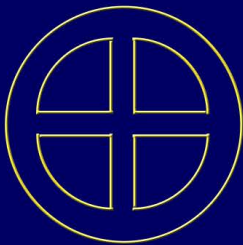


Dawn-Thought

By

Wm. Lloyd



Dawn-Thought

Dawn-Thought: On the Reconciliation

**A Volume of Pantheistic Impressions and
Glimpses of Larger Religion**

J. Wm. Lloyd

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“**O**NE GOD, ONE law, one element:
And one far-off event
To which the whole creation moves.”

—Tennyson, “In Memoriam.”

“Wisdom is of the soul, is not susceptible of proof, is its
own proof, ...
Is the certainty of the reality and Immortality of things,
and the excellence of things.”

—Walt Whitman, “Song of the Open Road.”

THIS IS A book, O Reader, that you will not agree with, but if you read it you will never forget it, and ten years from now it will seem truer to you than to-day.

Contents

Eht Terces	xii
Dawn-Thought	1
The Dawning of the Thought	2
The Dawn-Thought	6
There is but One	8
The Center and the Two Aspects of the Divine	11
The Consciousness of Individuality	13
The Reconciliation	16
The Cheer of the Dawn Thought	18
Of Solidarity	21
Of Prophecy	26
Fate and Free-Will	28
The Reason of Evil	29
Loss of Memory	32
All-in-All Salvation and Forgiveness.	35

Of Divine Suffering and Happiness	37
The Large Religion	39
The Sickness of the Dark Side	44
Freedom	46
Beautiful Discontent and the Soul Supreme	49
The Religion of Embrace and Aspiration	53
Of Immortality and the Great Consolation	55
Both-Seeing and the Use of the Underlook	57
A Universe of Contradictions	60
The Two of the One	61
Of Love that Holds and Liberates	65
Genius and the Ideal.	68
Of Hero-Worship and Demigods	70
We Find Our Own	72
The Genesis of the Ungenuine	73
The Real	75
Emanuel	78
The Path	80
Blending	82
Character	86
The Variety and Uniformity in Universal Life	87
The Image	89

Living and Outliving	90
The Service of Reversion	92
God-Names	93
At-One-Ment	95
Satisfaction in Dawn-Thinking	96
The Dawn	97
Good and Evil in the Partial	98
Fanaticism and Common-sense	102
The Heart of Religion	104
Acceptance and the Contradiction in Prayer	105
Life and Faith	110
Enlargement	112
The Dawn-Joy	113
The Light of the World	114
Superstition and Knowledge	115
Pain and Fear the Utterance of the Partial	117
Greatness	119
Frankness	121
An Answer on Politeness	124
Sin is Refused Growth	126
The Ongo	128
The Virtue of Sin	129

The Hard and the Soft	131
The Large Contains Contradiction	138
The Word "God"	139
Of Certain Meanings and Matters in Love	141
Mother Love	150
Of Marriage	153
The Evolution of Words	157
Life's Hard and Soft in Art	159
Of the Spirit-World and Its Importance	162
Of Reincarnation	180
Summary of Spirit Doctrine	182
Why Evil is First and Love Last	185
The Passion for Greatness	188
The Bends and Reaches in the River of Life	198
Truth is Central; Limits are Arbitrary and False	200
Evolution in Battle	204
Of the Lover and Beloved and the Uplift and Fitness in Loving	207
The Assurance of Greatness	212
To Be Good	215
Of Vital Unity	216

Of the Counter Truth Individuality, and Its Relation to Unity	221
Noblesse Oblige	225
We Return and Reap	227
Sowing and Reaping	229
Somewhat on Liberty and Love and the Ethics of the Dawn	231
Conscience	240
The Law of Right Between Societies	241
Of War and Peace	244
Reality	258
Natural and Artificial	259
The Law of Opposites Proved in Messiah-men	262
Of Conscience and Evil	264
Heredity	268
Adumbrations	272
Infinity	278
Finer Forces	281
The True Cross	285
Of Pessimism, the Infidel, and the Believer	287
Sex	290
Modesty	292

Love, Sacrifice, Parenthood	296
Home	301
The New Chivalry	306
The At-one-ment in Marriage	307
The Religion of Atheism	312
Of True Individuality	317
An Afterword	319
A Correction and Comment	322
Writings	326
Bibliography	328

Eht Terces

○ give me the grace of a tolerant heart,
Of a thought so large as the sphere of men,
A joy to hold, and health to impart,
The inside touch and the linking ken!

Lo, the trees of the wood are my next of kin,
And the rocks alive with what beats in me;
The clay is my flesh, and the fox my sin,
I am fierce with the gad-fly, and sweet with the bee.

The flower is naught but the bloom of my love,
And the waters run down in the tune I dream,
The sun is my flower, uphung above,
I flash with the lightning, with falcons scream.

All prophets have broken to me my creed,
All sceptics have saved my faith alive.
All superstitions I know, indeed.
From infinite depths their truth derive.

I worship the serpent and shining sun,
The carven wood, and the mystic stone,
Brahma, Allah, Sweet Mary's Son,
The Power Inclusive, known, unknown,

I worship all, yet I stand up free;
To all I reach with the equal hand;
Saint, disciple, and devotee.
Infidel, atheist, mystic, stand.

I cannot die, though forever death
Weave back and fro in the warp of me,
I was never born, yet my births of breath
Are as many as waves on the sleepless sea.

I am God in heaven, and soul in hell,
The murderer damned, and the hero dead,

An orb where the stars in their nations dwell,
The babe, the parent, the maiden wed.

Before I was, and I still shall be,
When the worlds are dead and the suns hang cold;
And the secrets of all eternity
Are mine to remember when all is told.

I came from the loins of the highest king,
And whenever my home my footsteps find,
I shall know, I shall be the infinite thing,
All, all, shall inherit, to loose or bind.

I am brother of all, and them I am,
I may plead not guilty to not one sin;
I am slavish born as the seed of Ham,
Yet the infinite sceptre my hand fits in.

I must drink all joy, and breathe all pain,
Live out each virtue, and every crime,
All shames must suffer, all plaudits gain,
Of all soul-growings be soil and clime.

For the All is One, and all are part,
And not apart as they seem to be;
And the blood of life has a single heart,
Beating through God, and clod, and me.

And the river of life is a stream of force.
Through endless circles forever run;
And no thing hath from another divorce,
Yet liberty opens while love makes one.

Dawn-Thought

The Dawning of the Thought

IN THE WINTER of '96-'97 I rode into the city of New York each morning from my home in New Jersey, and to beguile the journey used generally to carry some little book of Emerson's or Carpenter's. One I had been thus reading, and was halfway on my way, when a sudden illuminating thought entered my mind that stopped all reading for that day, and has had a profound influence on my life ever since. It came with all the sincerity and light of a true inspiration, and, strangely enough, upon a subject to which I had before given but slight attention indeed—namely Pantheism. Of course my discerning reader will at once trace a connection, and find an origin for this, in

my course of reading, and may be right, but if so I was unconscious of it. Emerson and the Transcendentalists had been favorites, since childhood, in my reading, but with no reference to this. I had long been a contented Agnostic, and felt toward Pantheism as toward all other theories of God and the universe, regarding all as guesses at truth, unproved hypotheses, to which I had little appetite. Indeed I rather disliked Pantheism, for no better reason than this, that its logical end, I thought, was Nirvana, and Nirvana, I concluded, and had been told, meant annihilation to the individual. Not reflecting very much on the subject, however, I did not observe that practically all, or at least most religions and philosophies, came to some such conclusion. Materialism, for example, ends us here, and then dissolves us into the universe, which is a sort of Nirvana; and the Christian in heaven is so resigned to the will of God, so absorbed in devotion, that he is practically resolved into the Divine Being. The

progressive spirit of the Spiritualist is on the same road, and must get there in time; and, in brief, unless we adopt the theory that there is in the universe a True Polytheism—many independent intelligences and forces—we are forced to some such conclusion. Nevertheless, the idea of annihilation was repulsive to my strong Individualism, and I disliked Pantheism with the rest. And yet I had been inclined all my life to adopt the theory that there was in the universe but one force, which was all, one element, one substance, interchanging forms endlessly. Clearly this was fertile soil for Pantheism, yet heretofore the seed had not taken root.

But the thought, or intuition, or revelation, that came to me that bright January morning, was one that suddenly removed my objection to Nirvana. I do not think I could have derived it from Emerson or Thoreau or Whitman or Carpenter, for I nowhere find that they have expressed it; and, so far as I still know, it is what

we call an "original" idea. And it seemed not only to run like a magnetic current through all my world of chaotic facts and theories, suddenly arranging all in beautiful order and coherence, but it seemed, at the same time, to cast a flood of light over the authors named, so that, for the first time, I felt that I understood them, and had in my hand the key to all their secrets and hard sayings. And a certain sub-conscious bitterness and cynicism which I had experienced for years seemed to have dropped away also, and I felt a glad sense of peace and reconciliation. For the first time I felt I understood why all these transcendentalists manifested such a bright, healthy cheerfulness; something that had before both attracted and surprised me. For I think no other believers, of any sort, seem so serenely, comfortably cheery at all times, and utterly without gall, as Pantheists.

The Dawn-Thought

WELL, NOT TO detain the reader, this Dawn Thought of mine was to the effect that absorption of the individual into the Divine did not mean annihilation, but the contrary in the extreme sense—that it was the arriving at real, full-grown, complete and conscious Individuality, impossible before. There was but One.

This view of the matter may be familiar enough, for aught I know, to Buddhistic and Brahminical thinkers, but to me it was altogether new and self-derived, so to speak.

For when we come to reflect upon that on which I had not before reflected, and to reason about that which seemed to come to me in

an instant without reasoning, the argument appears like this:

There is but One

THERE IS BUT One. Call it what we please, the Universe, or God, or by any other name, it is the same. The Serpent has his tail in his mouth; the chain of causation and relation is nowhere broken, nor can be. If the One created the universe, he must have made it from himself, for there was nothing else to make it from, and it must still be himself, as the body is the man in his outward aspect. If this theory is true, everything is convertible (the philosopher's stone not such a chimera after all) and in the last analysis all are one and the same. Matter is but congealed spirit, and spirit but sublimated matter, and each transformable into the other. Granite is no more substantial

than hope, and thought is as real a substance as marble or diamond. The One must be Life, and everything must be alive, metal and sand, lightning-flash, stick and rainbow, imagination, laughter and pain.

Separateness cannot be real, but must be a sort of illusion, for everything is cemented and related on every side, and cannot find a free chink to peep through, or anywhere to draw in a free breath from the outer. There is, philosophers say, "no vacuum in nature," which is a confession of oneness and continuity.

But if the all is Divine it must be so in each and every part, and more or less so according to the quantity contained within its form. For, as Swedenborg shows, an individual or separate is but a form, through which the universe flows like a stream—the quality of the individual depending upon the form, or upon the aggregate of contained forms, or individuals, within the form, for most individuals are confederations or societies of lesser individuals.

But if there is no real break in the continuity of nature, and if each is a part of all, and not only that but inseparably united to it, then each and all are one and the same; and if any can be called God then God is all, and all is God, jointly and severally, wholly and in part. If this is true, each man is God, and all men are God; and not only that but every animal, bird, leaf, stone, and clod, likewise every force and every thought, is God.

The Center and the Two Aspects of the Divine

BUT IF SEPARATENESS is not actual it is apparent and relative. When we touch a man's finger-nail we touch him, but it is not the same as touching a nerve, it is not the same to touch the nerve as to touch the brain. According to the form, the indwelling life and divinity are more or less apparent and revealed. While life and a sort of intelligence are everywhere, they are not the same in degree or expression, they differ in consciousness.

Just as in man, while he is one, there is a part where consciousness, intelligence, and volition are especially located, and the other parts differ in their greater or lesser distance from that, in their greater or less resemblance

to it; so in the Universal One there probably, somewhere, is a part which is “God,” or “Father,” (better Father-Mother or Parent) in the peculiar sense—consciousness, life, intelligence, force, in the pure or essence—and other parts may be classified by their greater or less distance from this Center, their greater or less resemblance to it.

There are then two aspects of the Divine—God in the peculiar or personal sense (which is the truth expressed in all anthropomorphic conceptions) the Center, the Pure, the Essence, the Parent, the Maker, the Fountain-Head, who may be symbolized by the intersection of two, thus, +, and God in the inclusive or pantheistic sense, who is the All-in-All, the Inclusive One, the Infinite, symbolized by a circle or sphere, ○. Not that these are really separate, or two, for they are really One, ⊕, but that thus the mind may the more conveniently handle the subject.

The Consciousness of Individuality

AND THIS, TOO, was in my thought, that there was really, all the time, but One Individual in all the universe, constituting it, but multitudes of apparent individuals, or forms, and in each apparent individual a consciousness of the Real Individual, mingled with and modified by a greater or less illusion of separateness (according to the greater or less attainment) causing the part, or form, to regard itself for the time as a separate individual. What therefore we call our individual consciousness is really our apprehension of the One Only Individual; and he seems thus because he really is our ego, or self, our life, and we have no existence or intelligence apart. To lose this apprehension of

individuality would be annihilation; therefore it, in the last analysis, is the one thing that seems sure to us. I am, I exist, is the foundation faith, the primal postulate. Like the forking fingers of the hand, we are separate and yet not separate, but one through the arm; like the branches of a river, we are apart, yet all one in the main current.

Through all the lower forms of the universe, up to man, there is an increase in consciousness; and in man, through all the lower forms up to the Grand Man, there is a steady enlargement of consciousness, and of self-conscious dignity, divinity, and identity with the universe, until at last, in Nirvana, the man completes his changes of elusive separateness, and emerges into complete consciousness of all, and of himself as that all. In absolutely losing self he first completely finds self, which is the key to many dark sayings in the world's Bibles, which explains the ineradicable altruistic passion for the first time, and its hold on the world's highest

and purest minds, and the enthusiasm we all feel in the presence of its manifestations; for the less selfish we are, that is, the less we feel ourselves separate selves, the nearer we come to the Center, approach to which is our law of growth, and in our growth is our happiness.

The Reconciliation

AND HERE, TOO, in its reconciliation of Individuality and Solidarity, we strike a key-note of this philosophy, a basic truth to be perpetually affirmed and returned to, that in it extremes meet and opposites are reconciled. It is the Reconciliation. In affirming all religions, all philosophies, all sciences, all faiths, all earnest teachers, as true, it destroys antagonisms, prejudice, and bitterness, and creates true tolerance, respect, and fraternity. For as truth is the food of our growth, we can never really forgive one whom we think withholds it from us with evil intent, or who teaches us falsity. We are obliged to fear the liar, and dread the false view. "Do you love me?" says Emerson, "means.

Do you see the same truth?" And until men are reconciled about truth they can never be reconciled at all, and "love your neighbor" is an impracticable precept.

Love is the mending of the shattered sphere.

The Cheer of the Dawn Thought

ONE OF THE first and most striking things to be observed about this philosophy, or religion, is its effect upon the spirits of the believer. It is infinite in its possibilities of mental cheer. It fills at once the life of the meanest man with dignity and grace—for he is not only a child of God but one with him, the Infinite Universe itself in ultimate destiny, becoming that so far, and so fast, as he opens his soul and enlarges it to the divine comprehensiveness. He is heir to the full estate, with no rivals. All powers, all forces, all possessions, are his. His immortality is assured, made fast by every promise and every fact. It is more than a hope, it is unthinkable otherwise. No longer need of

worry about time. You have all the time there is; and all eternity too, if there is any difference, is yours. No longer dread death; it is only one of the necessary changes and progressive steps which lead to your inheritance. Rise up in the dignity and majesty of your manhood, above pettiness of care and anxiety, and be as a god on the earth, conscious of your worth and destiny, large and frank and generous and free, as becomes one of princely wealth and fortune. You can no longer afford to feel small or be small—noblesse oblige. There is a new heaven, which is divine attainment, a new hell, which is distance from the Divine, and a new earth, in which liberated man, free of fear, filled with the health of a great thought, walks joyously onward. No other religion holds out so high a hope, offers so grand a destiny or so great a reward. And this for all men and all things, absolutely without exception. It is truly universal and inclusive, therefore thoroughly satisfies the broadest intellect and the most

generous emotion. It more than meets
Tennyson's beautiful inspiration:—

"I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last to all."

Of Solidarity

AND ANOTHER BEAUTIFUL corollary is the fraternal feeling evoked. No other religion may compare with it here. The Hindoo's brotherhood is limited by his caste, the Jew's by his race, the Christian's by his sect, or, at largest, by his faith, for he cannot be "unequally yoked together with unbelievers" ("or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel?"), but the Pantheist can make no exceptions, may exclude none. All men are his brothers, nay, more, are himself. To love his neighbor as himself is to him no empty precept, but a logical necessity of his faith. All other human beings whatever are a part of his very body and soul. His life is one with their life. But he may not stop even

here. He is united with everything,—beast, tree, flower, and rock,—he is they, and they are he, and one great life binds all. Does not this contain a possible explanation of the mysteries of vital magnetic healing, of nutrition? May not one life feed another, one body be transformed into another body, and into life for that body? Why not, if all is of the same?

All petty obstacles and prejudices of race, of nationality, of country, of color, fade away and disappear in the sunrise of this grand, this magnificent generalization. The true Pantheist knows only one country, one nation, one race, one religion, and himself lives through all and in all. He cannot help realizing the inspired words of Thomas Paine (no grander ones in any Bible!) "The world is my country, to do good my religion;" and again he agrees with him when he says, "I believe in one God, and no more." With the Mohammedan he cries, "There is one God, and Mohammed is his prophet!" and further agrees with him that every country and race

and time has its prophet, suited to its genius. He accepts all religions and all religious teachers, and rises serenely above them, distributing the merit and truth of each with impartial gratitude, and correcting their mistakes in the generous light of a brighter day. "With the Unitarian he is one with the One God; with the Universalist he has condemnation for none. And with the Polytheist he sees the God to be worshiped in everything, and understands how it has come about, in the course of human evolution, that each thing has come before the mind of man—the stars and sex, hero, serpent, ape, and stone and lightning-flash and little bird and fish and flower—in its infinite mystery, rightfully demanding and receiving his adoration. For on one side everything reaches to and takes hold on the Inmost (and on every side is touched and penetrated by and made inseparable from the Inclusive) and is divine. And there is nothing omitted.

And he can see, too, the truth of the Atheist's feeling that in all the universe he can find no God, only himself and his own consciousness, for that, too, is fact; he is all, and it is only the larger and purer part of himself that a man calls "God" (his Ideal of Perfection in character), and he is free to worship or not, as he pleases, without condemnation; nay, whatever he may say or do, or leave undone, he inevitably does worship, for no man may escape the flow of his spirit toward his Ideal, and this is worship in its central sense. The Atheist as truly worships as the most posturing formalist, only he represents the other side.

With the Comptist, only in larger view, the Pantheist sees God in Humanity, and Humanity as God. With the Materialist he can see that all is matter, and with the Spiritualist that all is spirit, for these are but different terms for interchangeable forms of the same thing. With the Agnostic he agrees that there is always an Unknowable for the finite mind. But when the

finite mind enlarges into the Infinite it shall know all things even as it was known; and it is only in the light of the Dawn-Thought that such a passage of scripture can be justified or explained, for, obviously and logically, no finite can ever embrace or comprehend the infinite.

And so the Pantheist has in the Dawn-Thought a master-key to open all doors, a master principle wherewith to arrange all sciences, a universal solvent to reduce all things to the one and original element.

Of Prophecy

15

AND IS IT not true that only some form of Deism can explain the undoubted fact of prevision and prophecy, to which all ages and faiths offer such abundant testimony? At least it is very easy to understand that if there is only one penetrative and omnipresent Life, resident in every atom of the universe, constituting, forming, controlling it in every detail, then this Life knows all, what has been, what is, what shall be, and this knowledge can, under favorable and necessary conditions, be communicated. A finite mind which had to some extent lost its separateness, and mingled more freely with the great currents of being, could then read the Book of Life for many pages, backward

or forward, or both, or know the secrets of distance. Thus could psychometry, prophecy, clairvoyance, be explained. Certainly I know of no materialistic philosophy which even attempts to explain prophecy. It contents itself with denial.

Fate and Free-Will

AND THIS SUGGESTS the old riddles of fate and free-will, and confirms and reconciles both of these apparently implacable opponents. Our inextinguishable conviction of free-will and our equally irrepressible conviction of immortal individuality both manifestly refer to the same fact, our latent, semi-conscious, and becoming God-hood. It is on our inward, our Central side, that we have free-will, immortality, individuality; on our outward, or world-side, we are mortal, and thrown, bound hand and foot, into the stream of an irresistible fate.

The Reason of Evil

AND THIS, MY Dawn-Thought, gives me the first and only explanation of evil that has for a moment satisfied me. Indeed, it was the moral objection to the existence of a Divinity, brought before me by the unchecked existence of evil and the elaborate provision for its perpetuity that the universe presents in every part, that seemed logically to force me into Atheism, and only when I could see some reasonable justification for the making and keeping of evil could I accept Deity as a possibility.

But the view which my Dawn-thinking gave me of evil was this: Only the whole can be perfect, the part is necessarily incomplete. Any partition whatever, then, in the universe, and

any separateness, real or apparent, any distance from the Divine, must mean incompleteness; and to be incomplete is to be imperfect, and to be imperfect is, necessarily and inevitably, to be subject to all the evils that only completeness and perfection can remedy. But action requires the actor and the object acted upon; therefore the Divine One, in order to have action, has to project himself into outer forms on which he can act, to part and separate himself to a certain extent; and this partition, while to a great extent only an appearance and an illusion, is still, in its relation to the consciousness of the parts and in its relation to the necessities of the Divine Action, a real thing. The parts feel themselves to be, and to that extent are, separate. In the Divine Contemplation, the Divine Rest, the Divine Unity, the Divine Sympathy, the Divine Embrace, they are one; but in the Divine Action they resolve into parts, acted upon and acting on each other. This is the Mystery, the Paradox. But the parts, being thus apart, are incomplete,

and being incomplete are subject to evil. Being imperfect in health, they are subject to sickness; being imperfect in wisdom, they are subject to ignorance; being imperfect in virtue, they are subject to sin; being imperfect in strength, they are subject to weakness. This can best be illustrated by shattering a sphere. Now each piece is imperfect, being less than the sphere, and of another shape. Only when all fit together again in the order of their breaking is harmony restored, and this not for each, as a separate one, but for all together as One.

18

This imperfectness, this evil in the parts, is inevitable, a necessity of their being as parts, and cannot be avoided, even by the Divine, until Nirvana is attained. When we attain it, it will all appear right to us, for we shall see that it was all the time our plan and our willing sacrifice.

Loss of Memory

BUT AS THE Divine, in order to act, must project members which shall feel themselves separate, just as a cell must extemporize organs and members in order to exercise functions, and as every such specialization of function carries with it a consequent weakness and limitation as well as a peculiar strength, and is obliged to be different in order to feel separate, so there seems to have been a simple, efficient device regularly adopted by the Center, in order that the separation of the parts should to themselves appear real. Loss of memory is this, in one word; for if any part could realize all its previous existence it would at once know itself as one and continuous,

and not as broken off and dissevered. With every re-birth of a projected life into a new form, previous existence in past forms and in Nirvana is usually completely forgotten (except a sort of sub-conscious memory), and the life seems to be, by reason of this, an entirely new and independent existence. (To the Divine Contemplation all must appear One, but in the Divine Action there is a working fiction, if I may so express it, of separateness, the Divine Center, as a part, acting upon the Divine Outer, or surrounding parts, as a sun upon its system. Therefore separateness is a paradox, both real and unreal, but in the deepest, truest sense unreal. Unity is the central truth, the Truth.) Manifestly it is only thus that apparent separateness can be attained, for, if we recollected our past existence, we should realize perfectly our continuity and Divinity. But God sends us strong delusion that we should believe a lie.

This explains and justifies to me our forgetfulness of past existence which previously had always been to me an inscrutable mystery, an unjustifiable evil.

All-in-All Salvation and Forgiveness.

