



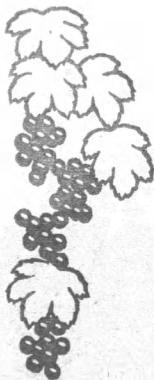
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# The Grail

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John Milton Scott

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Published once each month, at No. 7 Exchange Place, Batavia, N. Y.  
One Dollar the Year                      Foreign, One Twenty-Five

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EDITORIAL OFFICE:  
THE GRAIL PRESS,                      2034 Seventh Avenue,                      NEW YORK CITY

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Price   -   -   Ten Cents   -   -   The Copy



THIS blossom is holy, not alone for its beauty or its perfume, but for its truth. It comes always peach, not apple, not grape, not quince, not pear,—always itself! It never pretends. It never disappoints. It never confuses. So is the particle of steel, the grain of granite, each atom building worlds. True in simple sincerity of singleness, in marriages, in family fellowships, in neighborliness, the earth's truth never makes a promise to my truth which it does not keep. When it enters into my service, it enters with integrity. Let me relate to it rightly, and it builds my bridges, rejoices in my engines and sings in my machines; loves harvests from my furrows, smiles grapes from my vines, and chants a psalm of plenty to all my hungers; marries my lungs to the air, my brain to thought and my heart to love; becomes the holiness of my body, the wisdom of my love, and the sweetness of my life. It is the security of my past, the joy of my present and the confidence of my future. It is the devotion of my dog, the faithfulness of my friend and the loyalty of my lover.

O Thou whose love goeth forth by Thy truth, rounding into worlds, scenting into blossoms, smiling into children, strengthening into heroes, gentleing into women, be my heart still in Thy presence that I may so realize Thy truth that in nothing I be false. May none in vain repose their trust in me! May I be always blossom-faithful, granite-true! May the outgoings of my life be the shinings of truth making the great day of honor! In others may I always find truth, that together we greaten and grow divine! So will be no pang of betrayal, no shame of the grace of a day dead in dishonor. Then will the glory of Thy love come true in men, the earth a Tabor height, the race, a Christ transfigured in beauty above the brightness of the noonday sun.

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VOL. I.

MAY, 1906.

No. 7.



APRIL in the great city, and night! A voice of song upon the night winds. Not from the treetops above which I am; for leaves are not yet out, and no nests are ever woven here save those of English sparrows of whom "some trim Shakespeare of the tree" might say:

"He that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved by concord of sweet sounds  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils,  
Let no man trust him."

Alas, my English sparrows, you do put me to so hard a test in that I am set to the loving of every living thing.

No, it was not the song of a bird that broke the city's din. It came from underneath the trees, from the pavement.

Such a voice you have heard in the village choir, loud, confident, a bit shrilled, untrained, sincere, not bold, some sweetness, some soul in it,—a hearty genuineness which captured Colin's heart as he gazed adoringly at Cloe in the choir, her cheeks like the berry of thorn, her eyes like the berry of sloe. Again you are in the old church, happy in childhood once more, feeling all so neighborly and good, and yet so puzzled at the dark theology putting God at variance with your love as though 'twere sin to look enraptured into dear blue eyes. It must be a hymn she is singing, one of those

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that came in with the revival, like "Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight?"

No, that is not a hymn. It is not a church. It is a concert hall. It is a sentimental song. It is no more Cloe, but "The girl with the auburn hair" or something. And I know she must have vulgar little mannerisms, but the gallery applauds. It is a sentimental ballad, lamenting that "we quarrelled one day." Have you ever noticed how the heart of an audience beats always true as measured in its applause? The play may be atrocious, all canons of good taste defied, the unities broken in lurid climaxes like stage lightning, "the tongue which Shakespeare spake" put to ribald scorn,—O how cheap and tinsely everything! But yet how true to the ethical fundamentals, the applause!—not villianly admired, only the good and the true applauded. The people! wild, uncouth!—but rock! granite! a rough field yet gentling into grapes and grains.

But my singer! Not these which were suggested! Another. My blind street singer and her blind husband, it must be. He playing a little portable organ, and she singing earnestly as the birds, though not so joyously, a sad song, and some sadness of her life in the voice.

I went out on the balcony, looked down upon the little street congregation. The rain began to fall. The congregation dispersed. Then, carrying his organ, he went up the avenue led by his cane thumping on the pavement, she following close behind holding on to his coat. Rap, tap, tap, tap, tap. Off somewhere, and then home somewhere!

I had seen them before, neighbors of evenings on the

busy streets, marketing music for what any willing hand might give. Not of compact form and beautiful figure. Age sending upon them its little frosts. Autumn and winter not far away. Cheerful, perhaps, as the blind so often are, as though the justice of nature struck a balance and sent into the heart some light of laughter from an inner sky. Commonplace, in no way artistic. "No form nor comeliness" that any one should desire them. To be such,—what would we not choose rather? And yet in such Dickens saw and said what moves our hearts into diviner ways, helping our eyes to see a beauty to which the general eye is blind. Was there a little Nell in their lives? "Dear, gentle, patient noble Nell!"—had she once led them through the streets or along the beautiful ways of the country, and then through some cloud went on into the greater glory and they, not knowing said "She is better now?" "God knows! It might have been." And Lincoln, such he loved, and said that God must love them too, because he had made so many of them, as one who uses his favorite phrase over and over again. Deeper the truth, perhaps, than Lincoln meant. Deeper than our eyes can see, the Divine Artist at work, imagining great souls, working them out in clay until in immortal substance they transform, in eternal beauty delighting his eternal heart. And some time, not in an unlovely barbaric Jerusalem jeweled and paved in gold,—a Jew's great fancy; but in a quiet garden in which the souls of roses have come true, and hives of bees that winged to immortality, and the English sparrow wakened to immortal song, and a home woven of living, growing things,—oak, perhaps, that fell immortalwise upon some earthly hill, a vine that from some earthly vine-

yard blushed immortal to the kisses of the diviner sun. And there is little Nell, an angel of the perfect love! Beside a stream they sit, eternal lovers with no shadows in their hearts. What glorious eyes, so brighter that in the dark of earth they must grow ripe for this great blossoming. I am persuaded that anything I could imagine for them is but a broken twig afloat upon the river of God's imaginings for them.

