SERMON

By

Baccalaureate Address

Text: Ohio State University

June 11, 1874.

Subject: The Life for Self and the Life for Others
In one aspect life is competitive. The introduction of life on the globe was the opening of a tragedy more dramatic than King Lear, as fatalistic as King Oedipus, and incomparably more terrible than either. The beginnings were feeble, as the beginnings of life itself were feeble, but with life began the struggle for life. And wherever the lowest forms of vegetable and animal forms exist in our own day, we find the
stronger sometimes despoiling and sometimes destroying the weaker. Microscopic creatures are armed with fangs and claws with which to seize and slay their victims; and they in turn are subject to assault and destruction by those whose tiny might is greater than theirs. So it is up through the scale. Individual makes war on individual, species on species, genus on genus. Wolf fights wolf, and wolves combine to prey on sheep. Tiger fights tiger, lion, elephant or cobra. Man not only destroys vegetable and animal life where nature has spontaneously produced it, but he secures its production and develops it to the greatest perfection for the very purpose of destroying and consuming it. The herd of deer in the preserve and the herds of cattle in the pasture were bred for death by human hands. Nor is man less hostile and cruel toward his fellow-man. According to the Bible account the very first man born into the world slew his brother; and even yet the unsilenced tongue of that innocent blood cries from the ground against the spirit of hate that reigns in the heart of man. For many centuries, and perhaps centuries of centuries, the chief business and the highest honor of man was to fight. It was man against man, family against family, clan against clan, tribe against tribe, nation against nation, race against race. Chaldean, Assyrian, Persian, Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Celt, Teuton, Slav, Saracen, waded through slaughter and glutted themselves with blood; and today the nations of Europe are like blood-hounds under leash, snarling and growling, and only waiting for the word to fly at each others' throats.

But warfare is but a small part of the rivalry among men. The manufacturer tries to drive out his neighbor who is in the same business. The dealer tries to bankrupt his fellow-dealer. The politician tries to
defeat or bring into subjection his rival politician. The railroad corporation tries to absorb or break down its competing road. In schools, in churches, in families there is, far too often, the same bellicose array and the same relentless antagonism.

The most prominent form of rivalry in our day is that between the two great social classes,—the class that holds the wealth and furnishes employment and the class that depends on the holders of wealth for the means of living. These two classes have always existed and they have engaged in frequent collisions; but several things serve to give the conflict within the last few years an extraordinary character. One of these is its universality. Formerly the struggles between the upper and lower classes were local—mere outbreaks here and there,—while the general condition was one of acquiescence and order. But now labor everywhere has breathed the spirit of independence and assumed a militant attitude; and capital sternly confronts it at every point. Another distinctive feature of the conflict at present is organization. Formerly each side struck blindly, and every man or small body of men struck alone. But now we see labor organized into vast armies, always girt for war and ready, sword in hand, to rush to the front at a moment's call. On the other side capital has bound itself into an organized force, ever alert, cautious, determined. Still another feature of the present aspect of the struggle is the increasing success of the lower and inherently weaker class. Until perhaps two generations ago the issue was certain to be a victory for power and wealth. But conquest has gradually changed sides, and in our day the usual result is concession and retreat by the upper class and a corresponding triumph by the
lower. Stoutly and gallantly as the employing class have defended their intrenchments and victorious as they have been in single conflicts, they have been gradually forced back. Greater and greater concessions have been made to labor, till now its claims to equality are well on the way to full recognition. The wages of workingmen, their hours of labor, their homes, and the condition of factories and workshops, have vastly improved, and, with temporary interruptions, are likely to continue to improve.