BUT AS THE inclusive One is not subject himself to this illusion, as his consciousness remains perfect, so he knows himself all and in all, whatever is felt he feels, whatever is done he does, whatever we suffer he suffers, all action and cessation are his. And this is the only reasonable explanation of the Christian saying that he bears our sins and suffers our sorrows. And as all is himself, and as self-love is perfect love, and as he cannot condemn his own acts, his forgiveness is perfect. His love for us is perfect love, he is the sinner and the saviour in one. His righteousness, the perfectness of the whole of which we are parts, is imputed to us, and by it we are saved. Were it possible to fall

out of the grasp of the Whole we should be annihilated, but that is impossible, for outside there is nothing, there is no outside.

Of Divine Suffering and Happiness

AND YET, THOUGH the Divine commits all our sins and bears all our sorrows, it is not to be supposed that he sins as we sin, or suffers as we do. For even with us it is constantly to be observed that what to us was once a sin proves, with a larger environment and in the light of higher knowledge, no sin, though the same act; and what causes us pain and sadness becomes, in the same way, in our progressive development, adapted and justified into beauty, ease, and gladness. So the Inclusive One, consistently carrying out his plans, commits no sin; for he cannot injure himself. Although he commits in us all the acts that we, in relation to ourselves, call sins, and although he feels in us

all our emotions which cause us pain, he does not really fear, or sin, or suffer, because he understands these acts and emotions and their use and cannot regret his own perfect deeds. In other words, while he commits all and feels all, the poison of evil, so to speak, is, in his case, instantly neutralized by his wholeness. For wholeness (holiness) is health, and as we progressively enlarge into Godhood we lose sin and sadness and sickness and realize how little important, what mists and fictions they were.

The Large Religion

NO OTHER VIEW of the universe, that I know of, can so satisfy the soul of man as this, because no other contains its largeness, its promise of infinite expansion.

O give me room! the free soul saith,—for in all others man becomes a mere unit in a series, a link in a chain, and is forever helplessly and hopelessly limited and subordinate.

The relation of this philosophy to truth is especially to be noted, and has been somewhat remarked upon in the foregoing. Its position is that because all expressions of life and thought are from the Divine, therefore all are true, and not one to be despised, or rejected in toto. But, again, as each is the proximate act of a finite

and partial intelligence, strained and filtered through the limitations of a partial form, and as only complete intelligence can furnish or express complete truth, therefore all are false, and not to be accepted or believed in toto. Here, again, extremes meet and opposites accord in reconciliation. Faith and skepticism are seen to be equally valuable and justified, and to be used concerning every assertion of fact or intuition. From this application necessarily springs the broadest eclecticism, the widest tolerance, the keenest intelligence, the justest impartiality, the fairest comparisons, the most generous sympathy, the readiest appreciation. Prejudice and bigotry disappear, and free-thought and free-discussion, in their most ideal forms, inevitably assert themselves.

All doctrines, philosophies, religions, become merely as a bunch of keys in the hands of the wise man, which he tries in succession upon every problem presented to him, seeking

for the right one to unlock the secret. To him they are tools, not codes; he is above them.

In this philosophy, wisdom and goodness consist in enlarging, in becoming God, in becoming reconciled and one with universal life. It is not a state of obedience, but of being. A state of supremacy, of superiority, of strength and health radiating its own virtue. Do we not find this true in life, that in proportion as we enlarge we increase in freedom, tolerance, courage, wisdom, easy-working strength; become genial, generous, and magnanimous, helpful to others? Codes no longer trouble us; we often violate their letter, but we vindicate our virtue on a higher plane. And all men expect this of us. "We do not wonder that the weak, ignorant man is envious, irritable, deceitful, passion-ridden; but these faults in the strong, richly-endowed man seem monstrous to us. And when a large, wise, strong man is virtuous it never excites surprise; it seems to us only

appropriate and natural, like due proportion in a statue.

For every man has his ideal of what is just, right, proportionate, appropriate; an ideal constantly enlarging with its attainment, his growth in any direction. "We despise conceit, egotism, complacency; because these mean that a man is satisfied with his attainment, and is resting there in contented stupidity, short of the true Nirvana. This that we call the ideal in us is the instinct of growth, of enlargement, the impulse to attain, to become Divine, to include all things, and understand all. And whenever we find attainment, or what appears relatively to be such, in any thing or creature, in any direction, what we call admiration or worship is excited. We cannot help worshiping transcendent beauty, wisdom, strength, power, genius, because here is the Divine manifest. Our ideals live before us in the great, and we recognize their attainment, their worth-ship, their divinity. And the more generously and

frankly we worship, while at the same time clearly but kindly recognizing all attendant weaknesses, the better it is for our own enlargement. We grow in the likeness of what we admire. We should be quick and generous to praise every beautiful feature, every brave deed, every wise word, every great thought; for by so doing we grow the God in ourselves and others.

The Sickness of the Dark Side

CONVERSELY, BY CONSTANTLY dwelling on the faults and failures and errors of those persons and doctrines presented to us, we become harsh, rigid, deformed, bitter, and limited in our growth. We shrink instinctively from the critical, cynical man, for he checks our growth like a frost. He is very wise in the matter of holes and old clothes, but he does not mend nor make.

25

If you would be well, trouble not about disease, but delight in health. It is very well to see a fault, but the slightest standing upon it as a finality, the slightest pessimism and hopelessness about it, is unmanly and sickening, starves and shrivels us.

Pessimism is a symptom of disease and stagnation. Lice do not trouble fat cattle. Don't trouble about the evils of the passing present, but appreciate every joy, and keep every body thinking about the ideal future, and the world spins merrily on. For life is growth, and growth is toward the light. Life is the cure of death, health of sickness, joy of sorrow, love of hate, hope of fear, virtue of sin. Waste no time in remorse, but step on your mistake, and make it lift you up. Every weakness has its own strength. The compensations are adequate.

Freedom

INEVITABLY THIS PHILOSOPHY leads to freedom in its widest. It liberates from all laws, rules, codes, dogmas, formulas. These are indeed seen to be useful, but only as guides, working-plans, advices, tools. They are not finalities or masters. A principle is to be followed till the exception comes, and then, and there (where the opposing extreme claims its equal right) is found a neutral ground and an open door through which the freed soul goes outward and upward to higher perception. And this freedom, claimed for self, inevitably extends to all, for all are equal in need, in ultimate destiny and attainment, all are one, and the last word of existence is solidarity. And again, immediately

and proximately, there is benefit in freedom for all; for as each is traveling his own road to attainment, each has his own special view of the truth, each his own special development of the in-growing Divine, and this experience we imperatively need to share to supplement our own. It is therefore of the first importance that we should not impose our growth on him, for that aborts him, and leaves us where we are (both balked together), but that we should aid and encourage his enlarge in his own way, so that he may aid and growth us by his discoveries and conquests. There is infinite division of labor in this search for attainment, this struggle for the ideal, this humanity becoming God; and whoso hinders any stupidly stops himself and all. For each man's works, and discoveries, and valor, and eccentricity, and peculiarities, have value for us all, are a part of our wealth, stored labor and working capital—tools to the wise hand.

And again, the very spirit of this religion makes anything but freedom impossible; for as a religion it is not a creed, or a dogma, or a ritual, but progress, attainment, development, growth, enlargement, expansion to the infinite; and all this requires freedom, fluency, adaptation, receptivity, and appreciation in their most perfect and generous forms as the very law of growth. It is the only religion that is perfectly sweet throughout, without a terror or a prejudice or a hate. It is all "sweetness and light."

Beautiful Discontent and the Soul Supreme

SO JEALOUS OF freedom is the wise man that he will not bind himself by any habit, good or bad, nor will he let any passion, not even the purest love, get the mastery over his life. For any passion or desire becoming dominant in one's life, however good in itself (and often because of its goodness is its seductive power) is a peril just in proportion to its strength. It is a stone on a growing plant, an iron band about a growing tree; we must throw it off; we must burst it, or we shall never attain. If any joy were always joy, if any pleasure ever satisfied, we should stand still, and cease aspiring to our infinite destiny. Therefore every joy that is given up to and rested in satiates or turns to nausea

or pain. The infinite uplift of things is against contentment in possession or sensation, and in proportion as we are growing are we restless, aspiring, urged by desire and ambition.

Yet ever the extremes meet and the balance holds. The man who has rejected contentment in any lower circle finds himself restored to a serene peace in the endogenous energies of his own life and the sweep and rhythm of the universe. The Great Content overcomes the need of lesser contents, and includes all. The nature that refuses to give itself with utter abandonment to any lesser love, and insists on rising above love with serene poise, suddenly finds that for the first time has it attained real lovability; that the elements of peril and of pain, before so inevitable and acute, have now disappeared from love; that it is now free to love every one and everything, without fear, and that all loves now turn to it with perfect trust and eager thirst. Love, before a seductive, deceitful, and capricious tyrant, flattering

and torturing by turns, now becomes a glad and eager servant forever, on bended knee, presenting the cup of clear joy.

It now appears that the more love, the more ambition, the more desire, the more passion, the more experience, a man has, provided he be above them all, using and not used by them, the greater, the more God-like, he becomes, the larger his life, his power, helpfulness, usefulness, everywhere. Instinctively all eyes turn to him; he is the courage and hope of millions, for by an obligatory inner necessity it is the Attained Man that we are all looking for. He is the guaranty of our own success. He restores our faith. He is Saviour, Master, Messiah, the Incarnate God.

It was this superiority, this Soul Supreme, this Serene Life, which the ancient philosophers all contemplated in some form, and made their dream and ideal, often dimly enough, but with certain faith. And it was this grandeur of ideal and attainment in them that has fixed them like mountain peaks of the Lifted Land before

all succeeding ages, for we all have the same yearning from the same innate need. And attainment is Happiness; attainment is Heaven.

The Religion of Embrace and Aspiration

BUT THE CHARITY of this religion is not confined to persons, to creeds, to doctrines; it extends also to intentions and deeds. It is the only religion in the world which has charity for evil, which hates neither the sinner nor the sin. Recognizing evil as the “dirty work” of the universe, a necessary part of the great plan, it has no hatred or bitterness toward even that. Yet this does not mean that the believer himself is to do what he considers evil, or indulge in sin. There are plenty of those yet walking in darkness to do this dirty work. Higher souls who aspire, who are further on the path to attainment, will avoid these things, and live true to their higher ideals. It is for the souls that delight in evil to do

it, for for them it is natural, for them it is right; but as soon as they perceive it as evil it is no more right for them; they are to leave it and go on—for this is evolution, this is growth.

Evil is good, but the good is better.

Of Immortality and the Great Consolation

THAT A RULING passion, what an unescapable longing, this, which all men feel, that something of them, or of their works, shall be permanent and endure forever—the prayer for fame, for remembrance, for immortality! All religions are, in somewhat, the voice of and answer to this prayer for permanence in a stream of change. And no other religion, I think, has ever offered so sublime an answer to this prayer as the Dawn-Thought. Consider it—nothing is lost, nothing dies, nothing is forgotten, nothing is unforgiven; in the end every evil is discovered good, every weakness is revealed a strength, every mistake works success, every failure acquires; everything is

justified. Your works endure, and all works are yours; your wealth is not to be surpassed, for all things in heaven and earth belong to you, are you; no immortality can be greater, for you are Life itself, without beginning or end. To Attain, to be Conscious-God, is to be Beauty, Power, Wisdom, Life, Love, Perfection itself (for all these are interchangeable terms) is to realize your every ideal, longing, aspiration, ambition, in its most absolute form; and this is the goal before you which you cannot escape if you would, your certain and inevitable destiny.

Both-Seeing and the Use of the Underlook

BUT TO UNDERSTAND the Dawn-Thought and its corollaries requires the rare power of both-seeing. The average mind is not thus philosophic and possessed of the dual vision necessary to see both sides of the shield at once, day and night at the same time, and to understand how extremes coexist, meet, and embrace. Therefore this religion cannot easily be comprehended by the masses. To them a paradox is a manifest lie, or an absurdity; your Pantheism to them is profanation, your affirmation of Self-inclusiveness is Atheism, your God-in-all and God-becoming are blasphemy. Such minds must move in an atmosphere of illusions and deceptions to have moral impulse.

They cannot shoot unless they first shut one eye. They cannot love the good unless you allow them to hate the evil; they cannot choose the truth unless horrified at lies; they cannot enjoy the light without dreading the dark. They are not capable of faith without abominating unbelief; to love virtue they must be rancorous against the sinner and the sin; in order to rise to the spiritual they must despise the animal. Their unspoken faith is that a good lover must be a good hater, and they must have something to fight or their good works are flavorless.

There is always a time in the soul's upward march when the sharpest contrasts are needed to emphasize perception, when partisanship, bigotry, prejudice, are inevitable and necessary. Therefore the Underlook must be for awhile. There is more room for pious frauds than Protestants recognize in the moral evolution of man; and the illusion that evil is altogether evil must for a time stand. Therefore even intolerance, bigotry, persecution, are to be

accepted, for they also do Divine work and liberate the soul. We must accept all, respect all, be reconciled. But this can only come in the good time of our growth. A green fruit cannot at the same time be ripe. Only when we attain the Overlook are we high enough to perceive that when the Maker said he had seen all his works and they were “very good,” he meant all and not a part—included sinners with saints, sins with virtues, crimes with liberations—all were planned, intended, foreseen, approved. This is a hard saying.

A Universe of Contradictions

IT WILL BE manifest by this time that in this view God is a synthesis; Truth is a paradox, expressed in paradoxes; the Universe is a balance of opposites; Life an agreement of contradictions. This explains at once why existence has always been such a riddle and a mystery; why every doctrine is so plausible and none can be proved to the end; why logic always brings one to the reductio ad absurdum; why all faiths are so stubbornly held, yet not one explains to a finish, or satisfies the deep inquiry.

The Two of the One

34

IN THIS VIEW we see that there are two great manifestations of the One, by which alone, their opposition and interaction, is the existence of the moving universe made possible. These appear, disappear, and reappear in everything,—in every individual, group, and class. By the one force the Center binds everything to himself, so that he is All and in all, and nothing can fall away or escape; by the other he holds objects, individuals, away from himself, in apparent separateness, that he may use them and act upon them, that Motion may be. The degree of their union and consciousness of their union with him is the degree of their strength, beauty, virtue, attraction, wisdom, happiness; the

degree of their separateness is the measure of their weakness, ugliness, evil, repulsiveness, ignorance, misery. Everything in the universe, least or greater, expresses and reveals this great fact; and that is why all religions naturally express themselves in similes, allegories, fables, why all religions are poetic, and why poetry so charms and delights all minds, savage and civilized. It explains why an ingenious mind can use any natural phenomenon as an illustration of truth, and why an equally ingenious mind can turn any figure or comparison against itself, and make it prove too much. To a certain extent all things co-operate and resemble each other, to a certain extent each is unique and a contradiction of others. Communism makes all things belong to all, but Individualism apportions to each his own; Egoism proves all things center in self, but Altruism enlarges self to include all; Love is the uniting force of the universe, but Liberty is the dividing force. Centripetal and centrifugal hold the

heavenly bodies in their orbits. Aggregation no sooner begins than distribution attends. We are gregarious, we make conventions, we establish customs, we imitate, we discipline, we vow,—it is all of no use,—we are a handful of water, a netful of sand, and slide and glide away in all directions, like a brood of quails, each for his own. All the marriage-customs, all the passionate love-clingings, cannot make two souls utterly one in this world, or two bodies grow together. Every love has its heart of disappointment. All the longings of loneliness, all the yearnings of sympathy, cannot enable any two human beings to understand each other. Each man, as each nation, has a tongue peculiar, that cannot be translated. And yet, if we rashly insist on our separateness as absolute, if we turn the backs of our hearts on the race, we starve at the soul, we shrivel like desiccated fruits. *E pluribus unum* is the universe.

In everything, physical, spiritual, these two great forces vindicate themselves and have their

own—persuade and dissuade, assert and deny, attract and repulse, compel and repel, unite and divide, and this not only in alternation, but at the same time. Everything shall feed you, but nothing satisfy your hunger.

Of Love that Holds and Liberates

LOVE BEING THE uniting force of the universe, the attraction to the Center, we no sooner feel love toward another than our whole nature is stirred and inspired by a great joy and power; we are coming closer to the Great Magnet, we receive God into ourselves, and becoming god-like we inspire the god-like in our lovers. It is the manifest Divine in us that they love, and they also, by reason of their love receiving God into themselves, appear perfect to us. And this is no deception, no illusion, but a beatific incarnation of the Best. And for this reason love is the divinest, the most uplifting influence in our lives. And this is why seers say "love is life," and speak of "saving love," and insist that "God is

love," And herein is another mystery explained: The "conjugal," the "monogamic" impulse leads us to love but one, to center all our affections on one object. This is because God is one, and our love, at bottom, is not love to an individual, who is but an evanescent, imperfect representative, and really, at the deepest, a fiction, but to The Individual, it is the God-becoming instinct in us. But because the individual in whom we for the time being see the Perfect visioned is not the Whole, but imperfect, we are never satisfied by the one love, however beautiful; we are never satisfied, and no matter what our vows, our sacraments, our rebukes of conscience, our dream of fidelity, our yearnings for constancy, our fancy will stray, our love will go out to other beautiful souls and bodies in whom the Divine is also revealed. Nevertheless, it is through the "Grand Passion," the centering of our greatest and richest love in one, that we are best able to normally love these others, and bring them into normal love relations with ourselves; and

herein is the mystery and contradiction again. Almost all the battles of affection are over this unrecognized law. But we may hide the fact even from ourselves, we may deny it, we may crucify the flesh and starve the soul, but the fact remains, and in the judgment of the Attained Vision no soul can say with truth, "I have loved but one." And this is because the law is that the Divine, who is in all, is to be recognized and loved in all, or loss of growth and pain is the penalty. But neither woman nor man can satisfy or appease; only to love more and more until we Attain—that can satisfy.

38

"He prayeth best who loveth best,
All things both great and small:
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

Genius and the Ideal.

WHAT WE CALL the "ideal" is this perception of, this thirst for, this undying aspiration and uplift toward the Divine in us. That which we love, that which is the ruling passion of our life, we straightway "idealize;" that is, we imagine it in a more perfect form than any we have actually seen or realized, and this ideal indicates the line of our growth. What this really means is, that on this line of our aspiration and yearning we become intuitional, and to some extent really apprehend the perfect as regards that attribute. We become intuitional, and acquire a power, knowledge, and "genius," as we name it, on this our idealized line, which appears to transcend our ordinary faculties and confess a

sixth sense. We recognize all this in great men, and expect them to do deeds and execute works in a sort of divine frenzy, accomplishing that which surprises themselves, and the power and process of which they cannot explain. But, though not so apparent, precisely the same thing occurs in small men, to each in the line of his own genius. The mechanic builds wiser than he knows; golden words drop from the humblest lips; orders fly from the lips of the shipmaster in the storm which he cannot justify to himself, but they save the ship. Every student has moments of illuminated perception of law and truth, every poet writes words which he does not understand, yet which teach him in his cooler moments. And the more we grow the more the ideal enlarges before us; we increase our growth in its image, and receive more and more the power which attends; and this forever, till Attainment, with all power, comes.

Of Hero-Worship and Demigods

IT EXCITES MUCH indignation in the minds of many good people that men so persistently admire great conquerors, pirates, courtesans, swindlers, and other workers of evil. An evidence of "total depravity," this has been considered, but in fact it is only one expression of the outreach to the Divine. Very low natures, "whose legitimate work is evil, no doubt admire the evil in these strong ones; but the fact that all natures, high and low alike, feel the same impulse to admire, proves that there is somewhat there for all. Now, the simple fact is, that all "great," all strong, able natures have in some direction a larger share of the divine force than the lesser ones around them. And

it is this godlike faculty, whatever it may be, in them, that we inevitably and rightfully admire, no matter what evil, or mistakes, or weakness, in other directions, may happen to be bound up in that particular nature with it.

We Find Our Own

EVERY NATURE, LIKE a root pushed through the soil, selects its own nutriment, and rejects all elements which do not feed it. So the higher nature, that which has outgrown the plane of evil, cannot be smirched or befouled by any influence or environment. With a sure instinct it will find its own, and thrive on the good, the true, and the beautiful where you might suppose one morsel of such manna could not be found.

We have only to stand aside and see the salvation. The soul that is going home cannot be diverted from the path.

“For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure.”

The Genesis of the Ungenuine

ALL FORMS, ALL ranks, castes, artificialities, "nobilities," have grown out of the many-sided push toward the Divine. Longing to be godlike, by innate and irresistible impulse, men in their ignorance did not realize that they must grow, but impatiently endeavored by outward forms and images to be that which man can only become by inward-outward evolution. Because the Supreme had power of life and death, men supposed they could become like gods by assuming despotic control of their fellows; because God was majestic, they theatrically endeavored to be like him by putting on metal crowns and fur robes and waving symbols; they tried to be

noble by wearing the name and assuming the virtue as hereditary; they substituted fashion where they needed taste, polite forms for courtesy, cosmetics for beauty, excitement and intoxication for gladness, customs and laws for spontaneous restraints, affectation for grace, hypocrisy for virtue, ritualism for religion.

The Real

42

ALL THIS WAS the sincerest flattery of the genuine, and kept vivid the faith in it by symbols, as it were, and by pure reaction; for it is utterly impossible to kill out of men the intuition that there is a real majesty, a real nobility and aristocracy of manhood, a legitimate leadership of the wise and able, a genuine courtesy, a sincere virtue, a true taste, a Power over all and through all. You may show them the counterfeit a million times, and swear there is no other coin, but they refuse to be cheated; they may even profess to believe it; they may persuade themselves in much pain that they do believe it—it is useless—they do not believe it, nor can they. Could they

perfectly so persuade themselves they would die; and even a partial persuasion leads to settled sadness, pain, pessimism, or suicide. Life is faith in the genuine; and faith in the genuine expresses itself in living your own life frankly and trustfully, as an animal acts, as a tree grows.

The real Kings wear no crowns, the true nobles have no titles, genuine courtesy has no forms, sincere virtue reckons not of moral rules, wisdom is above custom, liberty drops law, love knows only its object, genius ignores canons, the godly man has no dogma, creed, Bible, ritual, or temple. The Real is tolerant and inclusive; God is not a party, a hostile fragment.

I remember that Carpenter, in his "Civilization, its Cause, and Cure," declares the sickness of mankind to lie in the fact that men are at war with themselves, while in nature every life follows its own laws without self-reproach. This was a dark saying to me, but my Dawn-Thought has made it light; nevertheless, this inner war of a man is also a necessary part of his evolution

to a new and higher unity and self-peace. As a man enlarges from the Dawn-Thought, he drops all forms and rules and “principles” as outworn tools, and follows reverently all the inner impulses and restraints, living his own life as frankly as a bird, “letting himself go” as a brook runs, in peace with the eternal world-currents and his own soul. The days of struggle are over, he blooms like a flower, he bears fruit like a tree—God is in him, and all the world is with him.

Emanuel

THERE IS NO more war with conscience, but life and growth only, and this is heaven within. Jesus is a parable of the incarnate Divine; we shall all be Christ's before Ascension, we shall all be Buddhas before Nirvana; Messiah-ship is our common ripening—the God-man we shall each become before the man becomes God.

44

We are all to preach gospels; we shall each add our testament to the Universal Bible; every one shall rise from the dead, and sit at the right hand of the Parent, and be one with him in wisdom and power.

This purer part of the One, from which we all proceed, and to which we all return, is the Parent, the Father-Mother; this sympathetic

force, flowing through all things, and binding all in unity, is the "Holy Spirit," the Health (it would indeed be "unpardonable sin" to sin against this, if that were possible, because to do that would be to drop out of the currents of eternal life); and the Messiah, which each soul becomes when it nears Nirvana, is the Child, the "Son." And these three are one because all things are One.