My friend calls me a dreamer and accuses me of not looking at things as they are. He insists that here are only two blind beggars asking alms in syllables of music, cheap as barbaric trappings of a show. He insists that he is practical and sees true. He sees disease and from it forms his judgment about what is health. He hears the discords and upon that forms his judgment of what music is. He sees the wickedness of men, their selfish, ravening injustices, their ignorance, foolishness, and upon these, Lombrosolike, declares what is a normal man, classing genius with insanity, the idealists with the mad. As if he passed a suchlike judgment on the architect, because of the wilding confusions of material gathering and shaping that it round beneath the architect's true-seeing eye into St. Peter's dome, or lifts in delicate evanishment as if to write on parchments of the sky all aspirations of man's worshipping heart, becoming the spires of our own St. Patrick.

I submit that I see true and he sees false. He sees but fragments in the Cremonan shop. I hear great artists play. He sees the little arcs of vanishment. I see the perfect whole.

I see as one who had he known unto what Michael Angelo wrought would have watched him with the clay, and, though so unbeautiful to the unpracticed

eye, would have seen some of the shapings of genius. How reverently he would have gone through that studio, each bit of clay haunted with the sacredness of great meanings. Even so to me each human being fascinates with sacredness. No one is meaningless. Each is haunted with the divine imaginings. Each is sacred because I am in the studio of the Great Artist, some of his work so beautiful to me that his faintest finger mark glows with the promise of everlasting beauty.

So, my blind singer and player upon an instrument, sing on, play on, love on, live on! I hear the making of an angel voice. I hear the training of fingers which will invite the winds of heaven to music's festival of joy. You have passed by in clouds of darkness, but I see you trailing clouds of glory after you because of the glory ahead of you, the glory revealing within you, the glory that is your divine and eternal self.

And so of each, and so of all! I despair of none. I know the artist. I believe in Him. He never fails, the eternal His justification.

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The cheek of some men is like the shield of Achilles:

“Ten bright zones of gold-effecting brass  
Were driven about it.”

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The blessing remembered is the blessing put at compound interest in the Bank of the Grateful Heart.



## SONG OF THE YELLOW THROAT.



HEN the year has come to its blossom in  
May

And fulness of bliss holds the forest, and  
fields,

A thicket I know

Calls with a call I cannot deny

Vocal its deeps with a song as alluring

As a flute of gold voicing golden winds,

Illusive as a breeze that spills

The Blossom's soul and goes

Known but never seen

*Lyrala, lyrala, lyrala la!*

Over and over again this one note!

As if life had yielded its soul in song

And the bird could not and would not surrender the  
bliss

The joy-escape of all winds which nature must sigh,

Grief ever having in song its outlet to oceans of joy,—

O sweet outlet gate of pearl and gold,

A jewel a gleam

Interpreting oceans of light,

With a

*Witchery, witchery, witchery witch*

Of waves replicating on beaches of joy.

Ah, there! I see!

The thorn is abloom!

And the blossoms are love's music-score written in  
white

'Gainst the dark of the thicket's deep shade;

And my lover there is singing it over and over again,  
*Thorns turn to blossoms*

*And all those blossoms are love,*

*Lyrala, lyrala, lyrala la!*

O blossom of thorn!

You are spray of waves dashing on beaches of sky,

You are foam of the green sea of spring,

Churned in a bosom all heaving with life

Almighty in tides of great love.

Enchanted I listen and yearn to see my troubador of  
love,

I gaze and gaze through the dusks of the leaves,

Through the woven lace work of the spinner of light,

My eyes drink disappointment,

My ears the wine of fulfillment,

*Lyrala, lyrala, lyrala sweet!*

And life is sweet,

And love is sweet,

Sweet in the mate that is somewhere a-hiding

Brooding a nest's meditation of love,

A lenten denial of wing-flights and wing-revels

To lift into Easter hymns

Praising the joy of life born anew;

And sweet, sweet, sweet in the heart adoring her

And rapturing songs for her motherhood's task.

Sweetheart of May, sing on

Your grace of song in the thicket there

And here in my heart's dark thicket interpreting,

*Lyrala, lyrala, lyrala la!*

*Witchery, witchery, witchery witch!*

Then my reward!

I see a winged daffodil!

O green! O gold of summer's joyous heart!  
 The black on your head through which your eye looks  
 A stain of the soil  
 To hold you on earth  
 Lest you fly and mingle all lost  
 In the pure golden light of the sun,  
 The far skies enriched,  
 While the earth is made poor;  
 Or did you take wing one day in the storm,  
 Flying clear through the blackest of clouds  
 To the sun  
 Yet holding a bit of the black  
 To tell for all time  
 That love triumphs through sorrow  
 And finds its bright sun  
 To spin it in songs of delight  
 To rapture in fervors of him and of her,  
*Lyrala lyrala, lyrala la!*  
 O dear song never ended!  
 And so all thickets know thee,  
 All summers may hear,  
 This love song of thine,  
 O singer of bliss,  
 My yellow throat,  
 Golden throat truly,  
 Fleece that a Jason's great oars  
 Might beat many seas to hear and behold  
 To carry it back to the home of his heart  
 Oaring memories' boat over murmurous seas  
 Peaceful and kissed by the stars and the suns,  
*Lyrala, lyrala, lyrala la!*  
 Or is it Penelope's voice  
 Witching her web till never it ends

While alien waves hold her great lover's keels,  
Witching her web till only it ends  
When those joyous keels  
Kiss the beaches of home;  
Witching the winds with her true lover's song,  
Assured he will come, assured he is true  
*Lyrala, lyrala, lyrala la!*

*Witchery, witchery, witchery witch!*  
O great love bewitching a great woman's heart!

