Life cannot be all serenity and peace to the mariners who sail upon its sometimes stormy bosom.

There come periods when the sails must be furled, the rigging lashed firmly to the ship's hold; when with bated breath the pilot guides the vessel safely through the troughs of heaving billows, and with heart of oak meets the fate that threatens the freight of human souls he guides across the main.

At such times confidence and mutual harmony alone avail for the common good. The dissenter, the grumbler, the victim of hypersensitiveness, is lost.

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Unselfishly each must realize the need of all that the salvation of each may be assured.

Such crises teach us the just attitude that should prevail in every trial and circumstance of life.

Each individual is so constituted that some of his angularities are sure to pierce the breast of his neighbor and inflict some pain if they are too closely confined by social limitations.

Crude selfishness would teach us that, for the sake of peace, one must retire "far from the madding crowd" to the solemn solitude of the recluse, that every sigh and tear and groan, bursting from the heart of man, may be unheard and unrequited.

Such crass selfishness teaches that duty and obligation are to be abrogated that some imagined mission may receive the soul's unhindered homage, and the favored of the gods be free from care and unassimilable companionship.

But he whose vision is absolutely centered upon himself loses sight of even that which is himself.

"For whosoever will save his life, shall lose it; but whosoever will lose his life (for Truth's sake), the same shall save it."

To forebear, one must needs forget.

If thy companions are uncongenial and discomfiting, seek for some quality in their natures that

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brings thee cheer and nourishes thee; fasten all thy thoughts on these, till thou seest naught but beauty, hope and courage.

No human being is so base but can be found somewhere in him a trace of goodness.

The claws of the beast have velvet sheathes, wherein they will abide do thou but know how to draw the tenderness from its breast.

The eye of the lion, eager for blood, can be charmed by the human eye that knows its power.

Goodness responds only to goodness, baseness to baseness.

Thou shalt always find what thou seekest in beast or bird, in brute or brain.

What thou likest not, ignore and forget. What thou likest magnify into monopoly.

Pursue this track of considerateness until it is widened by thine own footsteps into a highway of magnanimity and charity.

If thou art kind and good and true, sympathetic and inspiring, fret not that others are not so to thee; let thy light the brighter shine that they may be revealed unto themselves, and learn to emulate thee without prejudice or simulation.

He who seeks to become a model for his own ideals, may unconsciously pattern the character of others, though he be abused for his pains.

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But to forebear is not to be bearish; to forget is not to humiliate. The snob ignores the faults of his friend, but in doing so wounds him with haughty indignity.

Snobbishness is pinchbeck aristocracy; magnanimity is aristocratic democracy.

Magnanimity forgets, but is not indifferent; snobbishness pretends to forget, but emphasises what it would ignore.

The art of forgetfulness is a science yet to be acquired. To forget the evil one needs but remember the good. To forget the ugly and repulsive one needs but recall the beautiful and pleasing.

He who listens only for the aria hears not the clashing discordia concors of tumultuous instruments.

There is always sweet music in life to him who would hear it. If one annoy thee by displeasing manner or grating voice or nerve-rending irritability, enter into the chancel of thy soul and hear only the music of the "choir invisible" that chants the harmony of worlds.

Resist not evil, nor study to avenge thy wrongs. Believe that Justice prevails and Truth is triumphant.

Self-approved, thou hast more honor than a false world's adulation can bestow.

FORBEARANCE.

He who retaliates and avenges, may for a time seem to conquer and achieve.

But his victories place tombstones in the cemetery of his soul. It is better to be poor and upright, than rich and run from the shadow of your reputation.

He who bears with the infirmities of another lives to share his achievements and honor.

He who sees only another's infirmities, and snarls at his misfortune, is often unconsciously liveried with that which he most despises.

To bear with another's faults our own become the lighter. To learn to become indifferent to the aspersions of injustice one must first learn to be just to others.

As we forgive others, let us not forget to forgive ourselves. Self-chastisement is as great a sin as self-justification.

To strive on, though we fail a thousand times, despite our foibles and infirmities, for the Ideal that is in ourselves, and that we discern in others, is the only road to peace and merited success.

XV.

Desire—The Human Magnet.



ATURE is a unit because all things that are draw unto themselves all things else. The law of attraction is the universal and final law of the phenomenal world.

Each minutest atom draws to itself its proportional substance no less than the massive spheres that roll through space.

It is this simple law which establishes the stability of stellar worlds, the symmetry of stupendous constellations, the interrelation of immeasurable solar systems, and the order and constancy of the perpetual universe.

And yet, mere attraction devoid of proportion were inutile in the evolution of a world of harmony.

If all existing things equally attracted each other, if each infinitesimal unit were in a state of absolute equipose relatively to every other, there would

DESIRE—THE HUMAN MAGNET.

abide a fixed stagnant stability—the dead calm of chaos.

Such a state would not cause the proportional permanence that constitutes the essence of aesthetic order and ideal harmony.

Beauty is the effect not of mere harmony or equableness, but of such harmony as results from proportional contrast and dissonance.

The chemical units that build the beauty of the blossom are in a state of equipoise when ground to dust in the chemist's crucible. But in this state they are not specimens of beauty.

The individuated notes of a musical composition may be struck from an instrument with identical measurements of time; but unless there be contrast and shades of sound, from pianissimo to piano-forte, and proportional variableness of tempo, we would fail to detect that dissonance that constitutes the soul of concord and harmony.

It is the compounded effect of inherent opposites, mutually compromised in temporary embodiment, that awakens the consciousness of beauty.

Only as like attracts like, and separates from that which differentiates from its type, does the world take on sufficient diversity to reveal the even balance of its contrasts, and evidence the law of proportional relations.

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Each natural substance is supplied with an inherent energy that draws to itself its kindred force.

Each atom yearns only for that atom that satisfies its chemic need. From all other atoms it speeds away, seeking ceaselessly its one affinity.

And as the basic atom of all nature rests upon this law, so, too, the heart and mind of man, the soul and essence of civilization.

Only certain molecules, arranged in fixed and mathematical relation, can produced a required physical substance.

So also only certain impulses, desires, appetites, temperaments and appetencies, must unite to generate in the breast of man the constancy and joy that flow from understanding, and the misery that falls from ignorance and blind defiance.

The invisible world is the laboratory in which the mental units combine to build the spiritual substance we call the character of man.

The law of invisible and visible worlds is identical: the physical chemist fails with crucible and retort, who knows not the law of proportional equivalences,—the relative potency of the constant valence; the spiritual chemist likewise fails who ignores the relative affinity that exists between the moral forces which differentiate the just and the unjust, the virtuous and the vicious.

DESIRE—THE HUMAN MAGNET.

Between each impulse and habit an affinital valence exists as potent and permanent as between chemical elements.

Desire is the Magnet of the Heart. Attraction is the Valence of the Soul.

“As a man thinketh in his heart so is he;” for his heart is the seat of his feelings, and not until a thought is kindled into emotion, does it become a force that moves to action and achievement.

The color of one’s emotions becomes the complexion of his deeds. What one himself most strongly feels becomes the power that attracts another who is susceptible to like emotions.

We are mutually responsible for each other’s feelings, hence each other’s characters, for we mutually enkindle the flames that burn in one another’s breasts.

He from whose heart there leaps a spark that will consume in another the sense of sin and appetite for selfishness, becomes his redeemer by unconscious atonement.

He whose lurid soul generates the flames that brand another’s heart with singeing tongues of envy, vengefulness and malice, is indeed a demon whose abode is hell.

Yet, each may be unconscious of his mission for good or ill, for peace or woe.

CONTEMPLATIONS OF LIFE'S IDEALS.

The Heart in silence may be Demon or Deity, for its atmosphere is heaven or hell.

We are like to that which we most attract. We each may read ourselves in the characters we draw within our circle.

We ourselves, howsoe'er unconsciously, have encouraged the attack of vampires and leeches, who suck the essence of our spiritual vitals; else they had ne'er approached.

Would you escape the sinister forces that turn and rend the soul, avoid the feelings that inspire hatred, acrimony, suspicion, the gratification of punishment, and the hope of suffering for others.

To taste the fruits of peace plant the seeds of noble purposes, and unselfish emotions, of a forgiving nature and of indifference to praise or blame.

Strive to be just, to do good, to assist the needy, to uplift the oppressed; be never harsh nor ungenerous to the lowliest of the earth; assist the noble, even in the humblest manner, to make the world nobler and more just; and other forces cannot come to you but what will eventuate in peace of mind and the consciousness of a worthy character worthily sustained.

XVI.

The Teachers of the Race.



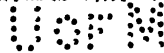
O attune one's life to the age in which one lives is a genial occupation. But to rise above the age, and forestall some future epoch, is the calling of the prophet, the task of the hero.

He who forces men to think, becomes the victim of the mob. He, who comforts the world with palliative policies and theories of smug contentment, wears the obsequious crown that flattery bestows.

But he, who is indifferent to the songs of praise and defies the shouts of condemnation, mindful only of the convictions that inspire him, becomes the man of sorrows, dishonored in his day, howbeit immortalized thereafter.

Earth engenders but few seers who pierce the veil of time, and behold the dissolution of temporal motives before the indissoluble ideals of the race.

Most men are cast in moulds of clay and have but stony eyes. In the lair of their hearts still lurk



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the beasts of prey, and beneath their skin grovels the swarthy savage.

Mankind are still but gross animals wallowing in the mire, feeding on husks of ignorance, burrowing in bogs of bigotry, and covering in forests of fear.

Men flee the hand that would caress, and kiss the hand that flays. They love their masters and hate their redeemers. They slay their prophets and exalt their despots. They mistake their task-masters for their saviors and time-servers for their teachers.

Men prefer to be dragged, as slaves, in the leash of authority, than to wander alone and unguided on the heights of freedom.

Man, with bleeding jaws of persecution, crunches his heralds of the dawn and then mournfully bays the moon for blessings he will not welcome.

Mankind are slow to think. Millenniums are necessary for the growth of a single idea. Suffering is the source of knowledge. The heart must be crucified before the brain is roused.

In the School of Human Life a thousand years are but as a day when it is passed, and a century affords but time for a single lesson.

Hence the Great Teachers of the race can be counted almost on the fingers of the hand. From the beginning of time to the present hour they have sought to inculcate a few simple precepts and death-

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THE TEACHERS OF THE RACE.

less truths, which still are caviare to the masses,—but vain enigmas and babbling verbosity.

The Avatars and Christs have come and gone through the rolling years, each repeating and emphasizing what his predecessor taught, and yet man has not eyes to see, or ears to hear; for ignorance comforts him while knowledge irritates and pains him.

To live in the past is to sleep. To live in the future is to dream. We are awake only in the present.

He who learns so to adapt the experiences of the past, that the dreams of the future which they awaken are somewhat forestalled in the passing epoch, is the sage whose wisdom guides the affairs of men.

Not like that Chinese philosopher, Confucius, whose mind was fastened in the stocks of dead customs and vanished centuries, must be the leader of our day; but like one whose eyes are in his forehead, whose feet are on the Highway.

Such a teacher is one in whose life are garnered the fruits of the world's gardens of wisdom.

The saviors of mankind are the embodiment of the experiences of all time: the epitome of the life-history of the race.

A man becomes great because he represents the

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composite effects of countless lives in his personality.

The trunk on which have been grafted a few indifferent boughs of passing lives is the generator of weak and unimpressive natures. But that trunk into which has been grafted the pluckings of myriad lives, the products of centuries of discipline and culture, presents to the world a majestic form, whose fruits are as variable as the necessities of man.

The world's great men, saviors, wear the scars of the wounds of all mankind.

Their sufferings have been unfathomable, therefore their wisdom is universal.

Nevertheless, the wisdom of the wisest of the earth has been worthless to him in whose heart the truth was not first implanted by the sower of sorrow, and moistened by the tears of grief.

The greatest teachers are but echoes of ourselves. He teaches you most who unwittingly steals first the truth from your own heart.

We refuse to hear any who teach us not what we have already learned. Only those are persecuted who teach us what we shall sometime discover for ourselves.

Till we ourselves have learned, we hate those who teach us what we should already know.

THE TEACHERS OF THE RACE.

True leaders become great to us because they are our self-revealers. Gods only that become men can be the redeemers of the race.

If the word of truth were ever pure spirit and had not become flesh mankind would never have known a savior.

But the "word" is made flesh only when truth is conceived through the experience of this life.

To obey the truth is to realise its incarnation. But truth incarnate is ever crucified. Therefore to know the truth is to suffer.

To follow an Idea is to be redeemed. To follow the embodied teacher of an Idea is to become an idolator.

A dethroned individuality, that maintains its integrity, is greater than one enchained who sits upon a throne.

The salvation of humanity can come only through the exaltation of the individual.

To abase the multitude that One may be exalted, however great, even though a god, is to make slaves of sufferers and idolators of devotees.

Mankind become more divine as each individual becomes more himself. The race will grow integral and advance as one, only as each unit becomes more perfectly individualized and evolved.

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Man know thyself can mean naught but man become thyself. For self-knowledge is self-revelation.

To know Man, is to know God. For elsewhere he cannot be found than in the consciousness of an aspiring soul.

Then, the truth of God becomes Man's truth; which to know is life eternal.

They who have taught mankind the greatness and glory of God by emphasizing the beauty and divinity of man have been the Great Teachers of the Race.

They have taught the Truth which to know was to make men free.



XVII.

The Power of the Poet.



POETRY is the Nature Song of the heart.
It gives wings to the soul and fancy to
the mind.

It paints the glory in the cloud, the
color in the flower and beauty in the human face;
it inspires the song in the throat of a bird.

It creates the grandeur of the landscape, the maj-
esty of the mountain, the awe-wrapped terror of the
tempest, the murmur of the brook, and the resonance
of the ocean's roar.

It paints the bloody picture of the battle-field on
the canvas of the brain, it pictures the cortege of
sorrow on the avenues of the heart, it awakens the
wailing of the multitude in the dirge of defeat, and
victory's paean in clarion bugle-notes.

It flashes the warrior's weapon, and gilds his
dented shield; it plants on his ever-green grave the
immortelles that memory moistens with rejoicing

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tears, and alone immortalizes the heroes history leaves as the heritage of man.

Poetry is the nurse of the human heart; it binds up its bleeding wounds, smooths its knotted wrinkles, cleanses its stains of sin with tears of sympathy, and soothes its pains with songs of cheer.

Poetry is the self-revealer of the soul. He knows not himself who has not seen his image in the mirror of the imagination.

Poetry, alone like Theseus, can lead us safely through the labyrinthian passages of the heart, to find the Minotaur there concealed.

It teaches us how, like him, to slay the Evil Thing, and again come forth victorious with Truth.

Poetry teaches the heart all it knows of life and love, of hope and happiness, of fear and disappointment, of tragedy and pain.

Poetry is the only language the heart of man can understand. It is the only universal speech of humankind, known alike to savage and to saint, to rustic and to cavalier.

For its words are woven of the sufferings and sorrows of the race—voicings of its woe and joy—shadows of some mystic light moving in the garden of experience.

Poetry consists not of words cast in rhythmic

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measure—cut after some severe pattern prescribed by rules of metric prosody.

The poet knows no laws, yields to no restraint, lives beyond all bounds.

He is his own law-maker and master of his sphere.

The poet writes not with his brain, but with his heart. He dips his pen not in the cold fluid of the intellect, but in the red blood of the emotions.

He weeps with those who weep, and laughs with them that laugh. He is supremely human, and therefore most divine.

He knows but little of the gods, save as they are found in the heights of his own being.

He puts wings not on angels, but on living thoughts; he feathers not the feet of Mercury, but the arrows of his frenzied fancy; and describes the beauty of Apollo not on Olympic peaks, but on the plains of earth trod by the feet of man.

His angels are human babies floating in the firmament of his imagination, and his gods are wandering clouds and breathing winds.

The poet alone draws aside the veil of nature and reveals her inmost secrets.

He is the forerunner of the philosopher; without him science would yet walk with bandaged eyes.

The poet alone sees with an eye that flesh does not encumber. He reads the buried tablets of the heart:

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on which are traced the records of forgotten deeds; he conjures the spirits of departed memories, and prophesies the triumphs of the race in the dreams of inspiration.

The poet clothes with wings of fancy the thoughts that live unspoken in the human breast. His words are familiar and most welcome because they echo the cry that so long has lain unheard, awaiting articulate expression.

Love is the genius that thrums the cords of the poet's heart. They twang to joy or grief, to laughter or to tears, to happiness or woe, as love sings his history in the verbal melody.

