
"Fools deride. Philosophers investigate."

Life and Action

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Question Box

By The TK

QUESTION—If it is true that all physical matter has a spiritual counterpart, then how is it possible for a spiritual being (a disembodied man for instance) to pass through a wall of physical matter—as stated in "*Bridging The Great Divide*"? In that case we should have two spiritual bodies (that of the wall and that of the man) occupying "the same space at the same time"—which is said to be a scientific impossibility.

ANSWER—It is not scientifically accurate to say that "All physical matter has a *spiritual* counterpart." The term "spiritual" is not scientifically correct in this connection. It should read: "All physical matter has an *ethereal* counterpart." In this case the apparent discrepancy at once disappears, and we do *not* have two bodies of the same refinement occupying the same space at the same time.

But it is literally and scientifically possible for two *spiritual* bodies to occupy the same space at the same

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time; in exactly the same sense that sand and buck-shot (poured into a gallon measure together until the vessel is full) occupy "the same space at the same time."

For, there are differing degrees of refinement of particle in *spiritual* matter, exactly analogous to that in *physical* matter. In this case, two differing grades of spiritual matter may occupy a spiritual vessel at the same time, just as sand and buck-shot may occupy the same physical vessel at the same time.

You must not forget that the world of spiritual matter has its analogies all the way through, to the world of physical matter. It is not, however, scientifically accurate to call the counterpart of physical matter "spiritual." The term "*ethereal*" is the correct one to employ. And this correction alone, I trust, will remove what appears to you to be a mistake in the statement you refer to. The ethereal counterpart of physical matter is much less refined in particle than is the spiritual body of a man, or other human being.

Why, then, is it that a spiritual man cannot pass through the physical body of a living human being on the physical plane? Because it is already occupied by the *spiritual* body of the human man to whom it belongs.

QUESTION—Of the two "Pathways," we are told that they are not mere figures of speech, but realities, scientifically established. This obviously applies to the description of the results attained by those who travel these respective "Paths"; but are we to understand also that the designations "North" and "South" are

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literal, or merely figurative to illustrate opposite directions, as “upward” and “downward” are commonly used? Or, are these specific directions by visible indications of the points of the compass that can be perceived by those who have sufficiently advanced upon the Path to the South?

ANSWER—They are mere figures of speech to indicate opposite directions. Their scientific value has reference only to the results attained by those who travel the respective Paths.

QUESTION—The following I ask most reverently, and not in the attitude of a critic, for I well know that the words are those of profound wisdom, the utterance of the Great School. Near the conclusion of the Prayer—“We shall hope one day” . . . halts me momentarily, when I repeat it. Surely it does not mean that we must defer our beginning to *hope*, till some future period. Can the word “shall” be omitted and preserve the full meaning of the Prayer to the Great School?

ANSWER—It is just possible; but I hardly think so. It is evident, to me, that you have been giving to the word “shall” a meaning not at all intended by the School, or the Great Friends. It was I who formulated the ancient Prayer into English expression, and I did so to express the following concept received from the Great Master:

“Be our Friend.....; Be our Helper.....; Lead us.....; Point us to.....; Bear with us.....; Do these things for us, and we shall hope that at sometime

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in the future we may be able to stand with YOU, "In the midst," etc.

That is the present interpretation of the ancient intent of the Great Friends, and it was given to me by the Great Master who was, and still is, my Instructor, Brother and Great Friend. It seems to me that I have given it literal and exact expression in the formulation as you find it on the closing page of "*The Great Work*." And if I am correct in this, the word "shall" could hardly be omitted without giving to the entire expression a slightly different meaning from that intended.

QUESTION—Can you deduce anything from the following, which appeared to be a real and vivid personal experience on my part; or, was the whole affair purely imaginative? Some weeks ago a young lady, a relative, passed out of the physical; her last hours she appeared to be in a deep sleep. For about two hours before her breathing ceased, I saw with perfect distinctness and clearness what appeared to be a bright man kneeling close beside her with outstretched hands, as if waiting to bear her away. Another man appeared bearing an antique water-jar on his shoulder. He poured the contents over her and her physical body began to dissolve and detach itself from the spiritual within. All this experience was dissociated from the actual physical surroundings. The situation of the "vision" was that of a sunny meadow; and the dying girl was lying under a small tree standing alone near the middle of an open ground. I did not see the passing of the spiritual body either in the "vision"

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or the reality. The "vision" was clearly apparent all the while until very near the end; the actual cessation of her breathing came suddenly and unexpectedly.

ANSWER—Such experiences are not so infrequent or uncommon as they might appear to those who are unfamiliar with psychic phenomena. There are comparatively a large number of people everywhere who have psychic experiences more or less analogous to this one you have described. But because of their fear of being misunderstood, or of being adjudged insane, or "queer," they keep them from even their closest friends and relatives. And they are, perhaps, wise in so doing; for the majority of mankind are, as yet, too unfamiliar with experiences upon the psychic plane to be able to give them an unbiased consideration.

Your experience was not a mere imagination, but a genuine psychic experience. It was the result of the efforts of some of your spiritual friends who were present on the spiritual planes and who desired to convey to you some definite and convincing evidence of their presence and their interest. They knew of your psychic development and doubtless endeavored thus to convey to you a message of sympathy, or symbolic lesson of some kind which they hoped you would understand.

The exact meaning they sought to convey to you is not entirely clear to me; but it would seem, at least, to convey the message of assurance that the passing spirit would not be left to wander alone in the spirit world, but would be received and cared for by those who understand the meaning of the transition and were ready and willing to serve "those who need."

The symbolism of the antique water-jar and the dis-

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solution of the body is susceptible to various readings; but I shall not assume to determine which, if either, is the one sought to be conveyed to you. It is, perhaps, sufficient for you to have the definite assurance that the experience was not a mere imagination on your part, but something entitled to be classed as a "personal experience"—even though its exact meaning may not, as yet, be clear to you, or to myself.

QUESTION—Is the "City of Life" (p. 437, "*The Great Work*") an actual city in appearance and characteristics, or rather a land, or environment?

ANSWER—There are many "Cities" upon the spiritual planes of life; and they are all "real" in both appearance and characteristics. To the individual who is passing from this physical life and first glimpses any one of them as he emerges from the "Valley of the Shadow," it is to him a "City of Life"—or even *The* "City of Life"—until he becomes sufficiently acquainted with his new environment to know that there are other Cities in the new country of his spiritual nativity.

From all of which you will understand that in the particular instance to which you refer, the expression "City of Life" was employed figuratively, in that it was used in a general sense, to designate the fact that all who pass from this life of earth into the spiritual world may rightfully expect to behold a "City" in that new World of Life—and that, to him, it will be a real "*City of Life*."

QUESTION—Recently I was present at a lecture on the subject of the "Signs of the Zodiac," or at least
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covering that theme. At one point the lecturer hesitated for some time, and looked down at the table as if consulting a manuscript. Just then I saw, standing on his right side and talking in his ear, the astral body of a man in Hindoo attire. Once more the lecturer became fluent as his astral visitor tapped him vigorously on the shoulder, at short intervals. After some twenty minutes the astral form sat down, in the chair to the right of the lecturer, and in a few moments thereafter the lecturer closed his address.

The next day my wife met him on the street, and asked him, rather unceremoniously, who his astral friend was. He appeared to be greatly astonished that anyone could see him, and stated in reply that it was his *guru* whom he always summoned when he was in need of help. I learned later that two other persons present at the lecture saw the same astral individual, or *guru*.

Now I have in no way cultivated or used my former subjective sight and hearing, for some six years past; but does the fact of my having this sight, unsought and unexpected, indicate that I was in a subjective condition at the time?

ANSWER—No, it does not necessarily indicate *that*; for with one who is LIVING THE LIFE from day to day, as you have been doing all these years to the best of your abilities, it is possible for you to develop *independent* vision at almost any time. As you will remember, I have told you positively, and without qualifications, that one who is *living the life* is all the time developing spiritually along constructive lines; and that in due time he will grow naturally into the use of his

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spiritual senses normally and independently. The very fact that you have been *living the life* during these six years, is definite and positive evidence that you are *not* developing *subjectively*; and hence, the experience was a normal and independent one.

But you reply, it came to you *unsought and unexpected*; is not this proof positive that it is not independent—in other words, that it is subjective?

No! The first development of independent vision comes unsought. From that point forward you must learn to control it—to open your spiritual eyes and shut them at your own *will*. And this may take a little time and practice, just as every other new achievement does, in order to use it with facility and ease. But if you go on *living the life* without a lapse of any kind, you need not fear subjective development; and in a very short time you will have gained absolute control of your spiritual senses, and thus have achieved independent spiritual vision. I congratulate you on the progress you have made in the right direction.

QUESTION—I understand that the *guru* above referred to is still in the physical body. In that case, was the lecturer necessarily in a subjective condition, under the hypnotic control of the *guru*?

ANSWER—No, not *necessarily*; but from what you have told me of the dishonorable conduct of the lecturer, it follows beyond all question, that *in this particular case* the relation was hypnotic, and the lecturer was in a subjective condition at the time.

QUESTION—Among many New Thought writers the idea is held so persistently that to those who earn-

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estly desire things, whether it be Truth, or a more specific knowledge applicable to their own personal needs, the "Great Universal Reservoir of Knowledge" will, somehow, automatically supply the need—much as a reservoir delivers water to points of a lower level, if the connection is made. The teaching seems to be, in effect, that knowledge will come without effort, other than the mere "sending out of the desire" for it. That, in fact, seems to be the way in which most of the New Thought writers get their material for publication; for, in most cases it is apparently nothing but mere assertion, with no reference whatever to any authentic source of knowledge. This feature, somehow, is distasteful to one who is accustomed to seeing people acquire their knowledge, on the plane of material science, only through laborious effort. The terms "Spirit of Truth" and "Spirit of Knowledge" are often used by modern New Thought writers.

Do these claims of the New Thought apostles have any basis in fact, as verified by the Great School; and is this a modernization of the idea of the Holy Spirit and its manifold activities, as recorded in the Bible?

ANSWER—Only to the mind that is prepared to receive it is knowledge *ever* accessible. To the searcher after knowledge an earnest *desire* is one of the fundamental prerequisites of its obtention. But that is not *all*. To *desire* must be added *personal effort*. Add to these also an Intelligence capable of receiving and assimilating knowledge, and we have the elements that are essential to the acquisition of knowledge. Omit any one of these and we have taken from the foundation a support that will cause the downfall of the superstructure, sooner or later.

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I am aware of the fact that there has grown, in this country at least, among those who think along certain metaphysical lines, the idea that DESIRE alone constitutes a power sufficient in itself to draw to it whatever the Soul in which it exists can clearly and definitely conceive. For illustration: *Desire* wealth—with a desire that holds within itself sufficient intensity, continuity, determination, hope, expectancy, faith, certainty, and the elements of Nature will fall into line with that desire and bring its materialization into actual results.

I do not know, however, that these who hold to such views are correctly known and designated as Students of New Thought, or “New Thinkers.” Perhaps you may be right in so designating them—I am not sure, however.

Of this, however, I am sure, namely, that they omit from the formulary of their findings, some of the fundamental elements that are necessary to the acquisition of the results they seek. “*Seek*, and ye shall find; *knock*, and it shall be opened unto you,” are the doctrines taught by the Master, are they not? But in the very fundament of each declaration is contained something more than simple *Desire*. To *seek* means to put forth the personal effort necessary to the accomplishment of that command. To *knock*, also means to *do* the thing that will bring the result desired.

Of course, *desire* precedes the act in each instance; but it is just as true that the *act follows* the desire in every instance. In other words, it requires both the desire and the personal effort in line with that desire, to accomplish the end sought. And finally, there must

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be an Intelligence capable of receiving the thing sought, and making the right use of it in the economy of Nature.

QUESTION—Can you explain to me what caused the difference between Cain and Abel? I have asked several ministers of the various religious denominations, but am unable to obtain anything definite or satisfactory.

ANSWER—Your statement comforts me. I am glad to know that the ministers you have consulted have been so frank and so honest with you. My own personal experience with the ministry has been such as to suggest that they do not always differentiate very carefully between the things they know, those they assume to know, and those they only believe. And this apparent general lack of careful differentiation on their part has had a tendency to shake one's faith in their wisdom, or their integrity. It would be far better for the Cause of Truth, if all those charged with the responsibilities of Teachers and Ministers, would also charge themselves with the responsibility of differentiating at all times, most carefully, between their knowledge, their assumed knowledge and their beliefs. The Members of the Great School *try* to do this. I have *tried* to do it in all that I have given to the world in definite published form, but I am not sure that I have always succeeded.

I cannot answer your question. I do not know. I have noted what seems to me to be an interesting fact in this connection, however, and which may not be out of place in this connection. It is this: In the course of my life I have come into the closest and most intimate

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personal friendship and acquaintance with five different pairs of twins; and in every instance they have represented the very antithesis of each other in point of the fundamentals of human *Character*. In each pair one has stood for honesty, loyalty, gentleness, kindness, sympathy, courtesy, and all that is beautiful, true and good in human character; while the other has stood for dishonesty, disloyalty, rudeness, harshness, cruelty and discourtesy.

The antithesis in these instances has been, if anything, even more pronounced and marked than has been observable among other members of the same families.

From the viewpoint of heredity, astrology, environment and what is known as the Law of Individual Development, there would seem to be some unknown quantity that enters into lives of twins—something that would almost seem to overrule all the known elements which enter into the development of the ethical individuality.

It may be, however, that my own personal observations are not sustained by the broader experience of mankind. That is, my own observations may, perhaps, be *exceptions* to the general rule (if, indeed, there is a “general rule” governing humanity in this regard).

I have a *theory* which would appear (*to me*) to account for this rather remarkable phenomenon, but I shall not state it here, lest it might be misconstrued as an effort on my part to answer your question—after having admitted my ignorance on the subject.

QUESTION—One noted teacher said: “Boy is 40% play, 40% fight, 5% work and 5% religion.” A num-
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ber of prominent educators claim that the "boy age" is a savage period; that then it is natural for him to destroy property and life; in other words, he is but a small *savage*. What place, if any, have play and amusement in the Constructive Process? Is it true that, do what we will, every boy *must* pass through this *savage* period?

ANSWER—It may be that the percentages 40%, 40%, 5%, 5%, above suggested are justified by observation; I do not know. But I am convinced—from years of close touch with boy-life, and from having been a boy myself at one time in the "dim and distant ages"—that "play" is as truly a part of the average boy's nature as it is a part of the average kitten's life and nature. And I am convinced also that it must be taken into consideration in the development of any wholesome and normal course of development of the boy to the man, through educational processes.

By actual personal experience I have demonstrated, in other years, that through a proper appeal to the playful, fun-loving side of boy's nature, a very large percentage of that which ordinarily passed with him for "*work*," can be transferred to the account of "*play*," or at least "*entertainment*," without in the least detracting from its value to him as a part of his "*education*," and at the same time the pleasure and joy of his life may thus be many times multiplied, without detriment to him in any way.

But a proper understanding of this side of *boy nature* will make clear to any man the fact that the average boy is no more a "Savage" than is the average *man*. In truth, the examples which most influence boys

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toward "savagery" are those set them by MEN. The average boy is influenced by nothing so much as by his desire and ambition to be a "*man*." And the *kind* of man that fixes the general trend of his character is the man who exercises the largest influence over his daily life and habits. IF that man is, in his own life and conduct, essentially a *savage*, the boy soon yields to his influence and becomes a "little savage," as he is so often designated.

But, on the other hand, if the man who holds that vital place in his life is, in his essential nature and conduct, a gentleman, a true nobleman, a man whose life is an inspiration to the beautiful, the true and the good, —you can depend upon it just as truly and securely as before, that whatever there may be of the *savage* in his nature, if any at all, will soon disappear, and he will grow steadily and surely toward the ideal of his ambitions, and become a man who, in turn, will become an ideal and an inspiration to other boys in the years to come.

The spirit of "*play*" in the boy is natural, and it can be turned to good by those who understand the method; and by a proper appeal to that side of his nature, it is possible to smooth the pathway of boyhood wonderfully, and open to him possibilities of legitimate enjoyment which are unknown to the average boy of today. And all this may be accomplished without in the least violating the fundamental principles of Morality and Service, for which the Great School and its Work stand.

You have opened a question of the most profound and vital importance, and it is one that is justly en-

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titled to the honest and earnest consideration of every loyal American Citizen; for it is a question that goes directly to the very foundation of all true and loyal citizenship. I trust you will give it further consideration, as well as do what you can to bring it to the consideration of your fellow-men and students.

QUESTION—On page 406 of the G. W. these words occur: “For this reason, if for no other, it will be observed how vitally important it is that each individual in the physical body should understand how to exercise voluntary control over the Magnetic Element of his own organism.” My question is: Can you inform one just how this can be done without a special training therefor?