Yellow throat,  
Golden throat,  
Singer of love  
In the thicket there in the swamp  
In the thicket here in my heart,  
*Lyrala, lyrala, lyrala la!*  
Illusive as love like a sky,  
Certain as love like an earth,  
*Lyrala, lyrala, lyrala la!*

Fly, fly all my thickets of care,  
O golden-voiced singer of love:  
Rest in them, nest in them,  
Love in them, sing in them.  
With witchery witching them,  
O gentle enchanter weaving enchantments of song,  
*Lyrala, lyrala, lyrala la!*  
*Witchery, witchery, witchery witch!*  
Sweet witch of love,  
My Maryland yellow-throat,  
Thou gold-throat song of the May!

## THE ONE LIFE.



E Puck with me and let us girdle the earth.  
Be Apollo, and let us shine into the sun.  
We divide on the wings of Puck, scattering throughout the earth. One in a Massachusetts meadow stands with eyes of hazel wonder before an aster while  
"The asters by the brookside  
Make asters in the brook."

She enchants out of herself into a fay and in the heart of the aster nests and disappears. He of the brown eyes is on a mountain side in Alaska. He stands by the snow line which, like the defeated foam of the sea, is receding. He stoops to look at something, and says:

"Here are blue violets like Pandora's eyes  
When first they darken with immortal life."

"Like my Pandora's, too"! when he enchants into a fay and is lost in the violet's deeps. On the mountains of Pennsylvania, one whose grey eyes mate the grey squirrels feeding upon the youngling cones, disappears in the enchantment and becomes the green of pines. Another softly syllabbling farewell, where the Mexican gulf chants of Southern passion, is lost in the heart of a magnolia blossom.

In Inca lands, this one with hair of gold and cheeks that redden to the dawn without a fear of rivalry, finds a living quarto-chaliced jewel pendant from a rock which loves the river. Amazed, as if something of herself were mirrored there, she enchants into the soul of the fuchsia to await the call of Apollo's golden lyre. And one into a poppy goes where the Pacific sapphires into the setting sun. And one where roses redden unto

Persian skies hides in the passionate heart to find it diviner than Saadi's verses phrased. And one of pious mind went out of sight within a lily like to those which Jesus said outspendored all the robes of Solomon. And one embosoms in a crysanthemum enchanting dusky eyes of dream in old Japan. And one who loved great Cleopatra to Egypt went, and found afloat upon her Nile a lotus into whose heart he dreamed, like dusky night that brightened into golden dawn. And, if you will, another went beyond the mystery of where the Nile begins, even unto where waters run to southern seas and the tree of dream puts forth its fruit which woos forgetfulness to every sailor's heart.

"Where dark faces pale against the rosy flame."

Into one of these blossoms she reddens like some black thunder cloud the morning passions into day.

So in all the flowers of the world some human soul may hide, the rainbow outdone, the spectrum laughed to gentle rivalry. Continents divide and seas. Not one color, but all. In not one land but in all, where any clime may burn a flower's flame.

And now, Apollo, come! Smite your lute to all these sleeping ones within the flowers. Each fay awakes and on your music's wings flies, like a lark, above all clouds towards the sun. Beyond lark's highest flight they wing singing into the heart of the sun; and there they find them face to face. Each on its own sunbeam has returned to its home and finds itself that One Great White which is its eternal reality. In the one sun all colors embosomed! Its other name is light! There is but One Light, and always you are looking into it whatever color may enchant your eye, and, if you have the seeing eye, you know.

Be artist and know that who with color fellowships

is fellowshipping with the light. Be scientist; that, knowing the fact of color, you know that the heart of my parable is true. Be poet, and know the soul of color is eternal light. Be philosopher, and know that all color is One, and that no color is but that it is a smile of light, and that light's very soul is life itself. My lady Rose is but a looking glass in which my gallant Sun holds love's blushes reddening in his heart.

The white heart of the sun contains all colors. The white heart of God contains all lives. Look deep enough within each life and you have seen the Life of God, one and indivisible, one and inseparable, one and eternal! the cause and reality of each life, the journey and journey's end of each life, the soul of the lowly condition and the body of the glorious exaltation of each life.

Let us, Ariel-guided, travel back through all the sunsets and sunrises of time, through all the days and all the noons, through all the magic seasons who with brushes dipped in light paint all the years of all the centuries with colors divine enough to enchant the heart of God. As we journey, it grows darker and darker until we are lost in blackest mist. There is no light about or within us. We can not see. We seem but blackness. We are ere light is born to beautify this earth. No light, no color in this abyss of night. Then somehow befalls a tiny point of light. A single sunbeam begins to penetrate the darkness. Out of that one point of light comes all the sunsets and sunrises, all the many-colored seasons, each color that smiles from the heart of a flower or flashes from a bird's flight of song, each color that gentles in a baby's eyes or glows in a lover's ecstasy. In that sunbeam was born all colors which

Titian glorified into art. Out of that one point of light has come every picture which the genius of man has painted and the heart of man has loved.