The poet lives all lives and suffers all woes, that his songs may find an echo in every human heart.

And each of us in part may be a poet, yea indeed must needs be, as we feel the weight of other's woes, or the rippling gayety of their delights.

Whoso loves humanity, though his sympathies be never winged in song, is himself part of the great world-poem, whose every stanza is an echo of a human life, whose rhythmic score sways with the onward progress and recession of the whole human family.

XVIII.

The Human Christmas-Tide.



THE note of joy in human life is the consolation of the race. If life were all without pleasure, earth would be a prison-cell, existence an unmitigated curse.

The most important events in human history are those which have brought the most happiness into the heart of humankind.

They have not been the noblest benefactors who have made men groan the most, even though their pessimism be prolific of truth, but they who have the most mollified the passions of the breast and illumined the mind with the glow of inspiration.

Not they, who came weighing humanity in the scales of evil judgment, darkening their lives with condemnation and veiling their eyes with tears of self-reproach, have been its noblest saviors.

Those, who have cast the radiance of hope over the pathway of despair, have been humanity's redeemers.

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Those, who have taught the weeping lips to smile, and removed from the burdened breast the incubus of some imaginary curse, have been our saviors.

The mythical doom of man, which lay like Cerberus grimly waiting his approach beyond the grave; the seething caldrons of sulphurous gloom prepared for accursed victims hurled from earth; the everlasting death-rattle of eternal torture; the rayless depths of endless night; these, happily, have been consigned to the limbo of irretrievable oblivion.

Hope has risen, radiant-winged, from the grave of grim despair. Joy has come, with its crown of light, for brows once wreathed with crepe and cypress.

Life is once more fraught with some inviting purpose, and earth awaits the Paradise that sometime human genius shall create.

The saviors of the world have not come to redeem mankind from mythical hells or creed-encumbering sins, as once conceived by illy-fed and aged-benighted minds.

They that are true saviors have come to restore us from error and stupidity, ignorance and misapprehension, fear and all the brood of evils that folly and un wisdom conjure from the depths of mental darkness.

Therefore, is each Christmas-tide a time of glad-

THE HUMAN CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

ness, not of grief: of laughter and delight, not of misgiving and despair.

It heralds not the gifts of angels, but of men; its overtures are not the promises of heaven, but of earth.

“It knits up the raveled sleeve of care,” binds and heals the wounds of pain, and smooths the furrows of the brow with the soft hand of love.

It turns the streams of wealth into the arid fields of those who hunger and are needy; it causes the fluttering garments of the richly clad to mingle with the rags of misery, that those who have not may rejoice with those who have.

It levels all strata and obnoxious classes of the social world into one common humanhood, where hearts may beat in unison, and mutual sympathy sway all the actions of mankind.

It bruits of peace not war; of love, not acrimonious envy; of justice, not inhumanity; of prophetic happiness, not pessimistic woe.

It comes with its smiles of dawning splendor not to one race or land or people; but to every clime, community and continent.

The good Christmas-tide comes to remind not only of a single Savior, or of several conspicuous Avatars, whose missions have faded into the dim perspective of vanishing millenniums, but of a multitude of

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noble though inconspicuous redeemers, whose deeds of glory are inextinguishable in the memory of man.

Each human being on whose heart is poured the chrism of mercy, that prompts to acts of honor, magnanimity and beneficence, is a divine Savior.

Each life is sometime an inn, to which is led the Holy Child of Light, whose radiance guides the keeper to homes of destitution and squalor: to souls discomfited, to hearts dismayed with anguish.

On every loving heart the Yule-Log burns forever, melting the icy bounds and thawing the frozen veins of those the world forgets.

But must we await the annual returning Christmas-tide on its diuturnal journey?

Is not each day, a day of sorrow and despair to some? Let such a day bring Christmas food to the hungry mouth, lift the weight of woe from an aching heart, soothe the fevered brain of one who writhes in desperate straits.

Thy reward?—It shall be the unction of the living Christ—thy soul's sweet sense of peace.

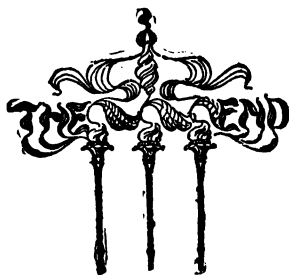
Think not that Christ was born in Bethlehem but once; nay, a million times! Whenever a soul is saved from useless suffering; when a martyr perishes for human liberation; when a people are rescued from bondage and oppression; when a fallen character is redeemed; when a mind benighted is

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illumined—then in Bethlehem is the Holy Child brought forth.

All the great and noble of the earth—from dawn of human history to the present hour—Hermes Trismegistus, Gotama Buddha, Confucius, Moses, Jesus, Socrates, Plato, Seneca, Marcus Aurelius, Antoninus Pius, Epictetus, the Gracchi, Muhammed, Charlemagne, Peter the Great, Cromwell, Washington, Lincoln, Paine, Tolstoi—all alike, according to their lights and capacity, are saviors of the race.

And each of us, too, even the smallest, may become a savior, immortal within his sphere, whose hand is hoist to stay a wrong, whose heart softens when the unfortunate cry for mercy, who supplants the rank weeds of hate and vengeance with love's refreshing blossoms and friendship's mellow fruitage.



XIX.

The Great Desideratum.



RELIGION has been at once the desire and despair of all mankind. No religion has yet realized its ideals; all religions have been corroded by the acid of self-satisfaction and pompous aggrandisement.

Men pray to unknown gods, but continue to associate with familiar devils.

Mentally men aspire to the ideals of the divine, but still take pleasure in executing the mandates of the impious.

Man's head towers to heaven, but his feet grovel in hell. He seeks a crown of immaculate glory, yet wears a robe of gory hue.

Man shrives himself for peace, and stabs his neighbor for joy. His tongue is eloquent with supplication: his deeds are redolent of machination and deceit.

Man prefers to pay the price of forgiveness if he may have the pleasure of indulgence.

THE GREAT DESIDERATUM.

He is willing to postpone the fruitions of faith if he may damn his brother for a profit.

Man delights to dream of the wealth of heaven but prefers to clip the coupons of earth.

He loves to be invited into the company of the gods, but begs that they remain invisible while he transacts his mundane affairs!

Man's gods are ghosts that affright him only when he is alone or ill; at other times they are so far away he cannot hear their tread.

But devils are always full-fleshed and boon companions of man's daily walks.

Man renders to God his prayers, but to the Devil he delivers his purse. In the temple, man wears his robes of righteousness; the service over, he pawns them for a price.

Solemnly he purifies his soul in the blood of sacrifice: the sacrifice of dupes and fools!

The mart is his slaughter-house: the stock-exchange his shambles. Man spells his Creed with a G,—and consecrates to it the devotion of his life.

He flaunts the flag of freedom that he may bind the limbs of slaves with cords woven of its tattered rags.

Man smiles with the grace of God, and steals with the suavity of Satan.

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He prays that the "Holy Ghost may have free course and be glorified," while he blights his neighbor with defamation and aspersion.

And all this in the name of Religion! Thus has it become the scoff of the cynic and the despair of the saint.

And yet there *is* Religion! But not such as the world conceives.

Religion is not a gift from heaven, but a discovery in human experience.

Whosoever receives his religion from another gets but pinchbeck for gold and paste for rubies.

Religion is a personal quantity—a factor of individual experience—no god or man can reveal or discover it for another.

Religion is not belief; it is purpose; it is not a faith, it is a force! Religion is not the engine, but the motor power that propels it.

It is not the palpable deed, which may often be misjudged, but the secret motive which fair or foul complexions the soul that harbors it.

Religion is what you feel, in your inmost self—the wellings of the deep unfathomed fountains of the heart.

If these impulses move you to noble deeds your religion is from above; if to base and selfish works it is from below.

THE GREAT DESIDERATUM.

We need not look afar for gods or devils: no heaven or hell can screen them: they are ever revealed in thought and deed.

Religion is the primary purpose of one's life; what most constantly and completely moves one to daily want and work.

There is the Religion of Heaven: the adoration of Beauty. There is the Religion of Hell: the supplication of Baseness.

Hate has its religion as well as love; Envy no less than Sympathy! The force that fires your soul to impulse and to action is the pyrograph that burns your character in your heart.

If the fumes that arise are sweet yours is a religion of joy; if foul, your religion smells rank to heaven.

Worship is a human instinct and no man lives who does not worship something.

Blessed is he who worships what redounds to his own happiness and merited exaltation.

Unhappy he who adores what damns, and worships what worsts his nobler self.

Sincerity is the Seer of the Soul! What Sincerity discerns and foresees may be deposited in the Bank of Truth, and drawn against when one's religious credit ebbs in the tide of human affairs.

The worst of liars is he who deceives himself.

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See in the face of thy god, as in a mirror, the image of thyself, and fear not.

Behold ever the Beauty of thy Ideal; 'twill at length entrance thee, and disarm the devils of a thousand hells.

When thy god becomes thyself, and thou knowest that thou are thy god, thou wilt doff the mantle of deception and don the silken robes of truth, indifferent to fate, adored by all.

Do good, fear not ; pursue the Truth :
Deceive, nor be deceived.
Religion thus becomes the Good,
Thou hast thyself conceived.



XX.

Life's Fitful Fever.



LL things move toward a center. Motion is circular. Apparently motion is linear—all things moving in straight lines.

In reality there are no straight lines—all lines are arcs of infinite circles.

To design the circumference from the measurement of the arc, is a spiritual achievement, on which hangs the philosophy of life.

As all lines are but arcs of infinite circles, so each single life is an arc of the infinite life of the universe.

As, mathematically we may construct the circumference by the measurement of the arc, so the discernment of the infinite life is described by the individual consciousness.

He, who abides in the apparent, is deceived in the meaning of existence. To him, who sees only with the eyes of the flesh, the world is awry; progress, but the chance-play of kaleidoscopic motion.

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To him who discerns with the eye of reason and reflection, motion is the tendency to equilibrium, and progress is persistent movement toward an Ideal.

He, who sees only the infinitesimal arc, refuses to believe in the infinite circumference.

Reason, building on Faith, discerns the Invisible. Sensation, resting on fact, knows only the Factual, and refuses to penetrate the realm of the Spiritual.

Reason flees where Sensation falters. He who recognizes the universe as infinite, understands that all motion—organization, disintegration, transformation—effects but incidental scenes in the universal drama—passing phases of the infinite panorama. Through all, the Stream of Progress moves,—on all the impress of the immortal Ideal stands embossed.

Hence, each minutest atom is as well the expression of the Infinite Intelligence, as the vastest orbs of space, the marvels of this earthly planet, or the brilliance of the human mind.

To realize in reason the Oneness of the All—that nothing is ill-fitted,—nothing out of place—photographs the world on the human consciousness, as an immense Being, palpitating with infinite and universal life, of which each particle and segment is an essential element.

'Tis then we understand that, however tempestu-

LIFE'S FITFUL FEVER.

ous be the titanic forces that disport themselves in the Stupendous Drama, through all there runs a simple unity—an interblending and definitive plot.

Howsoever fierce and tumultuous be the storms that beat upon the billowy deep, we never fear that the ocean will be overturned, that tidal terrors will sweep the planet from its cosmic moorings.

We trust the Perfect Balance of the universal Equilibrium. Thus as every atom is perfectly poised in its meaningful place in the universe, each Individual is fitted into the Infinite.

He who has faith in the absolute poise of Nature's interplaying and contending powers, rests peacefully on the breast of Mother Earth.

He who distrusts is himself disturbed. Distrust of Nature disrupts the Soul.

Likewise, he who trusts the succoring and sustaining spiritual energies that permeate the universe finds rest in the bosom of the Eternal.

The Drama of Existence to him is not a Chaotic Jumble born of Chance. He reads the Secret Theme and can foretell the joyous Denouement.

He abides in the Path of Progress who courts the expansion of his Ideals.

He, whose Ideals are bound by a narrow horizon, hugs the Present and dreads the Future.

He, who knows that no Final Ill can befall him,

CONTEMPLATIONS OF LIFE'S IDEALS.

but that all works for good in the Eternal Economy, is calm amid strife and conquers by his faith.

Whosoever, through the Masque of human Deformity, discerns the visage of the Immortal Man, despairs not of final peace, when the battle flags of time are furled.

He who penetrates the temple of his Inner Being, and there discovers the Divine Model of himself, recks not how harsh the tempests howl without, or how crude and coarse the shell of his encasement.

The sun-embosoming crystal hides its glory within the rough rock that contains it. Only the lapidary knows. He breaks the rock and reveals the secret.

The Spiritual Lapidary is he who knows where dwells the indwelling crystal of his soul—pure as the radiance of heaven, clean as the heart of God.

The world passes by the Outer Shell—sees only the coarse, encrusted exterior of man. He sees the soul—the crystal—the immortal beauty.

He reads on the illuminated Transparency of his spirit the inscription of the Divine Life.

There the Finger of Eternal Truth writes his only History. All else is lies—the seeming, transitory, vain, illusive sport of deceptive sense!

Henceforth he sees and believes in Himself: not as others see, but as sees the Eye Divine. And thus he reads Life's Riddle:

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All things may seem awry.
The wreck of matter and the crush of worlds may come :
Still, I abide. I am the Infinite and forever !
My Name is Eternity ; my footsteps, Progress.
My path, though tortuous, ever ascends.
I am THAT that ever was, nor ever came : the same yesterday,
to-day and forever.
I abide my fate, for it is good. I work and wait.
Nothing is lost. I am the Registry of God.



XXI.

The Breath of Heaven.



WHAT is it sometimes lifts us from the deep and hoists our head among the stars? What is that sweet, elusive something, shall we call it force, or some divine afflatus, that betimes transforms this rude world into a paradise, resonant with songs of a thousand birds?

Man is, indeed, an earth-animal; else would he not have such heavy feet and be made wingless.

Nevertheless, he is also made for the air, the wafting heavens and the wandering stars.

Were man all of the earth, earthy, how dull his thoughts, how base his purpose!

Though cousin to the ape, man is also brother to the angel. Though the human body be charged with rivers of blood, dark and gloomy, the mind is luminant with the lights of heaven.

Man is born with eyes of flesh, but none the less with eyes of the soul.

Ever upward, as the seed struggling toward the

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light of day, man's spirit rises to the uncurtained sky.

When in early Spring one communes with the whispering trees, the dewy grass, the soft, spongy loam succulent with life, as the earth fast frees itself from the hard grip of Winter, how sweetly the melting heavens mantle the ascending soul!

Then in the zephyr that fans the cheek man discerns the Messenger of Peace.

For him the wind drives the chaff and leaves the pure, full-kerneled wheat.

And the zephyr that fans his heart is the Breath of Heaven, winnowing his deeds.

The chaff of grief, self-censure, fear and melancholy flies on the wings of the wind, and leaves for him the golden grain of hope and cheerfulness.

He contemplates his Ideal—that which he would become—and lost in admiration the mirror of his life reflects naught but the beautiful, the good and true.

He is borne aloft, as it were, on the wings of the morning, and floats into a dream world of ineffable beatitude.

Blessed is he who is wafted on the Breath of Heaven into the Home of God!

He has lost himself, to find himself again. He that was is not and he that was to be has come.

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The sodden coil of flesh dissolves; he that was human has become divine.

Now, with unsandalled feet he trips among the daffodils, feels the fluttering of wings that almost touch his cheek, hears songs that are redolent of love and joy, and beholds a light that "is not on land or sea."

One need not die to enter Paradise. He who loves his fellow man and deals justly by him, even now enters the Gate of Heaven, whose latch is loosened by the touch of noble deeds.

The sky is beyond the reach of the hand; but the eye approaches it without an effort.

The spirit can achieve though the body despair. The mind never sleeps; thought toils on forever.

Though our clayey feet still press the earth the levitant soul may saunter among the stars.

The thoughts that buoy the spirit and lighten the flesh are the worthiest powers that inspire the world.

Thoughts that drag like sodden flesh are to be banished as vipers from the breast.

One Power moves the world: what moves parallel with its trend brings peace and progress; what crosses its path brings havoc and desolation.

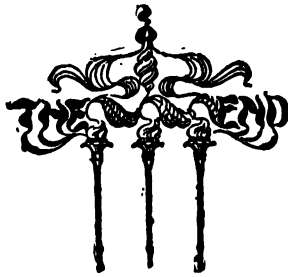
Trust the Power that sustains the Universe and

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thou shalt live aright. The gods cherish him who is true to his Ideal.

The whole world forges on to some "far off divine event" and human life follows the stream of forces that swing in the balance of eternity.