ANSWER—No, I cannot explain the process sufficiently, through this medium, to make it entirely clear enough for all practical purposes. There are some phases of the subject that demand careful psychic study. But after the fundamental principle is entirely clear to you, it would be possible for you to go on and on indefinitely, until you have entirely mastered the subject. This is one of the subjects I am holding in abeyance until I shall be able to present it fully and completely, in book form. Be patient, and I will get to it in due time,—if my life is spared.

QUESTION—Matter is (a) Physical, (b) Ethereal, (c) Spiritual; Have I An Ethereal body?

ANSWER—Yes. It is, however, generally designated as *Magnetic*.

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QUESTION—"For in the Tribunal of Nature he is in a Court of Absolute Justice, from whose jurisdiction there is no possible change of venue, against whose decrees there are no injunctions nor stays of execution, and from whose Judgments there are no appeals." Now, how can this be made to harmonize with the 7th Beatitude: "Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy."?

ANSWER—Only by a proper understanding of what constitutes "*Mercy*."

QUESTION—How do you account for the differences in intelligences of different people?

ANSWER—I don't. I have some ideas on the subject, however, which have come to me as a result of my discussions of the subject with the various Great Friends and Members of the Great School. Some of these ideas are as follows: (a) There is an essential and inherent difference in the mental individuality of any one man from all others, just as there is an essential and inherent difference between the individuality of his physical organism and that of each and every other man in all the universe, so far as we know. If this idea be correct, then I might answer your question by saying that I account for the differences in intelligence by the simple suggestion that "All men are essentially different, from the beginning." In other words, we see that men are different from each other in their physical bodies, their physical powers, their looks, and their sizes and shapes, and that this suggests that there is a general principle of "Differentiation" which runs through all nature—

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thus accounting for the differences of Intelligence along with the differences of individuality and personality, only *because it is so*. (b) There are those who account for the differences to which you refer, by what they understand as the *Law of Reincarnation*—or re-birth into this physical life many times.

QUESTION—How do you account for an idiot?

ANSWER—Again I must plead “Not Guilty.” I do not account for Idiots. I can, however, conceive that there may be imperfect physical organisms. In truth, we see about us almost every day, men and women whom we term “Dwarfs,” because of certain defects in their physical bodies that make them misshapen. Various causes may be assigned, affecting the foetus of the infant during its prenatal life. In the same way it would seem possible that the brain of the unborn child may be subject to similar abnormal conditions, resulting in its virtual “dwarfing” to such an extent that it may cease to be an instrument of voluntary service to the individual intelligence and Soul to whom it belongs.

Much may be said on this subject, most of which, however, would be speculative and of little or no scientific value.

QUESTION—Is the connection between us and our dear ones in the spiritual world so close that they are conscious of what we do and, especially, of our grief for them?

ANSWER—Yes, under ordinary conditions.

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QUESTION—Does our grief for them affect them unpleasantly, or painfully? If so, how?

ANSWER—Yes. In precisely the same way *you* are painfully or unpleasantly affected by the grief of one of your *loved ones on this side* of life. In addition to this, there are certain magnetic attractions between us here and our loved ones *there* which may, under certain conditions, bind the spiritual loved one to earthly conditions in a way to interfere with its liberty of individual progress in that life.

QUESTION—The ancients and certain Schools of Modern Thinkers hold that the primal elements are earth, air, fire and water, and that these four things play a very important part, not only in our physical bodies and elsewhere in physical matter, but also in man's psychic constitution. If water plays as important a part in the psychic world as it does in our physical bodies (of which, I understand, it constitutes over 90%), it must surely be worthy of considerable attention. I have read somewhere, that he who drinks much water thereby strengthens and feeds the astral body. I have repeatedly read how important a part personal cleanliness plays in spiritual unfoldment; and I have read how the neophytes in the Ancient Mysteries were required frequently to bathe, and how this ceremony of ablution, or lustration, is symbolized in different Masonic Degrees. I have been informed also that it is easier to observe certain psychic phenomena close to the water than elsewhere. May I ask for some information as to what part water does play in psychic unfoldment and phenomena?

ANSWER—That which the Great School designates
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“The Vital Element of Water,” is, indeed, a most important element in the process of Spiritual Unfoldment, as well as in the production of certain so-called “psychic phenomena.” It is for this reason that water forms so large and important an ingredient of a proper system of dietetics for the Student who is devoting himself to the work of Spiritual Unfoldment. It is for this reason also that water is so freely used as a cleansing element through its application to the physical body in baths and ablutions, recommended by Members of the Great School to their Students in the course of their regular instruction. In the process of genuine “Materialization,” as this is accomplished by the Great Masters, it is chiefly the element they obtain from water that they use in “clothing upon” the spiritual form sufficient physical material to bring the form within the range of physical vision.

QUESTION—I have before me a volume entitled “Hinduism in Europe and America,” by Elizabeth A. Reed, A. M., published by G. P. Putnam’s Sons, 1914.

The author is openly a partisan of modern orthodoxy, and appears to find little worthy of praise in any of the cults of India. Of importance to the Great School, is the matter under Chapter IX, “Hinduism and Christianity,” in which about five pages are devoted to an alleged exposé of the author of “The Unknown Life of Jesus Christ.” It is claimed that the whole story of M. Notovitch is a fabrication, and that in order to give the matter a “thorough sifting,” Mr. J. Archibald Douglas, a professor in the Government College at Agra, made a visit to the Himnis monastery, and had an inter-

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view with the "Superior," a venerable man who had been so long in office that he must have been the man interviewed by the Russian, if there had been any truth in his story. The old chief is said to have pronounced the whole matter "Lies! Lies! Lies! and nothing else." Prof. Douglas satisfied himself that "no Russian with a broken leg had ever been there, and no such document had ever been in the convent, or had been heard of there."

"A sufficient statement was made out, and it was then sworn to by the Chief Lama in the presence of Archibald Douglas and Mr. Shamwell Joldan, the late postmaster of Ladakh, and the official papers were sent to Prof. F. Max Muller."

It is the writer's understanding that the Indo-American Book Co. does not assume responsibility for the story of M. Notovitch, and yet the Great School, no doubt, has evidence which makes the story seem plausible, at least. The writer is by no means convinced of the fraudulency of the story of M. Notovitch, yet it cannot be denied that the alleged exposé affords formidable ammunition for critics, and it occurs to the writer that the Book Co. may wish to make its position clear before much damage to the Cause of Truth can be wrought by orthodox critics of the type quoted.

ANSWER—You are entirely correct in assuming that the Book Co. does not assume any responsibility for the story of M. Notovitch; and it made that fact known at the time it first decided to handle the book. In making this statement, however, I do not wish to lend any force whatever to the alleged "exposé" of M. Notovitch to which you refer. I wish, on the contrary, to concur with you in your statement that you are by no

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means convinced of the fraudulency of the story of M. Notovitch.

In truth, I want to say in this connection, that there is a Record of the life and work of Jesus in India. It constitutes a part of the Records of the Great School. I have seen that Record. And it was because of this fact that I was led to recommend to the Indo-American Book Co. the publication, or circulation, of M. Notovitch's book, "The Unknown Life of Jesus Christ"—after disclaiming any definite knowledge on the subject. And while the Book Co. has made its disclaimer, as suggested, I want to say in this connection, that I am fully convinced that M. Notovitch did have access to *some* document which gave him an account of the subject which does not radically differ, in substance, from the main and vital statements contained in the Record of the School to which I have referred. True, they are not identical; and in some points there are differences which I am unable to account for. But there are enough vital points of agreement to establish, in my own mind, the fact that M. Notovitch did have access to *some* document purporting to be a story of the Life of Jesus in India. The story he has published contains so many points of agreement with the ancient Records as to convince me beyond all question, that M. Notovitch did not fabricate the story himself. It would be almost miraculous for any man to fabricate such a story, in such general agreement with the ancient Records, without having seen a record of *some kind* containing the principal points of vital importance to the general outline of the story.

I am not in position to pass intelligently upon the

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merits of the "exposé" which Mr. Douglas and Mr. Joldan are alleged to have made. I am impressed, however, by the seeming fact that they were not entirely unbiased nor unprejudiced, but may have had a motive sufficient to destroy the merit of their report.

But even if it were shown beyond all question that M. Notovitch was never crippled in the manner stated by him, or that he was never at the old monastery named, I should still believe that he had been in position to consult *some* document which contained a partial record of the actual life and doings of Jesus while in India. And I should base this conclusion upon the facts which I have hereinbefore stated. In other words, I cannot believe that he was capable of fabricating such a story as his book contains, even if I believed him dishonest enough to be willing to do such a thing.

QUESTION—What can it be that makes me feel so broken-hearted when I think of Jesus? I do not give up to it, lest it may be emotional mediumship. Even now, I can hardly resist the impulse to weep, but I will not yield to it and the feeling will soon pass and may not return for months, or years, or possibly never. It came over me at the funeral of my old-time S. S. teacher, last winter, and I wept almost hysterically while my present teacher held my hands and tried to quiet me. It was *not* sorrow for my departed friend; moreover, I had the distinct feeling afterwards that the impulse was due to some outside psychic influence; it came so suddenly, with the music, the casket and the flowers, that I could not resist it, although I am not at all the "weepy" sort, ordinarily.

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ANSWER—You were still sufficiently sensitive, as a result of your former psychic experiences and condition, to open the way for your former spiritual associates and “guides” to reach you subjectively; and they availed themselves of the opportunity to remind you of the fact that under certain conditions they still could exercise some small measure of influence over you. If the experience serves to stimulate your determination to travel the “Road to the South” in future, you need not be sorry it came to you. You have done splendidly in so far overcoming the effects of the former years of your subjective development, and I trust you will continue in the constructive pathway until this one remaining “weepy” impulse shall return no more.

QUESTION—“*The Crucifixion by an Eye-Witness*” has been under consideration and criticism by the Board of Managers of our Public Library. They have retired the book from circulation for the present. I agreed to forward the criticism to you; and if not contrary to your principle, and you have the time, we will appreciate a comment from the Editor-in-Chief.

ANSWER—As I have explained in a number of personal letters to inquiring correspondents, since the little book was published:—The copy of the book came to me from the source and in the manner stated in my foreword. Every statement therein made by me was and is literally true, so far as my own part in its publication by the Indo-American Book Co. I had never seen nor heard of the book until it came to me from the lady who found it among the Masonic archives of her father, after his death. It so impressed me at the time that I

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set in motion an inquiry for the purpose of ascertaining if other copies could be located. I placed an order with each of a number of the leading Antiquarian Book Houses throughout the central and eastern parts of the U. S. After months of diligent effort on their part they each reported to me that no other copy could be found. This fact still further impressed me with the possible value of the MS. In the course of my researches I located one of the printers who got out the book from the MS. furnished; and from this printer learned that he had suffered a good deal of annoyance at the time of its publication, or immediately thereafter, at the hands of certain members of the Church that opposed its publication. As I now recall his statements, it was because of this annoyance that he finally had the book suppressed and the plates destroyed. He was under the impression that every copy was destroyed. In this, however, I have since learned that he was evidently mistaken; for in the course of three or four years after its publication by the Indo-American Book Co., I had located one other copy of the same edition. About the same time, however, I also learned that a German edition of the same work was published, and that copies of it could be obtained from a house in Milwaukee, Wis. I obtained a copy of the German edition, and by careful comparison satisfied myself that it was either a German translation of the English text, or possibly of the Latin from which the English was translated. Or, that the English copy may have been a translation of the German text.

All these facts came into my possession long after the publication of the English edition by the Indo-

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American Book Co., and for this reason could not be given to the public at that time.

It was, however, made clear at the time, that the book was again published and given to the world (with such information as could be gathered at the time), simply and solely for what it might be worth to each individual reader.

There is no doubt in my own mind that some of the criticisms of your Board of Managers, at least, are just and that, for this reason, the public should be informed of that fact as far as possible. Even so, I am not quite able to understand why the book is retired from circulation by your Board. If the mere fact that a book contains errors, or false statements, is ground for its retirement, then it seems to me that if the same rule were applied to all the other books in your library, you would come out with a very small library. Doesn't it so appear to you? It has been said that the Author of the standard *History of England* openly and unhesitatingly admitted that his final corrected edition contained some 5,000 errors, or more. And yet, it is not only in virtually every Public Library in the country, but is accepted as the *highest Authority*.

I am not making a plea for "*The Crucifixion by an Eye-Witness*," even though I do not believe it would disgrace many other volumes that sit upon the shelves of your Library, if it sat beside them. I may, perhaps, be pardoned, however, for the feeling that your Board of Managers has assumed a rather heavy responsibility if it holds itself bound to retire from circulation all books that fail to meet the standard of *Truth*. Do you not think so?

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QUESTION—Is Magnetic Healing by the “Laying-On-Of-Hands” a commendable practice?

ANSWER—It all depends upon the METHOD employed. There is a Constructive method, and there is a Destructive method. The former is “*commendable*”; the latter is *not*.

QUESTION—In the ancient sacred book of India, the *Bhagavad Gita*, Krishna is made to say that “All sins are consumed in the fire of Spiritual Knowledge.”

The Christian Religion also teaches the “Forgiveness of Sins.” The desire for forgiveness of sins, both Eastern and Western, is based, no doubt, upon man’s “*desire to escape the consequences of wrong doing.*” Yet, underneath, there seems to be a philosophic Truth not evidenced upon the surface.

Is it possible, by a growth in Spiritual Knowledge, to fulfil the great Law of Compensation indirectly, in a short or long time, it depending upon the quality and the quantity of our “Gifts” to the general good, by the means of “Good Works,” prayer, meditation and an attitude of helpfulness and Love to All?

In this way might it be said to be a forgiveness of sins, or that they have been consumed in the fire of Spiritual Knowledge, developed by a personal effort on the part of the sinner? Would the individual who had been injured be compensated or, the wrong righted, according to the Law of Cause and Effect, in like manner, soon or late, in conformity with a similar law of acceleration or retardation, it depending upon his own personal effort?

The Great Work says that fortunately for us Nature

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does not demand payment in kind. Surely, that is some consolation. The question is, can we pay our debts at once, or must we carry the burden of them through the ages, until the "other fellow" is ready to receive them at our hands, or render us our due, personally?

What does Natural Science say about it?

ANSWER—Each act of every individual which affects others has a twofold aspect, viz.: (a) Its relation to and results upon Society (or the individual *in* Society). (b) Its relation to and results upon Nature (or upon himself as a part of Nature).

Insofar as his acts affect *others*, his "Sins" may be forgiven him; because that is an aspect of life which concerns only himself and others. Society, as such, has the right to determine the equities between individuals—wherever the individuals do not have that exclusive right. Wherever the individuals themselves are in position to determine the equities, they may adjust any and all matters involving their mutual relations—even exercising the right to "*forgive*" each other their "*Sins*"—wherever harmony between them may thus be restored. And thus, by mutual consent, the account may be squared and personal responsibility satisfied.

But Nature's penalties are fixed and immutable. Nature will not, nay—*cannot* "*forgive*" him his trespasses. The Law *must* be fulfilled. Every act of man sets in motion certain influences that go on and on indefinitely, until by the law of Cause and Effect the account is squared, and both Nature and the individual are satisfied.

Through Spiritual Development and the acquisition of Knowledge, the time comes in the life of every indi-

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vidual man and woman, when all the impulses and inclinations of the individual Soul set towards Righteousness, towards Nature's fulfilments. When that time comes in the life of the individual he has passed the "*Line of Victory*" and "*Sin*" no longer concerns him. He has met all of Nature's demands upon him as an Individual, and has established absolute Harmony in all the realms of individual being. But he has done so by "*working out*" the Law's demands, and accomplishing its Fulfilments; and *not* by evading them nor avoiding them.

In this latter aspect and phase of life there are no "Indulgences" by means of which man may purchase immunity from the Law's demands. Here his "Sins" are sure to "find him out," soon or late, and when they do he alone can expiate his Sins.

"Who shall abide in the tents of the Lord? Who that may dwell in his holy Hill? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart!"

And this does not mean "He whose MONEY may enable him to buy a seat in the Tabernacle of the Lord." It means "*Clean hands and a pure Heart.*" Nothing less will suffice, nor satisfy the Law's demands.



A SUGGESTION.

The Holiday season is now at hand, and while all of our Friends will, of course, take one or more of our publications with them, to read and study while on their vacations, we wish to suggest to them, that they also take with them, a few copies of "Life and Action," and also a copy of our latest Catalog, which we shall be pleased to send (free of charge) to all who make application.

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Morality and Religion

BY J. D. BUCK, M. D.