Again we are helped into a realization of unity. However varied and divergent they may be, all colors have a common origin. They came into our earth in that one point of light. Out of it they grew as out of its seed, the vine that rhymes its grapes to the ardors of an autumn sun.

Let matter journey backward. A bit of marble from the Parthenon. A drop of blood from Homer's heart. A cell from Shakespeare's brain when aglow in creating Hamlet. A bit of copper from the Atlantic cable. Brick dust from the wreck of San Francisco. Some colored clay from a rockwood vase. The tongue of Lincoln turned to dust within a martyr's grave. Lead from the bullets of the Lexington farmers who

"Fired the shot heard round the world."

A tear from the eyes of the Magdalene. A thread from the garment of the Christ for which the soldiers cast lots. A petal from the last rose of summer. The dimpled hand which pressed your breast when you were experiencing the glories of motherhood. The finger nail which you cut from your hand but yesterday. The apple which you outblushed when you gave it to your first sweetheart. Any bit of matter you may choose, or lowly and shamed or high and honored.

These all go backward through marvellous changes which we can not follow, through multiplications of time our arithmetic can not compute. They are rounding in a glowing globe of fire. They become firemist. They liquify into gasses. They center into a mathematical point and disappear. In their departure through



that point, they proclaim their unity of origin. Ere they pass, and as they pass, they must touch and blend and become one. However they diverge here, in the converging there, in the vanishing and the unseen, they are one. So they came into this world and into their places of honor or shame, as the geologists long ago have taught us. Their realities belong to the One Reality. Underlying and through them manifesting, One Substance, One Mind, One Soul, One Life, One Love!

Every bit of the earth is related to every other bit. They are compact into an earth by a common law. Each atom answers to it, is by it embraced and filled. The water is not alien to the land. The fire is not alien to the ice. The granite on the mountain's peak is not divorced from the earth's most central fire. There is a great family, by ties more binding, more insistent than the ties of blood making the race one, which weaves together and binds every bit of matter to every other bit of matter and builds them all into this great and holy fellowship we call our earth. Touch my finger tip and you have touched my heart. Caress a grain of sand and the heart of the earth thrills and sends you an answer of love only you may not be finely sensitive enough to feel it.

"All is needed by each one;  
Nothing is good or fair alone."

Not only that, but nothing can be alone. Nothing is alone. Each is an essential part of the perfect whole. Each is dignified and hallowed by the grace of that perfect whole. Each is great in its greatness, perfect in its perfection. Each tiniest sound is essential to the perfect anthem choring with the spheres. In the

highest we know the worth of the lowest. The blossom but shows the glory of the dirt.

Uniformity is the essential of scientific thinking. Except that each brought forth after its kind, nature would confuse us. Her self insane, she would set us aw whirl in her dance of madness. Progress moves by the grace of nature's unity. Philosophy has reason because there is unity. That one something binding our globe together, making it the one world it is, is an essential of any sane thinking about the earth, essential in the earth without and essential in the brain within.

Therefore, the irresistible search of science is for a single substance. Have the scientists found it in radium? Does it lie discovered in ether? Are the vortex rings in ether electrical action, and is this thing we call electricity the one substance? And does electricity think and is its soul, love? As one has said, "Out of the research of chemists and biologists there is unfolding something which might as well be called love as any other name." Did Tesla report true when he said, "Nature has stored up in the universe an infinite amount of energy. The eternal recipient and transmitter of this energy is ether. The electro-magnetic theory of light and all the facts observed teach us that electric phenomena and the ether are identical"? Speaking to these views, Professor Hemstreet says, "Now call this energy God's mind and the ether God's body, then we have the secret of eternal life, and the process of cosmic evolution \* \* \* \* God in the ether is not more strange than a soul in a body. \* \* \* \* Mind in the ether is not more strange than mind in flesh and blood." In the One Mind the universe unfolds and exists. All the processes of nature are the

thinkings of the One Mind. All the motions of matter are the motions of this One Life living out the eternal graces of its One being. All matter is the Divine Body of the One Love broken for us, glorified for us, the mystery of the sacrament, the mystery of daily life, the adorable holiness of daily progress.

Another imagination's journey Darwin will suggest. We are magicians. We will enchant the earth out of its growth. Each thing shall journey backward to its origin. The oak under which Abraham sat when angels visited him takes to heart the question of origin and travels to its source. The sparrow which Jesus saw wing through death in the Father's love takes flight to find from whence it came. The same desire befalls an Australian Kangaroo and it leaps backwards towards its beginning. A like wonder stirs within the lion's heart, and, abandoning its lair, it strikes a path towards the primal seas. Among the snows of Alaska this strange thinking startles a polar bear, until it takes up the age-long trail, following a call deeper, diviner than the call of the wild. In the heart of Africa an ape grows thoughtful and travels through its trackless forests beginningwards. In South America a parrot spreads its wings for a kindred journeying. From the plains of America a buffalo speeds with the same eager light in its eyes. Within the sea a dolphin dreams and swims away in this strange, great wonder. Darwin himself joins the procession; and Lao Tse,<sup>3</sup> in joyful meditation, takes to the same great highway.

Through what varied forms of descent these journey, through what ages of time and what cycles of a growing earth, we can not tell. But at last they arrive in the ooze of some primal sea. They are gath-

ered before a single cell. To the magic fulfilling their desires, this single cell, the only one in all the earth, opens, and these each and all disappear in its heart, and are lost in the unity of its tiny sphere. All these wonderful lives which glorify the earth, winging from gnat's wing to Buddha's heart, from the blue bird Lowell loved to the soul of Lincoln which he interpreted, of one origin! One cell multiplying into the cells which fashioned them! One life in and through all, the grace of each thing's becoming, the glory and crown of each tree lifting blossomward to the wooings of the sun, of each being looking out upon this world through a hallowing face!