The Path

AND THE TRUTH concerning the Path appears to be, that that part of the Divine which is to constitute an individual soul (a "part," yet never disconnected) is first projected as a germ, one might say, into the lowest form; and from this grows, expands, enlarges, evolves, by love and war, by accretion, and disintegration; becomes increasingly conscious, as it passes from change to change, transformation to transformation; death after death, and birth after birth, through all the forms and planes of mineral, vegetable, animal, and human life, until finally emerging into the absolute Consciousness and Identity of Nirvana. On its way having every experience, knowing every weakness and strength, every

degradation and glory, every crime and virtue, every sin and shame, every innocence and delight, every sorrow and pain, every mastership and slavery, yet in not exactly the same way as any other soul, until all is known, all experienced, and the circle is complete. At the last poetic justice is meted out, everything is explained, justified, forgiven, appreciated, accepted, approved. "We may reflect that every chemic force, every clod, every crystal, every bit of protoplasm, animalcule, worm, flower, tree, bird, beast, is on the road, equally with ourselves, and will reach home, inevitably, by the same eternal necessity.

Blending

CONCEIVE THAT SOULS do not remain separate through all the changes of the path. Indeed, what philosophers and scientists call the "atom" is probably the soul-germ at its very beginning on the upward course. From thenceforward its progress is a continuous process of transformation and enlargement by blending and accretion. We know that all the higher organisms are compound, and are rather confederations of individuals than individuals simple. Indeed, above the atom we know not where to find the simple individual, for even the molecule is not simple. Each cell, each corpuscle of the blood, each spermatozoan is a living and somewhat separate animal in the human body;

the ganglia and nerve centers seem relatively independent intelligences. The processes of nutrition teach us the same lesson of constant fusion and transformation of separates into one. If this is true in the visible, I apprehend it is equally true in the realm of the invisible, and that spiritual growth and enlargement is greatly a process of fusion and union of lesser lives into greater ones; this being a type, as it were, of Nirvana, not a loss of individuality, but an enlargement of individuality; each life coming into the union not feeling itself lost, but simply increased by the powers and experience of the ally. Even two human souls, perhaps more, I apprehend, often unite for a new incarnation. As the final destiny and perfection of the soul is enlargement into conscious identity with all existences, all this seems perfectly logical and accordant. Nothing has to be done but to break down the partition of apparent separateness and two souls at once know their real identity. Possibly this union often takes place between

two (a male and a female) disembodied souls who were lovers in this life—truly wedded they fuse into one for a new embodiment. These are deep, suggestive problems.

Society is an individual composed of individuals, who again are composed of lesser individuals, and so on almost ad infinitum. And the Universe is a great individual composed of all.

And we constantly see great souls draw lesser souls into their current with an irresistible passion of devotion.

And so by conquest and cannibalism, by love and war, by eating, drinking, earning, learning, begging, stealing, sympathizing, accepting, the universal march of enlargement goes on. Yet ever disintegration attends and fights against, and the imperfectly mated fall apart and oppose, till true fitness is acquired, and then they blend triumphantly in attained enlargement.

Sex is the spiritual and physical line of cleavage and therefore of conjunction; here each matches and fits the other; they separated here; here they long to return.

Character

48

IN THIS VIEW the whole scheme of things becomes a school for character. It is for this that the universe exists, and the revolving worlds plot and plan. And Character is only another word for the attained Ideal.

The Variety and Uniformity in Universal Life

AND AS WE cannot imagine the Center as a mere impassivity, and as this method of projecting himself into partial and apparently separate forms is the only method by which action becomes possible to him, it is plain that he has followed, and will follow, this method through all eternity. But all things point to the Divine as perfect in unity, yet infinite in variety. Both these are exhibited in his method of action. Through all the universe, in every form of existence, we perceive the same methods infinitely diversified. Every soul has the same experiences as other souls in general features, yet not exactly the same either in detail or in the ensemble. Variation always vindicates itself

to the discerning eye equally with uniformity. Here, again, extremes meet and are reconciled. It is in this infinite variation of works, and yet consistency with self, that we may suppose the Divine pleasure to consist—avoiding equally, thereby, monotony and chaos. The kaleidoscope revolves forever, and forever the new combinations appear. And it is this consistency of the Divine character and this uniformity of the Divine methods which make science possible and constitute the “laws of Nature.” And it is this infinite variation which makes the study of nature perpetually a surprise and delight even to the most habituated.

The Image

IT IS BECAUSE man, of all creatures, is nearest to the Center that he is said to be made in the image of God; and because all other creatures are on the path, coming toward man and God, we perceive expressions, movements, somewhat resembling and prophesying ourselves. The human in them is germinal, latent, becoming. All nature is a prophecy of man; man is a symbol and epitome of God.

Living and Outliving

THIS SHOULD BE observed by those who are inclined to regard this doctrine as identical with Theosophy—that it differs from it in two remarkable points: First, its Nirvana is enlargement and perfection of self-consciousness, instead of annihilation, absorption, or loss; Second, it differs fundamentally in this, that instead of teaching asceticism, quietude, repression of passion, the mortification of the flesh, and the ignoring of external things, the Dawn-Thought teaches growth, expansion, appreciation, reception, blooming, and fruiting to the infinite. Here, in this last, is difference tremendous and vital. In Theosophy you are taught to attain the Divine

by concentrated culture of one part of your complex nature, and by systematically dwarfing and starving all else—as though God hated somewhat of himself, and could not be at peace with any, unless they joined in his warfare—but in Dawn-Thinking you rise and overcome simply by the natural process of living fully and thus outliving, as a child its milk-teeth, a serpent his slough. Living and Outliving, that expresses it. Until you have learned the one lesson fully you are never ready for a new one.

The Service of Reversion

I DO NOT SUPPOSE that all progression on the path is direct and continuous—there are periods of pause, of reversion, of decadence. But these, too, serve. Sleep is not lost time. Energy is stored in times of quiet, in winters, fallows, dammed-up streams. The lazy beasts have the most tremendous power in times of needed effort. Reaction often carries farther forward than direct action. Haply the Tzar does as much for liberty by creating the Nihilist as the Nihilist does by killing the Tzar.

God-Names

WHETHER WE SAY Jove, or Zeus, Brahma, Jehovah, Allah, the Great Spirit, the Infinite, the Inclusive, the Real, the Creator, the Center, the Sphere, the Universe, the One, the Unknown, the Divine, the Ideal, the Higher-Self, the Grand-Man, the Over-Soul, the Ego, the Parent, Nature, Heaven, Wisdom, Power, Beauty, Goodness, God—we say, I apprehend, the same thing. For these are all interchangeable terms, and refer alike to that Being, that Essence, that Only Existence, who is the Alpha and Omega, the Whole, and the Circle. These names, and countless hundreds more, are only symbols, clumsy human attempts to describe and bring before the mind, by word or phrase, in whole

or in part, that power and mystery which all feel at the heart of things—that consciousness which none may escape, yet which is ever unknown and apparently unknowable. And for this every man has some name, after the fashion of his thought. Whether the Atheist says Nature, or the devotee says Lord Jesus, they both speak of the same thing, they lay hold, each from another side, of the same great matter, which neither understands. Yet every man feels somewhat, and, so far as he feels, he speaks a Name to describe the greatest thing in his thought. Each man makes his god in his own image; for really his true Self and God are one, and as his self-consciousness enlarges his vision of the Divine enlarges. The gods live and die, but the Fact remains.

Only in the light of Pantheism does the wonderful significance of such old terms as the Beginning and the End, The Great I Am, become fully clear to us.

At-One-Ment

THIS IS HEAVEN, this is Attainment, this is Nirvana, this is the Reconciliation, to lose all sense of separateness, to enlarge into identity with the All, to be in everything and to be everything.

Now the atonement formerly was understood to be the at-one-ment, as the etymology of the word reveals. In the Christian mythus God and man became one, at-one, in the God-Man, Christ-Jesus. But this Dawn-Thought of mine is altogether the at-one-ment; it is that and that only, the reconciliation and perceived unity of all things.

Satisfaction in Dawn-Thinking

IT WOULD BE reasonably expected of a true and divinely constituted religion, that on its essential, or hope and cheer giving, side it would be so simple that the merest savage might feel it out by instinct, the merest child could understand enough to be glad, while in its philosophical, or explanatory, side it would take hold on the deepest facts of life and experience, and open endless vistas of mystery, search, and wonder to the profoundest intellect. Both these requisites are realized, in their extreme form, in the Dawn-Thought. In it extremes of simplicity and mystery, of commonsense and paradox, meet.

The Dawn

THE DAWN-THOUGHT IS ever a dawning to all who hold it. Forever, as the soul advances, grows, and enlarges, a new day seems to be breaking just ahead, the face is toward the East, and the glory and the vigor of the morning is over all. To the budding, growing soul the eyes are ever opening, as if from sleep, the senses are awaking to new things, there is perpetual Dawn, Sunrise, Morning, Youth, Spring, the push and rise and glamour of a new life.

Good and Evil in the Partial

IF THE THEORY of evil in the Dawn-Thought be correct—that it originates in partialness, in incompleteness, and pertains to that by inevitable necessity, then, theoretically, if one knew nothing of actual life, it would have to be inferred that every thing (for every thing is but a part, a fragment) would bear its inevitable fruit of evil in the shape of failure, or disappointment, or pain, or unfitness of some sort. And, conversely, if the Dawn-Thought theory be right that God is good and all is God, then each part must have a part of the divine goodness in itself, and possess a certain relation of fitness to other things, and must bear its inevitable fruit of joy, benefit, success, pleasure. And this

theoretical is found demonstrable in the actual. To the perpetual puzzle of religionist and moralist, it has always been observed that vices, crimes, sins, worked out, in spite of themselves and their condemnation, a certain good; and that pious, virtuous, and kindly-intentioned deeds quite often brought disaster, and never produced the all-around success and joy and good-results so confidently expected of them. In brief, because each thing is a fragment of the Whole (which is perfect) nothing whatever is wholly false or bad; and, because each thing is a fragment, nothing can possess that perfect good which only completeness can possess (and no part could be complete in itself unless completely separate and independent, which nothing is) therefore good and evil are relative, and pertain to every thing, considered as a part.

This has a decided bearing on practical life. The Dawn-Thought philosopher perceives that joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain, good and

evil, in their various forms, practically balance every where in life. Therefore he is never wildly elated or deeply depressed, he is neither cynical nor fanatical; neither pessimist nor optimist as regards the world about him. He knows that every crime must translate to virtue, every slavery produce liberty, and, on the other hand, that blighted fruits are borne on all the trees of joy. Therefore he cultivates in his own mind the appreciation of every good as it comes, and the ignoring of the evil when it is uppermost, knowing that each will soon change to its opposite. Only, finally, in his view of Nirvana, the Home-Coming, the God-Attainment, is he optimistic. And there is no bitterness in his heart, because he realizes that things are as they are from inevitable necessity and logic, and that the Divine, himself, if he would create at all, must make creatures with the imperfections which part existences cannot avoid. With every change of life, every new stage of progress, he perceives new weaknesses and evil in a new

form, and satisfaction and compensation in a new form. Only in the complete circle are compensations adequate, and justice is done.

Fanaticism and Common-sense

LIFE BEING AN adjustment of opposites, there are three factors to truth—the Thesis, the Anti-thesis, the Syn-thesis. Now what men call a “crank,” a “fanatic,” a “zealot,” is one who sees only one side of truth, with such narrowness and intensity that he can never receive the antithesis of what he declares true. Some other “crank” has to make a thesis of that, in order to give it due prominence. Therefore enthusiasts are always open to refutation and puncture by opposing fanatics.

But a man of “common-sense” is one who, by intuition rather than logic, holds that there is a golden mean, that no extreme is true alone, who, by nature, is an eclectic and reconciler. He

is practical, and sees just how much of each is available, under present conditions, to gain a desired end. Practically, because of this useful and applicable intuition, he is often more of a philosopher than many great theorists.

The Heart of Religion

THE CORE OF religion, something which may come to the mind of man anywhere, with any creed or no creed, appears to be this: An intuition of the presence of an indwelling Force in the universe and of its protective love. This is the center, and this is enough. All else is accessory. With this alone a man has religion and rest.

Acceptance and the Contradiction in Prayer

IN ONE SENSE, and with minds that have reached the Overlook, there is no place in the Dawn-Thought religion for prayer. How can there be? Worship, praise, adoration, yes; but petition, no. For if God be all and does all, all is right, all is well done, all is planned from the beginning and cannot be changed. Prayer asks a change, implies a distrust, a suspicion, a criticism. It is an impudence, an impertinence, the finite advising the infinite, ignorance presuming to correct the work of complete knowledge. The Pantheist sees God in every thing, and worships every thing as him, and asks no change. He is reconciled. "Thy Kingdom come and thy will be done on earth and in heaven!"

Nor does he ask God to bless his meat, for why ask God to bless a part of himself? Nor does he consecrate to him a part of the earth, or a house, when all "the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof;" and he dwells in an habitation not made with hands. To the Pantheist, his religion is the appreciation of every thing as divine, and he can make no partitions,

I have said there was no place in the Dawn-Thought religion for prayer. It is true, and yet not true, there is no place, and yet there is a place. It is true that prayer is presumptuous and impertinent, yet it is true, too, that prayer is wise and pertinent. It is foolish to petition the Unchangeable, and impudent and absurd in the part-wise to criticise or advise the All-Wise, yet in the sight of the Large One there are no real sins, but ignorance and mistake merely, for which he is at last responsible and not ourselves. We cannot sin against God, for we all do his will as helplessly as the winds and waves. The Divine is never angry or offended

by any soul, because he always understands the whole situation, and moves and directs all. His forgiveness is always perfect, or rather he never forgives because he cannot be offended—it is his love that is perfect and changes not, neither to smite nor pardon.

Therefore to those to whom prayer seems right it is right—they are at that stage of evolution in which prayer is appropriate—they have as yet only the Underlook, and all the fictions of existence are very real to them. Like children with a whimsical father, they coax, plead, argue, and confess, as though Deity could be cajoled, taught, and diplomatically “talked over.” It is laughable, it is revolting, yet these diplomats are perfectly sincere, perfectly reverent, never dream of incongruity, and, more than that, derive a real good from the act.

For we may feel assured that nothing takes deep hold upon the people except it be by a true appetite, and that that which seems to satisfy always does satisfy. And there is a restfulness

about prayer, and a peace, refreshment, and calmness following its exercise, which prove it the satisfaction of a deep need. And this is so because prayer, at bottom, is longing, aspiration; and the strongest and most universal out-reach in all nature, as we have seen, is toward the Divine. All nature, in every part, prays for union, and what we call prayer is simply one expression of that universal, centripetal force elsewhere spoken of. However ignorantly voiced it originates in the yearning to be at-one, to attain Enlargement, and tends to bring us to the Great Center. Hence its healthfulness. We bring our little buckets to the great well and go away refreshed.

60

Prayer is the voice of love, and all love is prayer.

And this is the secret basis and nature of prayer. It is the impulse toward union, it is "Nearer my God to thee," it is the urge toward the Divine, it is ambition, aspiration, growth-direction, it is the inward flow of the

world's blood. And no one feels this more than the Dawn-Thinker. He is the only one who truly and consciously "prays without ceasing"; his face is always to the East; he is always on the road to Mecca; he is consciously going home. His desire for attainment, for the divine-indwelling, for the Overlook and the Serene Life, is ever with him, though he bend not the knee, nor fold the hand, nor utter the formal word in all a life's journey. Prayer is the heart of his life, and his whole life is prayer.

Life and Faith

61

NOW IF THE whole inclusive universe is alive, in whole and in every part, in every form and manifestation,—and this is in my Dawn-Thought,—then perhaps the best correlative term or synonym for the Divine, who is the universe, is The Life. And if death is only an illusion, an appearance, or rather a disappearance of one form of life behind or within another form, to reappear later on intact and indeed enlarged, we can understand that the Divine is not only The Life but the Resurrection, and we perceive how Jesus, in an ecstasy of attainment and Messiah-ship identifying himself with the Divine, could cry: “I am the resurrection and the life.” And if one

great life is all and the substance of all, may it not be that this intuitional consciousness of a universal existence, transcending evidence (for has not Herbert Spencer shown, in the wonderful chapters of "First Principles," that neither by religious reasoning nor by scientific reasoning can we arrive at logical proof of our ultimate ideas, yet we cannot escape the consciousness of a great reality?), this "cosmic consciousness" of life of the modern, is the same as the "faith" of the ancient? For if life is all, and the only substance, and if faith is our grasp on it, and if this consciousness of life is our only evidence of it, then can we understand that mystical hard saying: "Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

Enlargement

WHY DO WE so enjoy the acquisition of knowledge apparently for its own sake? Because the acquisition of every fact is an enlargement of consciousness, and enlargement of consciousness is becoming Divine, is that in which all our highest enjoyments—those we call by the collective name happiness—consist. So with increase in health, strength, beauty, love-power, creative art-power, all these mean enlargement in Divine-attainment and yield a pure joy.

The Dawn-Joy

THIS DAWN-THOUGHT HAS broken into my life like a veritable light. I was not conscious before of shadow, but now that the light has come I know the difference by the contrast. I feel so much younger, lighter, healthier, happier. Something has come that my system craved, like food to the hungry, like drink to one athirst.

The Light of the World

63

DEEM THAT THE Light of the World is always shining, and that all things and all lives are more or less translucent to it. And so it comes to us through all these media, stained and colored by each according to its tint, like sunlight through cathedral windows, or through various atmospheres, or through the leaves of a forest. It never reaches us quite pure, therefore all revelations are but partial and imperfect, there is no one and nothing infallible, yet every man, every nation, yes, every beast, flower, crystal, has the light.

Superstition and Knowledge

THE SCEPTIC CALLS the reverence which the ignorant feel for the unknown superstition, yet the ignorant have right as well as the skeptic. That which we do not know stands apart from us, clothed in vague terrors, and is the Unknown God which we dread, yet which we worship and to which we yearn, but that which we know we have made a part of ourselves, our consciousness. It is our Self, the Attained-God (so far as we have gone), and we no longer fear it because we comprehend it. Our attitude to what we do not know is the fear of God, and our attitude to what we know is the love of God; for what we know is our own, and we love

our own. Therefore a certain stage of attained knowledge casts out fear.

Pain and Fear the Utterance of the Partial

ALL PAIN, FEAR, trouble, evil, arise from partialness, and from imperfection of view. The more we know, the more we unite, the more we attain, the more these disappear, and courage and ease appear. Therefore knowledge is the true Savior. Therefore the saying of Jesus, "The Truth shall make you free." But as we enlarge in knowledge comes reconciliation and lack of struggle, we are at home with life as it is, yet, in ceasing to struggle with it, do more than any else to make it as it should be. Therefore the word of Epictetus: "Do not seek to have all things happen as you would choose them, but rather choose them to happen as they do; and so shall the current of your life flow free." For

every man, who, like Whitman, for example, has obtained a glimpse of Reconciliation, and agrees to the world's tides, becomes at once a center of peace and harmony, a window of new light, a point of happy growth.

Agreement, acceptance, is the great peacemaker, because it brings union, and love and harmony are of union, and joy attends.

Greatness

65

AND THIS IS greatness that one appreciate the greatness there is about him in every least as in every large thing. It will be found that the man of genius finds greatness and wonder and beauty and mystery, and truth within truth, where the common-man finds only commonplace. "When your artist has painted your hutch, or your fence-corner, or your cabbage-garden, you shall somewhat see what beauty and wonder there was in it—in this that you deemed so vulgar.

"Elder, mullen and pokeweed and the scabs on the worm-fence."

And this is because every least thing, as every large thing, also takes hold on the infinite, and

on one side is infinite—wonder within wonder, mystery within mystery, truth within truth, to infinity. For there is nothing separate, and the all is in each.

Frankness

APPREHEND THAT THE desire for secrecy is one of the lower things which higher minds outgrow. The desire to hide and conceal hints of evil. It is because we plot evil against others, or suspect that they plot danger to us, that we wear masks, talk evasively, and work in the dark. Cunning and peril both demand privacy, but when we neither fear nor hate we are open. Trust and love tell everything; and the fearless and harmless are frank.

66

Now ignorance separates; what we do not know is not a part of us, but what we do know is united to us. And love is the desire for and joy in union. When therefore we wish another to love us we desire to reveal ourselves utterly, for

we wish to be altogether known and possessed, even as we wish to know and possess. On every noble nature, when kindled by love, comes an imperious yearning to confess every thing, to give all, to be at-one. Therefore love resents secrecy, and all withholding, or apart living, and therefore, as our sympathies enlarge, as we love more and grow more into unison with all things, we shall conceal less. And in proportion as we lead our lives openly before all men, frankly explaining all our deeds and motives, shall we attract to ourselves love and trust and answering frankness. Perhaps the books that teach the world most, and have the most undying fascination, are those which are in their nature confessions. And even the romances which, like Crusoe, profess to confess the faults and mistakes of life with their consequences, if truth-like, are enduring in their charm. And he is the great artist who, in his works, reveals himself without ceasing, and him we love.

We are all to be united at last, and what we call progression is ever in the direction of union and self-revelation; self-expression makes for union, and the plant that grows unfurls its buds and throws its petals open.

An Answer on Politeness

I HAVE SUPPOSED THAT the Dawn-Thought might explain the pleasure we all feel in the differentialities of polite life. "We are pleased at the respectful tone, the lifted hat, the bow, the requested permission to serve; yet these all smack of the slave—why then do we enjoy the giving and receiving of them?"

In the Dawn-Thought we find two forces whereby the universe stands, the centripetal and the centrifugal, the uniting and dividing, love and liberty. Now, if you will notice, you shall find that we do not admire those obeisances which are really slavish, the fawning and cringing of abject fear and submission. Even if we exact these, we despise them with

disgust. That is to us beautiful and significant in manners which symbolizes the two forces of life—that deference and courtesy which says “You are great! I worship you!” mingled with that dignity which says “I, too, am great and worthy of your worship!”—in which union and independence, love and liberty are expressed with equal emphasis in the same act.

Sin is Refused Growth

NOW SIN IS a denial of the law of upward growth; it is a turning back on the path, a failure or refusal to look at things in the new light that is given, to receive the new food, to put out the new branch. Something which in the past we found good now smacks of evil, the inner voice assures us it is time for us to leave it and go on, but, like Peter, we curse and deny, and turn back, swearing that that which was once good must always be good, and live our old habits doggedly. Not however that the law of life is ever balked, or that we ever really succeed in turning back the hands on the dial. Our sin, our denial, our refusal, at last, by the reaction of disgust and the sting of

sad consequence, drive us even farther on the way. They are but the compression of air in the barrel, but the tightening of the spring, and only ensure the velocity of our future progress.

The Ongo

69

BY SIN, SHAME, joy, virtue and sorrow, action and reaction, attraction and repulsion, the soul, like a barbed arrow, ever goes on. It cannot go back, or return through the valves of its coming.

But this must not be understood to be fulfilled in one and every earth-visit. It is true only of the whole circle-voyage of the soul. In one earth-trip, one "life," as we say, it may be that there would nothing be but a standing still or a turning back, nothing but sin. But the whole course of all is on.

The Virtue of Sin

AND IT IS plain from the foregoing that sin also has its virtue. And this we might expect. For if God is everything and everything is God, then nothing can be entirely bad. Indeed nothing is bad at all, but seemingly it is more or less so (everything) when viewed from the partial, and according to its distance or difference from the attained Divine. And because distance makes apparent badness, we classify all things which are but new on the path as "low," "gross," "crude," "material," etc.; and those that seem to lead back, to hinder, to stand in the way, we call "wicked," "sinful," "evil," etc. That is our progressive side names thus. But quite often, when it comes to social, political,

religious, and moral matters, our conservative side is quite as free in dubbing the pioneering, on-pushing urge bad and criminal. And each is right, and each wrong, according to the point of view. Live and outlive, that is the law—so much growth and experience in so much time, each thing right in its time and place, and no new thing attained till old things are fulfilled. Where growth is too fast, there is sappy softness and hot-house spindling, and where there is too much conservatism, Hindoo, Chinese deadness.

The Hard and the Soft

EVERYWHERE IN LIFE we shall mark the two, the ebb and the flow, the eddy and the current, heart-wood and sap-wood, bone and flesh, sternness and gentleness, wrath and peace, sin and virtue, the esthetic and the mechanical, the refined and the crude, the savage and the civilizee, always the hard and the soft, side by side and correcting each other. They are inwoven, inseparable, yet infinitely interchangeable. And this is no accident.