To be good according to one's lights; to love and be kind; to do one's duty as one best can; to recognize the divinity of work and discover in devotion to details the genius of success; to think on things that are high and noble, and flee from things whose memory is revolting; to lift the heart till the purifying Breath of Heaven sweeps the avenues of life and drops the seed of peace in fertile soil; this is to leave an Autograph in the Book of Time that posterity will love to honor.



XXII.

The False Complaint of the Pessimist.



LIFE is a threnody—a song of pain! Its note is one long dirge. Its echo is but reverberation of repeated sorrow.

The heavens are ever overcast with cloud—lit with but a flitting glint of passing light; the earth is strewn with lacerating rocks and prickly briars; naught awaits the weary traveler but moonless nights and dark and pestilent valleys.

He who hopes shall grow disconsolate; who endeavors, shall be mocked with failure; who achieves, at last shall forfeit his boasted trophy.

Wherefore try? Life is confessedly a failure, and not worth the living.

If there be aught for you beyond the stars, seek, be patient, and ye shall find; if, perchance, this too be not deception.

But here upon this earthly planet, this nether plain of being, there is naught to live for, strive for, hope for!

Men enter life with a cry of pain, and depart with

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a gasp of relief. We come crying, and we go crying. Tears at birth: tears at death. A cradle, like Pandora's box, whence hope has escaped; and a coffin, which holds the wan cadaver of a form that once could talk and think and toil.

This is Life: a tragic comedy—a universal suicide! Thus in all ages have poets, prophets and philosophers spake and sung. Were it not for universal despair, men had not a religion, a temple, or an agonizing Savior.

All religions have sprung from the bosom of earthly suffering, and the hope of rescue from the iron fate of woe.

Ixion's wheel whirls ever round and round, crushing whom it please: the Force of Fate—the Will of Destiny!

Since erst the gods bound bold Prometheus to the rocks of Caucasus, envious of his sympathy with humankind, men have ever hoped against hope that some Redeemer would rescue them from "the body of this death."

Ever since, all Saviors—Sons of Sympathy—have come with the same cry that Jesus voiced from his trembling lips: "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

Yet, ever and forever has hope deferred sickened the heart of man, till now with doubt he looks

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askance at the promised plains of Kuru, the resonant Halls of Walhalla, or, e'en the radiant fields of Paradise.

This life is but a show of
"Shadow-shapes that come and go
Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves,
So late emerged from, shall so soon expire."

So cries despairing Khayam, from the sunny plains of Persia.

The self, thou seemest, is not indeed thyself. The "I" is nothing, and shall dissolve amid the maze of ceaseless transformation.

THOU remainest not—thou, mirrored to thyself upon the shadows of the earth!

But that which thou hast been, hast done—thy deeds, thy thoughts, thy motives, passions, sympathies, thy loves and hates,—in short thy character—these alone survive.

Life is deception—illusion—a figment of the fancy, hallucination of the brain!

The world is Maya—a thing of dreams—a mirage of vain illusionment.

Thus wailed Sakyamuni, the renunciant Buddha, under the Bo tree, beneath the shadowy heights of Himalaya. Follow Me, and thou shalt be saved!

And there where the shades of Olivet fall thick and far on the plains of Palestine cried still another,

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whose deathless voice rings down the changing grooves of time.

“Whoso loseth his life for my sake shall find it. Take up thy Cross and follow Me!”

Said not so the Christ, like as the Buddha? Nor flows more comfort from pen of scientist or philosopher.

To the student of Nature this stupendous universe is in a process of ceaseless dissolution and shall at last fall, a mass of incandescent atoms into the burning maw of an expiring Sun.

To the prophet-philosopher,—be he a Hegel or Schopenhauer or Hartmann—a blind, and pitiless FORCE—whether as Logos or Will or Unconscious Intelligence,—pushes on forever and forever, pressing us sentient into existence, ceaseless suffering and unending destruction.

“Vanity of vanities, all is vanity and vexation of spirit!” Thus, alike, all voices of all centuries have wailed their pitiful threnody till we are wont to believe that the least of us is not without sorrow, and the greatest, like some Atlas, carries on his shoulders the burden of a World of Woe!

But is this true? Has life but one tone; and that despondent, dark and damnable?

Nay, 'tis untrue. The Voice of this New Time belies the vanishing voices of benighted centuries.

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All things bespeak hope, aspiration, oneness of life, and co-operation of endeavor.

This is not the pressing issue: that one of us has to-day achieved or failed. That counts but little.

But that that counts is that having lived and endeavored, by that, our little mite of effort, the whole of humankind has been by so much advanced and prospered.

For, if we fail: 'tis naught! If we win: 'tis naught! In a day, a year, a thousand years, what matters it?

But that our little struggle to achieve affects the whole world, as the slightest pressure on a molecule of water affects the entire ocean, this is the secret whose revelation gives us courage.

Mankind are one. We to-day embosom in ourselves the results—defeats and triumphs—our ancestors have left us as their heritage.

And to-morrow, we ourselves shall live again in the breasts and brains, the passions and ambitions, the efforts and achievements, of our posterity.

Is it to fail, that life is short and art is long? Was the first, far off rosebud, in the breast of primeval vegetation, a failure? It lived and died; was crude, half-formed, unlovely and ill-hued.

But because it lived and died for nameless centuries it enriched the soil and crossed and commingled

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with other forms of floral growth; so that the radiant roses of to-day are but the children of the wan and withered roses of forgotten yesterdays.

Shall the vagrant atom accuse the star, because its glory is more resplendent and all incomparable?

The star were not, alas! had not the multitudinous and ever multiplying atom lived and died, and lived again, that the stellar glory might prevail.

Man, the individual shall pass away, but man, the race is forever! Life is but for an instant: yet it is everywhere and eternal.

The expression is but momentary. The principle, the power, the presence, is absolute and universal.

Life is one. All lives are one. Vast is the One Breath that palpitates in the myriad breasts of individuals.

We all feel the same Presence: we all express the same Essence. We are different because we differently express the one Likeness.

He lives forever, who has ever been begotten and breathed the breath of life.

For o'er the mountains and the valleys of all time the Children of the Dawn await him and hear his call.

The Dead of vanished yesterdays are but disguised in the Living of to-day.

XXIII.

The Virtue and the Vice of Faith.



BLIND faith leads to superstition; enlightened faith to understanding. Merely to believe, in fear of authority, is to pall the spirit and stupefy the brain.

To believe what cannot be seen, because what can be compells such belief, is rational and convincing.

To believe what cannot be seen, because one thinks one ought so to believe for the sake of conscience or the honor of age-long tradition, is to make the heart a prison-cell and the brain a hollow cavity.

Belief should be naught but a stepping stone to knowledge. Belief that locks the soul behind iron bars of fear converts a genius into an idiot and a saint into a savage.

Faith, that harbors each new discovery of truth, is a staff in life's weary pilgrimage, a beacon light to storm-tossed mariners.

The faith of science varies with the test of demon-

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stration. The solemn faith of to-day may be ridiculed to-morrow.

When the foundations of faith are swept away by the swift onslaught of facts science relegates it to the realm of superstition.

To continue to believe, in spite of discovery, is insanity—stupid submission to fancy and hallucination—the lips uttering what the heart now knows is false.

Such faith is the fertile womb of hypocrites, liars and impostors. False faith is a basilisk's eye, charming its victim into the deadly calm that leads to death—a siren's voice drawing him to the rocks of sure destruction.

Such faith digs the pit of hell and ignites the fires of revenge. It builds amorous heavens and luxurious paradises for the gratification of gross and sensuous appetites; for the reign of gods who are good to their votaries that pay the vows of indulgence to priests of the flesh.

The votaries of such faith receive for the bread of truth the stone of falsehood; a scorpion of ignorance for the egg of wisdom.

Such devotees but believe to become benighted; and though they hope wear yet the robes of despair.

He whose fluid faith changes as the shadows of the hills when swept by the rising sun, who disdains

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the gloom when the light gilds the summit, who doubts to day what yesterday he believed because the westering sun has revealed new islands in the sea of knowledge, grows by faith to intelligence, and by intelligence into power.

It was the faith of science, founded on well known facts, and the logical deduction from established principles, that awoke in the mind of Columbus the dream of an unknown world beyond the seas.

The wabbling and uneven path of a familiar planet gave rise to rational faith that led to the discovery in distant and unfrequented skies of a new and hitherto unsuspected star.

By faith a hero stole from the clouds the direful god, whose lightning bolts brought havoc to the race; by faith another chained him to human mechanism till now he is man's menial messenger, speeding as he bids him round the rolling globe.

By faith the minutest atoms and the vastest orbs of space have been revealed to the searching eye of man; and still by faith must man travel from lowly ignorance to the loftiest heights of progress and discovery.

The faith of ignorance is the blight of science and the road to hell.

The faith of knowledge is illumination and the inspiration of the ages. Believe, that more truth may

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be known by what is already known, and you become a philosopher.

Believe, that truth may be desecrated, and ignorance be enthroned in authority, and you become the dupe of autocrats, the tool of designing hypocrites.

Faith that leads the lowliest savage to the feet of the far-seeing sage is the schoolmaster that educates the race.

Faith that holds its votary in the leash of fear and drags him to the altar of devotion is the slave-master whose lashes scar the backs of countless victims.

To believe lest we be damned is to be damned when we do believe! To believe that we may be enlightened is already to be conscious of the light that saves.

Whosoever trusts the eternal principles of justice, truth and love, and abides in the faith that rests alone on knowledge, draws into his life the light and inspiration that illuminates aspiring novitiates.

XXIV.

The Beatitude of Selfishness.



N Nature, struggle is universal. Death is the supreme presence. Each object seeks its own maintenance by the destruction of another.

Slaughter is triumphant; nothing escapes.

The invisible hand of the assassin is laid no less upon the minutest than upon the highest forms of life.

The animal feeds upon the vegetable; the larvae devour the leaves; millions of eggs succumb in the birth of a single life; the large fish swallow the little finnies; the bigger animals eat the lesser; birds of the air seize insects, and beasts of prey the defenseless herds of the fields.

E'en human beings batten on each other: the strong and strenuous push the weak and decrepit to the verge of inanition.

And no less does soulless substance escape the law.

Each alpine altitude flouts its shadow on its

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nether neighbor: first, the highest peaks seize the golden shafts of dawn and suffer them to fall but as borrowed splendor on the sloping peaks beneath.

In Nature, everything seeks first its own gratification and aggrandisement: each minutest atom is puffed up in the pride of existence.

Each atom fills its own appointed place, and instant death follows attempted usurpation.

And even the lovely flowers of the valley, where lilies flame and roses blush and violets repine: here, too, the richness of the one is begotten of the inanity of the other.

Universal nutrition is limited, and forms of life whose substance demands of Nature much must needs encroach upon the lesser forms, whose cry for need is faint and feeble.

And thus in human life, the instant of birth is the beginning of death.

Man enters upon an existence whose end he hourly anticipates. The coffin overshadows the cradle: the young are born but to die, the old die with the hope of being born again.

Death is swallowed up in victory but life is swallowed up in death. Civilizations spring from civilizations now no more. Nations leap from the decay of smitten nations, and centuries of glory expire before the glory that is to be.

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Change and decay are everywhere and each form struggles for its own integrity against the dissolving force of time.

And yet despite the self-set selfishness of all, throughout the universe there steals the subtile presence of some divine Ideal.

Despite the crush of worlds and flight of meteor, the shock of earthquake and the Destroyer's mace; despite the brutal tread of every force that plies the universe, the trend of bestial courage, the bloody tooth and claw of war; there falls athwart the contour of the world the gracefulness of harmony, unselfishness and beauty.

In process, Nature is coarse, discordant, riotous and crude. But in the perspective of the Ideal, she is radiant, refined, chaste and harmonious.

The rough hewn timber of the forest but little prefigures the glory of the temple to be.

The eye within alone can see the architrave and colonnade some day shall house the wondering worshipper.

Thus, too, in human life.

In spite of individual selfishness, the cold hand of ambition and envy's brutal sway; in spite of brother's hand wreaking with brother's blood, and hatred's fang that maddens brain and poisons soul; yet, like a star above the storm, Humanity looms

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with shining robes of Honor, Magnanimity and mutual Sympathy.

If Hope perish, it is because the pathway of the Ideal has been lost. He who discerns the trail of Truth reaches the mine of human richness.

In time the selfishness of the individual must needs merge in the selfishness of the race.

The individual must be preserved that the solidarity of the race may be assured.

Selfish love becomes unselfish when economic pressure welds the social unit with the social whole.

He who follows the trend of Nature never despairs of the final issue. In her magic retort she mixes evil and good, smiles and tears, sighs and songs, for the common good and the universal growth.

Let each but live his life as best he may; let each but work and be kind; for Nature only can transmute the baser metal into gold in her mysterious alembic.

She shapes the pale ascetic into a healthy hero, the slave of fear into a social savior.

But one force guides her supreme, which blends all other forces with itself.

LOVE is the reigning force of Nature, in matter, mind, insensibility or sentiency.

It lurks in cosmic dust, binds wandering atoms

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in mutual affection, whispers fresh hope at the nuptials of chemical affinities, sings orisons at the union of sky and sea from whose embrace the new born day lies cradled in the robes of dawn.

Love trembles in the jelly forms of primal life, reigns triumphant at the mystic birth of sex, robes the plumaged songster, chisels the graceful form and features of the forest beast, and sways the mind of man with maddening inspiration.

When love transcends selfishness and widens into sympathy, then leaps the angel from the bosom of the rock.

When all the baser instincts and emotions blend in the divine passion of fellow service and mutual interest, then Aphrodite rises from the foam-fringed sea to bless humanity with her love and beauty.

Thenceforth love enslaves not, but makes free.

Love and liberty alone can weave for us a crown of justice, that shall be forever set with jewels of enduring peace.

XXV.

Reaching the Divine.



LL natural aspirations are upward.
Growth is ascent.

Life climbs from mineral to plant,
from plant to animal; from simple longitudinal forms to verticle and upright creatures.

The first forms of vegetal life creep upon the earth; the last lift their heads among the clouds.

The first forms of animal life crawl upon their bellies; the last walk erect, reach to the tree tops, and cast their eyes to the stars.

The force of life toils through simple cell to complex aggregations. When it reaches the brain of man, most complex of all organizations, it still aspires to higher planes and reaches for power still beyond.

Upward, onward is the impulse of existence.

Hence man ever looks upward in his dreams, ambitions and aspirations.

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The skies are spread with the figures of his imagination, and he forereads his history in the story of the stars.

Instinctively man feels that his spiritual reinforcements are from above.

When man thinks hard he realizes that the frontal brain is the organ of activity.

Science has even given this special brain a nomenclature of its own. When man dreams, imagines, fancies, as in song, in sculpture, in poetry and prayer, it seems to him the inspiration flows downward from unseen realms and floods his upper brain with resplendent glory.

The animal is index of the angel.

When man thinks of earthly things his brow drops downward. When he toils for intellectual thought, his brows are horizontal. When he dreams, sings, paints, prays or carves, his head is poised upward, as if to discern some glimpse of glory.

Man becomes more and more the realization of his perfect self as he ascends to mental planes above his wonted mood, planes which seem to him to be inhabited with unseen beings.

Man grows better in character only as he aspires to higher thought; that is, as he ascends to ideal realms that occupy the upper spheres.

NEARING THE DIVINE.

The unseen is the source of the imagination. Yet the unseen is not the unreal.

To mould out of the invisible the forms of the visible world is the task of Nature and the crux of human toil.

The discoverer, the inventor, the investigator, the martyr and the prophet, live ever in the unseen; yet they but forestall by a few decades the common-places of their posterity.

To realize some sublime uplift man must abstract himself from his mortal and decaying environment and become cognizant of some invisible presence that sustains him.

To know the afflatus of inspiration man must float from the body and commune with the spirit that pervades space.

Spirit utters unto spirit the note that keys the pitch of universal song.

Freedom is inspiration: confinement is desperation. Man must ascend from the limited intelligence of his finite environment and merge in the infinite intelligence that supports and permeates the universe.

Then only come to him the voices that speak of universes yet unknown.

Would you aspire? Contemplate the immeasur-

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ableness of worlds, the illimitableness of space and time.

Time is but the footprint of Eternity.

Time measures, but Eternity is immeasurable.

Lost in the contemplation of the Infinite one forgets the narrowness of environment, the diminutiveness of the fleshly tenement, the pain of affliction, the ache of want, the doom of penury, the shame of sin.

Mentally to merge in the divine is to be absolved from all things human.