Political power also has been steadily transferred from the throne to the people. For nearly seven hundred years the history of England has been a history of the growth of political liberty. France has advanced still farther. In Germany the process of enfranchisement is going steadily on. Russia lags most behind; but in spite of the firm tissue with which the government has invested her, there is such an endosmosis of the spirit of freedom that all classes of her citizens are imbibing it, and the day is surely coming when representative government will prevail even in Russia. America leaped at once to the foremost place. But here too civil power is gaining a wider way. The people select the president, the constitution to the contrary notwithstanding; and the time is probably not far distant when they will elect the national senators. The right of suffrage has been given to the negro; and by slow and hesitating steps it is being extended to woman.

Yet competition instead of being diminished, as one might expect, by the growth of power and freedom among the people, has become more wide-
spread and at the same time more intense. In spite of the general amelioration of the condition of men, it remains the all but universal fact. Not only so; it is an accepted and avowed principle. We are told that it is essential to business, that it is the life of trade, nay, that it is the very law of progress. A recent writer maintains that this struggle of man against man and of class against class is the fundamental condition of human advancement. "Progress," he says, "everywhere, from the beginning of life, has been effected in the same way. It is possible in no other way. It is the result of selection and rejection." (Page 34.) Again he says, "As we watch man's advance in society the conviction slowly forces itself upon us that the conflict which has been waged from the beginning of life has not been suspended in his case, but that it has projected itself into the new era. Nay, more, all the evidence would seem to suggest that he remains as powerless to escape it as the lowest organism in the scale of life." (P. 39.) The author rests this conclusion partly on the facts of history, but mainly on what he regards as an established biological law: "that if all the individuals of every generation in any species were allowed equally to propagate their kind, the average of each generation would tend continually to fall below the average of the generation that immediately preceded it, and a process of slow but steady degeneration would ensue." (P. 37.) "The first condition of existence with a progressive form is, therefore, one of continual strain and stress, and along its upward path this condition is always maintained." (P. 38.) "The law of life has been always the same from the beginning,—ceaseless and inevitable struggle and competition, ceaseless and inevitable selection and rejection, ceas-
less and inevitable progress."

If this theory is entirely sound, it is time to revise our moral code. It would seem that for the inferior part of mankind suicide is a sacred duty, and murder, which DeQuincey treated ironically as a fine art, deserves to be ranked, in all seriousness, as one of the most useful.

But in order to learn the true character of human progress, we must go back and trace the growth of another factor in society. For competition has not wrought alone. This history of war and carnage has been relieved by a parallel history written with another pen. This scene of struggle and death has been touched with a brush dipped in brighter hues. Before it tells how the first earth-born man lifted up his hand against his brother, Genesis shows, or at least suggests, two other scenes. The first is that of two persons—the only two yet living—walking side by side, first in innocence, afterwards in guilt, but alike in innocence and guilt, joined to each other in love and sympathy. The second is that of a father and mother bending in utterable wonder and tenderness over their innocent and helpless babe. Each of these scenes has been reproduced millions of times, and each time two souls have felt what it is to forget self and to live for another. This feeling, renewed and deepened by the experience of each new generation, spread to children as reciprocal love, and to brothers and sisters, and to children's children. So families became bound together in natural affection. So clans and tribes became united not only by interest against their common foe, but by fellow-feeling. This feeling prompted to acts of relief and
help and spontaneous kindness; and friendship now softened and now erad-
icated the feeling of competition. Otherism now overshadows and now sup-
plant selfishness.
Thus the germ of altruism was planted in human nature side by side
with egoism; and that love and friendship grew side by side with com-
petition and strife. Mr. Spencer's assertion that "egoism comes be-
fore altruism" may be true as to imperativeness; but as facts in human
nature as now constituted, it is certain that they are both original.
One is as natural as the other. Within narrow limits one is as strong
as the other. But beyond those limits altruism grows weaker and self-
lessness grows stronger. Hence toward strangers and foreigners the eg-
ostic instinct is the prompter, the more energetic and the more endur-
ing. Hence too the history of mankind has been in the main a history
of conflict, while only at long intervals has any conspicuous act of
humanity or self-devotion received mention. Most even of these were
performed under the stimulus of warlike motives and for the sake of tri-
umph over an enemy. Doubtless there were many instances of self-sacri-
ficing love, but nearly always they occurred within the limits of the
family, or at least of private life, and thus escaped the general notice.
As it appears to us, in review, therefore, the life of man has been
a scene of antagonism, of bitter feuds, of devastating wars, of cruelty
and revenge.

