

spirit is grander than to live in the intellect. It is impossible for the intellect either to appreciate truth or to elevate man. The spiritual life gives refinement, gives culture. The nation that possesses a great poet or a great artist is grander than the nation that possesses a great statesman or a great scientist. Yet the spiritual life must not be limited to a few, but must become the life of every man. The growth of such a general spiritual life is the only salvation for humanity. The nation that finds it impossible to pass up from the intellectual to the spiritual is doomed. It is only when the cruelty, oppression, and social injustice of the present shall have become repugnant to the nature of man that these evils will be eradicated. Not until a universal spirit of kindness shall prevail, not until mankind shall recognize the value of even the meanest human life is it possible for us to have a universal peace.

The spiritual life of the twentieth century will be a life lived in the determination to see things as they really are. It will be a life lived in accordance with things as they really are. It will be a life of truth. He that would find truth must follow passively the lead of his inner consciousness, and accept no other guide. Public opinion is seldom truth. The so-called practical common sense is but the cloak of ignorance. Arguments from experience are the resort of those that have never had any real experience. Yet the iconoclast will never find truth. Radicalism without reason is like a mind darkened by insanity. Truth must be sought midway between extremes. Extreme opinions are the surest sign of a little mind. The spiritual nature of man is the only infallible judge of truth. The intellect has no power to discriminate between truth and falsehood. Whatever appeals fully to my inner consciousness is truth. Whatever does not appeal fully to my inner consciousness is not truth to me though all the wise men of the world should say it was. The soul of man knows neither falsehood, nor evil, nor injustice. These are but the phases of this earthly life.

Truth is eternal. The life of man is three score and ten years. Truth may, indeed, for a time, be obscured by the selfishness of man, but it will not be extinguished. As man sows, so shall he reap. The longer truth is suppressed, the greater will be the outbreak. When that outbreak comes—and it always comes—it comes supported by swords and bayonets, and is called a revolution. The service of truth is the grandest service ever offered to man. Yet the man that would serve truth must be of the stock that heroes are made of. The path that he chooses is the path trodden by the feet of martyrs. Most miserable is the lot of the man that is born before his time! An outcast from the world his only refuge in his own soul. Yet truth hidden in one age is revealed to the next, and his memory shall be honored with a crown that is grander than the crowns of kings—the reverence of the future. Luther, Emerson, Charles Darwin will be remembered when Napoleons are forgotten.

How shall I obtain this spiritual life? Where shall I find a teacher versed in the principles of this grander existence? Go to nature. Study her principles of progress, her methods of curing evils. Nature taught the poets, artists, and reformers of the past. Nature inspired all that is noblest in the life of man. The proper study of mankind is nature, a study broad as the universe, infinite as time. Drink of nature and you shall forget the trials and tribulations of this earthly existence in the contemplation of a life that is eternal. Let nature teach you to live first for yourself, to form your life in the light of your own conscience. Let nature teach you to seek the approval of yourself only, to develop your character to the fullness of perfection though no man shall know it. All the grandeur of a star-lit sky, all the glory of a flaming sunset, all

the beauty of the flowering fields existed for ages before human eye lived to see them. Let nature teach you that life means struggle. Yet struggle, and struggle only, ennobles. The oak grows the nobler for the mistletoe, but the mistletoe is degraded. Every pea in the pod, every kernel on the ear of corn exists only by the death of its fellow. Yet from death shall rise up life. Like the myth of the north the strength of the dead shall become the inheritance of the living. Through the course of years the progress of the whole has meant the suffering of the parts. Through the years to come the progress of humanity will mean human suffering. Let nature teach you patience and humility. The flower never attempts to bloom in the winter, nor is it possible for the longings of all the seeds that lie waiting to hasten the spring time. Not all the wealth of a Croesus, not all the intellect of a Bacon can hasten or delay progress a single day. When the corn is ripe, the reaper comes. The rivers of earth are wiser than you. They flow in the course appointed by nature and reach the sea. Every evil in nature carries with it its cure, and the evil cured by nature never returns. All interference is resented. Would that man with his puny meddlings would recognize that nature has inner harmony that must be preserved. Nature wishes no aid from man. From star dust she alone has evolved the human soul. Through the course of past geologic ages nature has wrought out her own salvation; and, now, through all the departments of human effort runs the command of nature, "Hands off." Nature only is perfect, and man should bow in reverence to the inscrutable methods of the God of nature.

Science says the end of life is knowledge. Poetry says the end of life is love. Philosophy says the end of life is happiness; religion, that the end of life is faith. The soul of man transcending all these, says the end of life is culture, the living in complete, rounded harmony with nature, the sympathizing with life and with men as they really are. The soul of the cultured man, of the man that lives in the perfection of his spiritual development, vibrates in unison with nature. The lowly and despised find sympathy there. To the cultured man all things bear the stamp of perfect fitness to their ends.

Such are the teachings of nature, and you who would oppose the conclusions of the intellect show me a teacher more worthy. Point me to your churches, builders of temples to the Son of Man. But sad it is that religion from being a vague and solemn soul-worship has come to be only an intellectual appreciation of a formulated set of opinions. Only that religion is of value which is a spontaneous and subjective out-flowing from the soul. Point me to your colleges, you who are lost in admiration of the great intellects of the nineteenth century. But while our colleges make intellectual giants they make spiritual dwarfs. Sad it is, beyond all other sadness, that while the temporal and earthly part of man is remembered the eternal and heavenly part of him is forgotten. No! Suffering humanity wandering like the eternal Jew through all the nations of earth in search of peace, must come back to nature, back to Mimer's fountain that flows eternally beneath the tree of life—the fountain whence alone can be drawn alleviation for all the care and strife and heartache of this world. Nature only can heal the soul when it has been wounded by contemplation of the suffering and anguish of common life. The power that raises man to the spiritual plane is sympathy, and comes not unsought. If you would find this magic stone that transforms the dross of earthly vanity into the gold of spiritual joy you must seek in anguish of spirit, for only they that seek thus shall find. When you shall have obtained this spiritual life, when you shall have lived your forty days in the wilderness will you be fit for a teacher of men. In the light of a universal spiritual life will man first appear in the full splendor of