The soul is the solvent of sin and sorrow: here the vanity of mortal claim vanishes in the splendor of spiritual supremacy.

To merge in the Oversoul is to touch the Mystic Center whence Unity expands into Variety, while the individual is lost in the Universal.

To near the Divine is not to sacrifice but to exploit the Human. Nothing is needless. The Body is the ladder of the Soul that climbs into the heaven of the Spirit.

We cannot live out of the body, save in thought; we live above the body only in contemplation.

Ever has the body been: ever shall be. Nothing is without form: the soul itself is but embodied spirit.

As we travel in consciousness from body to body,

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in subliming aspiration, we grow less and less aware of any limitation, because the form becomes more rarified.

These are the wings of the soul, the thoughts that aspire. On these wings, and these only, man floats, ascends, discovers and achieves.

Here is he free: the world is his; the secrets of the gods. In thought, the consciousness of limitation may be annihilated, and man may learn to enter the threshold of the Great Mystery, where he seems to stand in the presence of Supreme Power and Intelligence.

Here are the crucifixion and the resurrection.

He dies to the body (in consciousness of limitation).

He rises in the spirit, (in consciousness of infinite unfoldment).

Here man merges in Godhood and enters the sphere of the invisible.



XXVI.

Where Love Reigns.



HO that loves can do a wrong?

The prompting of a heart impelled by love is as a bond of Nature that makes all worlds as one.

It feels its kinship with all that is, and durst not hurt another lest it mar itself.

As the moon draws the tidal waves to her car-
essing breast, and sways them with passionate
rhythm, so the breast of him who loves draws to
itself all the wide ocean of life and calms it into
rhythmic harmony.

Hate is a wolf that crunches with his bloody jaws
the lamb of gentleness which love begets.

Hate and love cannot dwell together, for the one
devours what the other breeds.

Hate summons the hideous shapes of night that
affright us with grim foretastes of discomfiture and
pain.

WHERE LOVE REIGNS.

Hate is a poison-weed, whose inky juice distempers all the soul, and paints within our brains, like grewsome nightmares, the woes it conjures for us.

Hate is never the friend, but the eternal foe of every heart.

Hate comes with secret glaives, well wrapped in plausible excuse, which it thrusts into the stupid breast that welcomes it.

Hate slays not the victim for whom 'tis conjured, but the conjurer.

Hate is the spirit of hell escaped and wandering through the world.

For hate there is but one antidote—Love.

One touch of kindness will heal all wounds of bitterness.

But Love must reign supreme, the queen and empress of her realm. She durst not wed with Envy or flirt with Fear in gloomy nooks of ill-foreboding.

She must be free, sincere, untrammelled by suspicion, and unquestioned for her authority.

If she fall, she alone must answer; if she triumph, hers only is the glory.

Love is as gentle-eyed and credulous as a suckling babe; she fears nought, nor falters at suspicion.

Yet is she not puffed up, nor easily cast down. She is strong because of her innocence.

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So large is she in comprehension of her powers, she cannot confine her vision to Envy's narrow compass.

She loves for love's sake; not for fortune or reward.

She loves because her natural heart is kindly, nor can conceive a deed would pierce another's heart with pain.

Love makes no room for Jealousy nor abides in the same household.

Jealousy is a pretender strutting in the shoes of love. She wears love's heart of pain but torn by her own hands. Her tears are hot as love's but spring from anger's fount.

Jealousy seeks to win by violence; love by gentleness. Jealousy shrieks; love moans.

Jealousy is born of suspicion; love of innocence. Jealousy would slay, rather than be unhappy; love would die that others might be blessed.

Jealousy, if frustrated, hates; love forgives.

Jealousy is supremely selfish, coveting what belongs to others. Love is the essence of unselfishness, yearning for its own, but resigned if fate be sinister.

Her voice is gentle as the song of turtle-dove; her tears as soft as Spring's young breath upon a bank of violets; her touch, medicinal as brew of healing

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herbs; her laughter, like the sound of rippling waters breaking over rock and pebbly steep.

Love is as pure as snow that falls unsullied on the mountain tops. And like streams that descend from snowy breasts refreshing the parched and arid valleys, she refreshes and revivifies the shrunken hearts of men.

She forgives ere remorse implores; she seeks but good in all; her eyes are blind to evil.

She condemns not, for she sees not aught to be condemned. Her tears but wash away the stains of those, haply, who transgress. Her hands fast seal the lips of those that would confess, or those would bruit of, evil.

She knows nor saint nor sinner; for she seeks in every bosom the hidden jewel of its saintliness.

Her tears are for all humankind; she knows the frailty of every human heart.

But she judges no one ill; she knows the lot of each is penalty enough for deeds already wrought.

Whoso perishes on Love's fair breast she robes with charity; weaves the brow with cypress and the olive leaf—emblems of mourning and the boon of peace—; in each hand she places immortelles, symbols of her undying devotion, and chimes the bells of heaven with melodies of mercy.

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He who so loves, and honors thus her spirit, is
“as the very centre of the earth, drawing all things
to himself.”

“And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto
Myself.”



XXVII.

The Dream of Death.



AN is a living being and is conscious but of life. To him death is an apparition and a dream. He knows not if its taste be sweet or bitter, if its home be happiness or horror.

While he lives he cannot conceive that death ends all—for he can think of naught but what he has experienced.

His companions fall beside him, bleeding with mortal wounds in the battle of life,—they vanish from his vision—but whither they have gone, he knows not—no voice returns to cheer—no vision draws aside the veil.

The clayey form is stiff. Its covering decays. The pit is dark in which it lies. Forever silent is the Deep.

Oft and vainly has he dreamed of what might be—till sometimes some unseen hand seems to

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paint a vision on the canvas of his brain—in the corridors of his soul the faint echo of a once familiar voice is heard, as if again embodied in the vapid flesh.

Anon, he awakes with painful disappointment, seeing again with earthly eye, hearing with but ears of clay.

Here upon this island world, swimming in a sea of space, man limps and halts through weary toils, till anon the curtain of the night enfolds him.

At last, mantled in a mist, he, too, disappears, swept by the viewless winds beyond the roaring breakers, wrapped in the sable robes of silence,—a voiceless memory—a broken and forgotten song—a veiled and vanished vision!

So runs the world away with hope—and so the Monster of Despair palls with disappointment.

The shadow of the grewsome form of death falls ever on the earth to mock us with his chattering teeth, to lure us with his fatal grin.

Death grips the heart of man as certain as the Sun holds Saturn in its course.

Death's relics are the brainless skull and fleshless skeleton—unclothed, unsouled, vacant and untenanted,—grim mementoes of earth's despair and life's defeat.

The skull responds not to the query, "Whither

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hath thy Master flown?"—The dangling bones, once the instruments of magic mind, now rattle, irresponsible to reason or to rhyme.

All that thou art, of flesh or frame, O Man of Clay, lies yonder bleached in the sun and eaten by the elements.

And yet to him that lives the thing that was still is and has not flown.

Despite the rotted and repulsive form, the Dreamer in imagination still beholds it clothed with raiment soft as silken skies, white as driven snow.

To him there is no death, for his vision is of things invisible. He pierces adamant, dissolves the stars and crumbles concrete elements in the crucible of hope, peering with eyes that need no mundane light, till he beholds the soul of things, the still visible spirit of the once inhabited flesh.

THE DREAMER NEVER DESPAIRS.

He visits worlds the plodder never sees, he conjures presences the rude swain wots not of.

He leaps within the grave of him he loves, pleading for burial that he may prove the fiction and eternal lie of death.

He sees behind the grave. He brushes aside the veil of clouds. He walks with invisible denizens of imagined worlds, as real to him as tactile flesh.

His sanity is the world's insanity. His con-

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sciousness is human contradiction. His is the paradox of experience.

Forms may disappear, voices vanish in the silence, heaven's lights may turn to darkness in the sunken sockets of the day, horror may choke the breath and stall the currents of the blood,—still Death to him is naught, for the Dreamer never despairs!

The senses may declare, science prove, and history accentuate, the futility of hope, the actuality of death, yet he scoffs at the senses, ridicules science, ignores history, for the Dreamer never despairs.

Death is not, life only is! Death is an apparition, life is reality! Death is ephemeral, life is eternal! Death passes, but life is forever!

The Dreamer never despairs.

Dream on O Heart of hope and Soul of Sight!

The heavens may yet be cleaved, the grave traversed, by more than thy simple dreams, more than thy spendthrift fancy.

The soul is ever herald of the sense. The spirit first sees what the flesh but late discerns.

See on, O Soul, till sense is spiritualised, and flesh yields to ethereal essence.

Dream on, O Dreamer, thou that knowest not despair; thou, that knowest not death, live thou forever!

The dreamer never despairs!

XXVIII.

The Mystic Meaning of the Resurrection.



ASTER-TIDE is a Nature-festival.

'Tis when the pallid corpse of Winter responds to the life-giving forces of rejuvenating Spring, we sing the Resurrection.

Death is swallowed up in victory, and new youth flushes the verdant earth, decked with variegated symbols of returning life.

Decay and dissolution cease their work, and from their foul debris the great magician, Nature, conjures the resurrection splendors of another season.

Naught breathes its last on earth: always the future still invites to new experience and new life!

The buried seed dies not; yet perishes: for that which was, has disappeared; the visible has vanished; yet that which was, albeit unseen, lives on, revealed in other form and beauty.

There is no death in life, save as death itself is life. Life is forever, and death, too; for death is

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but a passing phase of life—a transitory phantom of transforming force.

The seed that lived a hundred centuries ago has undergone a thousand deaths, and yet has never died.

The life that gave it birth has travelled with it through its infinite forms, and witnessed every phase of death through which it passed.

Life cannot be aught but life, and death itself is but a couch on which it reposes for a night, to await the roseate morn with new-born hope and inspiration.

Life is its own apologist and our best assurance of its indissoluble persistence.

And yet mostly are we dead, in that we have not yet awakened to the life that throbs within us, whose privileges we ignore.

We live in heart-beats, and electric nerves; in respiratory tubes and throbbing brains;

We live in swift sensations of the flesh, in deep emotions, in flaming passions, tinsel hopes and vain ambitions; we live in food, desire and sensuous indulgence; and *think* we live!

But all this is wretched delusion; disappointing

THE MYSTIC MEANING OF THE RESURRECTION.

to the superficial, but to the discerning, a prophecy of higher life.

The succulent seed, nourished by the soil and air, rots in its process of growth. It little wots when dying of the splendor of its resurrection beauty.

But though the seed has perished, it but died to live again in plant and bough and bud and blossom.

To the eye that sees beyond the moment, its beauty was already recorded in the repulsive carcass of decay.

The soul that sinks in sensuous indulgence and rots in the putrefying dissolution of degeneracy, is moulding, as the dying seed, into a higher and more refined unfoldment, though its way be through hell and purgatory.

Nor need the struggling soul await the dawn of resurrection hope beyond the shadowy tomb—but even now, this day, this hour, it may claim its own—even here within this breast which too long has held the spirit cabbined and confined.

Ay, within the coffin of the breast lies buried the captive offspring of the skies!

Here lies the soul—the god-like self of each of us,—the life, whose splendorous resurrection awaits the birth of consciousness, void of the vain delusions and the stupid falsehoods of the flesh!

As fairest form of Grecian art was shaped of

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foam and flame, sprung from the nuptials of sea and sky,—fair Aphrodite, child of the dawn;

As Athene, divinity of wisdom, leaped from the knit brow and vigorous brain of sensuous and indulgent Zeus;

As Persephone, innocent and bough-bedecked daughter of the fields, returned from Hades at the cry of mother-earth—Demeter, wailing for her stolen child;

As Syrian Adonis and Egyptian Osiris and Palestinian Jesus, returned from the gloom and stench of the grave and from the nether pit;

So must that, of which all these legends are symbolic—the divine and deathless soul—arise from the flaming pit of passion and the decaying carcass of the flesh, to the glorified and triumphant innocence of its primal nature, for which all its experiences are the expectant probation.

Human life is like a maze of mirrors, through which the soul of man, vainly pursuing the un-found passage of deliverance, sees itself reflected in a thousand various forms.

Vainly it pusues its way, vainly hopes, vainly seeking self-recognition!

Not until it learns that not in the refracting rays of the maze of mirrors—vain and puzzling delusions—can it behold its face, but only in its own breast,

THE MYSTIC MEANING OF THE RESURRECTION.

self-mirrored, singly-seen, does it find release, and come to consciousness.

To rise from the delusion of the senses to the light of the spirit—is the Resurrection.

To rise from the grave of sensuous decay and sordid indulgence to purity of heart and human sympathy—is the Resurrection.

To rise from envy, intrigue, hate and revenge to magnanimity, candor, forgiveness and love,—is the Resurrection.

To rise from selfishness, avariciousness, temporal possessions and vulgar acquisitiveness to generosity, sympathy, the discernment of life's ideals and the joy of benefitting others—is the Resurrection.

To rise from crass materialism to poetic appreciation, from the discordant conflict of interests to mutual division and associative benefits, from war of conquest to universal peace,—is the Resurrection.

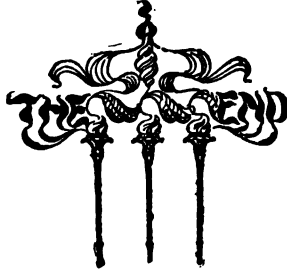
To rise from hopelessness and despair to cheer and courage, from diffidence and fear to self-reliance and temerity, from failure to victory, from defeat to success,—is the Resurrection.

To rise from crudity to culture, from vulgarianism to refinement, from anger and irasci-

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bility to sweetness of spirit and kindness of manner,—is the Resurrection.

To rise from stiff-necked pride to contriteness of heart, from woe of spirit to joy and radiance of life, from crabid cynicism to mellowness of soul,—is the Resurrection.



XXIX.

The Call of Eden.



ELLINGS from the primal depths of Being haunt illusively the consciousness of man.

Deep utters unto deep the unanswerable Riddle of Existence.

No Oedipus has yet challenged the Sphinx of the Soul, and hurled it into self-annihilation.

Something from Somewhere haunts it, like prophecy or memory, harking back to some forgotten Past, or seeking a Future beyond our momentary ken.

Whence is Man: ape or angel: of heaven, first-born; or of earth, the last? Whence is his inspiration? from bubblings of hell, dark and forbidding; or from luminous stars that light his pathway to the heights?

Crouched in cave and chattering with fear; or armed with club, to stun or slay assailing beasts;

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or a-climb of trees, like the monkey tribe, nimble of limb and prehensile hand; or, whittling the club to a point and with it ploughing the soil for the suckling seed—nourisher of wasted energy; or, floating on soaked logs upon the main, like the finny tribe, making of the sea a habitation and a home; or, sheltered neath a roof of thatched boughs, or hewn timber, rude prophecy of peasant's domicile and prince's palace; or, carving with rough stones upon rocks the rude drawings of animal or edifice, faint foreglances of Angelo and Apelles; or, mimicking the roar of beasts and the warbling of birds, weird intimations of Demosthenes and Mario; or, slaying fellow man with reeking sword that reddens the earth and the blushing skies for shameless centuries; or, intoning apotheoses to sea and star and sun, groping for some for-off One, whom he may pronounce his God; or, weeping by the coffin lid, mourning the victims of his own vengeance, when Conscience awoke and pronounced him Monster; or, gulfed in gold, amassed by pelf, by slaughter and deceit, and housed 'neath architectural glories, whose splendors are the purchase-blood shed on Mammon's altars; or, singing mystic pæans of irenic hope, prophetic of some far off Epoch of Man when, like a Deity he shall make of earth a matchless Paradise;—in all these changing phases of

THE CALL OF EDEN.

evolving life, from the primitive cradle of mankind to the coffins of countless civilizations, man ever hears the same faint, vague, bewildering cry—the haunting, tantalizing Call of Eden!

Is it the call to grief or gladness; to woe or weal? Is it the echo of a dead Past—uncanny, affrighting and hopeless; or the faint whispering of a waking Dawn, flushed with the promise of a golden Future?

Is it the groan of an Exile, fleeing the Flaming Sword that forever shuts him from the Habitation of his Soul? Is it the Song of an Angel, whose vibrating harp echoes in the Heart of Man the Song of the Immortal Self?

The call of Eden is the Call to Consciousness. It is the cry of the Soul, pained with the prescience of its own potency.

The Call of Eden is the Voice of Deity in the Garden of Humanity proclaiming Man's divinity.

The Call of Eden is the Call of Hope: man is not yet, but is to be; and when he comes then Eden shall arrive. Not in the dead past can she be found; only a prophet's eye as yet beholds her, veiled in some far future.