We are ready for another journey, winged by the spirit within man which may discover God and realize the shinnings of his glory, as the apple blossoms realize the glory of the sun and praise the origin of their beauty in perfumes breathed out like adorations from a pious heart. On this journey go Jesus and Judas, Lincoln and Wilkes Boothe, Grant and Lee, with a few of their veterans stained with each other's blood, bearing the marks of war's wrath and wreck. Helen of Troy may be with us, and Mary of Magdala. Elizabeth Fry may come, and Frances Willard, and Cleopatra. One out of the squalor of the East Side may come, and one out of the glittering emptiness of Fifth Avenue. Vice shall have its representative, and virtue, its, the harlot of the gutter despised and the saint of a great church canonized and adored.

“This little child that hath climbed upon my knee,  
This amber-hired, four-summered little maid,”  
shall go along. And this pure woman who bore her.  
The good and the evil shall be represented. No type

of individualized humanity shall be absent. Swedenborg shall conduct us, for he has written much about what lies behind the veil of matter, much about the secrets of souls and their ongoings when the body's weight is dropped for spirit wings. Each shall travel through his essence of being along all the strange pathways of becoming. Through what marvels of ways and centuries these divergent journeyings pass, who can say? But at last they arrive in the world of pure spirit, in the world of origins, in the world of essential being. It is Love's land, upon which Love Itself shines like a sun in its heavens. Under that sun our little company stands, the earth far behind them, their bodies of flesh in the dust of graves. They stand there, organized spirits in the presence of Infinite Spirit. The strands of their beings begin to untwist. They dissolve in the Love of the One Spirit. They enter into the heart of God, their home, just as we have seen, the colors, radiant and individual in the flowers, dissolve and disappear into the white of the sun, their origin and their home.

There is but One Life! In that all lives have origin, and destiny. From that One Life they arise like waves from the sea, and into that One Life they fall, also like waves of the sea,—the one sea, their ceaseless energy, their abiding peace, the cleansing with which forever they are made clean. From any name which may adequately express it, this One Life is free. It is nameless. But some of us call it God, even as we call the woman who bore us, mother, though her womanliness transcends all which we may know or understand. There are dear familiar names which we know are inadequate, but yet which we love and which have

worlds of meaning to us, even as the twilight on that hill by the creek there can never lose its charm for us, for there, in it, came the revelation of her great love, ever dear, though one may not tell what light is and dark, and why they chase each other about the earth in an endless race,—the deepest why of everything beyond our reach as the stars can not be gathered in our hands like we harvest the fruits of the orchard's trees.

So let us use the old name, the larger meanings entering into it, as we grow, even as into man enter his larger meanings as he unfolds. As of old they said, "God is all and in all!" He spake and we became, his words of flesh vocal upon the winds of this world. "In him we live and move and have our being." He is our summer, and we, its blossoms. He is the tree, and we, its leaves. He is the heart and we, its beatings. He is the breathing life and we, the breath that goeth forth and returns. He is the flower, and we, its perfume. He is the light, and we, the eye. He is the life, and we, its living. From him there is no escape. When we journey out of ourselves into death there is no death to receive us. There is only God. "Flight from God to God must be." He is our journey and our journey's end. He is the vitality of the wings by which flight is made, and he is the winds on which the flyings must speed.

No flight is, God, but Thou art wind  
On which the wings do beat;  
In flight from Thee at every turn,  
'Tis life of Thine we meet.

And what in fear we name dark death  
Is just a little night

Where 'neath the shadow of Thy wings  
We rest for newer flight.

O happy earth, tho' seeming sad,  
O changes coming swift!  
There are no wings of changing but  
In God to God they lift.

Whatever journey we take out of ourselves it is a journey into God. And Buddha is right, though he called it Nirvana; and Lao Tze, though he called it Tao; and Jesus, though he called it Father, and Paul, though he called it God. God is our origin and our home. He sent us forth. He calls us back. There is only One Life, and it is his Life. There is only One Humanity, and He is IT. Dissolve the red of the rose, and it is eternal light! Dissolve this being of mine, and I am eternal God!

There are not two powers in the universe, one good, one bad,—striving in eternal battle with each other. There is but one power, and that is good. All these appearances of division and strife dissolve in that unity and there is only peace. As in a living thing, there is one aspect of wasting and one of renewing, but in essence the reality of one life manifesting, so of this One Life in the universe. Everything is the manifestation of this, and its act, however it may be in appearance, is unital, its essence is peace. There is not evil and not good. There is only good. There is not error and not truth, there is only truth. There is not matter and not spirit. There is only spirit. There is not sin and not holiness. There is only holiness. There is not many substances and not one substance. There is

only one substance. There is not light and not darkness. There is only light. There are not many minds and not one mind. There is only mind. There is not hate and not love. There is only love. There are not lives and not life. There is only life. There are no divisions. There is only unity. The One Life is living now. It is eternal Life. What we see are simply the manifestations of that One Life actualizing its eternity.