THE relation of Morality to Religion has been frequently referred to in these papers as incidental.

It is now proposed to examine this relation more intrinsically in order to discover the true nature and value of both morality and religion.

We come first to Morals and Dogma. Literally, a Dogma is a *formulated doctrine or teaching*.

In this sense, and so far it is not offensive. As a formulated *belief* or an article of *faith*, it may aim to apprehend, and finally to comprehend principles and truths.

A dogma is formulated by man. It aims at agreement or consensus of interpretation, and also aims at harmony, and cooperation.

It is thus that organizations of religious bodies arise.

It is not that essential truths, and laws of nature, are thus discovered or formulated; but the *explanation*, meaning, and use of these that give life and action to dogmas.

It is then that authority comes in as to the promul-

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gation, and acceptance of the interpretation agreed upon.

As a background to all this, stands the “*Supernatural*,” drawn from “*Inspiration*”, “*Revelation*” and “*Miracles*”, and these are used as *authority* for the Dogma.

Argument always leads to contention, strife, disagreement and finally to disruption, schisms, sects and “*heresy*.”

To avoid all this, the *Dogma* is backed by *Authority*, which aims to *enforce* it by *fear of vengeance* and *persecution* in some form.

The aim thus to unify beliefs and cut off argument and differences in opinion and interpretation, transforms dogma into “*orthodoxy*,” and finally into *despotism*.

To define and uphold this despotism, inheritance and conservatism finally lead to the claim of “*Infallibility*”, and make heresy exceedingly dangerous, as authority to interpret and dogmatize include authority to punish unbelievers and to ostracise and destroy heretics, “*by the Grace of God*” and for the glory of “*The Church*.”

No religion and no Church has ever long remained free from this ecclesiastic category.

Romanism and Protestantism differ here only in degree.

Give to any such Ecclesiasticism (claiming authority to dogmatise) political power, and it becomes more hostile to man and destructive to civilization than anything known as Barbarism.

Barbarism can appeal for power only to brute force and numbers, while *Dogmatism* appeals to that vein of

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Ignorance, Superstition and Fear, which even intelligence and education can eradicate but slowly, owing to man's ignorance of his real nature and destiny.

Recognize just here, man's "Inalienable Right to Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness", leading to Freedom of Conscience and the recognition of Personal Responsibility, and we have prepared the way for essential Morality, the building of character by personal effort and the growth of the soul.

The decay of the great Religions of the world begins when dogma, belief, creed and ceremonial over-ride Morality. Morality is their foundation and the thing alone for which they were born and exist to make men better.

This divorce of Morality from Religion through creed and Dogma, leads only to Superstition, and the decay of Religion.

The greatest historians have declared that "It is the function of Religion to Kindle moral enthusiasm in Society at large."

"Christianity" says T. K. G. Green in his *Prolegomena to Ethics*, has no other function or value than as an aid to morality." "All the great religions of the world—Buddhism, Confucianism, Zoroastrianism, Judaism (reckoning historic Judaism as beginning with the great prophets of the ninth and eighth centuries, B. C.), Christianity and Islam—began as moral reforms." In short, in the words of Wellhausen—"Morality is that for which all other things exist: it is the alone essential thing in the world: the really constructive and regulative forces in history are in truth moral ideas and convictions" (Quoted from Prof. P. V. N. Myers—"History as Past Ethics"—p. 3—Introduction).

Ecclesiastics will claim that with the "Ten Com-

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mandments" supplemented by dogmas as to obedience and authority, the Church sufficiently safeguards Morality, but History does not verify such a claim.

The whole contention of the School of Natural Science and the appeal of the Great Work in America is for Scientific Morality as the foundation of all higher evolution, based upon the "Constructive Principle in Nature".

This appeal is to the individual, to his own intelligence, as experience and personal effort.

There is no massing of numbers, no organized cult; and with demonstrations under definite law, in place of the appeal to ignorance, superstition and fear upheld by dogma and authority.

The enlightenment and uplift of the individual comes before the "Glory of God" and "Mother Church."

We may call it practical religion, or "Living the Life", after the manner of Jesus the Christ.

This issue has been definitely formulated by a Master of the Great School as follows:

"From the dawn of civilization to the present moment, two active and opposing forces have been engaged in deadly conflict over the destiny of human intelligence.

"One of these has ever been the unfaltering, courageous and consistent champion of individual life, individual liberty, and individual happiness. The other has, with equal consistency and persistency, sought to dominate and control the life, intelligence, and conscience of the individual and subject him to intellectual bondage and servitude.

"The one has openly fostered the spirit of freedom and independence, as a basic principle of individual and

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organic human life. The other, has covertly sought to reduce the individual to the status of a mere instrument in the hands and under the domination and control of an aggregate organic will and desire.

“The one has dignified and emphasized the individual intelligence and appreciated its value to both itself and society. The other has persistently ignored the great fundamental fact of Nature, that the *individual in his own right, as such*, is invested with certain infeasible attributes, and certain inalienable rights, privileges and benefits which must be respected.

“The one has recognized the fact that man’s value to *himself*, as an individual, is the only sure and true measure of his value as an active, living factor, in the social organism of which he is a part. The other has proceeded as if upon the assumption that man has but one value, namely, his value to the great aggregate body of which he is a part, and that his value, even in that capacity, is measured by the degree to which his individual will, intelligence and conscience are subject to the domination and control of that aggregate body.

“The one develops individual Intelligence, Courage and Perseverance, and a sense of Individual Responsibility, through the power and process of a broad and liberal education. The other commands obedience and subjection through the power of Ignorance, Superstition and Fear.

“At the very cradle of humanity these two forces arrayed themselves in an irrepressible conflict. At that point the struggle began. From that point forward, throughout all the subsequent ages, even to the present time, it has continued unabated. At no time, within the

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limits of authentic history has the conflict reached a more critical stage than in this, the dawning of the twentieth Christian century.

“And who are the contending parties to this vital conflict?

“Broadly and abstractly speaking, they are Light and Darkness; Truth and Falsehood; Construction and Destruction; Life and Death; the Widow’s Son and the Ruffian. But more specifically and concretely, they are the two most powerful organic bodies of intelligence upon earth, together with the individual intelligences who have *voluntarily* arrayed themselves upon opposite sides of the two great principles involved in the struggle.”

It may thus be seen that the Great School of Natural Science makes clear and specific the Freedom of the Individual, and the rights of individuals, while exact and Scientific Morality is always and everywhere the measure of the Individual.

Furthermore, there can be no coercion, constraint, or even persuasion about it.

Every individual must choose for himself and come of “his own free will and accord,” and his progress depends solely upon himself, determined upon proficiency in all his previous work; no favors shown, no “fixing the returns”, or changing the records except by still further “proficiency” due solely to his own efforts on constructive lines.

The “Inalienable rights” of each, moreover, are measured solely by the discharge of Duty and Personal Obligation.

It may thus be seen, that with every great religion
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known to man the neglect, perversion, or overthrow of Morality, is both immoral and unreligious, and leads to the destruction of Religion itself, as demonstrated by all History.

Religion exists for Man, and not Man for religion.

Immorality fills Religion with Superstition, and Fear till it becomes a nightmare of the soul.

Morality crowns "pure and undefiled Religion" with peace and Joy and glorifies its beneficence to man.

"The Great Work" defines Religion as "The *application* of the Facts of Science, and the Conclusions of Philosophy to individual life and conduct."

Religion thus becomes the crown of life while Morality is the Foundation.

Together they evolve *Christos*, the Master. The Master is not "Supernatural", or "Miraculous", but a *deliberate creation*, under both natural and Spiritual Law.

Morality and Religion working thus together in perfect concord, become creative and constructive like nothing else known to man.

It has previously been shown how morality applies to Economics, Socialism or Sociology, as the Law of Harmony and construction, promoting peace and prosperity through justice, equity and right; and preventing confusion among the workmen.

This construction and upbuilding is the "Design" of the Grand Architect of the Universe on the Trestle-board of Creation and human Evolution.

We have not only the liberty, but it is our *sacred Duty* to require that Religion, like Economics and Socialism, shall be a Builder, and not a destroyer; a Redeemer, and not a Jagganath of man.

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It is the Great Work in America undertaken by the School of Natural Science to formulate, illustrate, exemplify, and demonstrate, these Laws and Principles of Universal Nature, and of the Divine Intelligence.

The Masters of this School tell us that age after age their Fraters have demonstrated every proposition for centuries.

This Demonstration results in actual Knowledge, and is their only claim to Authority, and the formulary and "Lineal Key", appeal to Intelligence, and enable others to follow their example and arrive at the same goal.

One must be dull indeed, or superficial and insincere to misinterpret their meaning and mission.

It is not only a matter of free-choice with every beginner or neophyte, but this freedom is the prerequisite, and the first step.

Allegiance to Truth, and Loyalty to Self, and one's highest convictions, are the passport that open the first gate, and give "the right knock."

Many, otherwise intelligent people, seem unable to distinguish clearly between Religion and Superstition. They are apt to claim that their own religion is true, and all others superstition.

When, therefore, the test of exact Science-Demonstration—is applied to Religion, it is regarded as impertinent or sacriligious.

One needs, therefore to become familiar with the Great School's definition of Religion so as to test it at every step.

"Religion is the *application* of the Facts of Science, and the conclusions of Philosophy, to Individual Life and Conduct."

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Science, persistently analyzes, weighs, measures, demonstrates and records the facts and the laws.

The aim of Science, according to Professor Huntley—is “to discern the Rational Order that pervades the Universe”. The Divine Architect, the Builder and the Universal Intelligence are the same.

What but Law and Order could we expect from Universal Intelligence?

The completion of Science is therefore the foundation of Philosophy. They are One, and q-e-d is a synonym for Truth.

Now that which is recognized as Science in the world to-day has not accomplished all this, and it will be rejected and repudiated by Theologians as Materialism, and hence irreligious.

This is because Modern Science has confined itself so largely to Matter and Energy on the Physical plane.

Science is a *Method* of investigation, not simply a body of Facts and Laws.

The achievements and demonstrations arrived at by the methods of Science we call *Knowledge*.

The Great School of Natural Science *employs* the Scientific method to every plane in Nature, and every department in the life of man, physical, moral, mental, psychical and spiritual. Hence, both the Physical Scientist and the Theologian will hesitate and protest at this point.

To the question—“If a man die shall he live again”—the average Scientist will reply “I do not know, I am trying to find out.”

The religionist will reply, “I believe he does; my Faith assures me of the fact, without a doubt” while the

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Master of the Great School answers: "There is no death, only transition." "I have demonstrated this fact in my own experience by functioning consciously and independently on both planes, the "here" and the "hereafter," the Physical and the Spiritual.

It may thus be seen that Morality and Religion are concordant departments in the Science of Living. They supplement each other and lead us to the Truth.

Of course there are many people with pride of intelligence who will declare that this is "all bosh" without giving it further thought or any careful consideration or investigation.

These are quite within their rights and privileges, and certainly not among those who "come of their own free will and accord."

When the Life and Mission of Jesus are studied in the light of the Great Work all mystery and Miracle begin to disappear.

Many were "*called*" and few "*chosen*." The Messianic Life was simple, unpretentious, kind, forbearing, loving, uplifting. In other words, Scientific, and exact Morality pervaded it all.

Jesus said, "Follow thou me; my yoke is easy and my burden light." He took a little child and "set him in the midst" to illustrate the "Living the Life" of the disciple.

And yet theologians and ecclesiastics have wrangled and split hairs over it for nearly two thousand years, and wandered farther and farther from the "New Commandment."

The plague spot in all this journey in the wilderness is the neglect, confusion, or violation of Morality as

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taught by Jesus and promulgated by the Great School in America to-day.

Just as the "Enemy of all Righteousness" crucified Jesus, so has it tried again and again to destroy the author of "The Great Work" here in America, who claims nothing for himself, but says—"read the message, and use your own Intelligence and Judgment."

When, therefore we line up Economics, Scientific Socialism, and pure and undefiled Religion, with the Constructive Principle in Nature, from the alembic of truth, *Morality* is the *Elixir*, the *Alkahest* the "Philosopher's Stone" turning all baser metals into shining gold.

All through the Middle Ages and back almost to the beginning of our era, the Alchemists were in evidence, and the "Elixir of Life", and the Transmutation of metals were sought as the Great Secret, or the *Magnum Opus*.

In many instances it was claimed as a fact that life could be indefinitely prolonged, and that baser metals could be transformed into the purest gold.

In other cases, a spiritual and symbolical meaning was intended, like the transformation of "sinners" into "saints", and the regeneration of the life of man. Generally, the symbol was mistaken for the thing symbolized.

I am referring to this Alchemical Secret covering long life and the making of Gold, for the reason that it is the source from which the church drew its dogma of Transubstantiation, converting the bread and wine into the *actual* body, and blood of Jesus, making every communicant a cannibal, and justifying it as a dogma to be enforced by the symbolical saying of Jesus.

Millions accept this dogma, and a few are superstitious enough to *actually* believe it.

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The transformation of a wicked or vicious life into one of Morality is thus sophisticated by folklore, fable, and superstition, while immorality continues.

This is illustrated in the case of a man arrested in the act of murder.

When asked by the Judge if he killed the man, knowing how useless it would be to deny it, he replied that he did.

When asked why he killed him, he replied—"For his money." When asked if he got any money, he said, "No." "What did you get?" asked the Judge. "Some bread and meat", he replied. "What did you do with it?" inquired the Judge. "I ate the bread," he replied. "You ate the bread; what did you do with the meat?" "I threw it away," replied the murderer. "Why?" inquired the Judge. "Because it was Friday," replied the prisoner.

It may be thus seen how dogma and superstition can take the place of morality, or efface it altogether with Ignorance, Superstition and Fear, or "atone" for sin by *pence* and penance, even for *anticipation* of crimes and wickedness, such as the *Indulgences* that led to the Protestant Reformation.

No honest and intelligent discussion of Morality and Religion can avoid these great issues.

We need only to state the facts and pass on.

They who regard Scientific Morality as an enemy of religion, instead of its foundation, are certainly within their rights so long as they do not seek to *enforce* their beliefs upon others. It then becomes a matter of public safety.

Morality is Constructive, while Immorality or immorality in any form is Destructive.

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Murder of heretics has often been declared to be "doing God service", and called *Religion*.

After all the foregoing Considerations, the spirit and purpose of the Great Work in America should be easily discerned.

It is a work of Education.

It deals directly with the Individual.

It helps the Individual to help himself.

It neither proselytes nor dogmatizes.

It leaves the Student free to accept or reject every proposition without constraint or criticism.

It does not organize, but *associates* students by interest and sympathy in a common cause.

It appeals to the Progressive intelligence of the age.

It regards Nature as the "Garment of God" or the handiwork of the Universal Intelligence, manifesting through Law, Order and Harmony.

The "supernatural" is the creation and habitat of Superstition.

It makes clear the distinction between the Construction and Destruction; Evolution and Devolution; Morality and Immorality; the road to Happiness and the road to Despair. It makes personal Effort the road to Knowledge, and personal Experience the road to power. It shows Free Conscience to be the Light within the soul, and the measure of Personal Responsibility.

It shows Free Will, or Rational Volition to be the *Dynamo* of all conscious and intelligent action on Constructive lines.

These laws and principles if apprehended by intelligent individuals and put in action in all Social Problems, justly result in Harmony, Fraternity, "Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth."

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When the Great Work thus involves and enlists the cooperation and support of the *Great Intelligent Middle Class*, they will, as an aggregate of intelligent, moral and just individuals, hold the Balance of Power, and push civilization, cooperation and evolution, forward, to the exclusion of all meaner things.

Poverty, Pestilence and Famine would be but a relief of Barbarism.

Crime and Insanity would disappear.

The Gates of Gold would be open to every soul, and the "visible helpers" clasp hands with the Invisible, and vie with each other in promoting the comfort, well-being and happiness of all.

Whether this *Golden Age*, this "Second coming of the Messiah", is *worth while* each Man and Woman must judge for themselves, and "choose this day"—or *some day*, whom they will serve.

This is the *Magnum Opus* dreamed of and worked for for ages by the "Sons of Light", "The Great Friends", the "Elder Brothers" who have demonstrated the "Good Law," the "Constructive Principle in Nature," and passed to their reward on the Spiritual Plane.

"The wise and peaceful ones live, renewing the Earth like the coming of Spring; and having themselves crossed the ocean of embodied existence, help all those who try to do the same thing, without personal motive."

Aggregations of men constituting a "Hierarchy," with authority over spiritual things, or a King who rules "by the grace of God" and holding themselves as above the law, with special privilege and plenary or imperial power over the masses, are enemies to civilization and the progress of mankind.

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They almost invariably keep the people in ignorance, and govern them by fear, and have been an incubus to all Liberty and progress since human history began.