The Call of Eden is the spur of the Ideal. The Call of Eden is the search for the mystic Grail.

A thousand years are as a day to the heart of man that yearns for the triumph of his loftiest self.

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Though a million stones mark the graves of his failures, he faints not, nor loiters, but onward seeks the Goal of attainment and beatitude.

The Call of Eden is the call of To-Morrow; for each to-morrow is a yesterday in the moment of desire.

The call of Eden is the Call to God, which is the call to Self. Man's God is ever but himself conceived as Highest.

Man cannot live beyond himself; his God must come to him, he cannot to his God.

He who conceives his God as his highest conceivable Self, despairs not but hopes; his God is not impossible, for he may become like to Him.

The Call of Eden is the call of life, courage, ambition. It is the call that follows the finger of destiny, indexing the march of ages.

The Call of Eden is the Call of Man. The Past inspires; the Future invites.

Paradise is Beyond: the Gates are lifting: Truth guides and Love beckons.

Hope, without despair, is the eternal prod of progress.

XXX.

How to be Happy.



HAPPINESS is the common purpose and supreme ambition of mankind.

Many there are who struggle but few attain.

The House of Have is far less tenanted than the House of Want.

The multitude grovel in the ground and grumble at misfortune. Here and there lives one whose face is radiant with peace, whose step is brisk and buoyant, whose every feature is an idyl expressive of life's comfort and delight.

But the ordinary wayfarer reveals, in the deep lines of his rigid countenance, in his drooping step and hang-dod chin, the result of endless struggle against hardship and adversity,—vestiges of misfortune's sinister effects.

When such an one awakes at early morn no voice of meadow lark or turtle dove greets him on the

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dew-wet green; but the rasping shriek of factory whistle, or the dull, grinding whirl of machinery,—the only music to which his unhappy ear is tuned.

How much of joy comes to them in life, who toil in the dark bosom of deep mines; who sway the swinging sledge in quarry depths; who cleanse the streets that those of fairer lot may with impunity traverse the crowded thoroughfares; who at the risk of life and health sleep beneath rain-soaked roofs or on floors permeated with the filth of gathered garbage or the fumes of poisonous sewage?

How little are we wont to contemplate the fate of those who have scarce the crumb of bread they need to hold the breath within the body!

How unsympathetic are we when our bodies are sated and our minds are at ease!

And yet each of us sucks pleasure enough from the blossoms of life to share some little of the honey for the hunger of others.

Although for days the sun refuse to shine, and the sickly cast of gloom hide the fair sky from our eyes, yet is there always sun enough to light the traveller's path, to warm the flower's cockles and burst it into life, to grow the golden grain and ripen the blushing fruit, to feed and clothe the bodies of all mankind.

Famines are sporadic; never universal. Drouths

are periodic and local; the misfortune of one country is overbalanced by the bursting plenty of another.

Were Nature niggardly, and fearing, lest the meagerness of momentary sunshine in certain days and seasons would ill supply the needs of earth, forthwith seized and stored the passing sunshine for immediate or future use, how speedily would even the transitory splendors of the seasons be lost to mourning millions!

Why should we not be as lavish of our good fortune, as improvident, as Nature?

Nature is prolific even to waste. Her resources are illimitable. She has learned and she teaches us the more we give the more abundantly we receive.

Happiness is contagious no less than unhappiness. By reflex effect, the quality we give forth multiplies in energy as it returns.

The happiness we give to others returns to us a hundred fold. The echo of one's laughter ripples round the world. A groan is lost in cavernous depths, heard by those only who haunt its shades.

We never give to others, but we do so that we ourselves may be the happier.

In our very unselfishness we are most selfish; our altruism is egoistic; our sacrifice is self-glorification.

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This is Nature's law; and it is well. For by it we learn that we ourselves attain happiness only by achieving happiness for others.

Why, then, should we not learn that the more of life's beneficent favors we bestow on others the more lavish is Nature's munificence to ourselves?

We may be misers of laughter and good cheer as well as of gold and silver.

There be those who never smile in public lest they be seen, whose private mirror oft belies their wonted reputation.

Some there are who rejoice only in prison—the prison of self-gratification and secret communing.

They haunt the moon that she alone may see their pale cheeks faintly flushed with pleasure.

Lest they might make others smile, their smiles are never seen. Lest their laughter start the risibles of others they choke it in their throats.

Their happiness is such as the hound enjoys while gnawing his bone, who must needs protect it with a growl.

What happiness one seeks for himself alone is never found. Selfish pleasure is impossible.

Never so slight the joy one knows but that its echo may gladden some other heart.

Never the slightest echo of one's joy reaches another's heart but it returns thundering its triumph.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

Happiness is illy sought in solitude.

For, the jewels one finds in secret search are not half so costly till others vie for them in the markets of the world.

Solitude affords us happiness; but it is the happiness of anticipation. When we have found the fount of happiness we cannot drink its waters till we have besought others to be refreshed with us.

Whosoever drinks the waters of happiness alone soon finds them bitter and displeasing.



XXXI.

The Safety of Serenity.



SERENITY is the balance wheel of human life.

He who acquires poise amid the whirl of earthly vicissitudes is marked by the gods as a master among men.

Self-centered souls, and wills bent on single purposes, gain the rarest prizes in human contests.

He who shifts his purpose ere the goal is won, is lost.

Victory comes not alone from intensity of action, but none the less from calmness of mind and certainty of resolve.

To falter is to fail; but to determine, in spite of fear, is to win. To the resolute, obstacles vanish like illusions.

The traveller who from a distance discerns a rise

THE SAFETY OF SERENITY.

in the road surmises that an arduous hill confronts him. But if he forges on the hill soon sinks to the level of the road.

He who shuts his eyes to obstacles will see nothing but their ghosts. Shadows may affright babies: giants defy continents.

A calm mind generates a rhythmic heart. A rhythmic heart gives sway and symmetry to bodily action.

Rhythmic sway and sympathetic symmetry are savers of energy—factors of economy in Nature's laboratory.

The calm mind is always rhythmic. The poised body is always symmetrical. Instinctively the well balanced body responds to music, swaying with the note of harmony.

He, who leaks at the nerves, is like a slowly squeezed sponge, losing the vitality with which Nature has so generously suffused his frame.

Nerve-leak in man is like escaping steam from the boiler;—the energy which was intended to build and preserve the body slides off, without effect, save to leave the organs weak and enervate.

Few persons have sufficient surplus of nerve force to be immune to its wasteful expenditure.

The best preservative of nerve force is a mind

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mantled with serenity, and a heart warmed with geniality and love.

Yet geniality and good nature may be spendthrift no less than anger and irritability.

When kindness bubbles over with excessive sympathy it trafficks recklessly in necessary vitality.

It is wiser to be composed, even in the expression of our sympathies, at the risk of suspicion of coldness, than to destroy our usefulness by the thoughtless waste of vital force.

Serenity and Sympathy, at last, are true companions, and better disport themselves in the gentle voice, the tender eye, the kindly pressure of the hand, than in loud vociferation, copious tears and tremulous nerves.

Magnanimity is the better part of manliness, as is serenity of sympathy.

Clowns judge us by our actions: the wise know us by our motives. Innocence never carps, scolds, explains or retaliates.

The guilty alone are balked by calumny.

He who answers a false charge half admits the aspersion.

Silence is the king of advocates. Time is the prince of defenders. The calm mind and the poised tongue are the symbols of serenity.

The serene man is the sincere man.

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The criminal wears the veneer of serenity which cracks off at the slightest provocation.

The crisis reveals the assumed serenity of insincerity, and tears the mask of the saint from the heart of the savage.

He who is true to his noblest ideals is ever serene amid turmoil; for he is conscious of the sincerity that sustains him.

He whose life is an open book need never fear or carp or quibble. The pages are not filled with cryptic signs that only the initiated can decipher.

He who runs may read: the plodder as well as the poet. Yet he shall not escape calumny or suspicion. His steps are tracked by the scandal monger; his ears are scorched by the flames of aspersion.

Nevertheless, no scandal can besmirch him, no lie betray, no hypocrite deflower.

He who is indifferent to fate, whose heart is unaffected by the mutterings of the multitude, who is resigned to the pursuit of his Ideal, alone is vouchsafed the serenity that saves.

He who allows himself to become irritated opens the flood gates of forces that rend and destroy.

Anger is like the blow of the hammer upon a crystal: it destroys beauty, symmetry and brilliance.

Irritability is the release of unrestrained vi-

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brations: it is like short-circuited electricity running amuck.

Serenity is a rock mid-sea, which no waves of opposition can disturb. He whose mind is stayed on Truth sleeps in peace and toils without care.



XXXII.

Tears.



THE human emotions are the key board on which the soul plays the variations of its experience.

Feeling is the basis of being, the seat of consciousness, the source and origination of physical activity.

We do only what feeling compells. Our thoughts are born of our emotions; even our wills are but the consumation of our wishes.

A volition is an intensified desire; a thought is a crystallised emotion.

The quality of our feeling, therefore, complexions the nature of our ideas, our character and our achievements.

All emotion must find vent in some physical expression. Suppressed emotions oft reveal their secret existence in the tell-tale features of face or

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form: the curve of lip, the droop of eyelid, the liquid iris of the laughing eye, the mournful tear of gnawing anguish.

Tears are sometimes the fountain of life at which a famishing soul may imbibe new force and inspiration.

Tears are not curses but blessings. They are the escape vent for feelings which unexpressed would crush the heart.

Tears relieve, re-invigorate and nourish the starving soul. They are the refreshing showers that follow the dry, electric storm of agony and pain.

Woe is his who knows not the nursing care a gentle tear conveys. Tears cleanse the heart of moral filth and wash away the stains of sin. Tears pour their healing balm in every wound, and soothe the pain that suffering inflicts.

Tears invoke the pity of the gods and melt e'en Pluto's iron cheeks. Tears water the hardened heart and quicken the seeds of sympathy that lie latent in the soil of life.

Tears are the symbol of human democracy. They are common alike to prince and pauper, affluence and poverty, puissance and privation.

In the realm of tears all humankind are equal. The potentate, broken in spirit, weeps as the beggarly subject at his feet; the princess, retinued and

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bejeweled, if divorced by Fortune weeps bitterly as the ragged victim of her royal scorn.

Tears are the life of beauty, the essence of love. Without tears the eye were hard and cold; without tears love would lose its most effective weapon.

A tearless eye is like the bed of an arid stream, sans freshness, sans beauty, sans charm, sans sweetness.

A tear has sometimes stopped the blow of the murderous brute, withstood the sceptred tyranny of despots, and changed the course of human history.

Clotilda's tears won Clovis and all Gaul to the folds of struggling Christianity. The tears of Marie Antoinette led Louis to the guillotine and the mob to her chambers.

The pettish, fretful tears of Cleopatra lured Antony to the serpent's coil and stained the splendor of Roman glory. The wise and beseeching tears of Cæsar's wife if heeded had saved him from the assassin's blow.

The tears of Josephine wrung the flintiest heart in all Europe and had they not been unselfish might have cheated the world of its supremest martial genius.

The smothered tears of sympathy provoked by memory of Nancy Hanks, young mother lost to the

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youthful Lincoln, oft rose to his noble eyes, during those long years of national peril, and sometimes settled issues of state and individual fates.

The watery eye if beetled by a noble brow is like a purling brook beneath a rugged mountain. You know that there abide rest and comfort and sympathetic repose.

Tears are not always seen, for some hearts are there full of tears as a subterranean river-bed of living water, that seldom reach the surface but flow on silently as the dropping dew of even.

There be tears of pain, and tears of joy, tears of hate and tears of love, tears of anger and tears of peace, tears of bitterness and tears as sweet as mountain streams.

Whatever the prompting of thy tears, be thou not ashamed of them. They are nature's strength of weakness, and gladness of sorrow—the paradoxes of the soul.

They are the moisture of the spirit on which the heavens cast the rainbow of reassurance and reveal the light that shines in the stormy gloom.

They gild the edges of the cloud, purify the sultry atmosphere of the spirit and refresh the fields of the heart that lie fallow for the seed of courage and ambition.

Some spirits are so sensitive and simple they re-

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joice or sorrow in other's defeats or triumphs as if they were their own.

Tears come to them they know not how or why. The chords of sympathy forever vibrate and gather constantly the dripping globules of the eye.

They feel the pulse of all humanity, and as men suffer their souls experience the reflex of the common pain. They live more in others than in themselves, and are acquainted with the mystery of the impersonal self.

The tears that easily flow from such spirits are symbols of profound experience, sympathetic imagination and infinite endurance.

They are the universal nurses of the race, and mother it from infancy to manhood.

The tears of lovers are the fickle dripping of cascades. The tears of friends are the murmuring of mountain brooks. The tears of mothers are idylls of the skies.

Deeply sympathetic souls live again in other lives the history of their own: unconsciously theirs are the tears of self-commiseration or self-laudation.

As the shadows of time fall on the narrowing path of life they again behold themselves winning, losing; hoping, fearing; attempting, retiring; aggressive, diffident; yet not as themselves but as others who seem to be their own reflection.

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Then come the tears of memory, of reminiscence, of youth's forecast forgotten, of promises fulfilled or wanting.

These are the tears of melancholy; for the past is always sad; it is a thing that is dead, and tears bedew its shadow-laden grave.

Yet sweet are such tears; e'en above all earthly boons. They almost make transparent the veil that screens from view the unseen world.

Such tears can resurrect dead loves and sacrificed hopes, the friendships of the bygone years, the sweet ambitions that once spurred the breast to ardent action.

How suddenly are they aroused; what strange powers call them into being!

A liquid note of music on the air, the whisper of a wanton breeze, the swish of languid wave, the glimpse of a star, the twitter of a bird, the droop of an eyelid, the smile of a lip, the scorn of the nostril, a feeble sigh, a tender touch—these are the magic conjurers of tears that often make or mar the fortunes of our lives.

A tear is an angel's visit soothing the fevered soul with the cooling moisture of the skies; or, perchance, a bubbling stream fraught with fires of hate and anger.

A tear is a minister of mercy for it speaks repent-

TEARS.

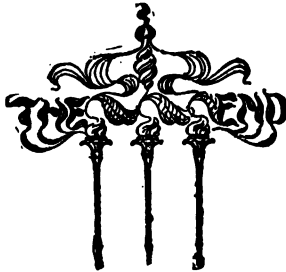
ance or forgiveness, self-confession or self-justification,—ever the glistening symbol of the soul's illumination.

Let the tears fall, O suffering soul, they clear the air and reveal to thy vision the blue skies that shine above the storm.

Let the tears fall, O child of luckless fortune, they make a certain music to the soul that drowns its melancholy.

Let the tears fall, beaten warrior in life's battle, they are the only friends thou hast, for this cold world wots not of things that fail.

'Tis well through tears we enter life; through tears we exit. For they but symbolize the mist of mystery that mantles all existence.



XXXIII.

Faith Born of Knowledge.



AN Truth and Faith abide together?

Truth presumes discernment, analysis, and logical deduction. Faith implies submission, dependence, acquiescence.

Truth is the child of logic; faith, of intuition. Truth contends with, controverts and confounds, every foe. Faith knows no foe, but abides in calm reliance on the power which inheres within itself.

Faith is a force. Truth is a process. Faith is the habit of instinct. Truth is the determinism of reality.

Faith anticipates; and in the anticipation realises the possession. Truth interrogates; and, awaiting the response suspends its verdict.

Faith is final and immediate. Truth is remote and illusive. Faith is absolute; truth is tentative.

Truth is a function of the human mind, not a fact in external Nature. No man knows the truth; for

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to man truth ever changes with new data and discovery.

Truth to-day is error to-morrow. The temple of Truth must be approached on the stepping stones of Error.

Man forever ascends these steps but never enters the temple. For man walks by Faith and she is his only guide.

Without this guide man would never venture. He discovers a new principle only by trusting an hypothesis.

Theory is the faith of science. Who trusts, learns; who fears, fails. Would you know? You must first believe.

Yet blind belief is not faith but bigotry. To learn, you must test your faith—work with your theory. Faith without works is dead, no less in science than in religion.

If your theory fails, your proposition is futile. If your faith is false your knowledge is ignorance.

Your faith can be changed into truth only by testing its hypothesis. If it cannot thus be changed into truth then it becomes false and worthless.

This is the rule of science, and must be no less of ethics and religion. Revelation that depends on faith undemonstrable, is but abortive imagination.