Paradox? Yes! And thus variously uttered, it holds in its heart the truth of the unity of everything in its origin, progress and end. Into the knowledge of this truth modern science is moving with startling rapidity. All of its great discoveries lie in the fact that it will not accept appearances as finals. Its glory has been and is that it has been ever pressing through the shadows of the apparent into the light of the real. More and more is it demonstrating that it is only in the seeming that the substance of the universe divides into things. It is only in appearance that there are antagonisms. Narrowly seen, a seed is torn in sunder that a tree may become. But there is no destruction. Life is only beautifully at work weaving a tent for tarrying as it takes its eternal journey through the universe. We look at this act through the shadows of our own ignorance, calling those shadows knowledge, as we contemplate this affirmative of the One Life, this active tenderness of the One Love. I hold the seed in my hand reverently, reverently I submit it to the sacred keeping of the soil. I rejoice in the green that appears above the ground. I worship in the blossoms. I adore in the fruit. And all the delights of my heart, however variously I might name them, is simply the joy



of this One Life living itself, in the tree there, in my heart here. One flutter of a bird's wing, and we would not know what it meant. The flutter of another wing on the opposite side, in the opposite direction, and we say, here is antagonism, strife is at its discords. One, wiser than we, says, by these the bird moves. It can lift from the ground into the tree, from the tree into the sky. Nay! Not by these two, we say, unless it be torn apart, for one points east, the other points west. They antagonize and fly apart. But, while we dispute, the wings beat and beat, the bird lifts into the tree, into the sky, not in either of these directions but straight north. Cleaving its forward course through the winds, it sends back a song of peace gently smiling at our folly which would judge by the appearance and not judge righteous judgment. In the seeming only was the division. In reality was the unity. Two wings, but one bird and one flight. Deeply seeing, this we behold everywhere in the universe.

The sad heart problem of the apparent world is seeing that life feeds upon life,—each thing an organized appetite and feeding upon each other thing,—“nature red in tooth and claw,” as our poet phrased it. If the individual unity is sacred as against the whole, then this is true, and the apparent, appalling the sensitive heart so, has an injustice hard to reconcile with the truth of love hiding at the center of all that through all it may reveal. But through all this seeming tragedy there is only life living itself, changing from its one glory into its other glory that so its everlasting unity be fulfilled. When in the seeming the individual surrenders, there is persistent the peace of life. The individual was but a bit of that life, and in returning

into itself has not been wronged. There is in reality no death and no death's pang. It was life moving in itself, and life is always joy and peace and holiness. The life that rejoiced in the creeping worm still rejoices in the singing bird and no act of unrighteousness has been committed. The life through such change was not degraded but glorified. In essence the life in the worm separate from the bird and the life in the worm united with the bird's life is one life. Life has not wronged itself, nor can. There is only life, and all shadows of death are of the seeming. Jesus knew this truth when he said, Not even a sparrow falls to the ground without your Father. Whatever a bird experiences God experiences, and if there is wrong done to the bird, it is a wrong done unto God. Can God wrong himself? Yes; if in reality he can wrong any tiniest creature which he has called by the voice of his life into the grace of being.

When we realize that inmosty we are, and can never cease to be, that in the One Life we are centered, and from it can never in reality be separated, what matter where in time and in the seeming we are?

In separate consciousness, feeling that consciousness the great sanctity of me, I will be afraid and shrink from many possibilities, striving to run from many necessary experiences. I will be startled and hold back from death, not knowing that I hold back from my glory. Instead of going freely and with a song in the central onflow of being's stream, I will strive away from this joy and fret my conscious self in vain upon the marring rocks. I beat myself into fragments upon the shores to which I blindly want to cling, shrinking from my own joyous stream's central flow. I imagine

many evils. My pangs are innumerable. I am frightened with many evils. I die many deaths. A multitude of discords disturbs and shatters my music. But when this truth of the One Life is no more of words, but of my being's realization, then the apparent no more appalls. The imaginary no more torments. Death is no more a horror of torture or nothingness. It is but a shadow which my ignorance compels the greater glory of life to cast. No evil can befall me. In the universe is only good. No hate can harry and destroy. There is only love. I am, and can never cease to be. I now sing into all changes like a belated boy who whistles himself home through the shadows of evening.

In this truth of the One Life I set my imagination to wing, flying all the changes of an eternal universe. On each beat of that wing my heart breaks into a song like the homing bird. I may be a wave running from the mountains, sweeping through the rivers into the sea, at that sea's deepest bottom in the darkness; yet am I of that One Life which lifts in the wave that is smiled through by the sunshine of a summer day; I am at one with that blossom sweetening in the orchard, and with that bird which loves the heart of the blossom into a song. I may pass through fire, becoming rock, in deeps of darkness held while centuries wear themselves away; yet am I of the same substance and joy as my lady's eyes there aglow with a great love, and my Shakespeare's heart thinking unto her a great sonnet. In the furnace I may burn at a heat unmeasured by man, yet am I at one in that glow of the maiden's cheek hearkening to her first story of love. I am not alien to Arctic ice; yet the fairest lily shares her joys with

me. I am the dust of graves, the black ugliness of Egyptian mummies; yet, at the same moment, in essence, I am akin to the lotus and share its passionate beauty with the wooing eyes of great Cleopatra, in which eyes I am the light. I am the cross on which the Christ hangs; I feel the agony of that supreme hour; yet is the peace of God mine and the life which lives itself in eternal joy. That Life which is one with me has never forsaken. I call not unto IT in vain. This dark, dark shadow is but the seeming. In its passing I behold the face of the Eternal Love glowing with a smile above the radiancy of the dawn.