“The Progressive Intelligence of the present age” is slowly undermining both Priestcraft and Imperialism; setting the people free, and educating them to demand their rights; do their duty; and build the Great Republic, wherein the rights and happiness of all shall be secured.

What Imperialism can do in slaughter and barbarism is now being demonstrated in Europe as never before in the history of the human race.

Religion and Ecclesiasticism have been absolutely impotent, even to modify barbarism, reveal mercy, or prevent wholesale slaughter.

It is Christian nations that are involved, each praying to God for success, and giving thanks for any and all triumph in slaughtering their Christian neighbors.

Not only morality and every so-called “Christian charity and virtue” are ignored, but humanity itself is outraged, and diabolism given full sway.

Nor is the Social Status here in America safeguarded from injustice and domination, though Imperialism and Clericalism are not recognized on the surface.

Secretly and surreptitiously they are working night and day for dominance and power.

Nothing but Education in the Constructive Morality outlined herein can keep the Patriot in power, and safeguard our Liberties.

We are far nearer social conflict and political upheaval here in America today than was Europe six

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months ago from any sign or surface upheaval or indication.

The pity and the real danger lie in the fact that the great majority of "good citizens" deny the danger, while indifferent or ignorant of the signs of the times and the real issues involved.

If Religion is "the greatest thing in the world," and a safeguard of civilization and progress, it certainly ought to be a World-power to prevent public calamity.

But it is just here that Religion has failed, because it has put dogma in the place of duty, and Miracle in the place of Morality.

To reform injustice and promote social progress, we must reform our religion, and go back to the Nazarine, and His essential morality and humanity.

The "Glory of God" cannot be promoted through the ignorance, poverty and degradation of man.

Emotion and sentimentality are short-lived, and in no sense Constructive as Morality.

One may weep over the crucifixion of Jesus two thousand years ago, and forget to be kind and charitable to his neighbors; or slaughter them as "Heretics" for the "greater Glory of God" as Ecclesiastics have done for ages.

Even Protestantism has segregated mankind into numberless Sects in place of uniting them into a great Universal Brotherhood, according to the "New Law" of Love given by Jesus. Which do you think Jesus would appreciate most, to be lauded and proclaimed as *Very God*, or to be taken as an exemplar of the Law of Love, in no supernatural sense, and see the Religion that bears his name liberating and enlightening his

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brother man, and securing equal rights and happiness to all?

Infallibility at Rome, based upon the Imperialism of Jesus, and backed up by dogma, anathama and persecution, is the apotheosis of Despotism, Immorality and Irreligion; and the death of "Pure and undefiled Religion," as lived and taught by Jesus.

The "Progressive Intelligence of the Age" is slowly wending its way back to Jesus, and pausing at every step to comfort the sorrowing, feed the hungry, and bind up the wounds of the broken-hearted.

This is the Greatest Work ever conceived or promoted by man.

It is, indeed, Messianic.

Man's ignorance of his spiritual nature here on earth has led him into devious ways, and made him the victim of Dogma and Despotism, by which he has been exploited for ages, kept in ignorance, and given over to Superstition and Fear.

Nothing else dies so hard, or is so relentless and cruel, as Ecclesiastic Despotism. The bloodiest and most cruel wars known to history have been at its command.

Modernism includes everything that enlightens and uplifts mankind, and sets him free.

Between the oligarchy of wealth, the Despotism of Imperialism, and the "Divine Right" of Popes and Prelates, man is ground as between the upper and nether millstones of barbarism.

Liberty, Enlightenment and a Free Conscience can alone restore the rights of man, with Morality as the guide in building Character, guarded by conscience, and

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man to his Inalienable rights and lead him onward and upward in the higher evolution of the soul.

Nothing that fails at this point deserves the name of Religion, nor less than the condemnation and execration of mankind.

We are at the dawn of a new day that is to usher in the Golden Age.

The opportunity and the Joy of Service are transcendent, when we give as we have received, and pass to larger opportunity and higher service.

Man will no longer worry or be in doubt over his own salvation, or regard the future with fear and dread, when he has consciously and earnestly entered on the Path that leads upward into the perfect day.

Mystery, uncertainty, perplexity and fear will have given place to Living Faith, while personal effort, self-control, and simple human kindness will have transfigured the "improved animal," or the "splendid blonde beast" into a *Super-Man*, indeed.

This is the aim, and these are the Ideals of the Great Work in America today.

The supernatural will have disappeared with the last superstition and Miracles will no longer safeguard Ignorance and Fear.

This is the "new Man" and the "new Woman" in the New Age after *Kali Yuga* has been transformed into the Golden Age of Brotherhood through Morality and Service.



Life and Action

Announcement

Through channels that are entirely constructive, and in harmony with the Spirit of the Work, the Great School has come into possession of a magnificent property which it desires to place at the convenience of the Students and Friends of the Work—and their Friends—and their Friends' Friends—until such time as we shall determine to put it to other and better service for the Great Cause.

The property lies one mile from Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, in the most picturesque and beautiful spot that can well be imagined. It consists of 28 acres of land that have been improved to the extent of over \$650,000, until it is in the condition of a most perfect and ideal Park, virtually surrounded by water in the form of "Lake Labelle," Wis.

The improvement that is of most value and importance is a residence building on the most ideal spot on the estate, overlooking the lake, consisting of some 30 rooms or more, beautifully decorated and fitted for occupancy.

It has occurred to us that, for the present, and until further notice, the place might be opened to the Students and Friends, as a Rest Resort, where they can

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Life and Action

have every possible convenience, in the ideal environment for enjoying rest, recreation, recuperation, and the spending of their summer vacations—with their families and friends.

As all know who are acquainted with that part of the state, there is a most beautiful and picturesque series of small lakes, along the shores of which are any number of the most beautiful and elaborate and expensive summer residences of wealthy families who have located there solely because of the ideal beauty of the country.

The property that has come into our possession is known as "Edgemoor," and was the Dupee estate. It is one of the most elaborate and complete homes, as well as the most beautiful and ideally situated, around the entire system of lakes.

The place is beyond the power of description in words. Even the photographic pictures of the various ideal spots upon the estate give but a very faint suggestion of the reality. We have been there, and speak from actual experience.

Our intention, therefore, is to open the Home, "Edgemoor," to the Students and the Friends of the School and Work, as a sort of "*Rest Cure*"; where they can come and have every facility for rest, recreation and enjoyment, and whatever help they may need in the way of improving their health, and at the same time keep within a reasonable expenditure—all things duly considered.

We shall have physicians and the best trained nurses in attendance, for those who need their help, and we believe we can thus offer inducements that cannot be duplicated anywhere throughout the entire country.

Life and Action

We shall be ready to accommodate a limited number of the Friends by July 1, and soon thereafter can increase our facilities to accommodate a considerable number.

By this method we hope to be able to receive enough income to help us bear the expense of maintenance, and at the same time give to the Friends pleasures and benefits which they cannot possibly receive anywhere else on earth—at the present time.

We suggest to all the Students and Friends who have any desire to take advantage of this opportunity to make their plans as early as possible, and write to “Wm. R. Nedella, care Edgemoor, Oconomowoc, Wis.,” for full information. Mr. Nedella is the Business Manager of the place, and will be glad to respond promptly to all inquiries.

We feel that there is nothing we can say that would do justice to the beauty and splendor of the Home and its wonderful grounds; and that no one who can go there will find it possible to be disappointed, other than most pleasantly and agreeably.

The fishing in the lakes is said to be excellent, and there is a great amount of boating of all kinds for pleasure. For those who want rest and quiet, we can conceive of no more ideal spot anywhere.

And as a Health Resort, we believe that it cannot be surpassed.

Earnestly hoping the Friends will respond to this invitation and avail themselves of the opportunity, and with all good wishes for their health and happiness, we remain,

THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

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Life and Action

IF WE ONLY UNDERSTOOD.

If we knew the cares and trials,
Knew the efforts all in vain,
And the bitter disappointment,
Understood the loss and gain—
Would the grim, eternal roughness
Seem—I wonder—just the same?
Should we help where now we hinder?
Should we pity where we blame?

Ah! we judge each other harshly,
Knowing not life's hidden force—
Knowing not the fount of action
Is less turbid at its source!
Seeing not amid the evil
All the golden grains of good;
And we'd love each other better
If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives
That surround each other's lives,
See the naked heart and spirit,
Know what spur the action gives—
Often we would find it better
Just to judge all actions good;
We should love each other better
If we only understood.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Life and Action

IMMORTALITY.

Immortal life is something to be earned,
By slow self-conquest, comradeship with pain
And patient seeking after higher truths.
We cannot follow our own wayward wills,
And feed our baser appetites, and give
Loose rein to foolish tempers year on year
And then cry, "Lord, forgive me, I believe,"
And straightway bathe in glory. Man must learn
God's system is too grand a thing for that.
The spark divine dwells in our souls, and we
Can fan it to a steady flame of light,
Whose lustre gilds the pathway to the tomb,
And shines on through Eternity, or else
Neglect it until it glimmers down to death,
And leaves us but the darkness of the grave.
Each conquered passion feeds the living flame;
Each well-borne sorrow is a step towards God.
Faith cannot rescue, and no blood redeem
The Soul that will not reason and resolve.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Life and Action

AN EASTER THOUGHT.

Resurrection waits not on death nor the grave.
For life knows not the one, neither does it enter the
other.

The resurrection of life's Easter morn is that time,
that place, when the resurrection Power of the Soul—
the Will, unfolded through the highest self mastery and
unselfish, loving service, bursts the bars of the entomb-
ing lower self, with all its appetites, passions and de-
sires, and allows the real, the Higher Self, to rise un-
fettered, and rein in conscious realization of its one-
ment with the Divine.

This it is to know in full the gladness of Easter joy
and the rest, the peace, the power that comes from the
Life within. This it is to realize the life that is ever-
lasting.

May it be yours this Easter tide to know in full the
joys of your life's Easter morn, and catch the radiant
light of this truth.

M. ARMALLYA.

SOUL QUESTIONINGS.

You ask me, Dear, with lifted eyes,
Now filled with wonder and surprise,
To tell you what death's meaning is,
And when I answer: what is life?
You lightly laugh and turn away;
Then, sadder grown, come back and say:
My Love, I do not know.

MARY O. SMITH.

Life and Action

LIFE AND DEATH.

So, he died for his faith; that is fine—
More than most of us do.

But stay, can you add to that line
That he *lived* for it, too?

In his death he bore witness at last,
As a martyr to truth.

Did his *life* do the same in the past,
From the days of his youth?

It is easy to die. Men have died
For a wish, or a whim—
From bravado or passion or pride—
Was it harder for him?

But to *live*—every day to live out
All the truth that he dreamt,
While his friends met his conduct with doubt,
And the world with contempt.

Was it thus that he plodded ahead,
Never turning aside?

Then we'll talk of the *life* that he led;
Never mind *how* he *died*.

—ERNEST CROSBY.

THE PURPOSE.

Over and over the task was set;
Over and over I slighted the work,
But ever and alway I know that yet
I must face and finish the thing I shirk.

Over and over the whip of pain
Has spurred and punished with blow on blow;
As ever and alway I tried in vain
To shun the labor I hated so.

Over and over I came this way
For just one purpose; oh, stubborn soul!
Turn with a will to your toll today,
And learn the lesson of *Self-Control*.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Life and Action

FRIENDSHIP.

(Schiller. Tr. by Bulwer-Lytton.)

Few rules suffice the Mighty Architect,
O Friend!—So out upon the thinkers small,
Forging the dull laws that their pains dissect!
A single wheel impels the springs of All,
Matter and spirit—yea that simple Law
Which, called Attraction, here, my Newton saw.

This taught the spheres, slaves to one golden rein,
Their radiant labyrinths to weave around
Creation's mighty heart; this made the chain,
Which, into interwoven systems, bound
All spirits, streaming to the Spiritual Sun,—
As brooks that ever into ocean run!

Did not the same strong mainspring urge and guide
Our Hearts to that eternal bond of love?
Linked to thine arm, O Raphael, by thy side
E'en I would win to that bright goal above;
And, through perfection, mine own soul complete
For that last light where all perfections meet.

Happy, O happy—I have found thee—I
Have out of millions found thee, and embraced;
Thee out of millions, mine—let earth and sky
Return to darkness, and the antique waste—
To chaos shocked, let warring atoms be,
Still shall each heart unto the other flee!

Do I not find within thy radiant eyes
Fairer reflections of all joys most fair?
In thee I marvel at myself—the dyes
Of lovely earth seem lovelier painted there;
And in the bright locks of the Friend is given
A heavenlier mirror even of the Heaven!

Life and Action

Sadness casts off its load, and gayly goes
From the intolerant storm, to rest awhile
In Love's true heart, sure haven of repose;
Does not ev'n joy, tormented by its smile,
Impatient seek to merge itself and die
In Friendship's eloquent and beaming eye?

In all Creation did I stand alone,
Still to the rocks my dreams a soul should find.
Mine arms should wreath themselves around the stone;
My grief should feel a listener in the wind;
My joy—its echo in the caves should be!
Fool, if ye will—Fool, for sweet Sympathy!

We are dead groups of matter when we hate;
But when we love we are as Gods! Unto
The gentle fetters yearning, through each state
And shade of being multiform, and through
All spirits lower than the Sire of all
Moves the same impulse to the godlike thrall.

Lo! arm in arm, through every upward grade,
From the rude Mongol to the starry Greek
(Who the fine link between the Mortal made
And Heaven's last Seraph)—everywhere we seek
Union and bond—till in one sea sublime
Of Love be merged all measure and all time!

Friendless, the Maker ruled his lonely sky;
He felt the want—and thus created Soul
To glad his bliss; Though never the Most High
Saw his mate nor equal in His wondrous whole.
Toward Love, their source, all souls attracted flee;
And from that chalice foams Infinity.

Life and Action

WHY AND WHEREFORE?

I know not whence I came,

I know not whither I go,

But the fact stands clear

That I am here

In this world of pleasure and woe,

And out of the mist and murk

Another truth shines plain—

It is in my power

Each day and hour

To add to its joy or its pain.

I know that the earth exists,

It is none of my business why,

I cannot find out

What it's all about—

I would but waste time to try.

My life is but a brief, brief thing,

I am here for a little space,

And while I stay

I would like if I may,

To brighten and better the place.

The trouble, I think, with us all

Is the lack of a high conceit;

If each man thought

He was sent to the spot

To make it a bit more sweet,

How soon we could gladden the world,

How easily right all wrong,

If nobody shirked

And each one worked

To help his fellows along.

Cease wondering why you came;

Stop looking for faults and flaws;

Rise up to-day

In your pride and say:

"I am part of the first great cause,

However full the world,

There is room for an earnest man;

It has need of me

Or I would not be—

I am here to strengthen the plan."

—A FRIEND OF THE WORK.

Life and Action

THE GATEWAY.

The Gateway we call death is but a stile
So placed by nature in a darkened aisle
That we must pass alone, in single file.

Through Stygian darkness we weep and pray
With much misgiving on our lonely way,
When lo! we pass into eternal day.

Thus, when our souls from out our bodies riven,
And we awake with loved ones there in heaven,
We gain fruition of His promise, given.

And when you see them all in bright array
A little child will cling to you and say,
“*Dear Mother, I was with you all the way.*”

—CHARLES FAUSTIUS WHALEY.

INVICTUS.

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.
In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud;
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed.
Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find me, unafraid.
It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishment the scroll,
I am master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.

—WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

Life and Action

MILE-STONES.

November 20th, 1913.

I can write no lamentations
On the years that lie behind;
I have treasured up no heartaches
In the background of the mind;
I have left the ghosts of yesterday
For the Life that lies before,
And cremated all the stubble
So it can vex no more.

I waste no time repining
Over tombstones of the past,
For I see the silver lining
Of the clouds that run so fast;
But I never try to stay them,
For more are on the way,
So I close the dark of yesterday
In the sunshine of to-day.

Life is just a moving picture
And we see as in a glass—
The sorrowful and tragic,
As the figures rise and pass;
So what's the use of weeping,
For before our tears are dry,
There comes another picture
With a rainbow in the sky?

Of all the constellations
In the glorious fields of space,
I love the best—the Pleiades
With the Polestar in its place;
So I keep my eye upon it
And pull toward the goal,
With the Polestar as my magnet
Shining deep within my soul.

—J. D. BUCK, M.D.

Life and Action

A BOY'S DOG.

No, siree, that dog won't bite.

Not a bit of danger!

What's his breed? Shore, I don't know;

Jest a "boy's dog," stranger.

No St. Bernard—yet last year,

Time the snow was deepest,

Dragged a little shaver home

Where the hill was steepest.