Authority that depends alone on dictatorial

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power falls of its own weight when its dicta prove deleterious rather than beneficial to mankind.

There is a science of the spirit as well as of the senses. The Rule of Truth is the same in both realms.

The method of discovery and the approach to truth are identical in both systems.

Faith in science is not the contradiction of truth but the instrumentality of its discovery.

Faith in religion must perform the same service and in the same manner.

Faith that cannot be tested is but Ignorance sitting in gown and wig. In science hypothesis is always the fore-step of discovery.

If you would analyse the constituents of any substance, you must believe in its supposed constituency long enough to test your theory. Without this presupposition you would remain forever ignorant.

The principles of chemistry have always existed in Nature. But man's acquaintance with and discovery of them depended upon his testing each vague suggestion that Nature timidly put forth.

Thus if you would learn the truth concerning the alleged powers of the soul, you must believe in their existence long enough to test their virtue.

To deny, in blind ignorance, and remain an agnostic, is as absurd as to believe and remain a bigot.

FAITH BORN OF KNOWLEDGE.

He who would acquire a knowledge of himself must cultivate the power of introspection.

Only when he awakens the latent forces within, of which too long he remains in total ignorance, does he come to understand that soul study is as serious a science as the study of seed and star.

Learned men are too often self-ignorant, though world-aware. The astronomer, the chemist, the biologist know to almost the last fractional analysis the constituency of the solar system and the principles of cosmic evolution, but are generally profoundly unformed of the most palpable laws of human nature.

Man knows all things else better than he knows himself. The greatest of all sciences is Self-Science. Yet it is the youngest, the least known and the most discouraged.

The noblest study of mankind is man; yet of the three sciences that attempt to study man, physiology, phrenology and psychology, only the first is as yet taken seriously.

But we must penetrate deeper than the knowledge of the body. There is a spiritual realm, as there is a physical. The two are complementary and correspondent.

Who shall find the Key and divulge the Arcana?

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If there is attraction in matter, there is love in spirit.

If there is struggle and conquest, survival and ascent in the physical realm of life, there is in the soul the deathless spirit of hope and eternal aspiration.

If there is persistence in material force, there is patience in the human heart.

If there is conservation and reconstructive energy in matter, there is mercy in man.

If there is balance and equilibrium in the sustaining forces of the universe there is justice in the human breast.

If there are identity, harmony and proportion in the infinite, there is in man faith that probes, and truth that discovers, their existence.

He who learns to trust those powers in himself which he discerns are the sustaining forces of the infinite harmony builds his house on a rock which the wind and the tide cannot destroy.

XXXIV.

Sunrise in the Soul.



SUNLIGHT is the blessing of the world.

What were the universe without it?

Without the sun the world were dull,
dark and fuliginous; choked with murky
fumes, unsusceptible of human life, and fit alone for
monsters of the gloom.

One day of sodden cloud awakens in a sensitive
soul forebodings of approaching woe and sinister
nightmares of a mind diseased.

A week, a month of sunless days causes the flesh
to fester with invading maladies, pestilence to
scourge the land, and waste and desolation to pre-
vail.

To those who thrive in external environment, and
respond with almost automatic sympathy to each
changing phase of nature, the Sun is the Giver of
Life, The Savior from disease, the crowning glory of
human happiness.

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To them, the absence of the sun is death; they mourn his untimely disappearance as an army of hard-pressed warriors lament the sudden dispatch of their commander.

What wonder the first observers of his glory fell in worship at his golden feet!

What wonder the first songs of men were lifted in his praise, and at dawn the holy orisons of primeval votaries awoke him from his golden couch!

To-day unconsciously we worship him (the god of day) as ever Parsee on the shores of Persia, or Vedant hymnist 'neath the shades of Himalaya, or Greek on the Aegean lea welcoming the musical Apollo!

Without the sun we were indeed without a god, for without life what is there to worship?

The very body palpitates with the quality and degree of blessed sunlight that pervades it.

The finesse of the physical organism depends upon the amount of sunlight it receives.

Only the lowest forms of animal and vegetal life can thrive in dimly lighted or shaded nooks of earth.

Coarse ferns and brakes, lichens and crude mosses, least developed of living forms, love to linger in the gloom and shade.

SUNRISE IN THE SOUL.

But where the oak disports his monarch-crown; where willows, myriad-arched, caress the streams; where valiant pines hoist their sentinel-spears to rugged mountain heights; or where the apple, peach and pomegranate bear their golden fruitage; there the sunlight reigns and blesses with its glory.

The finer organisms, the more complex and susceptible of varied expression, those that are adapted to larger and more complete achievement, best thrive where the sun prevails with persistent but temperate heat.

The more enduring growths in horticulture; the finest fruits in instictive stirpiculture; the strongest animals and the best proportioned and most athletic men; are generated where the due proportion of sunlight frees the land from excessive gloom and ill-foreboding shadows.

The lizard and the slimy serpent are offspring of the darkling shade; the plumaged bird and kingly lion thrive where the glorious god of day disports his golden crown.

But, is there not within the realm of man himself a region, comparable with the firmament wherein the sun in Nature reigns supreme, and which engenders in his soul the nobler sentiments and finer aspirations that make of life a paradise?

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Is man dependent only on the sun without—the ever variable and oftentimes disappointing sun of Nature?

Is there not within a Sun, whose splendor never fades, whose cheer is ever kindled?

He who holds communion with this Inward Sun may oft dispense with yon golden orb that swings on high; yea, shall but little bethink him of his rising glory or receding beams!

Such an one lives ever on the mountain top—whither he flees when pain and sorrow would afflict—when distress of human sympathy or needless sight of suffering ceaselessly pursue.

To such an one it is every day he lives the child of light. And yet betimes he may descend where human gloom and penetrating sorrow overtake him; but not as those who know the gloom alone, who ceaselessly sorrow without solace.

He has been with the Light, and his sympathy brings glory to the benighted.

He has visited the Day and brings into the night the Golden Lamps of Life.

His feet are not lost in winding ways, for he foresees each turn in the descending path, and returns untinged and unbloomed when his mission is complete.

The light that swathes him is full, round and

SUNRISE IN THE SOUL.

entire. Like an invisible Shield of Flame it protects, purifies and conceals.

It frames an invisible halo round his brow—seen only of the gods. He dwells within the bosom of unbroken calm—where no monsters of evil seize him unawares, nor tormenting pain distresses, or unexpected woe befalls.

The Light-Giver ever guides him with the Lamp of Day. His home is paradise; his secret, happiness; his attainment, Nirvana.

The world moves as it will, like the wind that cometh and goeth no man knows whence or whither.

To him who lives contentedly, and learns with willing heart the lesson of each experience, Resignation is the way of life.

To attain the inward conquest is a thousand times more glorious than the worldly honor of kings or the renown of immortal genius.

Seek thou that Sun within thyself, whose rays are life and health, that illuminate the mind and vivify the blood.

It is the Holy Grail, which, once found, makes each throbbing vein refulgent with its light, and the trembling nerves responsive to its vibrant beams.

It is the Breath of God pouring into the sodden clay the essence of the Spirit, widening the lungs,

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sweetening the taste, quickening the digestion, purifying the blood.

Here, at the Shrine of the Sun, sing the orison of Day-Rise in thy Heart.

Hail him, thy Savior, thy God, for only as this Sun shines within thee art thou redeemed and glorified.



XXXV.

The Sleeping God.



EVER in the heart of man lurks the gentle god of love. As if ashamed of the shrine he consecrates, he seldom makes his presence known, save when wooed by pity or conquered by humiliation.

All men are made to love and to be loved; and yet few have learned the secret.

The coarsest brute who laughs at mercy and glories in maltreatment, hears betimes the gentle cooing of a voice that softens and becalms him.

Even the savage murderer, who would crush a human being with as little compunction as he would a reptile, may be quieted and mellowed by some soul that warms his hardened heart with the single glance of an eye lit with a love he cannot comprehend.

The rudest ruffian, deaf to sympathy and dead to pain, has somewhere in the citadel of his being a secret crypt where sleeps the gentle god.



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Unsuspected he lies ensconced awaiting the call of a winsome voice that wakens him.

It may be 'tis a mother's voice that soothes, or perchance the lisplings of a witching child, recalling his own once childish innocence, that rouses the slumbering deity.

Or perchance some kindly words from gentle lips becalm the ruffled breast where silently he sleeps; or passionate strains of music moisten and bedim the eyes that but now were dry with hardened hate unmindful of his presence.

At such signal, as if responding to some potent conjurer, he awakes and thrills the corridors of the heart with echoes of convincing song.

And when he awakes how sweet and solacing the sentiment he yields; how kindly now the heart that yesterday was rude; how tender the chords that yesterday twanged with grating sounds of jealousy and malice!

When the sleeping god awakes he divulges all the glory of the dream that enthralled him in his slumber.

He paints upon our vision the softened lights that fall on field and height; the flowered meadows where insects swoon and the leafy wolds thronged with echoing songsters that thrill the heart with joy.

THE SLEEPING GOD.

He tells of peace and kindness in all the walks of life; of newly dowered courage born of sacrifice; of earnestness inspired by exultant hope.

He makes us see what he has seen in dreams and all the world is made anew and beautiful with cheerfulness and love.

But where sleeps this god and how shall we awaken him?

Would you find him in another heart? Then first awake him in thine own!

You cannot rouse him in another's soul. He sleeps in a secret place no other one can find but he who harbors him though unawares.

For the heart, wherein awakened, he will seek another heart, and there discover the labyrinthian way that leads him to his own.

For only love can call to love: only to love does love respond. The god has a mystic language of his own, he only understands; his is a voice no other god can counterfeit; and when he hears it all hells and devils cannot compel him to resist.

Though often sought but seldom is he found; howbeit semblance of himself is sometimes palmed for him.

The wise only, they whose spirits have been burnished in the fires of purgatory, recognize him when he awakes.

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For he is as elusive as a woodland nymph; timid as a fawn; and glides like a sylph in forest-glades among the curtaining shadows.

Impressionable as wax, responsive as Aeolian harp, he awaits the touch that moulds him into form, or rouses him with vibrant life and power.

Though frail and fragile, yet he shirks not the blow of pain, but often welcomes it a friend and helper.

Nor does he shudder and retreat when before his eyes the ghastly forms parade of penury and want, defeat and disappointment, sallow-visaged sorrow, and aught that calls for pity or forgiveness.

There be though evil powers that have sought his secret couch and slain him as he slept.

Cruelty, hatred, faithlessness, betrayal, these be the demons of the night that too oft have stabbed him to the quick.

And yet though slain, he is not dead; he sleeps; for, like a god, he is immortal.

Love never perishes, though chameleon-like oft he may change his visage or like Proteus disguise himself in various forms.

He may be liveried in sable robes of pity or scintillate with radiance of joy.

He may wear sorrow's sallow visage or the dimpled mask of gayety and wantonness.

THE SLEEPING GOD.

He may even transform himself to hate, with venomous tongue, or jealousy when jaundiced with suspicion.

And yet though oft disguised he is ever recognized by those who know. He reveals himself through hate by over interest in the thing he hates; in pity by excess of suffering; in jealousy by emphasis of suspicion that were ill-wasted on what were undesired.

In the voice of anger he reveals an undertone of softness that the practiced ear detects.

In the fury and madness of insane jealousy he suffers a light to linger in the gleaming eye that reveals the gentler spirit and the softer voice within.

Yet who shall conjure him from the slumberous depths where he is wont to lie?

What is the secret wand that wakes him; what the mystic word that breaks the spell of silence?

None knows this but himself; and happy ye who unwittingly possess the magic power to conjure.

Yet he heeds the voice of kindness, the deed of mercy and unselfishness, the courage that compels sacrifice and converts a coward into a hero, the softened eye bedimmed with sympathy and prompted to forgiveness.

Only when he sits supreme upon the heart, crowned with peace and sceptred with power, the

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only god our souls adore and cheerfully obey, is life worth while and earth a Paradise.

Here, then, is this Hesperides, where grow the golden apples of eternal love—the heart, the human heart.

And would we sail athwart the soul to search its secret groves, we must brave the passions of the breast, the storms of suffering and anguish that sweep its surface, and oft approaching death.

If we endure at last we shall behold the golden fruit that shall enrich our lives with priceless wealth.

Let us but enter: at once the god appears: he dowers us with peace; his smiles are sweeter than the honey of Hymettus; his voice melodious as "Triton's wreathéd horn"; his gifted wand, the conjurer of happiness, the stolid world wots little of.



XXXVI.

Ideal Possibilities of Society.



HE Socialism, commonly animadverted upon by the popular agitator, is not necessarily that social state which shall ultimately prevail.

No man can forestall the future. That genius exists not who can catalogue the virtues of the coming social order or draw the sociological map of approaching ages.

The human mind can but grasp tendencies—natural, prophetic indications of succeeding states of civilization—and from these he may justly draw certain logical conclusions.

The ideal phases of civilization, sometimes denominated “socialism,” and which have so constantly fascinated the prophet-dreamers of the race, are not fraught with possible future slavery, but forestall justice and equality for all.

Nevertheless, in order that the race may reach

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this larger attainment of universal equality, it may be necessary for it to be subjected in evolutionary transition to temporary states of slavery. that through such discipline it may evolve to a lofty conception and appreciation of sympathetic brotherhood and justice.

It is manifest that there are to-day two diverse tendencies, apparently of equal strength, and each contending for the supremacy.

The one forges urgently toward the concentration of wealth in the possession of the privileged few, and the subjection of the masses to the control of corporate power, while the other encourages independence among the wage-workers with a view of wresting the sceptre from the throne of Capitalism and wielding it themselves.

If it is a requisite of Nature that Class-rule prevail in the social order, then the far-seeing can but discern that it were more dangerous for the lower and less cultured class to rule and sway the tremendous power of wealth than the more fitted privileged few.

By the force of public sentiment an oligarchy of wealth in a Republic, ever an exotic, can be overthrown, and their acquired wealth be utilized for the benefit of the common electorate.

But if the masses, uneducated and without dis-

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cipline, should seize the sceptre of wealth, it goes without saying that they would pervert its authority, through selfish indulgence, to menace the safety of society, and, possibly through the impulse of vengeance spur the natural hatred of their social superiors into universal revolution.

History affords too many illustrative examples for us to doubt such palpable facts.

There are underlying psychological reasons for the unequal distribution of the world's wealth which prove that the poor no less than the rich are equally responsible for the social disparities.

On the one hand the poor envy and hate the rich merely because of their possessions. They are jealous; vengeful. In short they are covetous.

The existence of wealth, in and of itself, with all its boundless possibilities, is not only a source of mutual antagonism between those who have and those who want, but the basis of inordinate jealousy and vengeful maledictions.

Accompanied with this fact is the cognate feeling of distrust and indignation because of the privileged opportunities which have been given by government and society to those who by cunning, intrigue and shrewdness have so manipulated their plans as to compel the multitude to pay tribute to overreaching temerity and criminal audacity.

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The social autocrat, in the eye of the helpless poor, is a marauder no less because protected by a conniving judiciary and an obnoxious front of legitimacy; for his right is recognized as the brutality of might; and his success, the business of the buccaneer.

The poor have come to believe that the richer the man the deeper the proof of his guilt: vast fortunes they think are but vast evidence of society's willingness to cover the thief if he but display booty enough to emphasize his respectability.

On the other hand, while the poor envy, they make ceaseless obeisance to the extravagance of disproportionate wealth.

So long as the poor instinctively uncover to the rich, merely because of their pompous wealth, poverty will more and more dig the gulf of separation between them.

So long as the poor basely cringe and scrape, and make obsequious courtesy to the passing money-bag who struts with assumed hauteur, the poor will ever encourage the encroachments of the inordinate rich.

So long as the poor will swarm in crowds of curiosity around palatial residences when vulgarly displaying luxurious extravagance in the prosecution of social functions, merely that they may

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catch a glimpse of some belaced and diamonded dame or an imagined aristocrat gliding through the portals, so long will jewelled heels press deeper upon the bleeding necks of the destitute and oppressed.

As it is to-day the poor man virtually says: "I hate and curse you for your riches, nevertheless I humble myself before and worship you merely because you are so rich and I am so poor."

Plaintively the poor man moans: "Why cannot I be rich as you?" Then vengefully: "But if I cannot enjoy your wealth I shall endeavor to make it impossible for you yourself to enjoy it! For I hate riches in you, nevertheless I covet and yearn to possess them myself."

Instinctively the rich reply: "We made our wealth; if not we ourselves at least our ancestors, from whom we received it honorably. You are poor because you are ignorant and shiftless, dull and uninventive. Curse your stars, if you wish, but spare us your murmurings!"