When I realize my being's reality in this One Life, then am I in everything, its sacredness and joy, its changing and transformation, its abiding essence, its changeless eternity. I am the central fires of the earth. I flow out in hot lavas. Some bliss of me thrills, and the seeming experiences an earthquake. I am the ice and the sun. I hold in union the Arctic waste and the Tropic luxuriousness. I am the man freezing and the cold which freezes. I am the hunger of the wolf and the lamb satisfying that hunger. I am the flame in the conflagration and the child's body that is burned. I am the fire in the furnace. I am the anvil and the hammer. I am the blacksmith's brawn. I am the blacksmith's brain. I am the shaping steel. I am the thing of service hammered out upon that anvil. I am the kiss of Judas and the kindness of Christ. I am the insanity of John Wilkes Booth, and the human tenderness of Abraham Lincoln. I am the fury in the murderer's heart, and the fear in the heart of the murdered; and I take them both into my eternal peace, where awake from the nightmare, there is no fear nor

hatred, but only love. This must be the outcome, if Love is master in the universe. This must be, if there is any truth in forgiveness. This must be, if there is any truth in this great unity which the great religions, philosophies and sciences affirm.

All life's from Thee, Thou one great love  
Who art creation's cause;  
From Thine own beating heart outleaps  
All Thy creation's laws,  
As faithful in the sunbeam's mote  
As in the sun's great fire,  
And in the gnat's frail, beating wing  
As in the Christ's desire.

Thou reignest secret in my heart,  
My life Thine own life's gift,  
Thou, outmost earth-rim of myself,  
Thou, sky in which must lift  
Each blossom climbing into fruit,  
Each bird and beast and weed,  
What poisons and what nourishes,  
The loving and the greed.

This truth I own, my faith it binds;  
No flight is from its face.  
At times it startles me with fear,  
At times is bravery's grace.  
How shall I charge Thee with my sin  
And for my truth give praise?  
How can I blame myself the nights  
And honor Thee for days?

Shall no line cleave between the right  
And all the dreadful wrong?

Shall discord claim to be as sweet  
As is the perfect song?  
Shall gnat's wing take the place of Christ,  
The mote, the sun's great flame,  
The bliss of holiness fulfilled  
By just the sin's great shame?

Nay! Lord of Life, this can not be!  
Whatever now appears,  
From out the puzzling dark I see  
A beauteous dawning clears,—  
Creation's climbing yet! Thy tasks  
Of life are but begun;  
They'll justify Thy holiness  
When each and all are done.

Altho from gnat the Christ may climb,  
Thy heart those ways makes wide;  
And what from gnat he differs now,  
That he will so abide;  
So, while I'm come from sin and shame  
To be this holiness,  
I still must faithful cleave to it,  
Or it can never bless.

So Life's dear Lord, Thy holy love  
Through all creation shines;  
It makes the dust, the dawning days,  
The bird, the mole that mines;  
But always climbing into bloom  
Of perfectness for all;  
Yet woe to him who will not hear  
Thine upward voices call!

I'd hear and heed all holy truths  
That teach of life's great heights,  
Thou giving wings that I may take  
Their heavenward-joying flights.  
My being toiling on, its tasks  
Of blossom will complete,  
Through dark and death will reach the day  
Thy sunny smile to greet.

Some assert this great truth of unity, but follow it not into its blissful reality. They dimly see, and are satisfied with the dimness as an owl with starlight. So are we enslaved by the little self, fearing for it, for its truth, for its loves, for its integrities, until we strive to build the universe over into the image and likeness of our little, ever afraid of the Perfect Love which casteth out fear. Yet in daring moments we see something of the glory of this One Life, and, not only with Emerson, "yield ourselves to the perfect whole," but rejoice into the very heart of that Perfect Whole, uttering one cry of rapture like those angels Allah created but for one breath of ecstatic praise, on that one blissful breath passing, not out of being but into being, out of our little seeming into the reality of the eternal One Being. Nothing to fear in the heavens above or the earth beneath or the waters under the earth,—nothing to fear any more than a baby may fear its mother's bosom.

The end of lives is to realize unity with the One Life. The end of self is to realize its oneness with the cosmic self, greatening into the infinite. There is one, divine central reality which is the secret of ourselves. Conformity to this means perfecting. The more in harmony with the One Beauty the rose is, the

more perfect the rose. The more of this central life actualized in a horse, a grape, a man, the more do these tower great among their fellows. The more of this central truth the scientist and inventor discovers and frees in the midst of our civilization, the greater the marvel of achievement. This is the inspiration and reality of brotherhood. In this realization lives grow sacred unto us. That which sanctifies myself sanctifies every other self, whether it creeps or walks or flies. By the sweetness of life in me I know the sweetness of life in another. By the truth in me I recognize the truth in another. By the beauty in me I recognize the beauty in another. By the love in me I sing in tune with the love in another. My experiment gives the result of another's experiment because of the one truth in which every fragment of truth centralizes.

It is union with this One Life which all great souls, dimmer or clearer, have felt, their greatness but the slimmer of this unity. Lao Tse realized this as the end of life and called it Tao and was at peace. Mohamed realized it and called it the will of Allah and was at peace. Jesus realized it and called it Father and was at peace. In this peace was their power; and every power which men have wielded and which has swayed men was some atunement with this One Life. Those who have yielded to it as a flute to the master's lips have voiced a perfect song. This is the shining of the sun and the thrilling of the electric current. This is the might of the inventor's brain and the genius of the machine. This is the glow in the painter's brush and the dream in the sculptor's chisel. This is Shakespeare's kingship of song, and Lincoln's masterhood of human tenderness. This is the genius of men, the holi-



ness of saints, the marvel of woman's love. This is the true man's devotion to duty, and the worshippers adoration of God. It is the beauty of the holy and the rapture of the righteous. It was by this union with his Father that Jesus claimed that all power in heaven and earth was given unto him. By this he compassionated the multitude, communed with God and inhabits eternity.