Ain't a bulldog, but you bet

'Twouldn't do to scoff him.

Fastened on a tramp one time—

Couldn't pry him off him.

Not a pointer—jest the same,

When it is all over.

Ain't a better critter 'round

Startin' up the plover.

Sell him? Say, there ain't his price,

Not in all the nation!

Jest a "boy's dog," that's his breed—

Finest in creation!

—McLANDBURGH WILSON.

Life and Action

THE RIVER OF LIFE.

It's a queer old stream, this River of Life,
'Tho we float on it day by day.
Its eddies and currents are many and strange,
And we oftentimes lose our way.

Some float to a harbor of Perfect Rest,
Where the Lilies of Love are growing;
Some lose the way and drift to the field
That the sickle of death is mowing.

A few, who will not be led nor taught,
Sink deep beneath the waves;
Nor heed the call of the Angels of Light,
Nor grasp the Hand that saves.

Bits of drift on a stormy sea,
Wrecks of a beautiful Life;
They sink forever beneath the foam
To the land of Eternal Night.

We are all of us ships on a stormy sea,
The Captain within our call;
And it rests with us ourselves alone,
Whether we rise or fall.

For each is Master of his own frail craft,
To do with it as he may;
So guide it safely, oh, Skipper, brave,
To the Land of Perfect Day.

—CHARLOTTA JAYNE WEAVER.

Life and Action

THINGS TO FORGET.

If you see a tall fellow ahead of a crowd,
A leader of men, marching fearless and proud,
And you know of a tale whose mere telling aloud
Would cause his proud head to in anguish be bowed,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a skeleton hidden away
In a closet, and guarded and kept from the day
In the dark; and whose showing—whose sudden display
Would cause grief and sorrow and lifelong dismay,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a thing that will darken the joy
Of a man or a woman, a girl or a boy;
That will wipe out a smile, or the least way annoy
A fellow, or cause any darkness to cloy,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a man who has seen prison walls,
But by undaunted courage has mastered the squalls,
And is now sailing nobly the high sea of fame,
By telling his past you would ruin his name—
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

—UNKNOWN TO US.

ANSWER TO QUESTION 644.

If you have a work to do, go do it!
Don't you grunt and groan and stew, go do it!
Smile, and toil will smile with you;
And your Mondays won't be blue.
So, if you have work to do, go do it!

—LUKE MCLUKE.

Life and Action

THE SECRET FOUNT.

From out of the soul of the woman I love,
There floweth a stream to me,
That lightens the load of the burden I bear
And lifts me on the wings of the free.
For the soul of the woman I love is strong
And silent and deep as the sea.
I stand in the sun on the heights above
And men sing their praises to me;
But little they know of the fountain of strength
To which in my need I flee!
For what is their praise when I know in my soul
She waiteth alone for me;
And the deep of her eyes will look into the depths
Where no other eyes can see.

O soul of my soul, in your silent depths
Is the strength men praise in me.
To the deep of your soul I come for help,
As the stream urges on to the sea;
For the stream would not flash in the sun, my love,
Were it not for the strength of the sea,
Nor could I work on the heights above
Were your strength not under me.
And I call to earth's sons, my love, my love,
To praise not my work, but thee;
And I call to the angels above, my love,
To wait on still wings and see—
For even the angels might learn, my love,
The secret of strength from thee.

—HENRY VICTOR MORGAN.

Life and Action

PRAYER.

Some people think prayer is a telephone,
A patent transmitter to hire or own,
And at every hint of a small desire,
They call up the busy Central wire
To plug into the Great White Throne.

Some people think prayer is an elevator,
A sort of an automatic waiter,
Eternally ready, supernally swift,
To pick them up and give them a lift,
Whenever they signal the Operator.

Some people think prayer is a kind of kite,
A little erratic as yet in flight,
And consequently it isn't claimed
That it always reaches the spot where aimed,
But it carries the message *up* all right.

Some people think prayer is a flying-machine,
Impressive in power but inclined to careen,
And if any part of the motor snaps
The whole thing falls in a huge collapse,
With your wrecked hopes somewhere in between.

But maybe prayer is a road to rise,
A mountain path leading towards the skies
To assist the spirit who truly tries.
But it isn't a shibboleth, creed, nor code;
It isn't a pack-horse to carry your load;
It isn't a method; it's *only* a road.
And perhaps the reward of the spirit who tries
Is not the goal, but the exercise!

—EDMUND VANCE COOKE.

Life and Action

BABY.

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get those eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry twinkles left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
I saw something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into bonds and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherubs' wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

How did you come to us, you dear?
God thought about you, and so I am here.

—GEORGE MACDONALD.

Life and Action

A COMPENDIUM OF HARMONIC PHILOSOPHY.

To all who, thru desire for knowledge, delve
Into the depths of Nature's lore, she yields
A bounteous harvest. The fine, noble Soul,
With motive pure and purpose undefiled,
She guides in paths Constructive, and leads on
To contemplation of the Truths set forth
By Modern Masters of the Law.

To those
Possessed with the Intelligence to grasp,
To hold, to ponder, and to comprehend;—
The Courage which no barriers make afraid;—
Together, with that Perseverance rare,
Which dauntlessly pursues its chosen course;—
This realm of Truth and Light looms limitless.
Its awe-inspiring vastnesses are rife
With psychologic presage,—heralding
Unbounded knowledge of our great and wise
Creator's Evolutionary plans.

And Consciousness, awakened, is enriched
By revelations rare and manifold,—
Which, formulated into facts concise,
Disclose that Fundamental Principle
Of Vibratory Correspondences,
By which the entire universe is ruled.

First;—Genesis of all things physical,
In way of propositions crystallized
From research definite, and personal
Experiment,—presents a weighty theme.
Of all the subtle Elements of Life,
Electro-magnetism forms the base,—
With next in order, Vito-chemical,—
While still more potent, and with added powers
Of Will and Choice,—now comes the Spiritual,
All-vivifying, sense-creating force,—
Preparing organized intelligence
For Soul-birth into growth superlative,—

Life and Action

And lo, by Nature, is evolved a Man,—
An Ego great, who learns to recognize,
Existent among individuals,
A process of Attraction, undefined,
Intangible, inscrutable, profound,—

But after every thought-of thing is said and sung and
done,
In way of demonstration, guess and gush and song and
pun,—
What Scientific knowledge can we marshal into line,—
Explaining the sensations of this unseen force divine,—
Except,—of all activities that actuate the Soul,
Love is the very highest, and assumes supreme control,—
Effects of its vibrations are the rarest things extant,—
Without its ministrations, hearts resemble adamant.

Man, being thus evolved, and well endowed
With full equipment of Soul Attributes;—
The Power to Reason and the Will to Act,—
Is given jurisdiction of his course.
He garners treasures rich and numberless,
Through close communion with the Infinite,
And in harmonious touch with the Great Work,—
That exposition broad and deep and high,
Which clears the mists from logic Physical;—
Interprets Higher Science and all things
Pertaining to the Soul and its domains;—
And plainly marks the Guide-posts to the SOUTH.

This path-way steep, leads on to Liberty,
By conformation to an Ethic Law,
Establishing a state of unison
Between the Principle Constructive in
All Nature, and the Individual.

The brave, sincere and careful Student, who
Confronts and conquers "Lions on the Way";—
Who meets all Obligations cheerfully;—
Has learned to Live the Life and Prove the Law.

Life and Action

His triune nature tested, pruned and carved
To measure true and equilateral,—
He finds himself essentially complete,—
And lo, created is the Master-Man.
A super-being, with unfoldment great
Enough to understandingly proceed
To seek out, and to recognize and claim
The Soul of opposite polarity,
Whose three-fold being vibrates with his own;—
Completing thus the Individual.
The Hunter who has scaled the heights for Truth,
And Searcher who has plumbed the depths for Love,—
Touch goal supernal in the radiant glow,
And restful splendor of earned Happiness.

The summit reached, the heart's desire attained;—
The Altruist steps forth to bless mankind,
And point to Plains on Plains, beyond.
Great Consciousness illumined, Master-Mind,—
Imbued with true Humility, and yet,
Possessed with courage to co-operate
With Nature's forces, fine and intricate;—
With power to control Her processes,
And independently communicate
With dwellers in the Spirit Land;—Great Soul,
Attuned to vibrate with the Infinite,—

Evolve _____

—MARY ETTA SCOTT.

BEST OF ALL.

"He doeth well who doeth good
To those of his own brotherhood;
He doeth better who doth bless
The stranger in his wretchedness;
Yet best, oh! best of all doth he
Who helps a fallen enemy."

Life and Action

REST.

Rest? There is no such thing;
A coward's baseless dream.
Time is a rushing flood,
And thou art in the stream.

Rest? Up and be a man;
Look out upon the night,
No star stands still in heaven,
In all thy aching sight.

Rest? Chafe no more in vain;
On, lest thy peers go by;
Thou wouldst not if thou couldst
Evade thy destiny.

Cui bono? Faithless words;
It is enough for thee
To know that toil expands
Thy weak capacity.

No! onward, ever on;
Time's earnest moments roll;
Leave rest to sickly dreams,
Cui bono? to the fool.

—E SPENCER MILLER.

MAN HAS BUT TWO FAULTS.

Woman's faults are many,
Men have only two—
Everything they say,
And Everything they do.

—LECRABBE.

Life and Action

ROME'S PARDONS.

If Rome can pardon sins, as Romans hold,
And if those pardons can be bought and sold,—
Then surely 'tis no sin to "*worship*" *Gold*.

If they can purchase pardons with a sum,
For sins they may commit in times to come,
As well as past—they're surely "*going some*."

The happiest, then, are those who have the most;
For they can *buy* their heaven—or their "*roast*";
And laugh the *Poor* to scorn, for being "*lost*."
Whence came such thoughts, or where did they begin?
What author have they; or who brought them in?
Christ never kept a *Custom-House* of *SIN*.

Some *Devil*—out of work, and in a "*stew*"—
With nothing else on earth to think or do,
Hatched this, to get their *Souls* and *Money*, too.
—BY A FRIEND.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

"One Ship goes East, another West,
By the self-same winds that blow,
'Tis the Set of the Sail, and not the Gale,
That determines the Way they go.

"Like the winds of the sea are the Ways of Fate,
As we voyage along through Life,
'Tis the Set of the Soul that decides the Goal,
And not the Calm or the Strife."
—Author not known to us.

Life and Action

THE POET'S DREAM.

I walked alone among the flowers and trees;
I heard them sway, and sing into the breeze,
And thought unto myself: How happy ye must be,
Rocked fast on Nature's breast beside the sea.
And then I dreamed; and in my dream behold!
A flower arose, wrapped in her cloth of gold,
And sadly, mournfully she spoke to me:
"Oh, mortal man—Art thou so blind? Can'st thou not see
We are not happier than thou couldst be
If thou wouldst only shut thine eyes to sin,
And join in Mother Nature's evening hymn?
For knowest thou that we have troubles too;
We grieve and suffer just as much as you;
But if thou lookest toward the sunny things
Thy troubles fly away as if on wings?"
I then awoke, and as before my sleep,
The flowers still their happy watch did keep,
As if to say—"Hold up thy head, Oh mortal man!
Hold up thy head whilst yet thou can!
Tomorrow brings life's golden beams,
To chase away thy gloomy dreams."

—By DIANA IGEL (Age 12).

OUR WINGS.

Shall we know in the hereafter
All the reasons that are hid?
Does the butterfly remember
What the caterpillar did?
How he waited, toiled and suffered
To become a chrysalid?

When we creep so slowly upward;
When each day new burden brings;
When we strive so hard to conquer
Vexing sublunary things;
When we wait and toil and suffer,
We are *working for our wings*.

—DANSKE DANDRIDGE.

Life and Action

WITH TEARS THEY BURIED YOU TO-DAY.

With tears they buried you to-day,
But well I knew no turf could hold
Your gladness long beneath the mold,
Or cramp your gladness in the clay;
I smiled while others wept for you,
Because I knew.

And now you sit with me to-night,
Here in our old, accustomed place;
Tender and mirthful is your face;
Your eyes with starry joy are bright.
Oh, you are merry as a song,
For love is strong!

They think of you as lying there,
Down in the churchyard, grim and old;
They think of you as mute and cold,
A wan, white thing that once was fair,
With dim, sealed eyes that never may
Look on the day.

But love cannot be confined so
In clod and darkness; it must rise
And seek its own in radiant guise,
With immortality aglow,
Making of Death's triumphant sting
A little thing.

Ay, we shall laugh at those who deem
Our hearts are sundered! Listen, sweet:
The tripping of the wind's swift feet,
Along the byways of our dream,
And hark the whisper of the Rose
Wilding that blows.

Oh, still you love those simple things,
And still you love them more with me;
The grave has won no victory;
It could not clasp your shining wings;
It could not keep you from my side,
Dear one, and my bride.

—L. M. MONTGOMERY.

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Life and Action

HOW RICH AM I!

How rich am I, if I can give
A kindly thought and help one live,
And help one's mind and ease its path
Of bruising stones, of pain or wrath.

How rich am I, if I can lend
A helping hand and help one end
A hopeless task and make one see
The road that leads to Victory.

How rich am I, if I can take
One's burden up and for his sake
Assume its cares, and to the end
Walk side by side, a faithful friend.

How rich am I, if in this day
One act of mine shall pave the way
For greater joys, for greater rest;
God give me strength to do my best.

—FREDERICK B. GRIFFITH, JR.

Life and Action

WHERE?

Where's the Christmas spirit all the other times of year?

Wonder where it goes?

Seems to sleep or doze.

Wonder where it hides its little sparkly smile of cheer,

When it spreads its little wings and flies away from here?

Wonder where it hibernates, and what its cause for fear?

Where's the Christmas spirit all the other times of year?

Pleasant little spirit—but it never seems to grow.

Stays a little while—

Wanner grows its smile.

We may grasp its coat-tails, but it always murmurs: "No,

You haven't learned to hold me, so I really have to go,

Leaving you to common things, like tears and pain and woe."

Pleasant little spirit—but it never seems to grow.

Where's the Christmas spirit all the other times of year?

Could we make it stay

If we learned the way?

Learned to make it happy; learned to hold it very dear?

Would it grow domestic? Would it always linger near?

Seems so sad to have it—and then let it disappear.

Where's the Christmas spirit all the other times of year?

—MIRIAM TEICHNER.

Life and Action

THE COMING OF LIGHT.

One hour ago I watched the waning moon
Shine o'er a world of silver-misted woods,
And felt her weave about my willing heart
The spell of her white fire, that drew my thoughts
Toward the stars, and breathed upon my soul
The rapture of her everlasting Peace.

Now moon and stars are gone; the unrisen sun
Pours light and yet more light across the sky;
And with the gradual splendor of the dawn
A wonder grows upon the world, and lifts
My heart to adoration with the sense
Of glory half revealed and half withheld.
Till lo! beyond the light, the Central Fire!
And through these flaming spaces of the wood,
Thrilling the conscious quiet of the air,
I feel the might of that sustaining Peace
That shone but now upon me from the stars.

—GEORGE TOWNSHEND.

THE HORNET AND THE BEE.

The Hornet amidst flowers and leafy bowers,
The most deadly poison will get,
But the Honey Bee from same rose-bush or tree,
The sweetest of Honey will sip;
So with Man, you see, like the Hornet and Bee,
Some seek only the bad in mankind,
While some, like the Bee, seek the good, you see,
And which-ever they seek they find,
Christ our redeemer, compared man to a tree,
And that a tree is judged by its fruit;
So from evil get free and seek good like the Bee,
Not the bad like the Hornet or Brute.

—Author not known to us.

Life and Action

YOU NEVER CAN TELL.

You never can tell when you send a word
Like an arrow shot from a bow
By an archer blind,
Be it cruel or kind:
Just where it will chance to go.
It may pierce the heart of your dearest friend,
Tipped with its poison or balm:
'To a stranger's heart,
In life's great mart,
It may carry its pain or its calm.

You never can tell when you do an act
Just what the result will be;
But with every deed
You are sowing the seed,
Though its harvest you may not see.
Each kindly act is an acorn dropped
In God's productive soil;
Though you may not know,
Yet the tree shall grow,
And shelter the brows that toil.

You never can tell what your thoughts will do
In bringing you hate or love;
For thoughts are things,
And their airy wings
Are swifter than carrier doves.
They follow the law of the universe,
Each thing must create its kind;
And they speed o'er the track
To bring you back
Whatever went out from the mind.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Life and Action

A SOUL CRY.