There are those who would attain perfection by leading one-sided lives; by excluding all that we call wicked, harsh, low, crude, rough, vulgar, or unrefined. But such lives are failures in the sense that they shoot wide of the target.

The mass of men instinctively avoid these “unco guid,” over-nice, too-refined. We have the feeling that the sinless man is a sort of sickly deformity, and do not envy him; we suspect the oathless man; we trust not the tones that are always sweet; we are afraid of the always gentle, or deem them weak, and we have no confidence in our friend till we have received his confession and mapped his faults. A good, sweet human fault is a certificate of character, and we love it, and we know right well and tenderly that the faults of the great are also great. We demand the round, the full, the hard with the soft, the bone and fat in the meat, the bran in the flour, and will not be cheated.

It is so everywhere in life. All sorts of efforts have been made to get “pure food,” the essence of nutrition, to extract, separate and refine, but none of these artificial products satisfy a healthy appetite or sustain life. Like a mule we must have “roughness;” and when we have milled out all the harshness of our wheat

we shall find that our superfine flour is not sufficient, and what we have taken out must be supplied in some other form or the nutrition of the system suffers. The young girl whom we educate in convents, that no breath of lust may taint her, is not the one we may trust with seducers.

These one-sided people, who choose so fastidiously, are not life's happy ones. They are at feud with the actual, they are the unreconciled. "The fiend that torments man is his love for the perfect," said Emerson, and these have such a passion for the perfect that they are bitter, cynical, pessimistic, reproachful of God, man and nature; and therefore, most imperfect themselves, stand in the way of joy. Yet, when, as sometimes happens, their passion for the perfect is tempered with a clear appreciation of the good in the passing actual, how sweet and beautiful their lives can be! Then they have the true view and the right grasp; they see the

good in all, yet prefer the best in its own ripe time.

And even the cranks, the extremists, the accusers, and rebuking prophets, the Utopians, the exquisites, who will not be happy where they cannot see ideal perfection, even these, spite of their self-torment, in their zeal and unrest and discontent, do most precious work, and deserve our gratitude in truth. We laugh at them, shame them, hate them, slay them, but they do us much good in return. They emphasize the ideal by sheer exaggeration and excess. The Pharisee will not let us forget the letter nor the mystic the spirit; the esthete forces us to remember art and the beautiful; the very fops save us from slovenliness. As extremes ever meet, so all extremists, in the end, aid and establish their opposites, and the broken circle is made whole.

The minister, the priest, is one who, more prominently than any other, perhaps, strives after this partial-perfect. He is partisan, a

“soldier of the Cross,” and he preaches war and unreconciliation. To him there is always a part reprobate, and one-half of things, at least, is a huge mistake. His God has an Enemy, who is almost too much for him, and the cry is “All hands to the rescue! “Yet, though men swear they believe all that he says, and will live to it, still they keep their parts and passions, nature is vindicated, and the rivers of human life flow majestically on, as unmindful as the stars and the winds of condemnation and conviction of sin.

Yet the priest is what he believes himself, a mouthpiece of God, and does the work given him right usefully, even if he is blissfully unconscious that the poor sinner over whom he thunders is also a prophet and a worker, equally loved and approved.

We cannot pick out a part of life and leave the rest. Nature will not have it so. She insists on the round. There is always the other side.

Leaves and flowers hang not in the air unsupported; there are always the stem and the branches. Nor do even the stars and the clouds hang unsupported. No matter how fair and sweet the flesh there are always bones beneath. The sweet, the gentle, peace, love, beauty, virtue, joy, poetry—how we apotheosize all these and condemn their opposites, yet simply we cannot have them without their opposites. For so much peace so much war; for so much sweet so much bitter. For there is always the hard with the soft, the shadow with the sun, the mechanical with the fluent, the straight with the curved, the blow with the caress.

For life stands by the thrust of opposites and the push of those which deny each other.

When the mother meets the father the child starts forward on the new life like a glad traveler on a new path.

When the negative electric comes to the positive electric, then flies the lightning flash.

When the sweet seed feeds on the foul rot,
then springs the green blade.

For Life is One, but its manifestations are
Two, and the Whole is in embryo in every part;
and all things are formed in its image because
there is no other pattern or model—there is no
other.

The Large Contains Contradiction

THE INCONSISTENCY NOTICED in the words of the wise is a trial to many hero-worshiping minds, but is it not, indeed, only a proof of higher greatness? It is easy for a small mind, or a mind dealing altogether in abstract and ideal goods, to be totally accurate, consistent, logical; but the greater the mind the more it takes hold on the Great Paradox, and feels and expresses the contradiction in everything. It is necessarily eclectic, appreciative, tolerant, open, truthful to its vision, and must feel many opposite things good and true and a pressure to so declare them. Often, before the Dawn-Thought gave me Reconciliation, have I felt the pain of this. But now I have welcome for the other side.

The Word "God"

76

I AM WARNED BY kindly friends that I shall hurt this book for many if I use the word God so freely. I am told it is a confusing word, that every one uses it differently, that most people attach to it the old orthodox idea, and many other objections.

But I see in none of these any strong argument. Of course to those who insist on sharp definitions, who do not look at things centrally, God is a confusing word—so is liberty, love, philosophy, any word you please on which the attention of many is concentrated. Every independent thinker stains his words through and through with the pigment of his thought, and they are not as other men's are.

But I do not fear that a kind and fair reader will misunderstand me, at least not anyone who stands anyway nearly on the same plane of spiritual development with me, and, after all, my message is only to such, for only such can understand any speaker. You may spend all your days in explaining your view, but those below you on the ladder will never see it as you see it till they also stand where you stand. This is immutable law. I speak to my own, and my own will understand.

I use the word God because Monotheists and Pantheists of all time have used it, and these are they who can most easily understand me. And I use the word God because it means Good, and by the good we all understand that which makes for our happiness, and I wish to emphasize, in this book, the idea that the universe, its Power, and its Life, works together in every part, and as a whole, for our happiness and the happiness of all, in the largest, best, and completest sense of that word.

Of Certain Meanings and Matters in Love

LOVE IS THE uniting element. In sex love we draw toward the Center; in parent-love the Central Love flows out through us toward the parts. Like the tides of the sea, there is forever a majestic influx and efflux of love through all the world. For it is not to be forgotten that the Divine is feminine as well as masculine. Mother as well as Father. The Divine Tenderness, the Divine Woman, is Peace, Rest, the Great Comforter. The Divine Strength, the Father, holds us and protects us, the Divine Tenderness, the Mother, feeds and cherishes us. Therefore the sexes are different and equal; therefore sex and parenthood symbolize religion with peculiar force, and refer ever to the most

sacred things; therefore the ancients were reasonable and reverent in worshiping sex, and making a religion of it; for everything about sex takes hold on Life and the Mystery. And it has been ever noted that woman was not only more sexually susceptible than man, but more religiously susceptible, and that the religious mind in general was prone to dwell much on things of sex—it might deify it, or shrink from it as the great temptation, but it could not hold it indifferent.

78

But to the Dawn Thinker the relation of woman to religion is natural and inevitable. Religion peculiarly refers to the problems of Life and Love, woman is peculiarly the cherisher of life and agent of love. Therefore woman always has a religious feeling about her love, therefore religious emotion can, in a great measure, compensate her for absence of love.

Man and woman represent the hard and the soft, the two forces of the universe, the man Liberty, the dis-union principle, the woman

Love, the union principle. Man represents the contending, separating elements in life, woman represents the gregarious, attracting elements. Man makes war and woman makes society; that is to say it is the peculiarly male element, or principle, that makes war and the female element that makes society. Yet some men have more of the woman, or social element, than some women, and some women are masculine in their love of battle; for sex is more a matter of the spirit than of form, and both sexes are to some extent in each. It is not natural for a typical woman to fight, except for her children, and when, like Joan of Arc, she puts on armor to battle, it is with the feeling that she is the Mother of the Nation and the people her wronged infants.

79

In sex-worship the cross, the most ancient of sacred symbols, was a type of man and woman and their union. But more and deeper than this it is representative of the two great principles of life, their union and contest,

their mutual support and antagonism, their peace and war, and their peace through war. Had the two bars of the cross stood parallel they would have represented very beautifully equality and harmony of two, but they would not have symbolized life; they would not have symbolized how, in life, the two cross each other, and by this are opposed and by this united. The love of a man is projective, protective, and possessive, the element of force is strong in it; but the love of a woman is receptive and distributive, she draws and gives, the element of generosity is sweet in it all. A man's love is peculiarly of the loins, but the love of a woman is more peculiarly breast-love. The man is less a parent than the initiator of parenthood, sex to him looms large, with parentage as a remote sequence; but a woman is peculiarly a parent; to her motherhood is the great event, and sex only an incident. But Love is one, and its different forms are not really separate, but only apparently so, they ever merge and flow

together, and in each is the potentiality of all. A loving man is tender as well as strong, he cherishes and guards the woman he loves as if she were a child; a loving woman is strong as well as sweet, her sex surrounds her like a cloud, she compels as well as attracts. She loves to take the head of the man of her heart on her breast, and comfort him like a babe; she is at the same time to him friend, lover, guardian and mother, and she loves to mother all the helpless everywhere. Man is peculiarly the sex-lover and protector, and woman is peculiarly the breast-lover and parent, but as humanity becomes truly civilized, that is, socialized, all these things will take on new and enlarged meanings. While normally loving one woman above all others, his queen and guardian-angel, the love of a man will flow out in passionate chivalry, protection, and respect to every woman, because of her sex and the loveliness of it; and while normally crowning one man as her King-consort and hero, the love of a woman will be warm to all

men, because of their manliness and potential father-power (the most beautiful of all powers in a woman's eyes) and her abounding and overflowing divine motherliness will make her make man help her in caring for every weak, sick, helpless one, man, woman, or infant, in the community, as a precious charge and child.

And as attainment advances, and the human becomes more and more the Divine (who is both sexes in one) the differences of sex will be less marked, and they will more merge and blend together. The woman will be more strong, self-poised, intelligent, capable, influential; the man will be more gentle, tender, compassionate, parental. And the union of these two in one symbolizes the Divine. Therefore wedded bliss is the most religious thing in life. Therefore the instinct of the woman, who will always disregard any creed or code to be true to her heart, is pure and right.

In nature the male and female elements, acting together, beget and create. This is known

in physical generation, it is not recognized that it is universal law and as true in the spiritual sphere. But, in fact, everywhere and always, the action of the man on the woman, of the woman with the man, is generative—the two must co-act to beget children of the brain and soul. Therefore, if we would have a nation overflowing with genius, we must look to it that the sexes are brought together in everything, and never allowed to be grouped apart—the greatest possible freedom and encouragement must be given to love and attraction, and the co-education, co-working, and sympathy of the sexes.

82

It is a great mistake that most religions have made, especially the Christian, to bar woman as a priestess and religious teacher. Because, by reason of her religious nature, this is peculiarly her place. And indeed she is imperatively needed here, as elsewhere, to supplement man. For man, being the separating agent, his religious nature is analytic, abstract, didactic,

dogmatic, but woman, being the uniting agent, her religious thought is synthetic, concrete, harmonizing. Man concerns himself with definitions, logic, and quarrels of form, but woman concerns herself with faith, life, love, and good works. Despite the fact that Jesus was mostly feminine, as nearly woman as a man could be, the monopoly of church offices by the masculine element made the history of Christianity, till within a very few years, mostly a record of bigotry and sectarian war. With the introduction of Sunday-schools woman entered the Church as a religious influence, and since then the tendency of Christianity has been toward the obliteration of dogma and the emphasis of love.

The blending and homogeneity of religion with sex may be easily observed in life. When moved by a great love, a woman has an adoring, worshipful impulse toward the man who has entered her heart, and he feels that she is a visible incarnation of the Divine, something

holier, purer, more sacred than common clay; a religious ecstasy and glamour hangs on each. And the literature of love is naturally expressed in terms of religion, the poetry of religion in metaphors of love.

Mother Love

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL of all loves, if any is to be singled out, is parent-love. It is peculiarly the attribute of the woman. It is the origin of the instinct of giving, the source of generosity and altruism. The qualities of sex which balance in humanity in the wide circle, do not necessarily equally coexist in the arc. In the lower forms, those that are new on the path, the masculine qualities predominate, and the feminine hardly appear. "War, rape, conquest, fiery, brief attraction, are found as lowdown as we may go; but it is a far cry from the start before we find the tender, protecting care of the parent, and at first this is but for a short time, perhaps only for the egg; but as life attains toward

the Center there is constant progress, the parent-love grows more tender and helpful, lasts longer, till it covers the whole life of the child, overflows to some other children, then to all children, then to all young creatures, then to all creatures, old or young, which are weak, helpless, or in need. It now has become a most divine sympathy and compassionateness; but long before this stage has been reached it has spread from the woman to the man, and we find him becoming more and more merciful, compassionate, sympathetic to all. Thus, at last, the woman element exceeds. Messiah-men are distinguished by their woman-like gentleness, spirituality, compassion, and yearning tenderness. And men, everywhere, as this stage attains, lay aside war, which once so distinguished them, and become peaceful. And even their passion for liberty changes from a passion to do as they please, regardless of others, to a passion to be equally free with others. But nature looks ever to balance, and

as man becomes more womanly the woman takes on a change toward the finer masculine. She grows stronger in selfhood, in thirst for liberty and influence, in willingness to battle (but mentally and for those she protects) in the intellectual power to analyze and separate, in ability to manage and superintend. As in the lower stages of the path the sexes were nearly alike, on the masculine, physical plane, so in the higher stages they again become nearly alike on the feminine, spiritual, plane. The attraction of the woman is at last a stronger force in the world than the compulsion of the man—the Finer, the Gentler Forces prevail.

Of Marriage

WITH LEGAL MARRIAGE the Dawn-Thinker has no concern. Legal marriage is a legal form, and stands or falls by its own legality. But the true marriage is a spiritual fact, and stands or falls by the real spiritual attitude of the lovers to each other. Where two souls and bodies really fit and answer each other in tender love, there is the real marriage, where they conjoin without this fitness there is adultery, and when this fitness fails there is divorce. And this without regard to the legal or illegal pronunciamiento. It is with marriage as with all things else. The law establishes only the artificial, the so-called; it has no power to create the real, no jurisdiction in the realm of spirit, no

recognition in nature. The attempt to marry by law is like the attempt to make royalty, nobility, manners, and the rest, by law. The true King is not created by such clumsy tools as crowns and thrones, but is such by the majesty of his own soul; the true nobleman is the noble man, the truly polite are those who respect liberty and are kind. The law can create nothing but a form; it is helpless to help marriage, it can only usurp and interfere. By no possibility can it make a true union more beautiful, pure, and sweet, but it can call away attention from its spiritual essence to emphasize a formula; it can externally vulgarize it; it can externally prevent it; it can license or even compel an adulterous union, and it can compel an adulterous union to stand, and prevent its natural correction, which is the immediate secession of the parties. The conjunction of the incompatible is the true adultery, and is condemned as such in every kingdom and province of Nature. Divorce or suffer is the law.

The true marriage is the holiest and most religious thing in the universe, and all caresses of all lovers are perfect in proportion to the religious depth and sincerity of their moving impulse. The lighter, sportive expressions of love are certainly delightful and, in their time and place, most innocent, but they do not satisfy; only the moving of the whole soul to its foundations in a deep, solemn, devoted love can satisfy. And particularly every woman feels this, because she is peculiarly the agent of love and religion. The woman, however base or fallen, who does not secretly worship the "grand passion," as her intensest aspiration and holiest ideal, is a woman in form merely, not in spirit.

87

The relations of lovers are the most sacred and private things in all the world. Their love, caresses, and union are the "holy of holies," and the vulgarity and profanation of public interference with their relations, except by their express permission or request, is not to be

exceeded by any sacrilege. If they themselves profane themselves, either spiritually or physically, in this their temple, that is their own saving sin, which shall by contrast show them the right.

The Evolution of Words

AS MEN MOVE upward on the path they see more and farther, and life continually takes on for them new and enlarged meanings. And as words express their understanding of what they see, it is manifest that the language must evolve with the man. When he sees what appears like a new thing he invents a new word; but oftener he sees not new things but a new side or facet of an old thing, and then the old word comes to take on, for him, a new meaning. Thus have all the old words changed form and complexion with time, and thus will they continue to do so long as the old facts stand and grow before us. And this is particularly true of the greater words, God, religion, truth, love,

marriage, and the others that take hold on the Mystery. Therefore are old words often used with enlarged meanings in the Dawn-Thought.

Life's Hard and Soft in Art

THE "ETERNEL ALTERNATION" in life, before alluded to, the contrast of opposites, is something all artists should heed, and which indeed most of them recognize consciously or unconsciously. It is in Art the indispensable, the spinal column.

Now Art is the Interpreter; therefore it must be true to life. It must know how to touch with sure finger all the stops of charm. And because contrast, alternation, rhythm, opposition is the very method and act of life, its idea, its pulse, its breathing, we love it and cannot do otherwise, and demand it in all things with imperious urge. The bite of our appetite is cheated if we have much butter and no crust, all sugar and no tart.

Consider that in drawing and painting there are two things, which cannot be dispensed with—light and shade; and in poetry and music two—a rising and a falling, which we name rhythm; and in sculpture and architecture two—that which is cut away and that which rises in relief, and we shall see that the law holds everywhere, even in the elemental. And in the higher charms, the mental messages and spiritual suggestions of a work of art, it is the same. If the impression given, the emotion aroused, is altogether sweet, merry, we at once cloy; and if it be altogether cruel, gloomy, we repel. It is bad art, and strikes us as a monstrosity. Observe how in the great tragedies of Shakespeare, the clowns, by their fooleries, and even the quips and turns and puns in the verse, lighten the whole. No great comedy is altogether comic, nor any great tragedy merely horrible. Nothing of that sort can win enduring fame, nor even exist at all. Contrast is so indispensable and constant in life that the most misdirected ingenuity and

painstaking labor, of the most one-sided and morbid taste, could not possibly eliminate it altogether.

No crime can exist without its saving grace, nor any saint without his saving sin.

To many, music seems all sweetness, all joy, but it is really not so. Such music would be lifeless, and would truly not please. Music is the Voice of Life, and vibrates ever with its contrasts. But no music is so fierce as to be altogether bereft of sweetness, nor any so gloomy that it has no joy; and in the gayest there is ever the minor chord, and when pain and bliss mingle in it most thrillingly we have the most exquisite strains.

I have noticed since a child that war-music made me feel like dancing, and church-music passioned me to battle.

Of the Spirit-World and Its Importance

NOW AS IN the Dawn philosophy it appears that each individual is offshot from the Divine, as a germ, taking hold first in the lowest plane of mineral existence, and lifting gradually through all the levels of life, even to the highest, may it not be that what the spiritist calls the spirit-world is visited alternately with this? Whenever we find a law of nature we find that it applies everywhere, and this is so certainly true that analogy becomes, practically, a scientific tool. And if alternation holds, as we find it does, everywhere else, may it not be that earth-life and spirit-life are thus alternate? The testimony for spirit-phenomena is so persistent and universal it seems impossible to ignore it,

and yet it seems equally impossible to bind it so as to be found where left. It is elusive, yet ever present and not to be denied. In some form, and by some explanation, it must be recognized. Let us theorize, then, that every time an earth-life-form is destroyed by the change we call death, the progressing spirit escapes and spends a period of indeterminate time in the spirit-world, or unmattered state, retiring to its chamber, as it were, and taking a bath and a night's rest before putting on a new suit of work-a-day earth-clothes. Why should there not be a rest-night for a life, as for each day of that life!

The flesh is the tool of the spirit, and a spirit fleshed is like a workman with his tools, but the spirit unfleshed is the workman without his tools.

Now many things in current spirit evidence tend to prove the foregoing. There are apparently, hovering about us, intelligences which would communicate with us but cannot

do so without a body. But finding some "medium" willing to lend a body temporarily, wholly or in part, they can communicate. And they can perhaps find some impressible soul still enfleshed, and so act upon it that they can be seen and felt and heard by it in a visionary way.

But why should the spirit come back, why choose incarnation again with all its pains and battles? There are many reasons, perhaps. First, if it is really a natural law that the progressing spirit shall re-incarnate, it will surely come to pass no matter what siren may sing of rest. Rest is delightful to the tired man, but he longs again for action when rest is fulfilled. Perpetual rest is intolerable, even to the laziest. Children are happy and play is delightful, but in time the boy longs to be a man and the girl a woman; the baby is longed for in place of the doll, and real work is preferred to play. And in normal life the man comes to look forward with welcome to the quietude of old age, and the old man

to the rest of the grave. All natural changes, in their own ripe time, are welcomed and desired, however repellent if premature. So, reasonably, after a time, the dolce far niente of the spirit-world grows stupid and tiresome, and the rested and reinvigorated soul feels the burgeoning of new sap and longs for action—to grasp the tools and handle the sword once more.

For the earth-world it is which appears to be the field of battle, the workshop and the building-place. The spirit-world, I take it, is but a bower and a bed-room, and life there but a night of rest after a day's work of earth-life.

The desire, no doubt, counts for much. Indeed, in spirit-life, which must be one of emotion, thought, and imagination wholly, its power must be almost inconceivably increased. Thus it may be that the lower forms of life, lacking spirituality, with all their hopes and interests centered on earthly and material things, return swiftly, perhaps immediately, to

the field of preferred action; while spiritual and idealist souls, living in a sphere of dreams, may spend very long periods between incarnations, centuries perhaps, in the home of pure mind.

But if it be true that life moves by two, the hard and the soft, and if, in this case, the soft is the spirit and the hard the flesh, by and through which it must act (for, as we say, every faculty must have its organ), then the time comes when the inner pressure and longing for action is sufficient to drive the soul back to flesh, and a new earth-trip is taken. The coming into this life again we call, on this side, a birth (its characteristic being a complete loss of conscious memory of all past incarnations and spirit-land rests), but on the spirit-side it may be like a death. As we die, or change, out of the earth-life into the spirit-life, also we may die out of the spirit-life again into earth-life, and so on, back and forth, till Nirvana opens.

But I suppose the death out of spirit-life and birth of reincarnation are both much

more complete than the death and birth out of earth-life into spirit-life, for this reason: The spirit remembers its last incarnation vividly, indeed its spirit-life seems but a continuance of that, but a new-born babe has no recollection of any past existence whatever, at least not consciously.

Just as the body keeps its form for a while after the spirit leaves, and then gradually decays, so perhaps, the spirit is strong and vigorous for a while after death, retaining a finer portion of the matter belonging to earth-life, which like the yolk of the egg to the birdling feeds and sustains it for a time, but which, gradually, is exhausted, until at last its active powers fade and dissipate and it drops to the level of the merely dreaming, enervated spirits about it. For it appears that action, everywhere in the universe, depends upon coöperation (in unison and contest) of spirit and matter, and just as it is true in this visible world that the creature which can ingest, digest,

assimilate, and excrete the refuse of the most food is the creature possessing the greatest vital force and active power, so I suppose it to be true everywhere. I suppose the spirit-world to be not entirely destitute of matter, but that there is enough in its atmosphere to enable the spirit to exist and manifest a certain action, but that this action is confined almost entirely to the functions of memory, meditation, and imagination. For it will be observed that most of the communications derived from spirits are of poor mental fiber. Call up a great poet, and ask for a poem, and you will get such stuff as no poet in this world would acknowledge. Nothing of any importance comes to us from the spirit-world, either in art, literature, or science, and this even with the aid of the loaned body and organs of the medium. Bits of memory and imagination may come all right, but art-work is creative work, and requires the finest, strongest coaction of soul and matter.

Therefore spirits are no artists.

Depend upon it, it takes a soul and a body together to produce sound work, even as the Center, the Great Spirit, acts by and through the material universe, the Great Matter.