Atune with the One Life and all power is yours. In peace all troubles end as rivers in the sea. You are transformed, every nerve atingle with the grace of life. Your heart purifies. Your love grows holy and divine. Your brain clears and you think in truth as the eye sees in light. Your character grows of granite compact, cleaner and more beautiful than Greek marbles. You are eloquence itself moving the heart of the world in your poem, your picture, your violin, in the thing you do, in the life you live, in the being you are. You inspire like a Christ and lead into peace like a Buddha. You interpret God as the rose interprets the light, and by your grace men learn to love the One Life, greatening in its everlasting truth, their troubles stilled in its everlasting peace, their weakness strengthened in its endless might, their lives joyous in its abundant fulness, their beings divine beyond the dreams of saint and Saviour.

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Cheerfulness is oil on the troubled waters, making them waste their fury upon themselves. How a cheerful spirit passes through anger as if it were not. Such spirit is a light into which no clouds can enter, darkening the brightness.

It is the spirit of anything which is anything's value. An event has greatness because it reveals some soul's great quality. Not its battles and not its conquests and not its commerce, but its spirit reveals a nation. The Iliad does not interest us for its battles, but for the Greek spirit there told in syllables of epic grandure. The art of a nation, the literature, the religion, make the bright noons and long twilights of world memory, because in these is the nation's spirit, in brief and alluring epitome, like a sonnet, which some one has called "a moment's monument." A mother may have been homely; she may have been ignorant; she may have been uncouth; but these we forget in the glorious shine of her motherhood, which was the essence of elegance, the soul of goodness. In soul-light only is seen the individual, the national, the racial, the world-greatness; and only we see as we have soul-sight. It is therefore that wall-eyed materialism can not see. Not seeing, it cannot interpret a man, an age, a world. "Spirit with spirit can speak," because in essence each thing is spiritual, because in its real existence each thing is soul, because the universe is spirit and is life. Without the heart the intellect can not know. Therefore, have the soul of you awake that you may understand, and with your understanding grow,—men, books, nations, art, movements, nature, yourself, your friend, your day, the great human surge of which you are a wave. The intellect looks, the heart sees. Only to a lover can the soul of a thing reveal. Only to a lover can the grace and greatness of any being speak, be it angel or man, God or Christ. Even the Magdelene shone divinely to the perfect lover, Christ.

"The walls have ears," but silence is both deaf and dumb.

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The human heart will answer our touch with what tones we seek, as the piano answers the musician with what chords his fingers feel after.

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Only the foolish think that they get at truth by argument. Truth is an affirmation, like light is. Whatever we know about light we know because it shines. Whatever is built up on the earth by light is built up because the light shines. This must be true of truth, because truth is the light of light. Truth is the soul of everything. Each thing is its affirmation. When we clamor about it and quarrel about it among ourselves, we cannot hear its gentle affirmations. When we are still and listen, then we hear and know.

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Love is the soul of life. Life thinks and lives. Truth is the ways of its life and the sentences of its thoughts. Beauty is the shine of its face, the eloquence of its speech and the glow of its artist hands. In essence, the loving are the true; the true are the loving; and the beautiful are the good. To be our best without fear or fret, without worry or weariness, simply and naturally as the apple blossom is itself, is to be loving and true, beautiful and good, a joyous child of the Everlasting Universe, dowered with its genius and heir to its infinite riches.

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One Loving through the universe,  
The grace of stars and suns,  
The living splendor that through all  
The fruitful summer runs.  
It is the song of all the birds,  
The breath of orchards sweet,  
The kindness of the autumn winds  
That ripens peach and wheat.

Its changing glory haunts the skies;  
Its charm is on the seas;  
In every little heart that beats  
There glow its ministries;  
Through human eyes 'tis looking out  
From deeps of tenderness,  
Becomes a baby's innocence,  
A mother's face to bless.

Some name it beauty, others law,  
A various naming 's heard;  
The prophet called it holiness,  
But love is Christ's dear word.  
Whatever name, whatever awe  
In all its countless ways,  
'Tis Love that we may love again,  
The holiness of praise.

Be this one Love the life that lives  
Within this world of ours,  
Each word that worships, deed that serves  
That Love's descending showers  
Where neath each heart will blossom true,  
Each life all goodness dare,  
God, summer sun on all our fields,  
And man the fruit we bear.



WHEN we take the sun direct, it glares and our eyes ache. When it comes, a daisy smiling in the dawn, a meadow greening in the noon, the waves advance in starlight on the sea, my friend's true eyes ashine with tenderness, then is it glorified by the grace of indirection. Not to take its real self in imperial and final possession, but its atempered self in the fleetingness of its indirections is to master light unto joy.

So of folks. There are some you ought never to see again, the indirection was so perfect, the mood was so high, the memory is so divine! Were our desire, to have them always with us, fulfilled, we were defeated of beauty as if we gathered a star out of the sky to find it crumbling into desert sand.

If only we knew that the greed for possession were the death of all loveliness; that when we own things they entomb us; that love can be made a grave, the grasping greed disenchanting, as if a thoughtless hand must have and hold that winged jewel, the dragonfly, the air so robbed of a glory, the light of an interpreter. In seeking to possess, we lose, as if we would detain the sunbeams by closing the blinds. Ownership is poverty, as if your titles held all the acres of Alaska, and yet no keels of commerce touched its shores and came no fellow hands to help the rocks and graves give their gold.

Nor yet, for this disappointment of possession, despise the fleetingness of things and say "There is no worth save in some final having", as if, enraptured of the lily, one should say, "I will have naught but light's true self and look nowhere but into the sun," so losing the charm of the lily and the eyes for seeing beauty.

Even as we take light as it comes across all fleeting paths of cloud and hill and flower, never complaining of its lovely indirections, never discontent because we do not own the sun, so let us take Life. Its indirections will always charm. Its glances will always enchant. Its steady gaze might be the gorgon's eyes.