I ask not, Fate, for wealth nor titled lands,
Nor worldly honors, nor a high estate.
Give me but one who loves and understands,
Whose soul responds to mine—my perfect mate.
The mightiest king upon his royal throne
Unloved, in beggar's rags presides in state.
They feast: he banquets on a crust and bone:
They laugh: he mourns his melancholy fate.
The wealthiest man I know in all the earth
Holds naught the sordid world calls treasure-trove.
He finds his assets 'round his humble hearth
And all his labors sanctified by love.
The miser hoards his store of worthless wealth
And, dying, sees it turn to sodden dross:
His finer thoughts and instincts filched by stealth
And crucified upon his golden cross.
E'en though this dream be all in vain:
E'en though this fancied idol prove of clay,
'Twere better than the weight of deadening pain
That presses on the lonely heart away.
Better that eyes should fill with burning tears,
Which, falling, sear and stain Life's blameless page:
Than loveless wisdom fill the fleeting years
With cheerless garlands for the brow of age.
Each soul forever craves its absent mate—
The sweet enchantment of love's soft caress:
Without these life is drear and desolate,
A phantom flitting through a wilderness.
I know not where my soul companion waits,
Nor when I'll earn the right that face to see.
Yet somewhere in the universe of space
I know that soul, impatient, longs for me.
When dies its mate, then droops the gentle dove:
Bereft of dew, then fades the feathery fern:
E'en so my soul demands some one to love
Whose fond affection prompts a like return.
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—W. J. C.

Life and Action

THE LIVING LIFE.

This life we live, we make it—
You and I.
Would you make your life to live
By and by?
Plant the seeds of virtue there,
Tend and water them with care,
For the fruitage they will bear
By and by.

When we are dead and gone,
You and I,
E'en our names forgotten be,
By and by,
Then some good that we have done,—
Some kind act—some mercy shown—
Will live on, and on, and on,
By and by.

In that place beyond the stars,
You and I,
Will yet gather 'round God's throne,
By and by.
If the Master's voice we'll hear,
"In My name ye shed good cheer!"
Oh, what bliss will be our share,
By and by.

—WILLIAM M. SHAVER.

Life and Action

SAY SOMETHING GOOD.

Pick out the folks you like the least, and watch them for a while:

They never waste a kindly word, they never waste a smile;

They criticise their fellow-men at every chance they get;
They never found a human just to suit their fancy yet.

From them I guess you'd learn some things, if they were pointed out—

Some things that every one of us should know a lot about.

When someone "knocks" a brother, pass around the loving cup—

Say something good about him, if you have to make it up.

It's safe to say that every man God made holds trace of good

That he would fain exhibit to his fellows if he could;
The kindly deeds in many a soul are hibernating there,
Awaiting the encouragement of other souls that dare

To show the best that's in them; and a universal move
Would start the whole world running in a hopeful, helpful groove.

Say something sweet to paralyze the "knocker" on the spot—

Speak kindly of his victim, if you know the man or not.

—A FRIEND.

TRUTH NEVER DIES.

Truth never dies. The ages come and go.
The mountains wear away. The seas retire.
Destruction lays earth's mighty cities low;
And empires, states and dynasties expire;
But caught and handed onward by the wise,
Truth never dies.

Life and Action

Though unreceived and scoffed at through the years;
Though made the butt of ridicule and jest;
Though held aloft for mockery and jeers;
Denied by those of transient power possessed,
Truth never dies.

It answers not; it does not take offense;
But with a mighty silence bides its time.
As some great cliff that braves the elements
And lifts through all the storms its head sublime;
So Truth, unmoved, its puny foe defies,
And never dies.

The lips of ridicule dissolve in dust;
And sophist's arguments and jibes are still.
God, working through the all-impelling *Must*,
Has broken those who dared combat His Will.
New systems, born in wild unrest, arise;
Truth never dies.

There is no peace so long as Error rules.
While Wrong is king there must be troublous times.
While governments are ruled by knaves and fools
Who mock high heaven with their pantomimes;
So long will War's red banner blot the skies;
Truth never dies.

There is no peace except it comes through Right;
And nothing stable that does not conform
To Equity and standards Infinite.
The lands will still be filled with stress and storm,
Till Heaven's mandates Earth shall recognize;
Truth never dies.

—THE ESSENE.

Life and Action

THE PATH OF LIFE.

The path of life is like a path that leads
Into the wilderness. Who dares to go
Beyond the beaten trail that others know
Must blaze that trail with sacrifice and deeds
That eke not knowledge of his toil or needs
To those who follow. What his trail must show
Is, access to the wilds of Truth marked so
'Twill safely guide men forth beyond the meads.

How few men venture out beyond the last
Familiar mark upon the well known trail!
'Tis he who has the courage to go past
This sign that cannot in his mission fail—
He will have left at least one mark behind
To guide some other brave exploring mind.

—CHARLES H. MEYERS.

Life and Action

WATCH YOURSELF GO BY.

Just stand aside and watch yourself go by :
Think of yourself as "he" instead of "I,"
Note closely, as of other men you note,
The bag-kneed trousers and the seedy coat ;
Pick flaws ; find fault ; forget the man is you,
And strive to make your estimate ring true.
Confront yourself and look you in the eye—
Just stand aside and watch yourself go by.

Interpret all your motives just as though
You looked on one whose aims you did not know.
Let undisguised contempt surge through you when
You see you shirk, O commonest of men !
Despise your cowardice ; condemn whate'er
You note of falseness in you anywhere.
Defend not one defect that shames your eye—
Just stand aside and watch yourself go by.

And then, with eyes unveiled to what you loathe—
To sins that with sweet charity you'd clothe—
Back to your self-walled tenement you'll go,
With tolerance for all who dwell below.
The faults of others then will dwarf and shrink,
Love's chain grow stronger by one mighty link—
When you, with "he" as substitute for "I,"
Have stood aside and watched yourself go by.

—S. W. GILHAN.

Life and Action

WAITING.

My day of achievement is ended;
The strife and endeavor are o'er;
I hear the low voice of the river,
And I wait and I rest on the shore.

Fond memory turns back and illumines
The path I have traveled so long;
There are sweet happy faces of children,
And echoes of laughter and song.

There are bright sunny spots in the distance,
And hearts that are tender and true,
They are calling me back from the twilight,
Reviving my heart-throbs anew.

The stream murmurs on through the stillness,
Through the gloom and the shadows of night,
To that bourne of the travel-worn pilgrim
Where Hope sees a glimmering light:

Where the ashes of hopes that are scattered
All along o'er life's tortuous way
Shall be gathered like sheaves from the harvest,
And renewed in an infinite day.

I have dreamed of a beautiful Country.
Sloping down to an evergreen shore,
And I've heard, in the hush of the silence,
Soft whispers from friends gone before.

Or is it a fairy illusion,
Begotten of fear and desire,
To cheer and assure us in passing,
And bid us still hope and aspire?

Death waits me to answer the question—
Is Eternity more than a dream?
Yet, 'twould cheer my lone way through its waters
To *know* ere I enter the stream. * * * * *

—JOEL RICHARDSON.

Life and Action

TOLERATION.

“What matters it what faith or creed
My brother holds,
If it to him through thought or deed
The truth unfolds?
What matters it what name he bears,
If on Life’s way of pain and cares,
He bears the sign?
For his own soul must learn the right,
And his own eyes must see the light—
Not mine nor thine.

“The same sun shines on all men’s ways,
And chooses none.
How should I think he spreads his rays
On mine alone?
The life eternal dwells in all
The germs of power;
How shall I then pronounce his doom
When in my brother’s heart may bloom
The holy flower?”

—LIBRARY BULLETIN (IOWA).

Life and Action

EVENING PRAYER.

The sun sinks slowly from the hills,
The purpling shadows creep and throb;
My Soul with solemn yearning fills,
Alone am I—alone with God.

Beneath that wondrous western glow,
Faith upward soars on wings more bright;
I know I cannot miss the goal,
With heart and mind turned toward the Light,

The holy stillness of these hours,
In ways beyond my reason's ken,
Now breathes of other worlds than ours,
And larger lives that wait for Men.

The trials of the day seem less,
Its frictions, pleasures, losses, gains.
For life itself I humbly bless,
And the needed lessons of its pains.

Each day, as still I strive to rise,
Mine eye more clearly sees the ways
Of that long road which backward lies,
And fades away in future's haze.

O, "Learn to labor and to wait,"
The poet sang deep from his heart;
My Will can conquer any fate,
Aid me, Father, to do my part.

Teach me the Master's poise and power,
The cheery patience that never tires;
But lives and grows as does the flower,
And like it other hearts inspires.

Calm as the star in yonder skies,
I lift my face to Thee above,
Whisp'ring the prayer that deepest lies—
Help me to fit my Soul for Love.

—E. B. F.

Life and Action

WROUGHT INTO GOLD.

I saw a smile—to a poor man 'twas given,
And he was old.
The sun broke forth; I saw that smile in heaven
Wrought into gold.
Gold of such lustre never was vouchsafed to us;
It made the very light of day more luminous.

I saw a toiling woman sinking down
Footsore and cold.
A soft hand covered her—the humble gown,
Wrought into gold,
Grew straight imperishable, and will be shown
To smiling angels gathered round the judgment throne.

Wrought into gold! We that pass down life's hours
So carelessly
Might make the dusty way a path of flowers
If we would try.
Then every gentle deed we've done, or kind word given,
Wrought into gold, would make us wondrous rich in
heaven.

—Author unknown to us.

I WILL.

I will be true, for there are those who trust me;
I will be pure, for there are those who care;
I will be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I will be brave, for there is much to bear.

I will be friend to all—to foe, to friendless;
I will be Giver and forget the Gift;
I will be humble, for I know my weakness;
I will look up—and pray—and love—and live.

—A FRIEND.

Life and Action

IF.

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about don't deal in lies;
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise.

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master,
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster,
And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken,
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools;
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools.

If you can make one heap of all your winnings,
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings,
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew,
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you,
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch;
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run;
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

—RUDYARD KIPLING.

Life and Action

THE LAND OF LOVE.

Life is a ship with gallant sails;
Time, the sea whereon it sails.
The boundary of this dark sea
Has never yet been known to me;
Perhaps it is Eternity.
Sometimes the waves stir up the bile
Of ancient creed and outworn style.
Sometimes the silent current flows
Beneath our ship, but no one knows
The dangerous reefs or undertows.
Nowhere does this fair ship make port;
Or sight a land of any sort.
If land the sailorman would find
He makes it out of his own mind,
And peoples it with his own kind.
There is a dark land I have known
Through whose miasmas one Star shone.
No one escaped the dismal night
Save those who loved that Star's bright light,
And had great Faith, and Will to fight.
I know a land of sweet desire,
Warmed by true Love's altar fire.
The heart's gold here is purified;
The lover's faith is justified;
And no unselfish prayer denied.
I know a land of cool delights,
Where fancy roams on moonlight nights.
No man ever finds this land
Save he who holds a woman's hand,
Whose hearts, united, understand.
These are the Islands of the Blest,
Eternal Youth, and Love and Rest.
These are the Lands of Mystery;
To them all I hold the key
Which my Dear Love has found for me.

—W. S. A.

Life and Action

KINDNESS.

So many gods, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind;
While just the art of being kind
Is all this sad world needs.

—A FRIEND.

AN ANCIENT PRAYER.

“Glory to Thee, Thou all Light!
Because Thou hast created me alive, I will
strive with all my might to be upright
before Thee.
I have faith that Thou didst create me
wisely, and I know that Thou wilt show me
the right way.
Make my eyes sharper to see into my own
soul, than into all else in the world.
Seal Thou my eyes from the faults of
others, but magnify their goodness unto
me that I may be ashamed of my own
unworthiness before Thee.
This day will I go quickly to the distressed
and helpless and give them joy by some
deed or word.
Seal Thou my lips from slandering
any man, woman or child, for they are
of Thy handiwork and of Thy creation.
Whatever Thou feedest me with, sufficient
is it for the day thereof, and no complaint
shall leave my mouth.
Quicken Thou, O Lord, this my prayer
within me this day, that I may be a glory
in Thy works.

Amen!”

—ANONYMOUS.

Life and Action

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO SAY?

It makes me sad, my heart is sore,
When I think of this war and strife,
And the sorrow that's brought to many a door
Through the snuffing of a life.

And for what?

For gold, for land, for personal gain,
For supremacy over the earth.

Oh! stop while you can, and help us to love,
Not feel we were cursed with your birth,
You who have power so to do.

There'll come a day, when you'll pass away
To a land where there's just one king,
And whether or no you share in His home
Depends on the record you bring.

And then what?

When you stand with records dyed with the blood
Of the men who have fallen to-day,

While your army of souls pass in review,
Their fingers pointing your way:

What are you going to do?

When you stand before the Father of all,
And think of the sorrow and pain
You've brought to His children, your brothers on earth,
Do you think you can ever explain?
I'm afraid not.

When He asks if you're worthy to sit by His side,
And you look back and think of the way

You sent to destruction those He asked you to love,
What are you going to say?

Yes, what are you going to say?

—RICHARD BARTOW.

Life and Action

OUR DEBT TO GOD.

Oh! The manifold things that we ask of our God,
As we travel this earth's lonely way;
How seldom we thank Him, how often we ask Him
To bless us forever and aye!
We ask Him to help us in all of our plans,
Whether made for His glory, or Self;
And we treat Him as if He were only our bank
To be drawn on for joy and for pelf.

Thus ever we pray. 'Tis a wonder to me
We can ask any gift from our God;
For instead we should bless Him for showing us how
We may walk in the path He has trod.
Why should we expect Him to love us and work,
While we covet vast wealth or a throne?
Are we not in His image created, as Men?
Both the form and the Soul are His own.

In the likeness of Him, as He gave us this home,
He created an innocent child;
And like children must all who would see His dear face,
Live the life of the meek and the mild.
Do I hear you ask how a return can be made
Of the gifts you receive from your God?
Of the prayers that He answers, the blessings that come
As you toil up the long, weary road?

Have you pondered His Word and the message He gave,
Through His gracious, dear, Masterful Son?
If not, you will find, if you study it well,
You can pay back His gifts—every one.
“Inasmuch as ye do to the least one of these”—
The answer is wonderfully plain—
“The meek shall be blest,” and “the peace-maker,” too;
And “the pure in heart see God” again.

Life and Action

“ 'Tis more blessed to give than it is to receive”—
Is His message; we know it is true.
“Possessions worth while are all treasured in heaven
Where no thief ever born can break through.”
Ah! Study His Word, all ye selfish of heart
Who ask, but who give not again;
Your debts upon earth you must pay for *all* men;
But at last God will make it *your* gain.
—By Two “Friends of the Work” in California.

KNOWLEDGE.

“If I knew you and you knew me,
If each of us could plainly see,
And with an inner sight divine
The meaning of your heart and mine,
I’m sure that we should differ less,
And clasp our hands in friendliness;
Our thoughts would pleasantly agree,
If I knew you and you knew me.”
—Author not known to us.

THE LAW OF USE.

With each succeeding, trifling round
Of these, our so-called duties in the world,
We feel anew the ghastly sense of waste
On things material seemly needed here.
The energy which makes and moves machines,
Huge things to draw the coaches that we use
To save us time, in which to save more time
For still more things on which to use our force,
If used as we would wish to see it used—
To further only those constructive things
Which help to build the lives of those who seek
The Perfect Mastership—our ultimate aim
Would so much better serve all human need.
—VERA E. WHITE.

Life and Action

WHEN.

When all the atoms have found their own,
And their bonds are all satisfied;
When the universe of trees and plants
Have been summoned, side by side;

When mammals and birds all find their mates
And all fishes and reptiles wed,
And all the souls in the universe
To the altar have been led;

Will this earth of ours revolve no more?
Will planets all stop in their flight?
Will stars all forget their neighbor stars?
And suns all cease to give light?

Will there be no change in time or space?
Could we give and receive no more,
With no desire for action left, nor
Motive to live as before?

'Twould be suicide of God himself;
Nature would die by Nature's hand,
Slain by the power that gave it life,
The Law of Attraction, grand.

Thus reason the wisest souls that are,
Who the Valley of Death can span;
Then what right has man to rise and say—
"This life is the end of man."?

Let us live a life of action then,
Nor fear that this life is done,
When we pass that way—but sense to-day
That our lives are just begun.

And let us listen to those brave souls
Who have traveled along the way;
And add to our old-time Conscience, Faith—
The Reason-Faith of to-day.

—R. S. R.

Life and Action

RICHES.

What, to the man who loves the air,
Are trinkets, gauds and jewels rare?
And what is wealth or fame, to one
Who is brother to the sun;
Who drinks the wine that morning spills
Upon the heaven-kissing hills;
And sees a ray of hope afar
In every glimmer of a star?

What, to a man whose God is Truth,
Are spoils and stratagems, forsooth?
Who looks beyond the doors of death
For loftier life, sublimer breath;
Who can forswear the state of kings
In knowledge of diviner things,
The dreams of immortal that unroll
And burst to blossom in his soul?