While such a spirit of mutual misunderstanding and ingrained selfishness prevails, the poor and the rich need but each blame themselves for the overweening disdain of the one and the avenging animosity of the other.

Ere comes the millennium, the spirit of utter in-

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difference to what advantages mere money possession affords, must compass all mankind.

Merit must be prized above money, brain over brawn, genius above gluttony, virtue above venality.

As yet all things are too much measured by money values: the dollar mark, the pound sterling, the market price fix the worth of human commodities be they of hand or head, of art or artisanship.

The stigma of mere commercial valuation bars the progress of genuine merit.

Art, science, literature, genius, scholarship, the drama, are thrown promiscuously into the brassy scales of the times and estimated strictly by their weight in gold.

A Milton's "Paradise Lost" valued by his first bookseller at five pounds is of little worth to all mankind. When, mellowed with age and glorified in perspective its first edition is placed beyond the dream of avarice, men then awake to the greatness of the poem.

Millet lets go "The Angelus" at a beggarly price, and he is nobody. But when the world competes for its possession and competition exalts its market value, Millet becomes an immortal.

Modern reputation scoffingly leers from the por-

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tals of fame and shouts to the trembling candidate: "Let him leave hope behind who has not learned the trick of Midas!"

The gripping hand of avarice is thrust anxiously forward at the approach of every genius, while the lips with vulgar query cry "Will it pay? Will your creation catch the market!"

When the age is pleased with puppets, pawns may play as princes. When the well-baited hook will catch the golden fish, why ask whether the bait be genuine or false? What worth is the merit of modesty when the fakir wins the plaudits and the purse!

So long as the one great cry of the age is "Money! Money and more Money," the poor will ever be pining, the rich will ever be insatiable.

Sometime wealth will be sought after merely for the good it can do the race and the individual.

Sometime men will be ashamed to possess mountainous accumulations of self-multiplying capital merely for the joy of piling mountains still higher, to whet their avarice and gild their pride.

The day will come when a man of wealth will feel that he dare not face his fellow man if it be known he is hiding his hoardings or wantonly amassing them for his personal aggrandisement.

The time will come when not only hoardings of

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millions will be as disgraceful as the miser's pica-yune, but impossible, for money shall cease to be a commodity and of value in itself, and fortunes will be limited to the capacity of individual use.

In such an age Socialism will not be a mere dream that bases all men in equality, for then opportunity will not be a closed door unlocked only by a golden key, but sympathy shall be spread so far and wide, that the need of each shall be the cry of all, the product of all shall accrue to the profit of each.

These fruits will be the outcome of the century now passing.

Men will not be sought for and idolized merely for their wealth.

Money will be the menial, genius will be the master. The poor will know that those who have the capacity to accumulate the benefit of the labor of others will do so not for personal advantage but for the larger advantage of associated brotherhood.

The rich and the poor, like the lion and the lamb, will lie down together, because those who are rich shall have been made so not by robbing others of the things that should be held in common, but by the increase of the things that are personally produced and possessed by individual right.

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Then the poor will not envy the rich nor the rich suspect the poor; for each will know that they are rich only in the things that are deservingly theirs, and they poor, only in the things that of right belong not to them.

Then wealth will consist chiefly in the rivalry of genius that seeks the improvement of mankind in collective happiness.

Then ambition will consist in the achievement of such deeds as shall accrue to the honor of mankind, and exalt the individual because the individual has redounded to the honor of the race.

Selfishness will give way to service, personal ambition to social amity. Labor will be the work of Love, and love be proved in the joy of the labor.

Labor will then cease to be toil and become work greatedened with gladness. Goodness will cease to be a virtue made conspicuous by rarity, and, devoid of cant, be the common quality of all.

Then, whoso seeks riches through cunning and injustice shall be called the enemy of mankind; whoso would cheat his fellow man shall be so ostracised he needs must flee for his life and leave his possessions to the multitude.

Yet how or by whom this millennium shall be ushered hitherward who shall say?

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That by invention some genius shall conceive the mould into which all humankind, like a willing fluid, shall sometime be poured, and as if by magic paradise be forthcoming, is little to be hoped.

If external environment were the entire requirement then some noble monarch single handed might whip the world into an ideal and thus by force inaugurate the final day of joy.

Peter the Great gave the physical pattern to all the Russians but he could not create the moral springs.

Externally, Russia was poured into Peter's mould, but the Tartar spirit still prevailed and finally burst in anarchy the environment that would restrain it.

The moral force must no less be reckoned with than the physical, the spiritual than the mental.

Education must be from within outward; and reflexively the outward must respond within.

A mystic presence everywhere exists which undiscerned works out the fate of man and the future of the world.

The prophet is he who discerns the trend of Nature and warns a recalcitrant age.

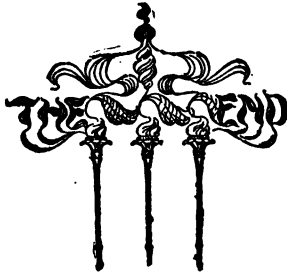
The fanatic is he who seeks in his inner consciousness the response of the Infinite and would whip all humankind into menial subjection.

Nor prophet nor fanatic knows; alone Nature

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holds the secret and wields the power. The wise are they who bravely seek and humbly learn.

Heaven must yet be on earth; 'tis for us alone to forge toward the final Good by the way of Nature's intimations.



XXXVII.

The Song of Truth.



RUTH is the Harbinger of Peace.

ERROR is the Heart of Conflict.

Man hath never perfect peace; for perfect truth is never found.

Yet the heart is ever restive till all error is expelled.

Thou that art distraught with pain in mind or body, know that Truth is struggling for expression, and not until she speaks to thee wilt thou find relief.

Pain is not the messenger of evil nor sinister design; she is ever the voice of peace disguised.

Pain is but a monitor that reminds one of some lingering error. Chide not the pain; chide the error till it flee that Truth may rise like rosy dawn upon the day spring of the heart.

When humanity is swept by the cyclone of some

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bloody revolution the pessimist bewails the curse of Satan and the uprising of riotous anarchy.

Beholding but rivers of blood and the havoc that is wrought he hears not the Voice of Justice that thunders through the roar of carnage till Peace reins upon the field of conflict.

When the mind is strained and tortured by some problem on whose solution hang the momentous issues of life, know that peace were indeed a misfortune for thee till the problem has been settled.

They that cry "Peace, Peace," when there is no peace, seek to soothe a fever with a poultice of fire.

When old and familiar moorings must be deserted, and untried courses of the ocean, strewn with the wreckage of past adventures and dissappointed hope, must be traversed, remember, he who ventures not ne'er wins, and every victory has its price.

To cast away old faiths at the stern command of reason; to shatter familiar idols that have long been adored at the shrine of duty; to deride that which once we honored and learn to desire that that once the soul through ignorance abhorred; are the tragedies of life.

More hearts have been wounded, more lives have been slain on the battle-fields of thought, than ever warrior mustered or armies encountered.

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The yearning for truth is the hero's only inspiration. He who has not sought truth in defiance of the ages and at the point of ridicule and obloquy, has never tasted of the waters of Mara or mourned beneath the willows of Babylon.

The heart knows no greater pain than the anguish that writhes it at the fall of its idols.

Yet solace comes to him who knows that Truth must needs prevail, and blessed is he who is chosen her votary.

If he be true to her she will never desert him, but on the tablet of his conscience will write her approval with the pencil of peace.

When at last she is beheld, how beautiful appears her glory.

What joy profounder, what ecstasy more hallowed, than what Truth engenders when she returns from gory battle-fields resplendent in her glorious raiment!

Her brow as radiant as the roseate dawn, her purple robes of royalty untarnished by the smirch of deceitfulness or compromise, she walks the earth at last in proud command, unchallenged by time's potentates!

Her triumphs, now, are panorama of her conflicts; her conflicts, prophecy of her undaunted prowess.

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Her deaths forestall her resurrections. Hers is life immortal no grave can e'er enclose or gloomy tomb o'ershadow.

Amid the icy fields of opposition she shines as radiant as Arcturus in northern skies, or glows with balmy glory, in fields of sympathy, like Orion in the south.

He who trusts her, like the wayfarer whom the night o'ertakes, finds her peacefully awaiting him at day's return.

Upon the lips of all her votaries she inspires her song of faith. Each sings—:

I am the ward of Truth, who is my nurse and guardian.

Her arm protects me, her breast consoles.

Truth dwells within a citadel no foe hath yet demolished.

Her arm is long, her prowess undefeated.

Beside her I spurn all error, and fear no flying arrow.

Trusting Truth, though oft abused, I must succeed.

She only saves, redeems, revivifies. She is life and power.

Who can command but Truth, who knows the ways of right?

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She is the guide of ages and the master of all policies.

Kings has she slain who disobeyed, and exalted peasants who besought her.

She is the founder of philosophies, the inspirer of heroes.

She alone is the Comforter, that knoweth all things.

Truth *only* is authority, revelation, Deity.

Her will I worship all my days, her chastisements endure, for whom she flays she proves, and who fails her she soon slays.

When men become sane all humankind will adore Her only, above dynasties and deities, above testaments and temples.



XXXVIII.

The Calm at the Centre.



HE foundations of enduring character are laid in the soil of silence. He who dwells therein is self-contained though beset with life's distractions.

He listens calmly to the communings of his own soul though the fury of conflict rage without.

He who holds communion with the secret stillness heeds not the thunder of the city traffic, the screeching of whistles, the screaming of children, the never ceasing rattle and rumble of wheel and steam and loom and forge.

Though outwardly rebuked, maligned and wronged, he ignores misjudgment and revilings, and hears only the voice of reassurance in the corridors of peace.

Though the hammer-strokes of anger, roused by envious malignity, smite the heart, the Dweller in

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the Silence lisps audibly but syllables of forgiveness for each offending foe.

He sits betimes amid the Void and Dark, heedless of the thunder crackling round him, watching but the lapping of love's waves upon the restful shores.

To be undisturbed, unannoyed, unavenged, tender and kind and true, though all the world offend or persecute, is the foundation stone of sturdy character and magnanimity.

All forces move in circles. The pull at the centre is the test of the strength.

Every planetary sphere tends to draw all things within its plane to its inmost heart. The pull of the earth is its place in the universe.

Circles are generated by converging centres. Two lines of motion meeting at right angles will describe the radii of a circumference.

All cosmic orbs are approximately spherical because the lines of force that permeate them meet at right angles and seek convergence at the centre.

The Centre is the Point of Poise. The Centrifugal and the Centripetal compromise at the crossing of the Rhythmic Balance.

As in each orb, so in the vast universe, all things tend to a central point, and thus the Universe must be a circle of infinite proportions.

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In the plane of Being there must be One Centre toward which all things move.

This mysterious Centre, somewhere, somehow, is the origin or end of all energy, all forms, all phases of life, all phenomena of Nature.

And, as is the Universe so is the Individual.

Somewhere within the being of each of us abides the Centre of Self, the Point of Poise, the polarized Magnet.

Here is the point of contact with the Eternal. Here is the Holy of Holies.

He who is positively polarized draws peacefully to himself what comes within his plane.

Character is evidenced in the magnetic polarity of the individual. The strong draw to their bosom by the gentle pressure of love these who wonder why they yield.

The Strong are ever Calm. Stillness itself is a source of strength. He who enters the Holy of Holies of himself finds the mysterious Somewhat which in Nature we call God, in man the soul.

Nowhere is God knowable save in the experience of the individual. The God of Nature and the Soul of Man become one in the consciousness of personal divinity.

Divine consciousness is voiced in peace, gentleness, self-sufficiency, spiritual strength.

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The Spirit of God is active in the tumultuous forces of Nature. The Soul of God is passive and at peace at the centre of converging forces.

There is a masculine divinity and a feminine divinity: it is the spirit and the soul of every energy: the unity of opposites in the compromise of harmony.

Where Harmony abides strife has ceased and the Centre has been attained.

As one finds, fathoms deep beneath the tumultuous surface of the ocean, the unruffled silence of its Crystal Heart, so beneath the stress and strife of human storms, beneath the strain of life and struggle for existence, in the deep Heart of the Individual, abides the Silent Self.

To enter here is to pass behind the Veil of Sense, and seize a glimpse of the Immortal Vision.

Here all things seem possible. The thought seems already to live in the deed, and Fancy's wand conjures what the Wish demands.

Here the material universe dissolves in the solvent of thought, and the soul consults but naked and primeval elements.

Adamant vanishes in vapor and mountains are drawn to gossamer threads. Stars and constellations are but fluidic silver woven into mystic shapes by the magic of the mind.

THE CALM AT THE CENTRE.

Here Thought sculpts sidereal substance into new worlds and wonders as fancy favors and imagination builds.

Here in the cavernous deeps of Silence the Worker toils unconscious of the mortal coil that clothes him.

Here the thinker reigns and the magician triumphs. Here character is moulded and civilizations carved.

Here abide three deities: Thought, Truth, Love. None is found save on the Throne of Silence.

Here is Life Eternal—the atmosphere of the gods—where storms never strive, where conflict is at end.



XXXIX.

The Soul and its God.



WHY should we dwell in murky, dank and sickly dales, when we are free to mount the loftiest heights and drink the purest air?

Why should we dwell in thoughts morose and ill-foreboding, when, if we but will it, the mind's eye may behold the graceful images of hope and cheer?

Know we not yet that each of us is the Maker of his own Fate; that the Magic Wand of deliverance is the THOUGHT with which we invoke the unseen powers?

Do we doubt it? Then for but an hour let the mind be engrossed with crass and vulgar things, with the things of flesh and lust and necessitous impulse, and where are the dreams of yesterday that so gilded the valleys and crowned the heights?

One touch of Midas turns the provident world to useless fruitage. The lust for gold benights the soul and bestializes the once graceful visage.

THE SOUL AND ITS GOD.

The fever of competition, the thirst for aggrandisement, the wild confusion of commercial strife, the bane of barter and the gambler's greed—how swift these tell the tale in the mind's debasement, the soul's deficiency!

And yet to him who once has tasted of Hymettus's honey, how sweet to run again to the mountain top, to drink the wine of life from morning's chalice, and hail the orisons of Nature to the rising sun!

As the weather vane flutters with the changing wind, our manners alter with our changing moods of thought.

We dwell whithersoever our minds may carry us. One can no more be other than his thought, than iron can refuse to yield to its environment, whether as native ore, or manufactured "pig," or fibred steel.

And yet as art transforms the natural ore to man's utilitarian demands, so may the soul conjure its own environment and the powers that inhabit it.

It may banish, by its native birthright, all forms of clay and base defilement, and see alone the spirit's visions of beauty, truth and purity.

Within the spirit's realm the world of each is peopled with powers that may protect against evil and discomfort.

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Here, if we but behold, dwell alone the Good, the True, the Beautiful. Here are no devils, hells or fiery fields of gloom. Here gods prevail and everlasting heaven reigns.

If we so will it.

He who fears hell maligns himself. We conjure what comes to us. If one anticipates hell to be he realizes it can be not other than the hell that is.

To fear Hell is to be in Hell.

The Soul, in self-realization, knows that it is as God—offspring of Light and Life immortal.

Pure spirit, though incarnate in human form, dwells apart—not as a thing distinct from fleshly form, yet so inwoven, its essence is never compromised, its unity and integrity never imperilled.

The source of the stream is ever undefiled howsoever the wandering current may mingle with brackish alkalis or bitter salts.

Hence on him who is full conscious of the Spirit the flesh obtrudes but little.

There is a realm to which the mind may soar where never the prod and pain of quivering nerve or smitten tissue enter. Here abides the Peace of Spirit undisturbed—the soul in a sea of love.

To the eye that beholds this Inner Self—invisible to the carnal eye—it is a thing of beauty and perfection, resistless in energy, conquering in author-

THE SOUL AND ITS GOD.

ity; its purity is ever unsullied, and its divinity like unto its God's.

He who abides therein beholds, as in a mirror, the vision of his spiritual portrait, changing from glory unto glory, and realizing more and more the consciousness of his divine estate.

And what is it to behold one's spiritual portrait? Must needs we see a *thing* visible to the fleshly eye or an adumbrant form visible to the mind alone, ere we can see at all?

Are there not forces that cannot be grasped by formal thought or moulded into visible shape that ever haunt the soul and cry for recognition?

Who that reflects has not seen himself as in a dream, wholly other than his wonted self, moved to noble deeds by influences he scarce can comprehend, wafted into realms of beatitude, to possess which daily he would gladly sacrifice his most cherished treasures?