I suppose, as the spirit-world is one of mind only, that there is no perception of this earth given the spirit except so far as he is enabled to enter the aura or use the eyes of those who consciously or unconsciously are mediums; or, at any rate, that his life is mainly introspective, and that therefore he sees usually nothing of this world; like a man in a brown study, unconscious of all around him. The "spirit-world," as we term it, which environs the spirit, I suppose to be only the pictures of his own imagination, projected vividly before him as realities; like, only more intensely real in seeming, the imaginary world of our dreams. Therefore the spirit-world is to every man what he desires and imagines it. His strong preconceptions color all the landscape and erect the dwellings of his fancy. Hades may have been very real to the Roman soldier's

shade; the Norseman, no doubt quaffed his mead in Valhalla, and clashed swords on the plains of Asgard; the Indian chases buffalo on spirit-prairies; the Mohammedan embraces his Houris; the Christian sings praises in the heavenly chorus. It is "as you like it," and "every man in his own humor."

But as everywhere in life there is rhythm, a rising and a falling of waves of onward force, and as every phase of existence is such a wave, so I infer that in a spirit-life, as in an earth-life, there is a youth and an old age, and that finally even the powers of remembering and dreaming fade and dissipate, and the soul is oppressed with a sense of weakness and a longing for renewed power and youth. This felt loss, and all the limitations of spirit existence, cause an inclination to reincarnation.

To be sure, messages sometimes come from the spirit-world purporting to be from ancient spirits, but I suppose there are few, if any, ancient spirits there. These messages are,

I think, mostly from mischievous spirits, who loaf along the line and find an idle delight in practicing upon the gullibility of mediums and spiritists, in furnishing messages and evidences to order, and in personating famous individuals, departed friends, saints, angels, fairies, devils, perhaps Christ, or even the Deity. It must be rare sport to see what barefaced rubbish can be crammed down the throats of otherwise prudent and uncheatable men, if only presented in the name of spirit. And imagine personating "Auld Hornie," with hoofs and tail complete, and frightening a plantation darkey!

Fairy land was, I suppose, not such a delusion as some think. I think it was the heaven of some ancient religion, the conception of the spirit-world of some departed peoples. And, doubtless, to this day, many a little child, whose delight is in such, finds itself, after death, surrounded by dancing elves and smiled at by a fairy godmother. And when the Irish or Swedish peasant solemnly tells you that he has seen

fairies, and heard their music, I suppose that he has either temporarily slipped from earth into the spirit-world of his fancy (common, I take it, in visions) or else has seen some spirit who, for kind or unkind reasons, is personating an elf.

I suppose that when a spirit dies out of the spirit-world it leaves no residuum, or "body," there, but simply disappears, or is missing, slipping out through a chink, as it were, into earth-life again. And that the change consists in a forgetting of its just-passed earth and spirit-life, so that it enters its new body, or earth-form, a blank page so far as conscious memory is concerned. And this I take to be the universal method, in order to ensure a feeling of distinct individuality as before explained. I say conscious memory, for I have an idea that the unconscious memory of past experience persists in all souls, and affects choice and actions, and constitutes a greater part of what we call instinct, the remainder being, perhaps,

a sort of sub-conscious clairvoyance, or perception of unseen relations.

Now a mesmerist will often be astounded in his hypnotic experiments to uncover several different individuals in one, so to speak, as if each man was on the top of a box, with many other men packed away below him, to be produced, one by one, when the lid was opened. These other individuals I would explain to be only the memory of other lives, which the subject has lived in time past, and which the hypnotic trance has in some way recalled to his recollection.

Growth must go on forever, till Nirvana; and I suppose that in the spirit-world the soul does much of its important growth. Memory of all that has occurred in the previous earth-life is, I take it, extremely vivid, even to the minutest detail, and the judgment greatly cleared from the passions and ambitions which action imposes on it here. The life is introspective and retrospective, and as everything passes in review, again and again,

before the sensitive and attentive spirit, with nothing to distract or confuse, occurs that great "last judgment" of which religionists write. The God-side of the soul, so far as it is attained, judges all, separates the wheat from the tares, the sheep from the goats, and the mistakes and errors are burned up in the fire of remorseful regret and condemnation, and the wise and righteous deeds are enjoyed over and over in the heaven of delightful recollection and approval. The mistakes damned, and burned up, are likely no more to be repeated in future incarnations, and the virtues and successes become an integrally assimilated part of the advancing, enlarging, strengthening soul. The bad, rejected, "depart into outer darkness" (nothingness), and the good, accepted, sit on the right hand of approval and future action.

100

And growth goes on too, I dare fancy, in the spirit-world, by a process of loving accretion and merging. According to the Dawn-Thought we are, in the last analysis, all one, and growth

consists in the attainment of oneness, of full largeness. Therefore for one individual to join fully and be utterly merged with another would be no loss, but, on the contrary, a doubling of self in size. In the spirit-world desire is prepotent, and what is desired, if of a spiritual nature, is realized with greatest ease. Swedenborg tells us that spirits who desire to be with other spirits find themselves instantly in their society, and that higher spirits converse without words. What more natural than that lovers who loved each other so intensely in this life that they desired utterly to be one, should find their desire attainable in the land of soul—should flow together there, and become one indeed, and inseparable.

And if it be asked: Which, then, loses self in the other? I reply, neither. For if there be only One Individual in the universe, and what we consider our consciousness of separate individuality is only a consciousness of the life of that great I Am, clouded by our delusion

of separateness, then, no matter how many others we merge with, our perception of our individuality simply increases, and grows more powerful and sure, and we lose nothing but one of the supposed partitions of separation.

To the woman it feels that her lover has lost objective existence, but that she has made him a part of herself, and feels him within her with infinite content, and herself enlarged by all his powers and strength and courage, and this no delusion; and to the man it feels that he has absorbed the woman, and that all her love and loveliness are now a living and delightful part of his being.

And every caress of love typifies this. Love is a species of cannibalism, and the constant desire to be in contact, "closer, closer!" the clinging embraces, the penetration, and overdosing, the devouring, greedy kisses, bites even, the craving to reach the mucous membrane, the heart, the soul, all reveal this tremendous

imperious urge to be at one, to give all of self, and take all of the beloved.

For there are two elements or impulses which interact in human life, the egoist and altruist. The egoist is the male element, and the altruist the female. They both coexist in each individual, at all times, but in varying proportions; and usually the altruist predominates in the woman, and the egoist in the man, where both are on somewhat the same plane of evolution. But sometimes the woman in form is male in spirit, and the man in form is sometimes female in spirit. Therefore, sometimes the man worships the woman, and gives himself to her in devotion. And when the Center throws off a germ to form an individual, as we say, the first thing to be emphasized is the apparent separation, the feeling of distinct individuality and self-importance. Therefore all souls primitive, young on the path, are intensely egoist, even to selfishness. But as the return accelerates separation grows less certain and distinct, unity is more and more felt and

accepted, and altruism manifests itself more and more in active gentleness and love. Therefore the primitive savage is intensely a man, and even the primitive woman is man-like, but the higher evolution is always in the direction of the womanlike, of softness, gentleness, tender love, consideration, sympathy. All the Messiah-souls, who are near the end of their course, are of this order. Consider Buddha, Jesus, Emerson, Whitman. Therefore, too, women have always been more religious than men, and men have always felt that the spiritual element in woman was superior to their own.

103

Therefore is it said that the weak things of the world are chosen to confound the mighty, and things which are not (ideal things), to bring to nought things that are.

And just as the soft oyster forms and shapes the hard shell, and the soft brain shapes the hard skull, and the soft nerve directs the hard muscle and bone, and the soft water drills the hard rock, so, in every thing, is the soft finally

stronger than the hard, and the finer, the gentler forces prevail.

And so the soft woman and the hard man unite and merge again and again in evolving a higher humanhood, till both finally completely find their Self by losing themselves in that God who is both Father and Mother, male and female, the perfect Egoist, or Individual, and the perfect Altruist, or All-Lover, in One.

Of Reincarnation

104

AS INNUMERABLE MULTITUDES of new forms are originating every moment in the matter-world, each calling for its indwelling, directing spirit, there must be a tremendous current of attraction setting between the matter-world and the spirit-world, drawing the spirits down, as it were. Of course this, like all things else, is according to some invariable method, or natural law, and doubtless each spirit is drawn along the current of his desire to the form, or body, best fitted for him next to inhabit. I suppose that ancestors often reincarnate themselves in the bodies of posterity, which would tend to explicate much in heredity. And I suppose that sex (which

anatomists tell us is more or less of what we call an accident, anyway) is changeable, so that what is man in this incarnation may be woman when next enfleshed, which might help to explain masculine women and feminine men.

But I do not suppose there is any return into lower forms passed and outlived, except, perhaps, occasionally, under strong reactive desire. Buddhists are mistaken in attaching so much importance to this, I believe. For the whole course of all is on, and reactions, even when they occur, react again to progress. There is probably an effectual repugnance to the returning again to an experience fully outlived.

Summary of Spirit Doctrine

IT WILL BE noticed that this view of spirit-life differs markedly from current spiritualism in its view of “the power, liberty, possibility, and necessity of the being, action, and passion” of the disembodied. Spiritualism has different sects, but all of them ascribe immense power, influence, and authority to unbodied souls. Some of them assert a spiritual hierarchy, others describe leagues or cabals of spirits, but all agree that all human life is largely under spirit control, and that unbodied spirits are wiser and stronger than bodied ones.

The foregoing view differs from all this. Its contention is that spirit acts by and through matter as tool and material, and is helpless

without it; that the matter-world is the field of action, school of experience, and stair of progress; that unbodied souls have no means of directly acting upon "mortals," except by borrowing the bodily organs of some "medium," and then only in an imperfect way; that only these mediums can see, hear, feel, or be impressed by spirits; that mediums are weaker than average human beings (wherefore their sensitiveness to spirit impressions) but, nevertheless, so weak are the spirits, even the average medium can resist them and escape their influence. That the life of the spirit is almost altogether subjective; a matter of thought, memory, and imagination rather than of will or action; that even these faculties grow weak and fade in a veritable old age, needing a new birth for rejuvenation; that the apparent spirit-environment is projected from the imagination, is ideal not real (that is, not material); that spirits could not exist at all were there not a sufficiency of the finer forms of matter available to enable them to continue

the purely mental functions alone practicable for them; and, finally, it is held that all this affords sufficient inducement for the return of the soul to earth-life, that power and action may be again enjoyed, and progress continued toward that goal which is the end of all living. And it is held that the phenomena of current spiritualism, broadly viewed and interpreted, affords strong confirmatory proof of all this.

Why Evil is First and Love Last

107

IN THE EARLY stages of the path evil is the predominant thing, because evil is primarily separation and distance from the Center. This may be called negative evil. But the secondary, positive form of evil is aggression, with its fruit, inharmony.

At first separation is emphasized because that is the peculiar attribute of the primary germ. The thought to separate was its parent. In it the apparent separation, which is the working fiction of the universe, is carried to its uttermost and raised to its highest power. With every step inward from this, union increases and partitions disappear. But at first unions are not harmonious, because there is no

desire to form them; the primary impulse is apartness, and selfishness is its expression and characteristic. Therefore unions at first are only by force. Selfishness is the dominating instinct, and while each wants to be altogether apart, it also wishes to possess all the goods (that it recognizes as such) that others share or possess. Hence battle is inevitable. And battle promotes progress in two ways: First by destroying forms (death), thus forcing the indweller to seek a new form; second, by compelling unions. Unions are compelled in two ways: By devouring or enslaving the conquered, and by obliging unions for mutual defense or aggression.

108

But those who confederate for mutual gain taste love, and henceforth that enters as an element in associated life, and grows larger, stronger, purer, more inclusive, to Attainment.

This explains why the law of lower nature is "Might is Right," while in all higher natures the passion for right (or harmony) controls and moves might. And this is why there is to

everything a lower and evil side, and why the evil, in natural order, comes first, and disappears as advance is made. The first unions are those in which one party is altogether devoured, in which force is carried to its ultimate; then follow those in which some selfhood is retained by the conquered, but in slavery; then unions in which tyranny is limited, and somewhat a matter of treaty, bargain, and consent, as in most governments; then unions of perfect equality, but for convenience only; lastly unions of pure love and communism, in which desire for the comrade's good equals desire for self-good—in which the confederates feel as one. And so it is with everything in life; the battle, the evil, the inharmony, the hard work, the disadvantages appear first, and later come ease, joy, and gain.

The Passion for Greatness

109

THE PASSION FOR greatness is the strongest in human nature, and rightly, for it is the current forever setting toward our destiny. In all beautiful and all morbid forms it announces itself. Pride, conceit, vanity, tyranny, all worship, and all devotion, are explained by it. With enthusiasm we give ourselves to the service of the great, and why? Because of irresistible sympathy, because they are living for us that which we long, but as yet are helpless to live.

“And I, if I be lifted up from the earth will draw all men unto me,” said Christ, and thus voiced a natural law of lifting. The truly great, by their rise, lift all about them, and make them greater and richer also. It is the meanly

great, those who have the will to be superior, as indeed all have, but no perception, as yet, of the meat of the matter; it is these who, having no lift in themselves, try to appear great by trampling on and lowering those about them. But the truly great long for comradeship in greatness, and know no purer delight than the developing of every latent spark of it, and this is one reason why they are loved with such pure love and served with such passion of devotion; for we all have instinct that no man can do us greater good than to make us great, if by only a line and a hair's breadth, or worse hurt than to belittle us. And, because of the solidarity of man, every blossom of greatness, wherever, greatens us all, and enlarges the coasts of being. No man may do men greater service than to make himself great.

And we are so grateful to the great, so helped, lifted, widened by them, that we endure faults, injuries, crimes even, from, them, which we could not so ignore in the small.

The devotion which a true woman feels for the man she has crowned her heart's king is perfectly natural, and in itself healthful. With the irrepressible yearning of the race for infinite enlargement, to which goal all our passions are but roads, and love most of all, she feels that by joining herself to one greater than herself in wisdom, strength, and majesty, she becomes all that he is, plus herself. And he, on his part, if a true lover, and moved by the grand passion, feels that she is his heart's queen, and enlarges him by those qualities of beauty, grace, gentleness, and spiritual intuition in which woman differs from and is superior to man. For the love of royalty is not a mistake and a degradation, as many ultra radicals fiercely say. Equality in smallness is not what the future is to bring us, but equality in greatness; and a meeting and concourse of kings and royal personages—each royal in his or her own right over the things pertaining to self, each recognizing and respecting the dignity, power, and majesty of

the other—is the true type and picture of the future, wherein human beings shall be as gods, eating lotus and drinking nectar on the hills of divine leisure.

But a king, over others, should be crowned by them, not crown himself, and I have divine right to be king of whosoever crowns me.

The true king is leader, exemplar, not tyrant.

The passion for greatness!—what else is it makes men rush into war and the madness of battle! They must be heroes or they die, and therefore they endure for pay, so scanty that elsewhere they would scoff at the wage, all hardships, degradations, and tyranny of officers, wounds and horrors unmentionable. Because there is no other joy so utterly rich and satisfying as the feeling that one has made oneself sublime, they dare all to taste it, if only for the moment.

And they are right in the main, as the common people always are, centrally, in their instincts. Vaguely, stumblingly, with little consciousness,

like animals, they walk in the paths of great truths because they are so moved by they know not what unseen forces, but in the obeying of which they feel safe.

And this is why fear is so shameful to men, for it is afraid of change when all things live by change, and afraid of death when there is no death, and in all things stands coweringly with its face backward. It is the Great Denial, the Great Reaction, and to endure it would be annihilation.

Fear is the true Infidelity; for Faith is the feeling of immortality, the assurance of deathlessness, and Courage is the same in its essence. Your hero, your intrepid man, is enthused by invincibility. He cannot conceive that he should be hurt, or defeated, or killed. These may be for others, they are not for him, and he cannot bring them livingly even before his imagination. If he could, if they appeared real and applicable, he would be frightened.

Courage is that glorious prophecy which rushes over the soul of man in moments of exaltation and of trial, with the assurance of his unconquerableness and his imperishability. In proportion as a man receives this he fears nothing, and dares everything.

Fear is the faith in Death, just as sorrow is faith in Loss, and these two are the wickedest things in thought, because the most paralyzing to growth. Where one is in the full light of the Dawn Thought there is no fear, nor sorrow, for all things succeed, and Life is all.

Certainly in the partial and apparent sense a man may be broken, beaten, slain, but in the large sense this is impossible. And greatness is the affirmation of the large sense.

And this is what, consciously or unconsciously, your hero feels, and what you, consciously or unconsciously, admire in him; for it is utterly impossible to restrain the thrill of admiration, hope, and dilating joy, we feel when we see a

man calmly confident that defeat, injury, and death are not for him.

Courage is the affirmation of life.

Each thing is true in a small sense, and true also, but often quite differently, or even oppositely, in a large sense, and it is the sign and mark of greatness that it emphasizes this large sense; and we are all great in the degree in which we apprehend this. And as greatness grows the larger is its grasp and vision, the deeper its courage and breathing.

I have no fear that natural leadership will ever be lost. It is the most natural thing in life. We reverence the great by irresistible drawings. They are God-manifest to us, the incarnation of our hope, the vision of our victory. "We worship the wise and obey the capable as we eat and breathe. Whoso can lead shall be followed, and the greater a leader is the more he feels himself a tool in a strong hand. There is an endless uplook through all the planes of power.

It is this deep truth which moved Plato to place an aristocracy of the wise and good at the head of his "Republic;" it is this that Carlyle worships in his heroes; it is this that Nietzsche touches in his "Overman;" and it is this that all governments profess to foster and secure by some mechanical and arbitrary machinery of dynasties, nobilities, elections, or other political scheme by which an artificial and arbitrary rulership is substituted for the natural leader, chosen by the spontaneous admiration and corrected by the spontaneous criticism and secession of the free individual.

This sort cometh not by machinery, but by nature. Truly the great should lead, and the foolish follow, but the moment the great impose their wisdom and compel obedience, in that moment, and by so much, they cease to be great, because, instead of affirming the large sense, and uplifting, they affirm the small sense and beat back the inward uplift in those below them. For the great thing, the important event,

is not that the great should be obeyed, but that the weak should be strengthened and the low lifted by voluntarily imitating and obeying them, yet not slavishly, but as men convinced.

It is great to compel, but infinitely greater to have such masterful, manifest desert that men follow and obey by irresistible, spontaneous flow, necessity that holds, and admiration not otherwise to be appeased.

But even the artificial leaders advance the true thought. For men must worship, and if the man they are told to look to is not worthy, then they clothe him with the imputed virtues of their ideal, and so exist till the true hero and king arrives. It is better to worship a carven post, made deity by the imagination, than to have nothing great to look up to.

And it is true that repression never finally represses; the plan is such that it must even indirectly advance, yet in the end every will must have its way, for liberty is the indispensable, the road, the atmosphere of growth.

And growth is happiness. To be consciously enlarging, expanding, attaining, advancing, this is our joy. And where there is freedom there is nothing to stop growth, therefore men hold it first, and greatest of all. Growth is the river of life, and liberty the channel in which it runs.

The Bends and Reaches in the River of Life

NOW THIS IS the law of force that it travel ever in waves; a rising and a falling constitute a life. And this is true of every complete episode in nature. The moon waxes and wanes, a morning and an evening are the life of a day, a spring and a fall the life of a year, a cresting and a sinking the life of a wave. And even so a youth and an old age are a life of a man. And at the end of an episode or a "life," comes a change, which change, occurring in those we call living, constitutes what we call death. But an analogous change comes to all things that are partial, animate or inanimate, natural or arbitrary, material or spiritual. Every motion, every imagination, obeys the same law. But

all things continue, and there is no real death. Month follows month, but the moon does not die because hidden; day follows day, but the sun ever shines; year follows year, but the fabric of time is continuous; wave succeeds wave, but the stream flows on. Or if oceans of water and fire fail, these have not perished, they have but changed place and appearance.

Death is only the pause before the next rising impulse of onwardness. These things are for times and for seasons; they are punctuation points. Changes, exchanges, transformations, are everywhere, but annihilation nowhere. Every end is but a beginning, every beginning an end. Therefore life is all rhythm, and herein is the charm of poetry and music that they repeat the rhymes of life. Pulse, pulse, beats the world's blood forever, smitten onward by the Great Heart.

Truth is Central; Limits are Arbitrary and False

IT IS TO partialness of view that strife and contention among men are due. Each disputant feels passionately the truth of his thesis because it is true, but none sees the synthesis which proves the equal necessity of his opponent's thought; therefore the battle rolls. But as growth goes on, and life larges, rigid lines soften, respect and toleration widen their borders, and peace comes like a dawning.

Reverence the broad man, for he is well along on the path.

But though it is true, this that we see, remember that we do not see it exactly true, because we see but part, and see as parts,

and the partial view is always somewhat of a mistake, the part itself is a mistake. With every inch of stature, with every step to right or left, we see more and differently, and must needs correct previous impressions. Therefore we dare affirm positively only the truth of the center. All religions, all philosophies, sciences, doctrines, dogmas, are true at heart, but the moment the seer attempts to too positively explain and define details he is a false prophet; for these limitations have no existence in nature, other than that they more or less truly represent the horizons of his outlook, the edges of his eye-scope. All emphasis about boundaries makes a lie; all limitation makes a lie; all standing still at a preferred spot and insistence on that vista as final is stagnation and extinguishment. Buddha saw the truth, so did Moses, Socrates, Jesus, Mohammed, Mother Ann Lee, Swedenborg, Emerson, Whitman, and so do I. And you have, in yourself, a vision that no other may see for you or exactly with you.

But to-morrow comes one who sees more and farther; and the next day a larger man than any, with stronger eyes and brain. There is no creed, no code, no definition, no limit, but for the moment; but all is life and the rhythm and flow of it. And this is ever to be remembered—that if the god-like see true, so do the worm-like. For if Jesus saw the truth, also in his way, did Judas, and lived up to it.

119

Judas and Jesus are types of the lower and higher man, each wise in his own outlook.

For if boundaries, limits, distinctions, were real, separations would be real, and the solidarity and unity of all things would not be. But we shall prove, when we take life in our hand and challenge a barrier, though it be of adamant, that it is not there, but only a mist and a seeming; it fades like a memory of a dreaming, and life, the eternal-moving, the changing-unchanging, goes on.

The Christian Scientists are right when they affirm that there is no death, sin, sickness, matter;

but they would be equally right did they deny there was any separate life, or any virtue, health, spirit; for these are but words, distinctions, temporary fences, map-lines, rounds on the ladders that lift us; they have no real existence, are equally arbitrary and verbal; for all is flow, and a shifting and exchanging, and, at the final, a melting together and a oneness, an overlook, a reconciliation, and an acceptance—God is all, and we are God—One.

And this is Nirvana.

Evolution in Battle

120

MEN LOVE WAR because of the swiftness of its changes, because armies are rivers of force, but, most of all, because courage is its life and center, and courage is the most life-giving of passions.

And the love of struggle, of conquest, of domination by force, dies not in man, nor shall die, because these are of growth and its methods. But as God-attainment goes on the struggle between man and man will grow less deadly, freer of hate, more humane in form and action, and at last all men will clasp hands and stand shoulder to shoulder in a great army of industry. The passion for war will take other form and seek other outlet. It will be

directed to the conquest of leisure, so that men may be as gods on the earth, ennobling themselves and enjoying each other in the large ease and courtesy of those who are equal in mastership and royalty. But each man, full of force and beauty, burgeoning with life-sap, will seize betimes the weapons of his power and rush forth with joy to the manly struggle with the elements and forces, the obstacles which repress the divine in man, the enemies which brain and muscle and heart, in work, conquer.

All admiration which men now give to war will be given to work; and the workman will be the petted hero, the subject of song and story, the object of love's adoration, the knight, the deliverer.

With the same enthusiasm now given to slaughter, the workman, the soldier of that time, will be drilled, decked, armed, equipped, and go forth in the glamour of romance, with the inspiration of music and the waving of beautiful hands, to the enlargement of the Kingdom of

Man, and the subjugation and despoiling of the alien, the enemy, the forces which will not serve.

It is dawning now; that will be day.