—J. E. B. Z.

OUT OF BONDAGE.

I stand on the outermost brink,
As far as the path may be trod,
Where mortal brain must cease to think
And the heart cries out to God.

His temple gateway is here,
Where I see but the void abyss;
But I know I am His and I need not fear,
And I tell my Maker this:

I am not afraid to be man;
To be atom where Thou art Whole,
To take my place in the august plan
That circles Thee and my soul.

—N. E. W.

Life and Action

THE LARGER PRAYER.

At first I prayed for Light:
Could I but see my way,
How gladly, swiftly would I walk
To everlasting day!

And next I prayed for Strength,
That I might tread the road
With firm, unfaltering feet, and win
The heaven's serene abode.

And then I asked for Faith;
Could I but trust my God,
I'd live enfolded in His peace,
Though foes were all abroad.

But now I pray for Love—
Deep love to God and man;
A living love that will not fail,
However dark His plan.

And Light and Strength and Faith
Are opening everywhere!
God only waited for me till
I prayed the larger prayer.

—Author not known to us.

MY LOVE'S ANTIQUITY.

Before the Ocean Waves their pebbled shore had made;
Before the Forest Trees had cast their first long shade;
Before the North-faced Rock had grown its beard of
moss;
Before the Herald Stars had made the Southern Cross;
Before the Brooks began to wander to the sea;
My Soul began in gloom its groping after Thee.

—W .S. A.

Life and Action

THE KING'S PICTURE.

The king from the council chamber
Came, weary and sore of heart;
He called to Cliff, the painter,
And spoke to him thus apart:
"I'm sickened of the faces ignoble,
Hypocrites, cowards, and knaves;
I shall shrink to their shrunken measure,
Chief slave in a realm of slaves.

"Paint me a true man's picture,
Gracious, and wise, and good,
Dowered with the strength of heroes
And the beauty of womanhood.
It shall hang in my inmost chamber,
That, thither when I retire,
It may fill my soul with its grandeur,
And warm it with sacred fire."

So the artist painted the picture,
And it hung in the palace hall;
Never a thing so lovely
Had garnished the stately wall.
The king, with head uncovered,
Gazed on it with rapt delight,
Till it suddenly wore strange meaning—
Baffled his questioning sight.

For the form was the supplest courtier's,
Perfect in every limb;
But the bearing was that of the henchman
Who filled the flagons for him;
The brow was a priest's, who pondered
His parchment early and late;
The eye was the wandering minstrel's,
Who sang at the palace gate.

Life and Action

The lips, half sad and half mirthful,
With a fitful trembling grace,
Were the very lips of a woman
He had kissed in the market place;
But the smiles which her curves transfigured,
As a rose with its shimmer of dew,
Was the smile of the wife who loved him,
Queen Ethelyn, good and true.

Then, "Learn, O King," said the artist,
"This truth that the picture tells—
That in every form of the human
Some hint of the highest dwells;
That, scanning each living temple
For the place that the veil is thin,
We may gather by beautiful glimpses
The form of the God within."

—HELEN L. B. BOSTWICK.

THE GLAD NEW YEAR.

We are making a record from day to day
On the fleeting screen of Time,
A moving picture that naught can stay,
Nor erase a single line.
It may return "after many days,"
Or wait for a thousand years,
It may scatter sunshine along our ways,
Or becloud our eyes with tears.
The Mentor says only—just smile and be kind—
However the winds may blow,
And the joyous present is sure to find
The smiles of long ago;
It's so easy when once we have learned the way,
And it grows like nothing on earth,
'Till it opens wide the gates of day
With Death, as new life, and rebirth.

—JIRAH D. BUCK.

Life and Action

I WONDER.

I wonder—might it be that we are dead?
In some forgotten life was this our fear?
Was this, perhaps, what caused the drooping head,
The shuddering anguish and the bitter tear?

I wonder—is this death—the careless ear
Deaf to the music pulsing all around;
Dulled, that so piteous little it can hear
Of high, eternal beauty's throbbing sound?

I wonder—is this death—the loveless heart
That selfishly and all unthinking beats;
That all too seldom feels itself a-start
With love-o'-life and all its bitter sweets?

I wonder—is this death—these listless hands
Outstretched so seldom where their touch might aid;
So unresponsive to the small demands
Of brother men, so weak, so oft afraid?

I wonder—is this death? And if it be,
What holds what we call death to make us quake?
Perhaps, our eyes once closed, we'll learn to see,
And then, at last, to larger living wake.

—MIRIAM TEICHNER.

HE ENTERS IN.

Lift up thine eyes unto the Hills;
For at their summit lieth that fair land
Where beauty doth not fail nor fade;
Where naught of bitterness nor darkness is,
Nor blindness that doth cause another pain—
And he that will attain thereto shall find
His heart's desire, and dwell in peace unspeakable.

Life and Action

Between the way winds, narrow, steep;
But he who climbs the path must walk alone,
At dusk, at dawn, in sun, in mist—
As if through all the world no other soul
Had entered on the Quest;
No other life strove upward toward the light;
No other step broke through the solemn stillness.

But if his heart has answered to the call;
If deep within him burns the living fire;
Not pale, not loneliness, not fear,
Not death itself can turn him back again.
With bruised hands, with toiling feet,
With his high thought for company
He presses forward on th' ascending way.

To him, at last, all Nature sings her song
Triumphant, wonderful.
The earth's abounding joy and prophecy,
The skies bend low to him in fellowship,
The sea doth call to him in kind—
And so companioned,
He comes unto his journey's end.

His journey's end—weary he stands,
Hands clasped upon his pilgrim's staff;
His brooding gaze bent back upon the path
That marks the past.
And gazing—brooding—wonder falls
Afresh upon his heart.
Whence came the need that drove him forth
And held him fast to this one end?

That immeasurable longing,
Acute and wordless, for a good unknown,
For lack of which all life lay tasteless at his lips?
Upon the man-old riddle pondered he
When, soft before him, wide and clear,

Life and Action

Unfolds a vision of the whole. The miracle
Of that which was, and is, and is to be—
The answer to Life's questionings:

Deep from within his soul up-breaks
The song the ages sing;
And as a Son, victorious,
He turns, and enters in.

—M. H. H.

FAITH.

Let a valiant Faith cross swords with Death
And Death is certain to fall.
For the dead arise with joy in their eyes;
They were not dead at all.
If this were only a world of chance,
Then faith, with its strong white spark
Could burn through the sod and fashion a God
And set him to shine in the dark.

So in troublesome days, and in shadowy ways,
In the dire and difficult time,
We must cling, we must cling to our Faith, and bring
Our courage to heights sublime.
It is not a matter of hugging a creed
That will lift us up to the light,
But in keeping our trust that Love is just
And that whatever is, is right.

When the hopes of this world into chaos are hurled
And the devil seems running the earth,
When the bad folks stay and the good pass away
And greed fares better than worth,
Oh, that is the hour to trust in the Power,
That will straighten the tangle out.
For death and sorrow are little things,
But a terrible thing is doubt.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Life and Action

THE MEEK.

Those who have carved their names upon
The adamantine rocks of time
In boldest letters, deepest cut
By noble actions and sublime,

Have not been arrogant and vain,
Resenting triumphs not their own;
Nor worshiped at ambition's shrine,
Or lived their lives for self alone;

But have been lovers of mankind,
Whose chiefest aim has been to serve;
Whose passions had been disciplined
By self-control with steady nerve.

With them the "Me" and "Mine" gave place
To thoughts and labors for mankind,
Their fiery passions had been changed
To spirits mild and gentle mind.

The earth shall be inherited
By such as these, the Master said,
For "meek" is the most fitting term
We can apply to these great dead.

They rule the world to-day, in truth,
Through works they wrought long years ago,
And that they labor still for us
Is strictly true, I almost know.

And such a thing need not seem strange,
Hard to believe or comprehend;
For, loving man so much of yore,
How could their loving service end?

A blessed thought, it is to me,
That someday they still hover near
To aid, guide, guard and answer us
Whene'er our cry for help they hear.

—W. K.

Life and Action

A SERMON FOR MANY.

When the long, hard day has vanished and you seek
your waiting bed,

Try to live the dead hours over ere the pillow soothes
your head.

Try to find some explanation for each thoughtless thing
you've done;

Try to make some reparation for the trouble you've
begun.

After all the petty gossip that you scattered through the
day,

Think of how you knocked your neighbor, going calmly
on his way.

Drag the unkind slings and arrows down from Mem-
ory's dusty shelf—

Then stand up before the mirror and begin to knock
yourself.

Do not stand there smug and smirking, do not smooth
your tousled hair!

Shake your fist at your reflection! Give yourself an icy
glare!

Don't resolve that you are handsome when you ought to
know you're not;

Rather tell the faithful mirror that it flatters you a lot.
Make wry faces by the dozen; try a cold, contemptuous

sneer—

Such as you have tried on others. Give yourself a mock-
ing leer.

Then the mirror will remind you, as all honest mir-
rors do,

That you're not one man in thousands—that you're only
LITTLE YOU!

—WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Life and Action

FRIENDSHIP.

Let Friendship weave its cloth of gold,
It cannot weave too fair.
The golden woof of memory
What can with it compare!
For love would give and love would take,
And never count the cost;
Whate'er you do for your friend's sake
Is never, never lost.

So let us drink to Friendship bright,
And may it brighter grow.
When once a friend, always a friend,
By this your worth men know.
Oh, let us not seek place nor pelf
Apart from Friendship's ways;
He who would only crown himself
Cannot true Friendship praise.

—DANIEL HUGH VERDER.

TOWARDS THE LIGHT.

I ask no respite, Lord, although I bend
Before the storm; let sorrows far and near
Thicken upon me till, for pain, I shear
Through this immuring tomb of self and rend
My way to that wide world where Thou dost send
Thy flaming, ruthless rays to blast and sear
All darkness from the soul; I do not fear,—
My face is set to endure unto the end.

Yet as Thou lovest the weak, Great Father, pray,
Forsake me not, but have me, as a child,
In Thy most holy keeping night and day;
That, knowing Thou art never far, I may
To the utmost trial still be reconciled,
And press with joy upon the bitter way.

—G. T.

Life and Action

WHAT DOES IT MATTER?

It matters little where I was born,
Or if my parents were rich or poor;
Whether they shrank at the cold world's scorn,
Or walked in the pride of wealth secure.
But whether I live an honest man,
And hold my integrity firm in my clutch,
I tell you, brother, plain as I am,
It matters much!

It matters little how long I stay
In a world of sorrow, sin, and care;
Whether in youth I am called away,
Or live till my bones and pate are bare.
But whether I do the best I can
To soften the weight of adversity's touch
On the faded cheek of my fellow-man,
It matters much!

It matters little where be my grave,
Or on the land or on the sea,
By purling brook or 'neath stormy wave;
It matters little or naught to me.
But whether the Angel of Death comes down
And marks my brow with his loving touch,
As one that shall wear the victor's crown,
It matters much!

—From the Swedish.

Life and Action

WHAT SHALL WE CALL IT?

A fire-mist and a planet,
A crystal and a cell,
A jelly-fish and a saurian,
And caves where the cave men dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty,
And a face turned from the clod:
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.

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

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

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

—Author unknown to us.

Life and Action

THE CONQUEROR.

When I was twenty-one I said, "The world is now before me,
And whether life be long or short, I'll have no master o'er me.
I'll drink the sparkling wine of life and eat the fruit of
pleasure,

Indulge each passing whim without a thought of stint or
measure.

I'll leave no pathway unexplored that offers new excitement,
No book unopened, though I there may read my own indictment.

No voice nor plea nor argument shall from my purpose
swerve me,

But every circumstance of life shall bow to me and serve me."
Fate must have smiled derisively while in her ledger posting
The faithful record which she keeps of all such idle boasting.

At first it seemed as though each day was simply made to
order,

No hint that shame and suffering were just across the border.

Whate'er I wanted that I had, the cost I never reckoned;
The only aim I had in life, to go where Pleasure beckoned.
Her sweetest smiles were ever mine, at least it seemed to
me so,

And I, deluded mortal, thought that this would always be so.
'Tis thus she leads us blindly on until we're bound and bleeding,

Then coldly taunts us as we writhe, is deaf to all our pleading.

I pray you spare me as I tell the sequel of her wooing,
Nor make me bare before you all the shame of my undoing.
How I, the master, proud and free, became a slave in fetters,
The quip and jest of other slaves who never were my betters.

'Twas then mine eyes were opened and I saw with understanding;

I heard a strange yet kindly voice my inmost soul commanding.

Life and Action

I felt within a new-born strength that knew not fear nor
danger,

And faced a path to which my feet had ever been a stranger.
On either hand I knew that there were pitfalls deep and
yawning,

The pits that I myself had dug before this new day's dawn-
ing.

Both steep and rugged was the path, and far away the sum-
mit,

And yet I knew that I possessed the power to overcome it.
I rose unfettered, and went on, yet wondered at my daring,
That I, upon an unknown way, so fearlessly was faring.

As on I pressed my strength increased, and lo, a torch be-
side me

Its radiance cast athwart my path, to comfort and to guide
me.

I marvelled much from whence its light, so clear and
penetrating,

Until I saw that from myself the rays were emanating.

Experience my guide became, whose constance never altered;
She urged my footsteps when I lagged, upheld me when I
faltered.

She taught me as none other could, life's deep and hidden
meaning,

And almost cleft the veil 'twixt Earth and Heaven inter-
vening.

I learned that he who conquers Self more richly is rewarded
Than all the men whose warlike deeds have ever been recorded.
That selfishness is suicide, the very soul destroying;

Self-sacrifice, self-saving, all our highest gifts employing.

The approbation Conscience gives, the only praise worth
seeking,

And words of hope and help and cheer, the only words worth
speaking.

That we shall never know defeat nor ever fear disaster,

When Self-indulgence hath been slain and Self-control is
Master.

—FREDERICK BUNNELL KING.

Life and Action

TO THE GREAT HELPERS.

Powers of darkness are there, saith Saint Paul,
Evil of Spirit in exalted places;
Dark figures walk, with grim and threatening faces,
Note generous deeds, thrust out, and place a wall,
And cause a bloody check in special cases!
It has been so throughout a thousand races,
Will it be so until the Heavens fall?
Or, will the fair, White Forces, after all,
Gaining anon, now beaten from their bases—
Come forth, triumphant, from the Powers' thrawl?
Helpers of men, who watch from stellar spaces,
To Whom our times and cycles seem so small,—
Great Friends who love, Whose view the Whole embraces,
Helpers of Men, we know Ye hear our call!

—J. M. W.

LOVE'S FULFILLMENT.

I knew that there was *one* awaiting me,
Somewhere on earth, and yet, I knew not where.
In loneliness I cried,—Love, come to me!
And I reached my arms into the open air.
Love, could I but see thy enraptured face,
As in a vision bright, so sweet and clear;
My longing heart would lead me to the place,
And Love would answer, my most heartfelt prayer.

If I could gaze into thy dear sweet eyes,
I know I'd find myself complete in thee;
Our souls are One, tho' garbed in diff'ring guise:
To you, my Love, this is no mystery;
Sometimes thy presence sets my heart aglow,
I hear thy voice, as in a sweet refrain,
As in those dear, sweet days of long ago;
Come to my heart, and dwell with me again!

—N. F. DE C., M.D.

Life and Action

DO IT NOW.

Have you a word of greeting
Or cheer you wish to say?
Then do not put it off too long,
But speak it while you may—
Just—Do It Now!

Have you a tender message
To write folks far away?
Then do not wait to send it, friend,
Until some other day,
But—Do It Now!

We live to-day, to-morrow
May never be our own;
The words we mean to say or write
May never become known—
So—Do It Now!

Oft loving hearts are broken
And love remains unspent,
Because the well-meant messages
Of love were never sent—
Then—Do It Now!

Perhaps when dear ones vanish
You'll feel it is too late
To cheer and help the hearts you loved—
Then do not longer wait,
But—Do It Now!

We make life sweeter, better,
By kind things which we say;
Then let us take each chance we get
To cheer folks on their way.
And—Do It Now!

Yes, no time is so pleasant
As now, so let's not wait,
But tell each other all that's nice
Before it is too late—
Let's—Do It Now!

—ARTHUR E. GRINGLE.

Life and Action

THE LAW.

The sun may be clouded, yet ever the sun
Will sweep on its course till the cycle is run.
And when into chaos the systems are hurled,
Again shall the Builder reshape a new world.

Your path may be clouded, uncertain your goal:
Move on, for the orbit is fixed for your soul.
And though it may lead into darkness of night,
The torch of the Builder shall give it new light.