Who has not dreamed himself into a momentary consciousness of being one of the world's true Avatars, radiant with moral beauty, transported with a divine passion to become a universal benefactor to the race, and looking down, as it were, with self-compassion upon his insufficient and ever disappointing personality?

Each of us however base has sometime soared to

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the Olympus-height of his own nature. There, even though but for an instant, he has caught a glimpse of the evanescent thing he knows is really himself, though through the sad pilgrimage of this plane he has not yet learned to recognize or honor it.

The gods have ever dwelt upon the heights. So man has dreamed; because he finds himself so constantly in the valley.

Men ever thought their gods could not be like unto themselves; else they would not be gods. To understand a god was to dethrone him.

Not so to-day. We are in truth and essential being all that we have ever supposed our gods to be. A god is the spiritual reflection of man's highest conception of himself.

As the individual evolves into greater purity his Divine Ideal becomes purer. For there is no god of whom mankind has ever dreamed who is else than the Perfect Pattern of the Perfect Man.

We create our gods as we idealize ourselves. The character of an individual or a race may always be known by the character of the God he worships.

He who adores a god he fears, fears most himself. Were he free from self-doubt, were there about him no lingering suspicions of self-shame, self-deceit; could he thoroughly trust himself and not dread

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some fell discovery in his being that would disrupt his peace; he would know no god to fear or flee.

He who learns to trust himself, as he has been taught to trust his god, will build his life and character, his hope and aim on LOVE; for he knows that whatever god there be in whom he trusts, his power is of no avail if it be other than that of love.

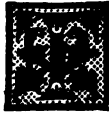
In the alembic of love humanity is transmuted into divinity, man into God. He who achieves through love achieves as God; for no higher power is His.

God and man are one in nature; they become one in consciousness when both are merged in the exercise of love's beatifying powers.



XL.

The Sin of Self-Deception.



HE plotter, who thinks himself secure in secretly designing evil against another, is oft the first to fall the victim of his scheme.

He who digs deep pits for other's feet, oft forgetting the thin covering that conceals them, himself is buried in the mire with which he hoped to defile his foe.

The thought that conceives evil beclouds the mind that harbors it. He who nurses the spirit of hate or vengeance, exposes his heart to a vulture that secretly devours it.

To hate another is first to hate yourself. He who would slay another with murderous thought, oft himself first falls on his venomous blade.

We characterize ourselves by the qualities we conceive in others. The actor takes on the characteristics of the rôle he long portrays: he who cannot

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for a time become the part he assumes, whether good or evil, aspires vainly to the genius of the stage.

He who would deceive others must first deceive himself: if one be honest with oneself it is impossible to be dishonest with others.

The characteristic mental attitude is the real creator of the character. The man is cast in the mould of his thoughts.

The individual units of humankind bear a common likeness because they dwell so much in common thought. Families predominated by a strong Will look much alike: each becomes the reflex of some master mind. Families unaffected by a predominating Will, are more individualized: each, perhaps, seized by some fitting ancestral force.

All thoughts are essentially reflexive and react upon him who entertains them.

In the laboratory of the mind the Wizard is at work distilling our ideas into the characters we disport.

Ideas, like atoms, assemble and associate by the impulse of affinities. How much soever we may imagine we ignore them by our outer habit, inwardly they are building an invisible structure which in time will harden into the shape of our visible natures.

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The cruel thought cannot be hidden by the sunny smile, for the eye reveals what the lips conceal: the thought is at work, and in time will harden the face as it has already hardened the heart.

Before hate can inject its venom in the vitals of another, it must first madden the mind and poison the blood of him who uses it.

The heart that hates is as hard as flint, and flashes fire only by smiting itself.

Hate is an acid that corrodes the soul and eats out the vital substance of the brain.

Love, like gold, is unaffected by the acid that tests purity and genuineness.

Hate feeds on hate, generating the substance that sustains it. Every evil force is a thousand times a traitor, and mocks the scrutiny that hopes to frustrate its culmination.

The sword one would thrust through the breast of another, must needs be first sharpened in the acid of one's own blood.

Nature pays us in the selfsame coin we mint and circulate. To counterfeit her virtues is to circulate her vices.

The hand that strikes stings with the blow it inflicts. The calumniating tongue but blows the trumpet of its master's meanness.

If you entertain a thought you would be ashamed

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to meet in the open day, cast it out, lest it waylay you when you least suspect.

Study the emotions that carve the lineaments of the face. If there be any that produce downward grooves and cadaverous curves, bitter grimaces and acidulated squints, cease to entertain them.

Unwittingly our visages are the tablets of our thoughts. We are self-responsible for the wrinkles of grief or mirth.

Hate and cruelty never carved the features of a noble countenance. Intrigue and vengeance never wrought the form of a Venus or a Galataea.

The voluptuary and the murderess write their secret thoughts in the tell-tale faces of Messalina and Lucrezia Borgia, though culture glosses them with seeming refinement.

Let us not be deceived; he who would cast a serpent at another must first seize it; it may sting the hand that holds it ere it reaches the breast it was meant to poison.

The cruel and sinister passions of the human heart are secret fires that consume the vital forces and the soul of men.

He who wields the weapons of iniquity but lays bare his naked soul to their unsuspected thrust.

The path is far pleasanter that lies among sweet-

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smelling flowers and sun-lit groves, than where blooms the nightly weed in murky atmospheres.

Here dwell the purer thoughts, the higher impulses, the nobler aims of life.

The baser passions thrive only in the sub-soils of the heart, devouring without recompense, monopolizing but to destroy.

One should avoid them as one would flee a pestilence, or flying embers of devastating flames.

When Love is the Gardener of the Heart he alone tears up the weeds of evil growth by the root and flings them to the scattering winds.

Invite him oft that with scythe and pruning knife he may clear away the overgrowth of miasmatic boughs which darken the path of life, and the venomous briars that too oft tangle and trip the feet, to let in the sunlight from overarching skies and free the flowers from festering weeds.



XLI.

Earth's Crowning Glory.



UMAN emotions are the bases of all social integration. The emotions that tend to disintegrate are ephemeral; eternal, those that bind.

Without sympathy and mutual interest the institution of society were impossible.

The savage is the incarnate individualist. The civilian is the individualist socialized.

By nature, the savage seeks naught but his own gratification and passing comfort.

A human being first becomes a social factor only when he relinquishes his personal ambitions to advance the common interests of the race.

When one seeks the attainment of high ideals and unselfish ends he gradually loses his self-consciousness in the expansion of the social consciousness.

In the first approach of the summer shower, the large, thick, individual rain-drops are conspicuous;

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but when the storm is at its height no single drop is distinguishable from the engulfing watery mass.

The multitude demands the sacrifice of the individual, that society may assume the virtue as a whole that must crown each of its individual factors.

Man durst not live alone lest he relapse into savagery. The hermit is the link between the savage and the civilian. His atavistic tendency is predominant. Man is instinctively a social factor; without comradeship and association his individualism degenerates into selfishness and depravity.

Altruria must not be sought in the Forest of Arden. The factory, not the glen, is the future Arcadia.

Men must learn to live peacefully together, and not savagely apart. The trend of civilization is toward the massing of the multitude. The congested center is the social ganglion of the future body politic.

The Gospel that shall prevail must teach the individual to mold the multitude, till freedom shall be acquired not by desertion but by co-operation and mutual forbearance.

Sympathy teaches men patience, endurance, forgiveness. Fellowship inspires mutual dependence without the sacrifice of individual manhood.

EARTH'S CROWNING GLORY.

In the mass men become magnanimous; separate, men grow callous, insolent and indifferent.

In his personal capacities the individual is limited; the race as a whole is unlimited and infinite.

The ideal of the individual can never be attained save through the exaltation of the race. Because of its infinite possibilities the race can achieve what must ever be but a dream to the individual.

Hence each human being discovers the necessity of coalition with all humankind in order to the development of his highest comfort and attainment.

What then is the supreme ideal after which the individual strives, sometime to be realized in the social aggrandisement?

The crowning glory of man's earthly life, the key of his triumphal arch, yea, the essence of what beauty he possesses, of what capacity he evolves, is purifying and unselfish love.

Without this divine element to fuze and cement the otherwise disjointed and unassimilated forces which stir and inspire him, he would be but little better than the beast; his end would be as unremembered and unmourned as the decay of forest oaks or withered weeds upon the wasted highways.

It is love that turns the dry deserts of human ex-

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perience into verdured oases which flow with the milk and honey of hopefulness and joy.

It is love that gives relish and interest to all the avocations of humankind.

Without love, work is toil and drudgery. Only he works well who works lovingly.

The toiler who gauges his labor by the measure of his sweat, and begrudges the extra drop that makes possible the better job, never develops his highest capacity.

The artist or artisan who makes his task his spouse and embraces it with a devouring passion alone becomes a master and a genius.

He who approaches his daily duty as "the quarry slave driven to his cell," is either ill-born, ill-mated to his task, or the unhappy victim of a cribbing and confining atmosphere.

Love polishes the jewel in the lapidary's hand, smooths the surface of the fragrant wood, guides the chisel that evokes the angel from the marble, and burns into the brain of the architect the ideal that looms in the glorious edifice.

Love gilds the gloom of tragedy, and casts upon the brow of woe a foregleam of approaching solace.

From the tomb of despair love calls forth the buried and long forgotten hope.

Love transmutes the sweat of toil into jewels of

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joy when round the Cotter's fireside he gathers wife and offspring to his tender breast.

Love builds the home and brightens the flame upon the hearthstone. Without love palaces are prison-cells; but with love thatched cottages are royal residences.

Love is the dual parent of beauty, quality and character. Children born out of love are more ill-fated than children born out of wedlock.

The stars wait for love to awake before they join in happy signs. In the zodiac of the heart must be sought the indications of the starry firmament.

He is the only wise astrologer who reads in the light of love the omen of the skies.

Love paints the roses in the cheeks of innocence, and traces the blue veins beneath transparent skin.

Love molds the graceful countenance, and builds the agile limbs. Love cheats the heavens of its choicest souls and draws them into habitations of the earth.

Love alone balances the world and the social status, without which globes would fly asunder and anarchy o'ertop the age.

But love perverted, blighted love, is a mildewed rose, a poison-bitten bloom.

The stars are in eclipse when neighboring worlds bestride the path once lit with golden rays.

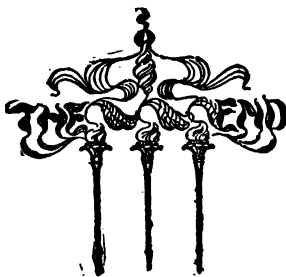
CONTEMPLATIONS OF LIFE'S IDEALS.

Love lies in gloom when baseness struts amain
and o'ershadows its once luminous face.

Pure and unselfish love alone can triumph amid
the clash of interests and the battling for place and
power.

The love that eats away the heart with consuming
passion, pining at its own loss, thoughtless of its
worth or honor, feeds at last on barren ashes, un-
nourished and unsought.

The love that flaunts its beauty in the radiant rose
and in the wanton cheeks of childhood; that blows
its kisses to the wind and makes spendthrift of its
fragrance; that thinks not aught of self, but gives
that it may receive the more, like the inexhaustible
ocean; is the love that makes the heart divine and
the earth fit for home and habitation.



XLII.

The Mystery of Self.



THE Book of Life is replete with a series of infinite surprises. Ignorant are our minds, as our bodies are unclothed, when first we slip into these coverings of clay.

Howbeit we come not as an unlettered scroll, on which no tracing of spent experiences and exhausted ambitions can be discerned.

As a tablet, on which a thousand impressions have been enscribled, and afterwards erased, retains the invisible impress of each, so the palimpsest of our souls is writ and re-writ with invisible impressions of myriad experiences, long since forgotten.

We are not only ourselves, but an infinite series of selves, retained in miniature in our composite minds.

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A thousand unborn children mingle in the first tear that moistens the cheek of the new born babe.

We hold within ourselves the possibility of infinite lives, and mould them into one by the play of the will and the fusion of the emotions.

Who of us, even the dullest, has not at times felt the spur of genius—the touch of the poet, inventor, painter, orator, sculptor, stirring us with the wand of ambition that for the moment maddens because of its impossible demands?

There is enough material in a single Shakespeare to make an army of poetic dramatists.

The vibrations of the voice and eloquence of Demosthenes and Cicero still linger in the atmosphere of the ages and tremble on the tongues of orators, spontaneously responsive to some unexpected crisis.

The genius of Praxiteles and Michaelangelo has spread thin over the inspiration of a thousand artists who since have unconsciously drank at the fountain of their inspiration.

In each of us there lingers in rudimentary form the remains of the powers that once held supreme and regal sway in the soul of some master-genius.

We are subject to an infinite variety of moods and aspirations, because out of the Abode of Shades there harks back to us the echo of some spirit, of which once we were an unconscious part, and which

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now again seeks expression in our conscious inspirations.

He in whom are gathered these many lives into one great spirit becomes the overhanging Star of Glory in the firmament of progress.

When the Self supreme asserts itself—the concentrated and concrete expression of scattered and dissipated qualities—the individual becomes a force among the infinite human energies that prevail in life.

As a charioteer grasps a score of reins and guides the steeds that they move with perfect pedal harmony, so the Self of selves learns in time to mould the infinite lives that in part are expressed in one's being into a single consciousness that reigns supreme and constant.

The difference between him who succeeds and him who fails is the capacity to discern and control the most powerful and effective quality that the several lives have imparted which have merged in his unfolding nature.

Many there are who fail because they listen to all the voices and hope to emphasize each in its turn.

Their's is the versatility that ends in dissipation, disappointment and defeat.

How many are the corpses we behold that lie along the roadways of life slain by the fitting darts

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of ambition which have returned like boomerangs to smite the sender!

He who listens to all the voices of the past that shriek for rebirth and expression in his achievements will be deafened by the Babel of sounds that refuse to let him hear the One Voice which alone can make him conqueror.

In every human being there exists one capacity in the germ which emphasized and developed will lead on to victory and happiness.

Beware, ye who in middle life, become dissatisfied with the labor already devoted to the development of some certain talent.

It is well to hitch one's chariot to a star: but woe to him who seeks to unhitch it mid-air, and challenge the irony of fate.

Concentrate on one capacity, be it ever so humble, and make the best of it, rather than endeavor to grace and polish a score of talents, each of which requires a life time to develop.

The surprises of the Underself are the most serious situations of existence.

We think we are what we are, yet in some unforewarned moment, another obtrudes himself on us and becomes the mouthpiece and actor of our beings.

Some unknown Self comes forth to challenge and amaze the startled consciousness.

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Some power of the air, some belated minister of life or death, some dweller on the threshold of the unseen, as yet unexorcised, bursts through the barrier of the Will and asserts itself.

Ever and anon some force unknown, untried, and unsuspected, disports its prowess, frustrating our well-set rules of life, our well-fixed habits of personality, forcing us almost to belie the history we have made.

It is at such moments the voluptuary and debauchee, with sardonic jubilation, masters the heretofore "strictest of the orthodox," and makes the world marvel at the fall of a Lucifer,—the descent of an Apollo into a satyr.

At such moments the wonted plodder and laggard, lit with a maddening glory that illuminates each niche and corridor of his being till his eyes penetrate the depths of ages, rises supreme among his fellows in art, in song, in industry, in science.

The ghost of some forgotten genius, long hovering o'er the tomb of his unconsecrated burial, has at last revealed himself, and startled stupidity into exaltation.

Such re-births are generally through fires of purgatory and amid the gleams of thunder storms.

The human consciousness is like a timid swimmer on the surface of a stormy sea.

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He buffets the besetting waves and dips abait beneath the billows, seeing naught above but a few familiar features, and naught beneath but white and crystal blankness.

How vast the possibilities, how infinite the mysteries, how menacing the revelations of the unfrequented depths of ocean!

But not more so than the depths of the human soul. Here too are unseen caverns where terrors of the deep abide.

Here are the invisible forests of the spirit where prowl the slimy serpents of deceit and venomous slander that invade the moral nature.

Here are whirling eddies of indecision and maelstroms of desperation and suicidal mania, whose vortices engulf alike the innocuous and the blasè.

Here are felt the eruptive fountains of fiery passion, whose unexpected explosions oft scuttle the smoothly gliding vessels of well-planned expeditions and premeditated purpose.

Here gather the electric currents of untried emotions, whose suction drags into the watery grave of despair the struggling mariner fighting aimlessly against resistless fate.

Here, indeed, in the ocean of the soul are duplicated all the wonders of the vasty deep—the queer meanderings of devious currents that wander