Of the Lover and Beloved and the Uplift and Fitness in Loving

IT IS THIS endless pursuit and upward yearn which explains that wonderful fact that in love the two parties are never equal, that there is always a Lover and a One-Beloved. Were it otherwise, were each equally worshipful and perfect in content, then would it be deemed that heaven were found, and nothing more to seek, and the greater heaven would be unattained. But the clock-work of the world is wound to a larger tune. God has not arranged it so that any of his children shall get lost on the road, or forget to come home. Pleasure and Pain are the two levers which lift, and they are ever acting in sufficient degree and concert

to do their work. "When one ceases to push, the other draws, and usually they push and pull together. And so love reaches out on all sides and calls continually for the perfect companion, the completing complement, but is never fully satisfied. For it was never intended that we should find rest in any one friend or lover. It is only when you love all, and are friends to all, absolutely and without reservation, that rest comes. And that cannot be till Nirvana.

Two fragments of a broken globe cannot do more than faintly resemble, in their union, the perfect sphere. An ideal love is the mending of the shattered sphere.

Therefore should love be bound by no rigid vows or cast-iron forms. Everything unchangeable is deadly to the thing it would conserve; for life is impossible without motion, and motion means change, and change if it mean not growth and accretion means decretion and decay.

Though we should be friends of all and lovers of all, yet love presupposes fitness, and is not made possible by mere resolution. When the globe is shattered and there are a multitude of fragments, you will find that the one you pick up fits only a few others, and fits each only on one side, but after it has enlarged by joining to these, then there are more to which it may fit, and so on to all-fitness. And so it is with man; he is a fragment, and his fellows are fragments of the One. Let him fit where he may all those whom he can, if only on one side, and so enlarge to Nirvana.

123

The power to appreciate, fit-to, and love many proves a soul far along on the path.

And love is fitting and sympathy is cementing.

But though loves are never equal, and there is always one who gives most, who is the Lover, and one who receives most, who is the Beloved, yet does it often happen that their fitness is so delightful to them, so fruitful of joy, that the

soul has a foretaste of Nirvana, wherein there is no struggle nor hate, but love perfect.

And even when loves are most unequal, still is love a blessed thing to both. If either have the best of it, it is the Lover, who is the worshiper, who is the one uplifted, who grows and enlarges toward the Beloved. But the Beloved, too, is blessed in foretasting God-hood, in the joy of teaching, uplifting, sweetening another life, of receiving worship and proving worth-ship.

As the world stands, men are the Lovers and the Center the One-Beloved. The souls that are far away on the path are full of the sense of dependence; they are oppressed with loneliness; they crave to worship. To these loving, worshiping, is the chief joy, because it gives most rapid growth. But as the soul grows larger and wiser it becomes more like the Inclusive, the Sphere, who is always alone. It feels its own individuality more, yet more its vital contact with all, is more content and happy and serene in self-hood.

It is strange how the same impulse in life leads to most opposite results. The outer souls are necessarily intensely individualized, but this very strong sense of separation makes them crave connection, therefore are they intensely tribal, gregarious; selfish, yet moving in herds. But the inner souls are so sure of their touch with many that they care little for the outward assurance, can be very content alone, and substitute an inward, spiritual individuality for the outward, physical one that so burdens the savage. They trouble not about society, are happy and fearless in solitude, yet are the best lovers and the best company.

The Assurance of Greatness

BUT EVERY STAGE of development has its higher and lower, and at first the intellectual recognition of the importance of individuality, and content in self-hood, may go to an extreme, and make the holder cold, selfish, and isolated; for the lower form always asserts itself first. But this lower punishes itself, and ensures a reaction, until the soul becomes generous, benignant, a receiver of love and worship, and a dispenser of benefits. In the lower form the king-souls are jealous of worship, and exact it with craving, but the older kings are sure of their royalty, and used to it, and care nothing for the forms and signs of obeisance, nor even if they are withheld. Jesus knowing that he was king and

God troubled not that men denied and reviled. These are so royal that they seem, as it were, humble. And the Supreme, the Alone One, is troubled nothing that men blaspheme and deny him. A jealous God is the myth of a small mind. Why even a great dog has magnanimous contempt for the barks of the tykes.

In like manner those who lack self-assurance of greatness long for the plaudits of their fellows, but the truly great, secure in this self-assurance, are serene, whether fame be withheld or given. For the inward conviction and sensation of worth is the purest joy in life, and where men have it not they reach out hungrily to every substitute, as sick men seek remedies of quacks. They are ready to bribe, beg or steal a word of praise, to self-deceive their souls withal, and so are the ready-made and self-devoted dupes of all flatterers. And with drugs, stimulants, narcotics, they fill themselves with fumes of sham force and power. And truly brave men, grown sure in their courage, are modest and

indifferent to praise; but a man who has a coward doubt likes to be bolstered by others' conviction, and is tempted to bully and boast, that the fear and praise of others may inspire his feeble heart.

To Be Good

127

THOSE WHO TELL you to be good indeed tell you well, it is the fruit the tree is inevitably to bear; but those who expect mature virtues from undeveloped souls have a pinched brain and a narrow eye. They are like fools who look for ripe apples in the spring. Tell them the corn bears ears when it is big enough.

And the fruit is first hard and sour, then mellow and sweet. And a useless virtue, or rather an unused one, like fruit kept uneaten, for ornament only, soon grows over-ripe and rotten. Virtue is not only strength and beauty but service.

Of Vital Unity

THE WHOLE IS one, and this truth all things in nature repeat to us in ever-varying lessons. Everything seeks unity, equilibrium, the center; and though continually thrown out, persistently returns from whence it came, just as man goes back to Nirvana. Consider the waters, which, though lifted in mists and clouds, drop swiftly back through all their shining levels to the sea. And, if more slowly, the uplifted mountains are just as certainly and stubbornly flowing down into the valleys. When we seek for a clear partition and definition between mineral and vegetable, vegetable and animal, animal and man, man and God, we fail to find it. Any of these viewed centrally is different enough,

but when you seek for boundary lines they forever elude. Because they do not exist. They are but convenient fictions, lines on our maps which the fields and forests they cross know not of. Does not evolution reveal a perpetual touch and blending all along the lines of life? Do not the methods, the "laws "of nature apply universally? Is not each thing a type and figure of every other thing? Is not man a microcosm of the macrocosm? Study comparative anatomy, and see how every nerve and muscle and bone hints of the human. Run sex down, if you can, and find some element or aggregation which knows nothing of the power of the dual principle.

128

Motion and rest are all of life, and all our motions are in pursuit of rest.

We all stand on the earth, and are united by our touch of it, and by the air which ever pursues us, by the ether which never leaves us, by electric and magnetic currents, interpenetrating, by strange, invisible nervous

sympathies which clairvoyance, telepathy, and similar marvels, occasionally reveal to us. We are united by our common needs, weaknesses, passions, by our common origin and destiny.

Look how reproduction unites us. The actual substance and life of the parent goes into the child, and there is no break in the life. The life in the seed is the life, and the finest life, of the parent, and develops without cut-off into the offspring, an extension of the parent. Humanity is like an undying tree, and dying individual forms are like the dropping leaves. Or it is like an undying man, and dying individual like the broken-down tissue and cells excreted and thrown away.

And humanity is only a limb of the Great Tree, or Body, of Life, equally inseparable.

Consider how nutrition unites us: We breathe the air and drink the water and intake the invisible forces. The vegetable eats the mineral, the animal the vegetable, we eat both vegetable and animal, and so the mineral,

and so everything in the universe. And the dead are continually devoured and used over again, and resurrected and made alive again; or rather life never ceases, but rises and falls, through days and nights, labors and sleeps, strengths and weaknesses, consciousness and unconsciousness, in eternal rhythm.

Those religionists who suppose that the soul never returns, but remains unchanging in a heaven of changeless bliss, or a hell of unmitigated torment, suppose something for which there is no warrant, anywhere, in the analogies of nature.

And those who reject reincarnation, and consider the alleged loss of memory of the reborn soul as an improbable hypothesis, must remember that, even from the most materialistic standpoint, everything in the universe, matter or force, is worked up, over and over, reborn and reincarnated in one sense, and yet the conscious memory of past experience is continually lost with every change. "Why, when,

as we have seen, the body and life of parent and child are actually continuous, why does not the child remember its previous experiences as parent and ancestors? Plainly with the new individual form comes the new memory, and this without theory.

And men are united by labor and property. We not only live on our ancestors, in an actual though disguised cannibalism, but we spend their money, live in their cities, walk their streets, pluck fruit from their trees, read their books, work with their tools, think their thoughts, and carry out their plans. All inheritance unites with the past, and the extent of our inheritance is beyond all our measure or mental grasp.

Philosophers are continually pointing out that humanity is a macrocosm, a true individual, the Great Man, of whom man, the lesser individual, is a miniature.

Of the Counter Truth Individuality, and Its Relation to Unity

BUT THOUGH ALL things tend to the center, to unity, and the partitions, separations, are apparent and not finally real, yet it is of the utmost importance to the order of the universe, its motion and action, that all these apparent distinctions should be understood as facts and carefully respected. Here, as elsewhere, the opposites must meet and fraternize, or conflict continues. When we attain the ideal society it will be one in which the separate liberty of each man will be fully recognized and deferred to in every social act, yet in which each man feels his unity with all and relates to it in every private act. Not till this perfect balance and reciprocity

between the individual and society is attained, as a custom and inwoven habit, will the perfect society be attained, and where it exists, even now, between two or more individuals, there the perfect society is. And the first step is to recognize the free individual as an individual sovereign, supreme over his own. For the first step in creating order, anywhere, is to give each thing its place, and the full properties and powers that pertain to it, preventing at the same time its interference with any other. This results invariably and everywhere in order, peace, and harmony. It is the natural law of right, that is of individual well-being and social accord. Any deviation produces inharmony and disorder.

But remember that individuality is only true centrally. The moment you begin to insist on border lines, and define them, you will have trouble; for you are forcing into fictitious prominence something that, in nature, does not exist. By myself I am one man, and my

neighbor, by himself, is another man, but when we come together and touch we are not two but one, and if this is fully perceived and acted upon there will be perfect love and harmony between us. Herein is the unshakable strength of Christ's injunction: "Love thy neighbor as thyself." But he does not explain why, which the Dawn-Thought does. You are to love him as yourself because he is yourself, only in another form. And if you do not respect that form you do violence to yourself as well as him. For all final crime is violence to self. Assert your own individuality with dignity and delight in it, and with equal pride and joy assert the individuality of your fellow—that is the true method of human association and, where followed, yields perfect peace and love. To love the neighbor more than self, as ultra altruists urge, produces inward pain, abasement, protest; to love self most cuts off all those currents of life which would flow from him to you and feed you; to try to destroy his individuality by obliterating

him, or by annexing him to yourself by force, turns those currents to virulent poison, bitter and deadly toward you.

In other words, then, and herein is a paradox and truth most significant and far-applying, you only attain to unity by recognizing every individuality, and every time you recognize another individuality you increase your own.

We are each one a pulse-beat of the Great Heart. The Blood of Life flows on in one continuous stream, but there is sound health only when the pulse beats are each one firm and distinct.

Love others because you love yourself! Serve others by making yourself free and great, and by expressing boldly all that seeks utterance through you.

Noblesse Oblige

TO THE MAN permeated by the Dawn-Thought, noblesse oblige pervades the atmosphere of his life like a fragrance. It becomes habit, channel, mood, and unconscious motive. Sublime in origin and destiny; boundless in final possession; of the same blood and family as the greatest, and certain to become their equal; lofty in overlook; infinite in expectation; god-like in assurance of deathlessness; how can he be small, or mean, or ungenerous, or cowardly, or deeply disturbed! How can he be intolerant, or haggle about small differences! How can he yield to despair!

By the very nature of the case he must be great and live greatly; sympathetic, helpful,

and princely, he must be worthy of himself and his high title and estate.

We Return and Reap

134

VIEWED FROM THE standpoint of self, what great inducement is there in the orthodox outlook for a man's endeavor to leave this world richer, better, and happier for his having lived in it? Or from any of the currently accepted outlooks, religious or irreligious? Either a man dies and knows no more, or he goes away at death to some foreign coast, with no more interest or concern in the things of here.

Then why not let him make life tolerable for himself, while it lasts, with not too much scruple about others, and none at all about posterity, and let that suffice?

But if reincarnation be accepted the view instantly changes. A man may come back to live

in the houses he has built, to pluck fruit from the trees he has planted, to enjoy the works of art he has created, to study in the schools he has founded; or to be deceived by the lies he has left, to be starved in the deserts he has made, to be cramped and stunted by the laws he has imposed.

Here then is every encouragement to a man to leave his world beautiful, rich, and free, that the joy of his own future be assured.

Sowing and Reaping

135

WERE SEPARATENESS A real thing, and did each individual stand by himself as a new creation, altogether disconnected from ancestor and posterity, then would it be a cruel injustice, this we so often see, men reaping the crops they have not sown, and suffering for the crimes they did not commit. But viewed as a part of the phenomena of unity, the matter puts on a different face.

“For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself,” and each is a piece of all, and not only shares in the profits, but is responsible for the debts of the whole firm.

This shareholding, this necessary and inevitable communism, is one of the evidences

of unity. It is the same with society as with the human body; no organ can be sick and not affect the health of the rest, even to the least of them, and the strength and joy of any one of them inevitably benefits every one of the others.

And as a matter of fact the innocent are not so guiltless as they think themselves; neither are the guilty as criminal as we deem them. And the man who reaps a crop may be sure that he once shared in the sowing of it.

For the sower and reaper, the murderer, the victim, and the hangman are one. "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," and his is both the seed and the harvest.

Somewhat on Liberty and Love and the Ethics of the Dawn

WERE UNITY COMPLETE, and no separation, real or fictitious, anywhere, then would there be perfect peace, for it is separation, apartness that is the under-cause of conflict and inharmony. And the more perfectly you and any other merge and become one in thoughts, sensations, desires, the more perfect the harmony between you. But apartness, as we have before explained, is necessary to the moving, acting, working universe; there is a working necessity for it, otherwise would the universe be in a state of utter repose, peaceful, motionless, and, as it were, asleep. All force would be latent. The pendulum would have

stopped in its center. Therefore as an acting universe is desired, the working fiction of apartness, of multitudinous individualities, is necessary and must be recognized and maintained. And this recognition, preservation, defense, and orderly relation of individualities is what men call Justice.

And the permitting of each individuality to express fully its own nature, the impulses that well-up within it, to live its own life according to its own innate law, to grow and develop after its own kind, this is what men mean by Liberty.

The various great ideas, or principles, which run through the universe have from time to time inspired the great religious teachers of the past, but usually have been received only one at a time, in a sort of blind enthusiasm, excluding recognition of the others. They (these teachers) seemed to lack the sense of proportion, the power to do justice to opposites. Thus Moses was enthused by Justice, but of a narrow, arbitrary, national sort, and Jesus was enthused

by Love, but apparently too partially and with confused sense of its relation to Justice.

Not till Emerson and Whitman do we reach the eclectic seer, able to be enthused by the Whole, and to view each part in somewhat just relation and with tolerant catholicity of recognition.

It has puzzled devout minds not a little that Jesus came after Moses, and taught a new doctrine reversing the old. Truly there was nothing in their logic to justify or explain such a thing. For if the law of God was one, and unchangeable, as they taught, and God was one and changeless, how could Jesus, who they said was God, teach a new and different doctrine from Moses, who was taught by God and gave the law he was commanded to utter? It was an inscrutable mystery.

But not to the disciple of the Dawn. To him the Light, the Truth, is always there, and always the same, but a man's perception of it depends on the quality of his eye-sight. Moses

and Jesus both saw the same thing, which was indeed always there to see, but Jesus saw it more broadly and clearly, and with better understanding, because he was older on the path. And Emerson saw it better still, for exactly the same reason.

(And perhaps Emerson was Jesus reincarnated, an intellectual Jesus instead of an emotional one, and perhaps Jesus was the reincarnated Moses, each correcting the mistakes of a previous and lower vision—but this is a guess-saying.)

And the impossibility of ever finally defining right and wrong is explained, because these things pertain to the relations of individuals, and profess to define their boundaries. But, as we have seen, such boundaries do not really exist, but there is an endless touching, blending, and flowing together throughout all nature—One, not many as it seems. Therefore the Science of Right, however useful and necessary in a general and practical way, is only a fiction,

based on and explaining other fictions, and not the awful and eternal verity the doctors once imagined it. And indeed, of late years, few men of thought and kindness have failed to see that truth and falsehood and right and wrong are interchangeable and relative things, varying ever with the standpoint and view-point of the observer.

And in the Dawn-Thought all things are, at last, but one thing, and that one thing altogether good and true.

And this new view diminishes almost to a vanishing point the suspicion, bitterness, and hatred between men.

What then, it will be asked, if right and wrong are fictions still they are incessantly necessary in practical life, for the recognition of the individualities is impossible without them, cannot then the Dawn-Thought help us to a clearer and larger perception of the Right in a great and final sense? Most assuredly, both in a proximate and in an ultimate sense it gives the

guiding word. In the largest sense it teaches that God is one and all, and all-good, and the doer of all; therefore that everything is finally right and to be accepted in reconciliation,—that in the ultimate there is nothing anywhere but the Divine Existence and this, properly speaking, neither good nor bad, but simply itself.

140

But in the proximate and practical its teaching is still definite and strong, and in the large sense noble and high. Right, in the practical, consists in establishing harmony by the wise and balanced recognition of the two great principles of universal action—individuality and unity. Every lesson in the Dawn-Thought inspires liberty and dignity in the disciple, and the eager desire to promote liberty, and dignity in every associate. Therefore it is peculiarly just, both in the letter and spirit, in all its expressions. And liberty and justice being spontaneous and basic with it, nothing is more inevitable than that its active expression should be loving. For where liberty is natural and justice spontaneous, so that both

are assured, love, which is the next in higher order, grows like a plant in its native clime and soil.

Now Love, practically, is the voluntary disregard and abandonment of individual emphasis in the reach toward unity. Where our individuality is denied, or invaded, we jealously assert and fiercely, desperately defend it. But when the neighbor gladly and cordially admits our individuality, and its rights, and with willing justice gives it all that belongs to it, we feel ourselves melting toward him, and a very little makes us flow together in mutual love. We no longer are jealous to be apart, we are more than willing to unite.

141

And so it comes about by the usual paradox, that by gladly and constantly cultivating liberty and justice, which on the face of them are against unity and make for separateness, we instantly and to the uttermost inspire love, which is the hunger and thirst for unity. Therefore the first step in the practical Right, yes, and the second

step, and the last step, is to generously, and with enthusiasm, cultivate the liberty of every man coequally with his fellows; for while liberty means the expression of the utmost difference, such expression always means growth, and growth is always toward the Center, therefore, finally, extremes meet and a reconciled harmony between individuality and unity is attained.

Therefore be free and set free, that growth go on and love be perfect.

For the Dawn-Thought is the Religion of Growth, and all its ethics may be summed up in the injunction to grow, to welcome growth, to keep the way open for growth; for so shall human life be large and generous and happy and free.

And in this the Dawn-Thought religion differs utterly from the older religions, whose chief business was to stop the soul at a certain tavern and tell it the journey ended there, and to go on further was destruction, and even to look further forbidden. Paul rebuking the Athenians

for seeking ever some new thing, was the type of the class. But the Dawn-Thought tells you it is not final, nor is anything final—go on, go on forever, till Nirvana! And perchance even that is not final, but only a greater rest before the commencing of a new and greater cycle.

Conscience

THE MORAL INTUITION of humanity has always been that conscience was a guide to be followed in questions of right, while casuists have plausibly argued that its guidance was worthless because not the same in different individuals, nor in the same individual at different times. But the Dawn-Thought explains and reconciles these by showing that the growth of the individual makes a continuous change in his view of right, and yet he must needs ever follow the new vision as it is given him, but discreetly and prudently, not slavishly as if it were all truth for all time. For conscience, like everything else, grows with our growth.

The Law of Right Between Societies

143

A RECONCILED HARMONY BETWEEN individuality and unity, so that each has the fullest possible recognition co-equal with the other, we have seen to constitute the practical Right in the affairs of individuals; and exactly the same constitutes the right relation between societies, which are merely individuals of one degree greater complexity. And affection between societies is obtained in exactly the same way as in the case of individuals, by making no overt effort toward friendship, but by sympathetically and cordially admitting and encouraging difference. If in my relations with a foreigner I speak his language, and show my familiarity with its literary treasures, if

I sing his country's songs, and reveal a hearty appreciation of the many excellences of his native land, then is his heart warmed toward me, and he is equally ready to do justice to the merits of my country. For the common sense of the matter is that societies are composed of units, and all transactions between them are conducted by units, and whatever conduct ensures harmony between men is the conduct that ensures harmony between societies of men.

The spirit of liberty expressed by justice first, and then comes love of itself, without effort or seeking, and this alike between single men or groups of men.

Christ was enthused by love and gave the commandment "Love one another," but love never thrives where freedom is repressed. Had he enjoined, instead, the enthusiasm for equal liberty, he need not have mentioned love. In this case the longest way round would have been the nearest way home. Free men are

natural comrades, and just men love each other by grateful impulse. For love is the most natural and spontaneous thing in the world to all higher natures, and only injustice or unfitness prevents it, and where unfitness or injustice confronts him one cannot love, let him try as he may.

Love never comes by obeyed commands but by fulfilled conditions.

Of War and Peace

THAT APARTNESS BE maintained we have seen is necessary, and therefore is complete harmony in the universe impossible, for harmony means unity. But an approximate harmony may be obtained where the separates not only differ but agree to differ, and give each other equal liberty to differ, rejoicing in each other's difference. But even this is not possible, except in certain limited spheres, among those souls which have progressed enough to feel the need of it and to be capable of it. The universe is full of souls in all stages of growth, and among all those who do not feel the need of striking a balance of differences, conflict is inevitable.

Therefore War must always be in the world, and therefore War is justified and right.

War is one of those evils which, like all other evils, given the necessity for apartness, which is the parent of evil, are unavoidable and must be reconciled to. Now Evil, in the broad sense, is simply that which opposes us, it is resistance, active or inert. It is the foil, the negative, the opposite, the failure, the defeat. But because apartness is necessary, and because opposition is that by which the order of the universe stands, evil is really good, and not to be finally condemned but accepted. It is not a real thing, but only a change of light, of position, of relation. It is only the good in another form, and constantly changing places with it in a weaving dance. Evil being the opposition, or other leg, is always present, and always will be present in exactly equal proportions with the good. It is altogether elusive and incompressible, and like the magician's coin disappears in one pocket only to be found in another. We shall never

escape it except in one way—by admitting and accepting it as good, by being reconciled to it. But, and herein is a deeper mystery, this acceptance is to be only spiritual and inward; outwardly we must resist the evil in order to get its good. We must be glad of our enemy and rejoice in him, but keep him an enemy still.

Now most religionists have made the strange mistake that evil is a real and constant thing, inhering in certain acts, and therefore have taught much falsehood and wrought much woe. Having declared that God was altogether good, and evil altogether evil, nothing remained for them, logically, but to deny that God was the author of evil and to create another person who should father it. Almost all religious errors and superstitions have grown out of this one mistake. And with the outgrowing of this colossal blunder a wonderful freedom and gladness must come to men. And this is the glad-tiding of the Dawn. For the Dawn is but

the light which gradually breaks in upon us as this huge night of mistake is out-lived.

Evil is the opposition, but it is not finally evil unless it succeed and defeat us, but, as we have seen, there is no such thing as real defeat in the universe. We talk of defeats and failures in these petty lives of ours, but in the long run, and the wide circle, all works for us, and pushes us on to perfect victory;—for we are of the One and cannot fall out.

Now God is good, and the name means that, and the Devil (or D-evil) is the evil, and the name reveals it. But the evil is only a fiction, like separateness, right and wrong, and all terms that relate to apartness. And so the devil as a personification of the evil is only a fiction and the greatest of them (the "Father of Lies"); he is simply all apartness, and the contentions caused by apartness, poetically personified; he is a fallen angel, the enemy with which God contends, because he is the fulcrum on which God acts, he is the apartness which renders

Divine action possible. He is indispensable, and invaluable, yet a fiction still—a mere working convenience.