You were, and you will be, know this while you are:
Your spirit has traveled both long and afar.
It came from the Source, to the Source it returns;
The spark that was lighted eternally burns.

It slept in the jewel, it leaped in the wave;
It roamed in the forest, it rose from the grave;
It took on strange garbs for long eons of years,
And now in the soul of yourself it appears.

From body to body your spirit speeds on:
It seeks a new form when the old one is gone,
And the form that it finds is the fabric you wrought
On the loom of the mind, with the fibre of thought.

As dew is drawn upward, in rain to descend,
Your thoughts drift away and in destiny blend.
You cannot escape them: or petty, or great,
Or evil, or noble, they fashion your fate.

Somewhere on some planet, sometime and somehow,
Your life will reflect all the thoughts of your now.
The law is unerring: no blood can atone;
The structure you rear you must live in alone.

Life and Action

From cycle to cycle, through time and through space,
Your lives with your longings will ever keep pace.
And all that you ask for, and all you desire,
Must come at your bidding, as flames out of fire.

You are your own devil, you are your own god,
You fashioned the paths that your footsteps have trod.
And no one can save you from error or sin
Until you shall hark to the spirit within.

Once list to that voice and all tumult is done;
Your life is the life of the Infinite One;
In the hurrying race you are conscious of pause,
With love for the Purpose, and love for the Cause.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

IMPERFECTION.

O, struggling hearts that fain would rise,
Why fall ye crippled from your skies?
Why stalks grim loss with dearest gain?
Why in all joy the heart of pain?
Why in love's rapture, as love's moan,
Cries still the heart, alone, alone?
Why groping upward, weak and blind,
Must souls still seek and never find?
Why, leaning on earth's dearest breast,
Throb human hearts in vain for rest?

And is it that His spark divine,
God has set in thy heart and mine,—
That all our gropings, yearnings fond,
Are glimpses of His truth, beyond,—
Dear human hearts and finite eyes
Reaching toward arcs beyond the skies;
By broken lights through rifts above,
Pressing on to the Perfect Love;
Straining to touch through death and night,
God's infinite of Life and Light?

—ELIZABETH PENNY.

Life and Action

THE ETERNAL WILL.

There is no thing we cannot overcome.

Say not thy evil instinct is inherited,

Or that some trait inborn makes thy whole life forlorn
And calls down punishment that is not merited.

Back of thy parents and grandparents lies

The Great Eternal Will. That, too, is thine

Inheritance, strong, beautiful, divine,

Sure lever of success for one who tries.

Pry up thy faults with this great lever, Will,

However, deeply bedded in propensity;

However, firmly set, I tell thee firmer yet

Is that vast paw that comes from Truth's immensity.

Thou art a part of that strange world, I say,

Its forces lie within thee stronger far

Than all thy mortal sins and frailties are.

Believe thyself divine, and watch and pray.

There is no noble height thou canst not climb.

All triumphs may be thine in Time's futurity,

If, whatsoe'er thy fault, thou dost not faint nor halt,

But lean upon the staff of God's security.

Earth has no claim the soul cannot contest.

Know thyself part of that Eternal Source,

And naught can stand before thy spirit's force.

The soul's divine inheritance is best.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THE EXHORTATION OF THE DAWN.

"Listen to the exhortation of the Dawn!

Look to this Day!

For it is Life, the very Life of Life.

In its brief course lie all the verities and realities of your
existence:

The bliss of growth,

The glory of action,

The splendor of beauty:

For yesterday is but a dream,

And to-morrow is only a vision;

But to-day, well lived, makes every yesterday a dream of
happiness,

And every to-morrow a vision of hope.

Look well, therefore, to this Day!

Such is the exhortation of the Dawn."

FROM THE PERSIAN.

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Life and Action

HOME.

The greatest words are always solitaires,
Set singly in one syllable; like birth,
Life, love, hope, peace. I sing the worth
Of that dear word toward which the whole world fares—
I sing of home.

To make a home, we should take all of love,
And much of labor, patience and keen joy.
Then mix the elements of earth's alloy
With finer things drawn from the realms above,
The spirit-home.

There should be music, melody and song;
Beauty in every spot; an open door
And generous sharing of the pleasure store
With fellow pilgrims as they pass along,
Seeking for home.

Make ample room for silent friends—the books—
That give so much and only ask for space.
Nor let Utility crowd out the vase
Which has no use save gracing by its looks
The precious home.

To narrow bounds, let mirrors lend their aid
And multiply each gracious touch of art.
And let the casual stranger feel the part—
The great creative part—that love has played
Within the home.

Here bring your best in thought and word and deed,
Your sweetest acts, your highest self-control;
Nor save them for some later hour and goal.
Here is the place, and now the time of need.
Here in your home.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Life and Action

LIFE'S HERITAGE.

When so a heavy rod shall rise to smite me,
And sore afflictions come to sear my soul,
And complications round about affright me,
And clouds of sorrow from all sides uproll;
When trial waits my gaze at every turning,
And chill misunderstanding greets my deed,
And spite of all the thirst for good that's burning
Within my heart finds no responsive heed;

When sturdy friends I've counted on are wanting;
When enemies rejoice to see me fall;
And in my troubled spirit gray the haunting
Fears of a ruin imminent appall;
When all my days are days of gloom and sadness,
And where was light no hint of light appears,
And every hope I hold to seems but madness,
And they who used to praise now turn to jeers;

Still in my breast, despite its load of sorrow,
Despite the pressure of o'erwhelming care,
I sense the thrilling joy of a to-morrow
Whose dawn shall lighten up the darkness there.
I sense a moment nigh when, woe abating,
I'll tread the path that leads on to release,
And find a cure for troubles dire awaiting
Safe in the everlasting arms of Peace.

For Life and Love so close are interweaving
That none can live and yet be portionless;
And days must come with hours all retrieving
The dreary years of unfound happiness;
And he whose share of Love is not yet ready,
Whose measure of its joy is yet unknown,
Need only keep his Faith both sure and steady
To come sometime, somewhere, into his own!

—JOHN KENDRICK BANGS, in "*Harper's Weekly*."

Life and Action

A DOLLAR OR TWO.

“With cautious step, as we trace our way through
This intricate world as other folk do,
May we still on our journey be able to view
The benevolent face of a dollar or two;
For an excellent thing is a dollar or two;
No friend is so true as a dollar or two;
Through country and town, as we pass up and down,
No passport’s so good as a dollar or two.

“Would you read yourself out of the bachelor crew,
And the hand of a female divinity sue?
You must always be ready the handsome to do,
Although it should cost you a dollar or two.
Love’s arrows are tipped with a dollar or two,
And affection is gained by a dollar or two.
The best aid you can meet in advancing your suit
Is the eloquent clink of a dollar or two.

“Would you wish your existence with faith to imbue,
And enroll in the ranks of the sanctified few?
To enjoy a good name and a well-cushioned pew,
You must freely come down with a dollar or two,
The gospel is preached for a dollar or two,
And salvation is claimed for a dollar or two;
You may sin some at times, but the worst of all crimes
Is to find yourself short a dollar or two.”

(Author not known to us.)

Life and Action

SOME TIME.

Some time, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars for evermore have set,
The things which our weak judgment here has spurned—
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet—
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans are right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friend,
And that sometimes the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within, and all God's working see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day! Then be content, poor heart!
God's plans, like lilies pure and white, unfold;
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart;
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold,
And if, through patient toil we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest,
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we shall say that "God knew best."

—MRS. MAY RILEY SMITH.

Life and Action

KEEP A STEPPIN' TO DE BAND.

If yo' want to make connection in a heabenly direction,
When yo' hea' de halleluyah trumpet sound,
Yo' hab got to keep a walkin', keep yo' feet fo' eber knockin',
Got to keep 'em pattin' juba' on de ground.
If yo' laigs dey git-a-akin, an' yo' knees dey git-a-shakin',
An' yo' craw's a runnin' mighty short o' sand,
An' yo' eyes dey git-a-leakin', don' yo' nevah, nevah weaken—
Keep a steppin' to de music ob de band.

CHORUS.

Poom-bah! poom-bah! poom-bah! poom-bah!
Lissen to de ol' bass ho'n.
It's a gwine to be a tootin'
When de planets am a shootin'
An' a bustin' on de ressurection mo'n.
It's a tellin' yo' to hurry,
An' to nevah, nevah worry,
Marchin' upwa'd to de happy promis' land;
But yo' got to keep a goin',
Keep a heelin' an' a toein'
To de music ob de halleluyah band.

When de ressurection thundah splits creation all asundah,
An' de lightnin' am a flashin' in de sky;
When de wattahs ob de ocean git into wild commotion,
An' de busa'ds to de wildahnesses fly;
Ask de blessed Lawd to guide yo', for to come an' ma'ch
beside yo',
Fo' to hurry down an' take yo' by de hand;
Don' yo' nevah, nevah faltah, keep a clingin' to de altah,
An' a steppin' to de music ob de band.

CHORUS.

—By A. Tack.

Life and Action

AFFINITY.

“There is a principle in Nature which impels every entity to seek vibratory correspondence with another like entity of opposite polarity.”—From “*Harmonics of Evolution*,” by Florence Huntley.

1

When our old Mother Earth was very young,
Perhaps some twenty million years ago,
Two little atoms were together flung
From distant realms above, to earth below.

2

What atoms are, we can but merely guess,
For even Science is not really sure;
Electrons, polarized and under stress,
Or whirling vortex rings of ether pure.

3

What these two atoms were, or whence they sprung,
It matters not; but, their magnetic hearts
Drawn each to each, in close embrace they clung,
And came to earth to play their little parts.

4

Through countless years, these tiny entities,
Alternately of gas and liquid form,
Preserving still their own identities,
Pursued their way through fire and stress and storm.

5

From age to age, by fine attraction held,
Though parted oft, persistent in their course,
They formed new ties, and constantly they swelled
The numbers vast, moved by magnetic force.

Life and Action

6

Impelled by Law, aquiver with the shock,
They joined ten million myriads of their class,
And then combined to form the crudest rock:
Affinity thus bound the solid mass.

7

Stupendous changes now took place on earth:
Enormous rocks to awful heights were hurled;
Huge mountain chains and peaks were given birth;
As all the powers of Nature made a world.

8

Great floods of rain poured down from frigid height,
And spread upon the cooling world in streams,
To rise again in steam and clouds of white:
A constant war 'twixt temperature's extremes.

9

Through all this turmoil, turbulence and strife,
While Earth was thus prepared for usefulness,
Our little atoms led a strenuous life;
Yet were refined by Nature's rude caress.

10

Vibrations raised, their action more intense,
For finer forces they became prepared:
Susceptible to higher elements,
The Vito-Chemic life these atoms shared.

11

The line was crossed—these tiny atoms now
The vegetable kingdom entered in.
When this great change took place, or why, or how,
We may not know, but thus did plants begin.

Life and Action

12

Still ruled by Law, they sought out one another,
Two principles, akin to sex, applied:
Receptive one, and positive the other.
Affinity again was satisfied.

13

So generation started far and wide,
Luxuriant plant life flourished o'er the land;
The world with shrubs and vines was beautified,
And giant forests grew as Nature planned.

14

Thus Earth again prepared for greater need,
And, more refined, our atoms kept their course
Through root, and stalk, and leaf, and bud, and seed,
Vibrations raised still more, for higher force.

15

So sensitive they were and so refined,
That they were touched with Spirit life and aim.
In quick response the plant-cell changed in kind,
And higher cell of animal became.

16

Again the atoms crossed the kingdom line,
As animals first came upon the scene,
And, guided still by principles divine,
Were wedded close for purposes unseen.

17

Each animal sought out its fitting mate,
Each tiny cell its own harmonic cell,
Vibrating at a corresponding rate,—
Of opposite polarity as well.

Life and Action

18

This is the Law, a part of Nature's plan :
Each entity, through changes vast, refined
For higher forms from monad up to man
Affinity decides its place and kind.

19

By one great force the minerals are blent ;
Polarity of atoms rules them well.
The plants have still an added element,
The Vito-Chemical or Life of Cell.

20

The brute has both these elements, we know,
Besides the Spirit Life, to fill his role,
While Man has all the powers of those below,
And stands alone, in touch with that of Soul.

21

At first, all animals were coarse and crude,
But Evolution's progress upward ran,
And brute creation was the grand prelude
To Nature's final, crowning product, Man.

22

As atoms to vibrations high are keyed,
As simple cells evolve to more complex,
The animal develops to the need
And higher element in life reflects.

Life and Action

23

When this great point is fairly reached and passed,
The animal responds to finer force:
Soul element possesses him at last—
A Human Soul begins its earthly course.

24

And so our atoms now have gone the round
Of physical development on Earth.
Affinity's attractions they have found
Imperative and binding from their birth.

25

They've reached the limit of refinement here,
So far as modern science knows or cares;
They now may pass into a higher sphere
Beyond the realm of physical affairs.

26

Dame Nature built the human frame so fair,
The perfect animal, primeval man:
The Soul, the lord and master, entered there,
And over all her forces claimed command.

27

Unnumbered years she spent in this great scheme,
Evolving and refining every sense,
Till, ready for the Soul of Man supreme,
She individualized intelligence.

Life and Action

28

The Human Soul, for whom all things were made,
Begins its round on round of Earthly lives;
Experience gains, and passing through each grade,
Becomes more wise and potent as it strives.

29

The Soul of Man, with master will and brain,
Turned Evolution's course to some extent,
From physical to higher, mental plane,
Which served to speed the Soul's development.

30

Man's lower nature must respond, of course,
To all the laws that govern on that plane;
But power of will, the Soul's one mighty force,
Gives strength to rise and mastership obtain.

31

The Human Soul, in seeking for its mate,
To make complete its earthly happiness,
Makes use of all affinities innate,
But moderates and molds them more or less.

32

Affinity, that ruled atomic action;
That, in the plant, provided for its growth;
That, in the beast, decided sex attraction;
In human life, binds man and woman both.

Life and Action

33

The word, indeed, has been too much abused,
Degraded by its vile interpretations;
A splendid word, if properly 'tis used,
And rescued from its bad associations.

34

Affinities in human life include
All that in elemental life attracts;
But, dominated are these forces crude
By Soul, the master of our lives and acts.

35

Affinity of body, mind and soul;
This is the perfect, ideal, married state.
The Basic Law prevails throughout the whole,
But man oft learns the principle too late.

36

On every plane of active, human life,
Harmonics must prevail on every hand;
Affinity should mate the man and wife.
The Law is God's and man should understand.
—ERVIN A. RICE.

Life and Action

IF—FROM A WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

If you can let your foot-free friends surprise you
When all your household wheels are out of gear;
If you can get a meal when all about you
Are piled the things there wasn't time to clear;
If you can serve them simple things serenely,
Without a word about the plight you're in,
The while you say unto your soul, "Be seemly,"
And, in the bosom fight that follows, win,—

If you can love your child with all that's in you,
Yet firmly say the word that must be said;
Face tearful eyes and never let them daunt you,
And in the din that follows keep your head;
If you know life, yet trust your children in it
Because you see that God, who made the gale,
To vanquish sin gave unto man the Spirit,
Just as to fight head-winds He gave the sail,—

If you can win respect from those who serve you,
And run your home, and not let it run you;
If you can face details nor let them dwarf you,
And keep your outlook broad, your vision true;
If you can let your sands of time run daily
Into a headlong stream of endless tasks,
And do the things you hate and do them gladly,
Because to serve is all the joy Love asks,—

If you can do, without the dust of doing,
And toiling, keep your soul and body fine;
If you can right the words and deeds you're ruing,
And lean on Love yet not become a vine;
If you can be a worthy wife and mother
And wisely meet all this shall bring to you;
Fear not to share the burdens of your brother:
What Time shall ask, that, Woman, you can do!

—JANE DOWLING FOOTE.

Life and Action

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Attention is again called to our great National Patriotic Congress to be held at San Francisco next October. The importance of this federation idea and this opportunity for a grand popular demonstration and convention can hardly be over-estimated. We want to urge upon all friends of our public schools and other cherished free institutions, to call county and city conventions and arrange for delegates. Local lodges, castles and courts should take this matter up promptly and vigorously. There can be nothing lost by attending to this matter well ahead. This great forward movement calls for your loyal support.

Don't fail to send for patriotic booklet free, enclosing at the same time, five cents postage for folder and letter of particulars about the next National Convention. Address D. J. Reynolds, 424 Plymouth Building, Minneapolis, Minnesota. Please mention this paper.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, of *Life and Action*, published Bi-Monthly, at Chicago, Illinois, for May-June, 1915.

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Signed: J. E. Richardson.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23d day of March, 1915.

William Einfendt,

[Notarial Seal.]

Notary Public.

My Commission expires Mar. 1, 1916.

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