The devil is evil, and Hell is the torment which is caused by faith in evil as a thing to turn back to, a real and triumphant thing. For the good of evil is only brought out through resistance; those who believe it a good thing without resistance go down into hell, and those who fight it, but as pessimists, believing in its victorious power, taste hell. There is a curious confusion of interpretation of the word hell, variously as the grave and as a place of torture. But hell is both. Evil is negation, and if a real thing would be a no-thing (there seems no way to express it except by this paradox) annihilation, utter death, and hell, the place of evil, would be the grave of the utter death. But there is no death, no failure, but those who believe in them as real suffer fiery torture, are gnawed by an undying worm, and the place of evil is to them a place of torment.

As the very action of the universe depends upon opposition it follows that all life is a struggle, a battle, and this is observed as a fact. Darwin, in his magnificent books, has shown that everywhere is a struggle for existence, a series of battles, and that in each battle the "fittest," (that is the best fighters under the conditions) survive. Therefore does this universal battle force men ever onward, by fear and hope of escape, and courage, and lust of conquest, on the path. And not only men, but all things, for the war is for all, and the same laws act on all, and the same end is before all, and, though armistice and truce are frequent, peace is never declared.

War is the concentrated expression of evil, and so we perceive again the paradox hold, and that agency, which on the face of it is all bad, develop all the virtues of character. Of course war is here spoken of in the broad sense, but even war in the narrow and special sense of military struggle between men produces

the same result. In itself the sum of all human crimes, it is still obliged by its very necessities to contradict itself and bear beautiful fruits of virtue. War between men develops courage, the sublimest of virtues, fortitude, quickness of resource, steadiness of hand, keenness of eye, exaltation of emotion, but, strangely enough, the greatest force of its effect is directly counter to itself. War is separation carried to its bitterest extreme, yet the necessities of war require in each army, considered by itself, the intensest unity and most devoted and loyal comradeship. The ideal army is one that thinks, wills, and moves as one individual. In military nations this esprit de corps becomes a sort of religion, with the flag for a god and the comrade for the neighbor, the enemy for the devil. In no other coöperation ever attempted between men has the unity of military organization been realized. The only thing approaching it has been in the mental war between certain religious sects. In fine it appears that unity and separateness must

always balance like all other opposites; and if a great and dangerous breach of unity shows itself, then is the quantity and quality of unity on each side of the great separation increased, while if, on the contrary, the breach heals and peace is declared, then the war is diffused among the dispersed warriors of each army, before so united, and goes on in a smoldering form in quarrels and separations between erstwhile comrades.

150

Now it is a law of extremes that they develop and merge into their opposites by natural necessity. So war carried to extreme develops peace. Not only is the peace between comrades in arms greater than between citizens, but everything else about war tends to the same result. Conquest carried to its ultimate, the conquest of the world, necessarily would end war. So does armed resistance to the conqueror, carried to its ultimate. And it has long been seen that perfection in military weapons must

end the use of them, for an irresistible weapon could not and would not be resisted.

And so war, we see, is ever obliged to deny itself and declare for peace; but peace is no better off, for it is in perpetual opposition to war, and opposition itself is war, and to prevail it must contend and conquer, therefore the acquisition and action of peace is war in another form. It is our old lesson of the hard and the soft, over again, and only another form of it. War is hard, and peace soft, and back and forth, in weaving dance and shifting masque, these characters go, changing names and places every moment, yet always carrying on the same old play in two equal acts.

“Peace, peace, when there is no peace,” and yet always as much of it as of war.

“I came not to send peace, but a sword,” said Jesus, and therein expressed the truth that the most peaceful doctrine must contend for its existence, and will ensure war to its advocates equally with the most ferocious.

We tell men to be calm when annoyed, and we do well, for it is distressful and undignified to see a strong man contend with pigmies, yet the battle which the superior man suppresses on the surface, when he is patient and serene under torment, is only driven within and translated to another plane. Instead of irritably contending with his trials, he now battles with himself and his desire to groan and reproach. Always, and in everything, in some form, open or concealed, physical, mental, or spiritual, war and peace must be equally vindicated. And the form of our battle reveals the height of our growth; the lower man fights brutally and the higher man spiritually, but neither can escape the issue, and each must use the weapon fitted to his hand.

152

Let not the friend of peace be discouraged. The fact that he loves peace shows that he is becoming ready to live it and fight for it. Let him join the army of peace and stand valiantly to his guns. He is right and will prevail in the

battle he seeks. But let him not despise his enemy, but love him, for he also is right, and certain of his victory, in his own time and place.

For there are two pillars on which the world stands, and the name of one is War and the name of the other Peace.

And the practical ethic of all this—how shall we apply to human life to-day? The first obvious fact is that it reproves those who confidently look and build for millennial peace to embrace all men and all living creatures. Absolute peace is absolute pause and inaction, and is impossible while the universe remains. And even that limited and practicable peace which means equal liberty to grow and be, agreement in difference, is only possible where the parties to it have grown sufficiently to comprehend its need, its nature, and conditions.

To preach peace to every creature is to preach revolution against Nature—absolute folly and wasted force. Will the orbits of the world change if you tell them? Will the weasels

and the nightingales live in a happy family because of Tolstoi? No more will undeveloped man give up might as his law of right. Yet with him preaching is not idle, for it is one of the agents of his growth, yet he must have his time to grow though it be ten thousand years. And it is well for him, when he aggresses, that force should defend against his force, and so force neutralize itself.

And peace to the animals? The Buddhist can easily enough not kill the tiger, but the tiger will none the less kill him and eat him, too. The tender-hearted farmer may keep gun and ferret and snare from his rabbits, and they will reward him by increasing and multiplying and devouring his crop to the stubble. You may keep cat and trap away from your mice, but they will enter into no compact to respect your property in furniture, dress, and provisions. And what would it profit the oxen and sheep if the tribes of men did not enslave them, or rob them, or eat them, but simply fenced them off

the earth? No, it is impossible! War between man and the brutes must go on.

And equally impracticable are the schemes of those dreamers who suppose that by some grand stroke of legerdemain—all government, no government, expropriation, fiat-money, universal love, or what not, they could secure absolute peace and happiness to all men. Their schemes are reasonable and sound enough, and any one of them would probably do the work were the necessary foundation beneath it—and this is the very thing these dreamers ignore. They must have universal harmony and coöperation before any one of these schemes can be universally practicable, and given that the scheme itself has little significance.

Shall we then pessimistically lose hope? Not at all, we must simply be reasonable and build on sure foundations of eternal nature. The first essential of practical right we found was the recognition of our unity with every man and yet of his separateness—a glad, just recognition of

his equal liberty. Now just so many individuals as can understand this truth and mutually apply it can associate together and live harmoniously one with another in sympathetic peace—and no more. The others must and will go on fighting till hard knocks teach them to respect and help each other.

And these little Utopian bands, at harmony at home, will have to stand shoulder to shoulder in a foreign war with the tyranny, aggression, and unrest around them. And when at last they prevail, as they surely will, and all men grow into like harmony one with another, then will it be found that war has taken other forms—industrial campaigns of conquest over lower nature, and spiritual battles, within, now undreamed of.

Reality

BUT ONE THING needs restatement explanatory. While opposites are coequal in an acting universe their equality breaks down at just one point—its final reality. So soon as the need for action disappears it is seen that the Opposite is a working fiction, a “man of straw,” introduced “for the sake of the argument.” Separateness, duality, hate, evil, war, these are unreal, for the Real is One, the Good, Peace, the Everlasting All. And in that thought there is fixity and rest.

Natural and Artificial

THE RECOGNITION OF opposites in their just balance and proportion, in reconciliation and unity, is the ethic of the Dawn-Thinker. For opposites are in everything and equally, but in the bits and fragments of life which we usually view they are often not equal, but in varying proportions. This is because the sections we take and submit to the lens are arbitrary, and divorced from that which finishes and balances.

156

If we take a section of a fly and put it under a microscope we wonderfully improve our vision of the part, but unless we correct that observation by the wider, if less detailed, view by the naked eye of the entire insect, we shall have the most inaccurate idea of its

proportions and coördination of parts. And we shall be utterly wrong if we take the edges of the microscopic field for a natural limit.

So it is in philosophy. Opposites balance and justify, but not necessarily in a day's work, a man's life, a city's affairs. It is in the whole cycle and progression of the soul through a linked chain of lives, from the out-go from the Center to the in-go to Nirvana, that they are in proportion; it is in the rhythm and symphony of the universe that they balance.

The natural is that which grows, and which must be considered, to be understood, in all its fullness of growth; the arbitrary is that which we cut to suit ourselves from the natural, and we must not complain that that which we, imperfect, have made is itself imperfect.

Nothing can be perfect till completed, and to complete anything takes everything.

It is in the just recognition of opposites then, their value and import, their proportionate presence or absence, and in ideally supplying

the missing parts by spiritual insight and foresight, that the soul of man finds its noblest, divinest, happiest functions, and foretastes the joys which are not yet. This is the building of the Ideal and the living of the Righteous Life; this is the true Morality and Justice in theory and practice; and no one can live thus and not find himself ever growing larger, kinder, more tolerant, reconciled, free, and magnanimous. He has the Overlook, and lives in the Lifted Land.

The Law of Opposites Proved in Messiah-men

NOTHING, PERHAPS, MORE vividly in history illustrates the law of opposites, and how extremes produce each other, than the spiritual fruition of various ages and times in their Messiah-men. Thus from the Hindoos, fixed in caste, establishing the relative inferiority and superiority of men as in grooves of adamant, came Buddha, indifferent to caste, with his gospel of individuality, equality, and universal love. From the Greeks, who above all men loved this earth-life and the sensuous joy of it, came Socrates who above all men affirmed the soul. From the narrow, clannish, grasping, revengeful Jews came Jesus the communist, the universal brother, the all-forgiver. From the

idolatrous, polytheistic tribes of Arabia came Mohammed, the idol-breaker, the affirmer above all others of a pure Monotheism. From the despotic, ferocious Russians came Tolstoi, the non-resistant, and Krapotkin who abdicated a principedom for love of the people. Lastly from the Yankees, the most calculating, materialistic, business-bound of all, come the Transcendentalists, Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman, men of pure spirit, to whom all existence is a poem of the Divine.

Always when the time grows rotten the Savior appears, and no extreme is left without its antidote; yea, it produces its antidote.

Of Conscience and Evil

CONSCIENCE IS THE voice of progress, the impulse of spring, the sap in the tree. It is the mainspring of growth in the human soul. And the evil thing against which it utters is that which is against our growth and progress, the thing we have outgrown, or the thing given us to strive against. Seldom is it when two armies come together that each is not inspired by a conscientious conviction of a just and righteous cause, and that devout leaders on each side lift not up holy hands, before the battle, imploring confidently the Divine aid. And truly God is with each, and each does his work. Yet is that prayer all unnecessary, for the true battle was fought from the beginning of eternity, and this

is only the visible and material explanation of it—a moving picture of the real thing.

For one view of right inspires one man to one act and another view of right inspires his antagonist to resist—“Loyalty to the King,” on one hand, and “Liberty or Death” on the other—and so the battle of the universe, with its opposites and contradictions, goes bravely on. For no more than cocks in a main do the antagonists work their own wills, or fight their own fight. Truly they act, yet are they automatons; truly they choose, yet is their choice forechosen.

And so there is no evil except as a relative, mutable thing—a chameleon of change. Evil is not absolute, inhering in one act, but according to circumstances there or absent.

Evil overturned reads *live* What lesson is here? May this not be a teaching that the true evil is where life is reversed, growth set back, progress aborted? Truly when the inner voice bids us to rest we are justified to take repose;

there is a time to sleep, a time to loaf, a time for contentment, a time for serene observation and meditation, as well as for labor and for strife; but when the bugle blows, then the soldier who takes not his place in the ranks is a rebel and a deserter. But the discipline is perfect, the pressure is sufficient, and whether he stands, or lies down, strikes on or runs back, yet he is fully utilized and his rebellion made to serve as perfectly as his obedience. But the true virtue is to be ardently convinced of right and then strike.

“Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might!”

For all the currents of the universe, all the stars in their courses, all the tides of human sympathy are inevitably with the man of force and conviction, and fight we him never so fiercely, nathless we love the bold and earnest enemy.

The weakling, the coward, the despairful, the irresolute, the pessimist, he is the world's traitor. For weakness is *the* sin.

Heredity

161

IT IS IN my thought that there are two heredities—the one of the body the other of the soul. Men have thought much of the first, but about the second have deemed only that it probably was inseparable from the first. Pretty clearly is it established that by breeding in certain well-known grooves physical peculiarities of form, size, color, etc, can be quite regularly and certainly transmitted. But character seems to follow no such lines. Twins may be so much alike as not to be separable by the eye, yet their mental traits may be most different, though their physical heredity must have been the same. Animals reared from the same litter differ widely in temper and

traits—the one gentle, the other fierce; the first, perhaps, treacherous, the second trustful, and so on. Physiognomy has always been studied as an index of the soul, yet is it an index unreliable. How frequently the beautiful face goes with a bad heart!—and Socrates was ugly, and Demosthenes had impeded speech.

Now I suppose, following the Dawn-Thought, that the soul has to know all things and receive all experiences, therefore does not necessarily follow the systematic course of the body but often goes cross-lots, so to speak. If this were not so the extermination of a family would be the extermination of its souls, because the physical heredity was terminated. The soul is freer than the body, and follows not its bounded course, yet has imperative attractions of its own which determine its conscious or unconscious choice. When a child is born the body comes from the parents, but the soul which enters may have previously been in a body in another land, of another race, experiencing opposite conditions.

The soul of the child of an American may have been, last life, a Jew and in the life before an Ethiopian. The present tyrant may have been a slave, and the present saint may have passed from previous life via the gallows. Consider this and it explains much. The body, if it agrees with its tenant, forms a beautiful servant, but if soul and body do not agree, then each modifies the other in the struggle and compromise. The form of the body does certainly modify the expression of the soul, hence the truth of physiognomy, but the soul, with equal certainty, moulds, in time, the physical features to its own pattern. Hence however much at first the body may belie the soul, at last, if the life be sufficiently long, it tells the approximate truth, and when the soul finally leaves its influence will be found to have changed its dwelling for better or worse, while its own experiences received there, and because of it, have transformed it eternally.

How often do we see in women ascetic souls struggling with voluptuous bodies, or

the reverse; and, in men, mighty ones who are cowards, and puny ones who beard lions. Honest faces deceive us, firm faces grow lax, and weak faces wax earnest and sincere.

Much of personality is currently explained by derivation from ancestors, but nothing in current theories can tell me why your great-grandfather, unlike you, has reappeared in your son. But possibly he has reappeared in fact. Ancestors might naturally and easily be attracted to reappear in their posterity.

This theory, too, could offer an explanation of that wonderful fact that men of genius so often contradict the genius of their nation. Who could have predicted, following usual theories of heredity, a Marcus Aurelius among the Romans, a Jesus among the Jews, an Emerson, a Thoreau in New England?

What strange, far birds of passage are these?

When a Buddha appears, men hold him such a marvel they fable an immaculate conception?

Adumbrations

164

IF THE DAWN-THOUGHT is the right thought then are all the religions of the world, and all strongly held beliefs, but adumbrations, or misty shapes, of truth—in each is a changeful core of truth wrapped about and modified to the eye by fogs and deceptive outlines of mistake, and moving light and shade. As we grow taller, as our eyes grow stronger, and our judgment improves, we shall be less and less deceived, shall perceive the center nearer and larger, but we shall always be somewhat mistaken, even until Attainment. All this should never be forgotten in our estimate of any faith—acceptance and scepticism should always go hand in hand as coöperating friends. Therefore

there is constant growth and change in religion as in all else—or rather in the normal growth and evolution of humanity the same religion serves different men differently. To those not yet to it, it is mysterious, attractive, or repellent; to those abreast of it it is all truth; but those who are past it can criticise it wisely, according to their distance, and modify it to their need, add to it their new truths, and finally outgrow it altogether and into something apparently new yet feeding on the dead truths of the old. For continuity is never really broken in any thing, and, after all, there is only one religion in the whole world.

Apply these views to the two great vital and growing religions of the present—Mohammedanism and Christianity: To the pagans, among whom it grows, Islam carries the great inspirational and unifying thought that God is One and there is but one. In its fatalism, too, it gives them the Reconciliation, which is the thought that in some form or other does

most to give men peace. Add to this the great practical virtue of temperance, which Islam teaches with more force than any other creed, and which is peculiarly needed by the sensual savage, and we see its value as a purifier of paganism, and that no other religion excels it in the strength and sublimity of its central truths.

Logically the religion of Christ should not be a gospel at all, but a sad tiding; for, logically, it is founded on the doctrine that men can be utterly damned and spiritually die, and only those who believe rightly can be saved. But practically it is a religion of joy, simply because it is human nature, after all, to look on the bright side for self and to select that which feeds. Damnation is accepted as a dogma, yet, after all, the innate courage and hope of the healthy nature vindicates itself, and it is tacitly accepted that "as for me and my house" we are exempt. That danger ignored the rest is easy. And in Christianity there are two grand central doctrines for which, through all its changes,

it stands—Divine Sympathy and Human Solidarity—God cares and all men are brothers. And this is good news, indeed. And then, in all ages and places, good people are better than their creeds, because the human soul grows and advances while the creed stands still; and thus Christianity teaches and is taught, gives and receives, advances, and is modified and added to.

The great doctrines of Christianity, as of all religions, are adumbrations of great truths, wherefore their hold on the people, who seldom or never hold them exactly as the theologians formulate them, but, as it were, centrally, in firm faith but with dim insight. Thus held they are the bread of life. But as soon as there is insistence on details of definition the bread becomes a stone.

Thus of salvation by faith. Let us look at it broadly and centrally. As soon as a man can lay hold on the Great Life, in confident trust, he is delivered at once from fear, and the currents

of that life flow through him, creating spiritual and physical health. He is reconciled, happy, and his happiness and peace are contagious, benefiting all.

He is saved from fear, disease, and sin, not altogether, but in exact proportion to his development, and of his power to believe and receive, to see and hold. In other words, those who believe receive into themselves and their consciousness the Everlasting Life.

Those who, in the rhythm of life, reach temporarily those ebbs of doubt and denial which every growing soul must fall into before the next onward wave-lift feel "lost," "damned," or condemned. They have lost their sense of unity and of relation to the Great Life, feel strangely apart, and that the universe is against them. Hence, centrally and broadly, the doctrine of damnation by doubt is true. But ultimately every doubter is saved by a greater influx of life with its accompanying consciousness or faith. His loneliness and soul-pain have made him

enlarge himself to receive more, and he enters on a new stage of spiritual life. Note that it is not evil works which bring the feeling of pessimism and separation (of being "lost") but lack of faith in and assurance of life and final good. Evil men are usually believers, and therefore not despairfully unhappy, but doubters are usually good men, but pessimistic. Therefore the truth of the saying that salvation is by faith, not works.

168

And so may the central truths in all doctrines be found and shown.

Infinity

THE DIVINE INFINITY has been a puzzle to the doctors, because they have made God only a part. God, they said, was Infinite Love, or Infinite Power, or Infinite Wisdom, or all these. But infinity is that which has no limit. If power and wisdom are different and distinct things from love, then God cannot be any one of these things in an infinite degree, because the moment love touched the boundary of wisdom, or of power, it would become limited and finite. The same difficulty in a still greater degree attends the discovery of opposites. If there be any hate in the universe, anywhere, that hate necessarily limits the love in the universe, and prevents its being infinite; and, in

the same way, any weakness neutralizes infinite power, and any ignorance destroys the infinity of wisdom.

Therefore the Divine cannot be Infinite Love, or Power, or Wisdom, because each of these is an attribute, a part, and no part can be infinite.

This brings us to the true Infinity, reveals the true doctrine, God is not an infinite part, he is the Infinite All, because only all can be infinite. He includes love and hate, virtue and sin, strength and weakness, ignorance and knowledge—everything. He is One, the Only One, the Infinite.

Yet, because there is, after all, no real hate, sin, weakness, or ignorance, in all the universe, all these being but apparent or working fictions; and because the Divine feelings and motives are fundamentally and necessarily (because Deity includes all and cannot hate himself) kind, healthful, and life-giving; and because there are no real divisions or separations between the so-called attributes of Deity, all these being

one, and therefore it makes no difference whether we say love, or power, or wisdom, all these being ultimately one and the same—it follows that it is, after all, in the ultimate or largest sense, perfectly correct to speak of God as Infinite Love, or Infinite Wisdom, or Infinite-anything-else, because, ultimately, in him there are no partitions and the name makes no difference but must apply to all.

And so, finally, there is always a largest sense in which every illogical thing becomes logical, and every contradiction true.

Finer Forces

170

IT APPEARS, THEREFORE, that life is a furnace in which everything is being refined. Starting in the grossest its action is always toward the finer, till a consummation or “bloom” has been obtained, and then, falling back for a space and resting, as it were, it goes on again and farther than before; and so on forever, till Nirvana. Every atom, every molecule, mineral, organism,—vegetable, animal, or human—species, race, theory, belief, is pushing on by means direct or indirect, apparently alone or manifestly with and by others, helped by help and helped by hate, toward more beautiful attainment. Life is a great battle, force rules all, and in every contest strength prevails. This is

because Force is One, and the One is Force, and therefore must prevail, for weakness is always wrong (really non-existent) in the greater sense, though right in the lesser sense because necessary. But as opposed to force weakness is in the wrong and always has to give way. Yet as things tend always to produce their opposites so the defeated weak thing evolves a new strength finer than that which defeated it, and becomes, in turn, conqueror. And so the game goes on; and with every step in the play finer forces come into the contest, and the players rise higher, and the Divine stands more revealed. The old forces remain, but the new and finer ones subdue and include them. There is no going back, when a new force arrives it holds its own and grows into dominion. It is really not a new force (because Force is one) but a newly revealed part of the old—a finer, more subtile side perceived by any soul as it grows in consciousness and attainment. Therefore it is always stronger, because it always

has the strength and weight of the more—it is always plus. The strong, the conquerors, do not find new forces because they are content with that which has given them victory, but the vanquished seek them and open themselves to receive them, and so discover. Therefore there is great profit in defeat, and out of ignorance, mistake, weakness, sickness, deformity, come wonderful fruits for the world's feast.

Because man was weaker than the beasts around him, poorer in teeth and nails, he took to his brains, and their finer force gave him dominion over all fangs and paws and horns. And when a weak or sick man contended with a strong, well one, he too fell back on finer force, and by wile or deception, or trap, or machine, or eloquence, or argument, saved himself alive, and set aside or defeated the purpose of his foe.

And little by little the finer forces prove themselves the greater; and men see that indirection is stronger than directness,

attraction is stronger than repulsion, love than fear, kindness than cruelty, justice than lust, force than matter. It will yet be seen that woman is stronger than man, and the soft things shall prevail over the hard.

There is then profit in defeat, strength in weakness, health in sickness, virtue in sin; but mainly only to those who do not acquiesce in them, but who resist them to the attainment of their opposites—who never submit or despair.

And the lesson to hold is that everything in the universe is not here by accident, or alien, but is a legitimate part, is in its place, doing its work, has indispensable value, and is to be accepted and reconciled to, even if necessarily and properly resisted.

The True Cross

NO MYSTICAL SYMBOL is and has been so universal and well known as the cross. The most ancient symbolists used it, it is everywhere to-day. And why? Because everywhere, for all men, was, is, and shall be, throughout the world, that great mystery the Contradiction, the Opposition, the Antagonism, the crossing of good by evil, joy by pain, health by sickness, virtue by vice, day by night, heat by cold, birth by burial, life by death, male by female, the soft by the hard. This is the True Cross of universal experience, and all men mystically feel the force of the symbol. The world's saviors are broken on it, yet uplifted by it. On it we all are crucified, yet through it all are saved.

The two bars typify the two parts of the Contradiction, their position how they mutually cross yet support each other, their touch the Reconciliation, their intersection the Center; include the four equal ends in a circle, and you typify the Inclusive, the Perfect, the All.

Of Pessimism, the Infidel, and the Believer

THE NORMAL AND healthy mind is superior, always above, judicial. It has no prejudices, either for or against, and is carried away by no irresistible predilection, dislike, or despair, knowing perfection impossible in the partial things about it, it looks confidently and without surprise, or overmuch condemnation, for the inevitable and certain weaknesses. Yet this attitude is far enough from bitter censorious suspicion—is rather that of the kind physician who knows the oftenness of disease and does not expect to find the perfectly well man. Yet the healthy mind has no pessimism, and you may know it by this sign. Deep down in every sane and healthy soul is an intuitive conviction

and assurance, having very little reference to reason or external evidence, that at last the good and the glad are strongest and will prevail. This is Faith, and is the certain mark of the Believer. The believer may pretend to be a cynic, may call himself atheist, infidel, or what not, but at bottom he feels there is a power not himself (yet to which he is related) which makes for righteousness, justice, betterment, and this secret consciousness is his consolation and keeps the springs of his life sweet.

Pessimism is the true infidelity: and he is the Infidel who believes that at last all the promises of life are a lie, that existence is a cunning trap, baited by Supreme Malice or unconscious fate, and that deceit, selfish sport, or blind death, lie at the center of the Mystery.

For the first man life is ever a great song full of stirring words, but to the second man all is mockery, a worm is in every bud, and a drop of gall at the bottom of every cup.

It matters not about words. The first man may tell you that he believes not in God, but that he trusts in the universe, or life, or evolution, or law, or any other preferred name—never mind, do not dispute with him, he is right, it is the same.

And the second may be gay, and hide his despair under intoxications, hollow jests, soul-sick laughter, but finally his text is that of Job's wife, "Curse God and die," and the goal of all his roads is suicide. To him life shows an insanity, and death a blank.

To such men the Dawn-Thought comes as a gospel; to the man of faith it is a reason, to the unbeliever a hope.

Sex

THROUGHOUT THE UNIVERSE runs the principle of sex, in everything, and to be continually reckoned with. And the practical application of it in human affairs is that in every relation, not alone in building of homes and building of children, the man and the woman should act and react, plan and place, consult, work, love, and suffer together. A man should be ashamed to do anything (as one who had neglected to use proper means) without the advice and help of a woman. Wherever either sex acts entirely alone, there is waste of life and no begetting, and wherever there is partially separate action, there, by so much, is deformed offspring and stunted product. It requires the free, glad

sympathetic coöperation of two, a male and a female, to give birth and happy growth to any beautiful child of brain or body. The sexes are natural helpmeets and correlatives of each other, and where they are free to follow their natures, not controlling but assisting each other, life is healthful and sweet in blossom and ripe in fruit. It is again the doctrine of opposites and complements, of the hard and the soft, of that dualism working out unity which expresses existence.

Modesty

SEX AND RELIGION are near akin, because both take hold on the roots of being and flow in the currents of life and love. And in all the higher natures a religious feeling grows around everything of sex and love, a sense of sacredness. Poetry and the most exalted ideals spring up spontaneously in this congenial climate, and the deeper the love, and the more refined and noble the character, the surer do we see the instinct appear to devote the functions of sex only to the highest offices, to invest all with a religious consecration and apartness from possible pollution, or cheap and common, unreverential regard. This is peculiarly true of woman, and increases ever

with her spiritual uplift, and is the certain gage of it. To the truest woman her sex is the "holy of holies," the temple of her peculiar religion, in which only her lover is her fellow worshiper, and which she would protect from the profane eye and hand with her life. And this is "modesty," and the origin of it. While a woman retains this she is at peace with herself, but this lost she falls into moral chaos. Men, who are always behind women in the evolution of love, may not know what has happened her, but they know she has ceased to be "womanly," and no longer beckons them upward or leads them in lines of light. And men, as they advance in evolution (because evolution is toward the finer forces) become ever more woman-like themselves, and, as they grow gentler, more parental, compassionate, they also surely grow more modest and sensitive to the finer instincts and motions of sex. As the life is so are the ideals of sex, and all that a man is will he tell in his love.

And purity is the desire to consecrate sex only to the highest ideals of love.

But all this refers not so much to externals as to internals, not so much to finical physical concealment as to that aura and atmosphere of native and inviolable purity which surrounds the highest souls like an ether too rarefied for grosser lungs to breathe.

178

The fact that the location of modesty is differently and, as it were, arbitrarily placed by different individuals and races, argues nothing against its essentiality; for its essential sign and characteristic is the desire to keep the best prized and most precious things in love sacredly reserved for the ones most worthy and beloved.

The instinct that sex is sacred has given birth to sex-religions, and asceticism is but the other pole and extreme of sex-religion—the desire to keep sex pure become morbid, and leading finally to the extravagance that all use, joy, satisfaction in, or discovery of sex, or confession

of desire, or even mention of the matter, is vile and obscene.

This is disease, not purity.

But, normally, sex is spiritually the fountain, physically the garden of life; the visible finger of the Creator; pure as the dearest flowers, worshipful as the most sacred things.

Search yourself; if sex is to you unbeautiful, a shameful thing, you are not pure.

Love, Sacrifice, Parenthood

179

LOVE IS NEED and the satisfaction of need, but selfish love is never satisfactory, because the highest satisfactions of love come only through the contradiction of sacrifice. The yearning of true love is to give, and the more it gives the more self-joy it feels. Sacrifice is the yielding of a precious thing that a more precious thing may come, as in olden days men offered the firstlings of their flocks to obtain favors from the gods. Enlightened egoism must work out as altruism and again, because finally we are all one, altruism is fundamentally egoistic.

Love between man and woman, then, never attains its deepest satisfactions and contents till it is "for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer,"

but there is a perilous point here. Sacrifice and submission to the desires of the loved one may itself be a selfishness and weakness, bearing evil results for all. Woman, being peculiarly the lover, is peculiarly prone to sacrifice, and her weakness and her besetting sin lie here as well as her strength. Every virtue is potentially a vice, a crime even, and the greater the virtue the greater the peril from its perversion. Tempted by her own nature to sacrifice all to the man she loves, woman is further pressed to do evil by law, and a one-sided code, which tell her that she must and should submit to her husband's desires.

180

But woman is above all the mother. Her first duty, after the keeping of her self-respect, is to her child. And she stands on the divine and inner side of life, beckoning man toward the Center, and should not abdicate her spiritual leadership. Motherhood is her most sacred function; she is not only mother to her child but to the whole human race. This is the divine law

in her which human laws should not outrage. Her body is her temple, she is sole priestess there, by divine right, and it is her place to see that no profane touch approaches. For her own sake, for her child's sake, for the sake of the coming generations whose doorkeeper she is, she must demand from those who come to her only the purest love and the finest character. As for her life she must keep all others away. She must demand the best from her lover, always, and take no other. If she do not this she is false to her most sacred office and trust. The finest love and the finest manhood, that she may keep soul and body fit for motherhood—that her children may be beautiful and great, well-born and nurtured in the Eden-garden of a true and loving home! For her child's sake a woman should permit no man to be its father unless able to pass her soul's most searching test; for her child's sake she should instantly take it and leave him if his moral atmosphere prove unwholesome for it. Her first duty is to

herself and her child; and her first sacrifices should be to her motherhood, not to the man. And in nature, through her elective love, if free, she holds the keys of human character.

Motherhood is woman's peculiar office, all her nature is builded about it, and in proportion as she is supreme and free here the moral order of society is assured. To protect her and coöperate with her in building a more beautiful race should be man's proudest privilege. To invade her freedom and dominion here is to strike at the moral life, to commit the greatest of crimes. Hence the universal horror with which men regard rape, as the most dreadful of pollutions. Hence human law, in subverting the natural order by giving the husband power over the body of the wife, preventing her natural free and sovereign choice of the hour and the man, and her right to divorce herself and her child from any man the moment he proves unworthy, is guilty of the greatest of organized crimes, conspiracy, usurpation, and

rape, perversion of social morality, poisoning the fountains of the future, neutralizing the greatest social antiseptic, and bringing all the weight and powers of society to compel one brave woman to abdicate the sovereignty of her body and soul.

There is no influence on earth so divine and uplifting as the yearning of a true man to deserve the admiration and love of a good woman. Liberate this force, and give it its full scope and operation by restoring to woman her power of choice and personal sovereignty, at all times and with all men, and human character will improve as by miracle.

Home

THE TRUE HOME is the type of true society. As the home is, so is the community. We have seen that the natural law of practical right, for the individual and for society, is the evolution of spontaneous unity through and by the glad recognition and admission of every self-hood. Just the same must apply with even intenser force in the "home." There is no sweeter word, for the home is the practical and objective of that of which heaven is the subjective. And the unity, peace, joy, love, harmony of the ideal of home are only realized where every individual in it is as free as he himself wishes to be, so far as this can be without abridging a like freedom in the others. This truth cannot be too often

repeated. There is and can be no real peace, love, unity, where equal freedom is not first ideally vindicated. As sure as hatred is not love, so surely is invasion the tap-root of hatred.

The true home is the abode and paradise of love, but that love is not only utterly worthless, but utterly non-existent, if forced. It cannot be forced, hence the utter folly of all legal bonds. For the ligatures of the law are all of force and fear, and the magnetic currents of love are all of attraction and fitness—the home is the antithesis of force and fear. To bind two people together who already love each other is as foolish as to order hungry mouths to feed; to bind two people together who do not love each other is the putting of innocent souls in hell. The home is the garden from whence grow all the roots of life. If it is what it should be the children reared there will have learned by example and observation those lessons of freedom and love which will last them through life, ensuring them to be polite, honest, considerate, sane, in

every social relation. They carry with them the foundations on which it is always safe to socially build.

Here, in this Eden regained, the man and woman are naked before each other in body and soul; free to have all the secrets they please, yet having none because where there is no aggression and no fear there is no need to hide. There is no authority, no compulsion, because each is more than willing, eager, that the other should be true to self. Where there is perfect trust, who can conceal! Where there is perfect respect, who can compel! Where there is perfect love, how can one prevent the other!

Ah, the sweet sympathy, the proud admiration, the thrilling praise, the tender assistance, the instant defense, the undoubted loyalty, the glad coöperation, the mutual inspiration, soul-health, peace, rest, trust, security—these are of home.

Communism does not need to be mentioned in the home; it would spoil all to

make a bargain, a contract of it; for communism between lovers is as spontaneous as kisses are, as the clinging of flesh to flesh and soul to soul. Yet not here, either, must the contradiction be forgotten or overridden. The individuality, so gladly acknowledged, and upon the existence of which depends the attraction, must flow out and express itself in all surroundings of the individual, and the blendings of communism must be balanced by the perfect expression of each self-hood, and in individual possession and sovereignty over material goods.

185

The true home expresses first each individual, second the blending of these in that larger, composite individual called the Family. That this be realized, each individual should have a room, or rooms, sacredly private and consecrated to self, in which every thread and stick of furniture, every picture, bit of bric-a-brac, line and color, reveals the personality, celebrates the spirit, and encourages the law of growth of the owner, there royal in his own realm. But in the family

rooms the taste, the spirit, the love and unity of all should blend like a symphony.

In the true the ideal home the only restraint is on aggression, the father is head because wisest, the mother the heart because the dearest, the children honor their parents because they are honorable, the children are respectful and polite because their parents treat them as respectfully and politely as they treat each other and they know no other manner.

The New Chivalry

186

BEFORE ME RISES the prophecy of a new chivalry, wherein the vindication and defense of every woman's right to absolute freedom in her person and love will be the spirit, instinct, and code of honor of every man claiming the proud name of gentleman.

The At-one-ment in Marriage

MARRIAGE HAS BEEN variously defined as cohabitation, a promise of exclusiveness, a legal ceremony, a religious sacrament; but all these definitions are too crude. Even the declaration, "and they twain shall be one flesh," is too crude, too external. Nor shall we find more by hunting to the roots of the word. To find out the original meaning of a word is to find out only that—what it originally meant. Words evolute and grow, as the souls grow that use them, and come to mean much more and differently than at first. What the word marriage means now, with the most highly evolved souls, is that beautiful and almost indescribable union in which the two are in such sympathy that each

actually feels the other as a part of self—a state of liberty and unity so ideal that each is fully vindicated, yet blended—a unit in two, like the universe. This is more than twain who are one flesh; it is one soul expressed in two forms; it is two halves who have found each other and by uniting make one. This proves marriage a spiritual fact.

187

It is more than living together, more than fleshly consummation, more than mutual parenthood, more than legal or religious ceremonies, more than vows or promises. All these are accidents or incidents, having no essential relation to true marriage which can exist in its most perfect spiritual form without them; they only express, declare, celebrate, or hamper and interfere with it. True marriage is at-one-ment, is union, a one-ing. Hence its wonderful, vital relation to religion and life. By its one-ment of two souls it typifies what finally must come to all souls—their at-one-ment with all things, and thus enlargement to the Divine

Inclusion. And the man and the woman, thus united, form the social molecule, of which, taken separately, they are the atoms. Separately they are social atoms, indivisible, incoherent; together they are the social unit, the smallest possible, yet most typical social group; mutual, equal freedom balanced in united love—the encircled cross.

The man and the woman, thus at-oned, form the true human, and their typical relation fits them to extend the same freedom in sympathy to all others, and thus build the ideal and true society.

Love is marriage, incompatibility is divorce, the illegitimate child is the one begotten against its mother's wish. These are natural, spiritual facts, and the artificial, legal proclamations on such matters are clumsy and violent usurpations and impertinences, beneath the recognition of free and seeing minds.

But this real and true marriage of two is so rare and heavenly a vision, even yet, on the

earth, that it seems presumptuous to point further and say that some day love may come to so enlarge itself that it may mean the perfect blending of not only two but of more than two, of many souls, male and female, as one. But, if the logic of the Dawn-Thought is true, nothing is more certain. It is the destiny of all to become one, and to become one by a gradual growth and enlargement of the present methods of harmony till they include all. The time must come when what is now sometimes true of two will be true of the whole human race, which will be, as it were, married in the perfect union of its two (male and female) separated elements; every man husband, every woman wife, and every child finding in every adult a loving, protective parent. For marriage is completion.

But all this requires an enlargement and beauty of character, a development of unselfishness, a sensitiveness of sympathy, a universality of generosity, an outgrowing of jealousy, a purity of thought and action, a refinement, gentleness,

freedom, and sweetness of life and association, of which we as yet have hardly the rudiments, and which is now almost inconceivable.

But in character all that is imaginable is attainable.

And love is not a thing to be commanded, not a duty, not something to be forced. Nothing is more unfortunate than for any two to try to make themselves love where Nature says no. Love is always free and spontaneous, and comes from mutual fitting and fulfilled conditions. Love is for all, and to all at last, but not till the proper season and fullness of growth.

When we arrive!—

The Religion of Atheism

EVERY RELIGION HAS its place in the evolution of the soul, and the teaching and acceptance of it its due effect, yet equally and often more valuable are the results of skepticism. After a religion has been sufficiently believed and lived to yield all its good it begins to grow old, formal, lifeless, to the soul that is through with it, like the pupa case which the expanding insect breaks and flies from. This is inevitable and necessary, otherwise the old faith becomes an intolerable prison, and prevents all growth and on-going life. Therefore the time always comes, in a progressing life, when skepticism and repulsion toward what has been believed sets in, and the marching soul steps on and

leaves its dead creed behind it. All skepticism, negation, unbelief, then, even the most extreme, is a healthful and natural symptom, though a painful one, and a sure sign of an enlarging, growing, God-going soul. Welcome it, and fear and condemn it not. Heretics, skeptics, idol-breakers, are the pioneers and scavengers of the Living Church. Without them it would grow rotten or petrify. Atheists are the closest and dearest of God's unconscious children—blind babies, but with lips on the true breast. It is because of their growth toward him, their God-becoming, that they are what they are.

For that which makes a man skeptical is always this, that his intellect and moral nature have outgrown his creed. He has become better and wiser than the thing he is taught to believe. And because he is wiser than his Bible, and larger than his creed, and better than his revealed God, he no longer believes in any of them; but rejects them all, just in proportion to his perception of this.

For a man may only worship that which is beyond and above, that which leads him on. The atheist is what he is because he must have a better God, a wiser Bible, a nobler creed, a purer faith, a grander inspiration and enthusiasm than that which contents the less developed souls about him. If he is honestly atheist, he is invariably a finer, nobler, and more trustworthy man than the believer whom he has left and who tries to defame him. It is because he demands a perfect God, and yet sees evil flourishing, that he comes to deny deity and falls into utter negation and pessimism. But this is always only a temporary state. It is but the destruction of the old temple, that a newer, larger, grander one may build on its site. Were it complete and permanent it would be annihilation, but it never is. The Divine ever lives and reveals himself to all aspiring souls. The atheist soul, by its negation of all about it, is inevitably thrown back on itself, and self, as we have seen, is the

road to God, because there is but one Self, the Center.

It is the narrow, petrifying, dogmatism which insists upon any faith as a finality, which ultimately makes atheism and passionate heresy a necessity to all those who must go on—who have the Life within. Where religion is recognized as a growing, enlarging, never-finished thing, this violent revolt is not necessary to those who can include more. For religion is inclusion.

Hungering for the highest good, yet finding it not, the skeptic begins to form ideals of what it should be, and that is the Inner Voice, the true seed of a new religion which shall carry Religion one step further on. The man himself, as we know him, in his one lifetime, may not come to acknowledge deity or religion, but that is of no consequence except to his own happiness; he is doing the work, and developing the new and higher ideal, bringing forward the new and larger explanation to comfort and inspire,

promoting his own growth and that of all about him, even by denial and rebellion, and that is all important.

The darkness and pain and negativeness of unbelief and pessimism may be likened to the night with its needful rest before a new day's work; to a fallow field recovering fertility; to the dark earth wherein a new seed germinates; to the dark womb where a new birth of a New Man is beginning.

And it is so with all negations, all rebellions, heresies—atheist, nihilist, rebel, socialist, anarchist, free-lover, what you will. Wherever these rebels are honest, driven by an inner necessity to protest, revolt, deny, they do so because they have a passionate love of the better side of the thing they deny, because they are superior to the institution they criticise, and are driven by the inworking Divine to liberate its spirit and build for it a larger and better form.

Of True Individuality

WHEN A SAVAGE looks in a mirror for the first time he thinks that what he sees there is another man, but we tell him he sees only himself. The exact converse of this expresses the Dawn-Thought doctrine of the relation of the apparent individualities to the True Individual. We are, each one of us, as it were, but a reflection of the One Individual, and when we look within and see, as we say, ourselves, what we really see is the greater and true Self, The Individual (called by some God, by others the Universe, Nature, or by many other names), but diminished, modified, and clouded by more or less of mistake, according to the form and development of our visual

powers. I am but a reflection, but when I saw my original I thought I saw myself, and, after all, that was true; only my mistake was in believing that I was apart, that selves were separate and many.

There is but One.

An Afterword

195

I WISH TO TELL the simple truth about this book. It is not a theory built up by painful and long-continued intellectual piece-work and ingenuity. It came to me, from first to last, as we say by inspiration; first the main Thought, then the corollaries. The Thought came unsought, like a ray of unexpected light, and the after vistas came one at a time, as the Thought revolved and shed its ray here and there upon them. In many cases I felt impelled to sit down and write, and as I wrote the subject unfolded itself automatically, as one might say, before me. At other times it was born into my mind in the same way, while walking or working. But in all cases I felt surprised and uplifted, as by

reading great, new, and true words by some other mind.

But do not mistake me. There was no trance, or any consciousness of spirit or person. I was never more normal or sanely serene. It was merely that a mood of clearer consciousness seemed to come upon me, illuminating and uplifting me to greater distance and depth of vision, and the confused became plain. That was all.

196

I do not say these words of the Dawn-Thought are true. Prove them for yourself, and if they do not seem to you true do not believe them.

Nor do I say they are final. I regard them but as a step in a series. Judged by their own standards they are only true centrally, and their outlines must change with every change in the point of view. Look with your own eyes; listen to your own soul!

For myself, I am still agnostic. I do not know, nor profess to. But whereas before I was agnostic and did not believe, now I am

agnostic and believe. The Dawn-Thought is to me a working theory of truth, and seems truer to me continually. It makes all life seem whole and healthy before me.

But I urge no one. If it is for you it will seem true to you in the ripe time.

Doubtless many would have been better pleased had I grouped all related sections under one head, but usually I have not done this, but have written down the various applications and corollaries of the main Thought as they came to me, even if in fragments, feeling that what was thus lost in logical coherence would be more than made up to the reader by permitting him to see the order of their spontaneous procession in my mind.

It is pleasanter to watch a running stream, I think, than a building house.

The End.

A Correction and Comment

199

J. C. SLAFTER of Minnesota and Albert E. Smythe of Canada, kindly challenge my assertion in the section on "Living and Outliving," that Theosophy differs from Dawn-Thought on two important points. They endorse Dawn-Thought as a piece of very good Theosophy throughout, and claim that Theosophy contains the Dawn-Thought and is not ascetic.

They quote as follows from the "Secret Doctrine," page 286, "Is this annihilation, as some think?...To see in Nirvana annihilation amounts to saying of a man plunged in a sound, dreamless sleep—one *that leaves no Impression on the physical memory and brain, because the sleeper's Higher Self is in its original state of*

absolute consciousness during those hours—that he too is annihilated. The latter simile answers only to one side of the question—the most material; since re-absorption is by no means such a dreamless sleep, but, on the contrary, absolute existence, an unconditioned unity, or a state, to describe which human language is absolutely and hopelessly inadequate.... Nor is the individuality—*nor even the essence of the personality*, if any be left behind—lost, because re-absorbed."

This seems conclusive proof that Theosophy does not regard Nirvana as annihilation, but as infinite enlargement of consciousness, as does the Dawn-Thought; and I gladly acknowledge my error, for reconciliation and not opposition is the joy of the Dawn-thinker.

But on the point of asceticism the evidence offered seems less conclusive, but certainly proves that to be a Theosophist is not necessarily to approve asceticism. "Every power and every passion a man has is his by divine intent, and

when he crushes out or neglects any part of his nature he is false to his trust....Your way of escape from it [animality] is to make it your servant; to transform its powers into divine forces, and to transfer your interest to them.... The ascetic opposes the laws both of Nature and of Super Nature"...MABEL COLLINS.

"In the eyes of truth and nature no one organ is more noble or ignoble than any other organ. The ancients considered as the most holy precisely those organs with which we associate feelings of shame and secrecy....The Esotericists are therefore warned that unless they are prepared to...forget the code of false propriety bred by hypocrisy and the shameful misuse of primeval functions, once considered divine, they had better not study Esotericism."—H. P. BLAVATSKY.

But whatever Theosophy may or may not affirm Dawn-Thinking affirms that it is peculiarly through the association and co-operation of the sexes in all things, and especially through

the liberation, purification, and spiritualizing of sex that the race shall attain the serene heights. It is emphatic that all reproach, stated or implied, must be lifted from sex, and that the race must know that as through sex on the natural plane comes generation, so from sex on the spiritual plane comes re-generation and all angelic births. Before life can be clean, man must perceive that sex is a universal principle, holy and altogether beautiful, and that in its natural free state and treated reverently it is and always has been pure, but we have befouled it to utmost filth and deformity by brutal force and vile imaginations. Yet is it ever the Fountain and River of Life, and through it only does any growth come, whether of body or soul.

Writings

Wind-Harp Songs

The Red Heart in a White World

Songs of the Unblind Cupid

Dawn-Thought

Scripture of the Serene Life

Natural Man

Dwellers in Vale Sunrise

Songs of the Desert

Life's Beautiful Battle

Aw-aw-tam Indian Nights

Songs Overseas

Psalms of the Race Roots and Songs by the Side of the Great
River

Iris-heart

The Book of the Beahrees: The Manifesto of the Religion of
Beauty

The Scripture of Courage and Largeness

Eneres, or, The Questions of Reksa

The Karezza Method or Magnetation: The Art of Connubial
Love

From Hill-Terrace Outlooking: Poems of Intuition, Perception
and Prophecy

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