But at length there appeared one who, in the midst of this scene of
universal hatred and contention, lifted up the standard of peace. His
coming was announced by a proclamation of peace on earth and good-will
to men. He struck a new note amid earth's tumultuous discord. He
calmly stood before the world rent with strife, the hand of Rome on its
throat, and its visage stained with fratricidal blood, and spoke a mes-
sage of strange import and of still stranger authority: "Resist not evil.
Love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate
you; and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you."

It seemed a foolish and hopeless word,—as if an ant should breathe
against a cyclone. But somehow that foolish and hopeless word has be­
come to millions as the voice of God; and that strange note, so low at
first, has swelled and spread abroad till the whole earth may now hear it
its rich and musical sound.

All the nations of Christendom, far though they be below the ideal
of the true life, have imbibed in some measure the altruistic sentiment.
All classes of society acknowledge in some sort the authority of the com-
mandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." War is less fre­
quent and less ferocious, and the almost universal desire for peace has
compelled governments to restrain their ambitions and their hates. Be­
nevolence has put her kindly arms about the unfortunate to protect and
nurture them. Free hospitals, asylums and infirmaries are conspicuous
in every large city. The rich educate the poor, and provide for them
public highways, paved and lighted streets, open parks, palatial public
buildings, and the protection of the courts.

In the growth of this sentiment lies also the explanation of that
extension of privilege and power to the weaker classes which has been so
marked in the century just drawing to a close. The disappearance of
struggle and hate has been like the slow dying away of the sound of a fire
bell; but it has been surely and continually dying away.

The author from whom I have already quoted affirms that the result of
the increased prevalence of the altruistic spirit must be, by elevating
the masses and placing them on an equality with the present power-holding
classes, to make rivalry universal and therefore in the highest degree
active and determined. Every man will have an equal social chance and
all will strive against each other for the goods of life. Then will come
the necessary killing off, directly or indirectly, of larger and
larger numbers. And this, according to the recent gospel, is the in-
dispensable condition of progress. Altruism, which feeds the hungry, and
clothes the naked, and nurses the sick and the infirm, is therefore an
unqualified foe to the progress of mankind.

Is the gospel of peace and good-will, then, a mistake? Is it raising
men up and putting new strength into their limbs, new weapons
into their hands, and new courage into their hearts, only that the fight
may be more equal and therefore more fierce and sanguinary? Has this
auroral glory broken upon the world only to be extinguished in the appall-
ing night of blood and death? Is the prophecy of ages and the great
hope of the human heart that the kingdom of God shall prevail throughout
the world, a delusion and a dream?

Or can the humanitarian sentiment be vindicated? Can a rational de-
fense be made for the preservation and elevation of men? Is the method
of rivalry and destruction escapable? Is the method of kindness and
helpfulness possible? If possible, is it desirable? Time will not
allow a full discussion of the subject, and I confine myself to a state-
ment of the following propositions, leaving you to trace their applica-
tion for yourselves:
admire the worth of kindness and humanity as we recognize the sweetness of honey and the attractiveness of beauty. That mind has lost its sanity which can sincerely affirm that hate is better than love, that strife and spoliation and the havoc of death are more beneficial than peace and tranquility and the joy of life.

It will yet appear— it is already appearing— that these two are one. Rightly related they will work together in harmony for the highest good of all; and as this becomes more manifest, we shall come to a clearer and truer interpretation of the command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Hitherto egoism has been too strong and altruism has been too weak. It deserves to be considered whether a purer and stronger altruism would not save the world from the conflict of ages and inaugurate that Golden Time which men have been seeking with such eager desire through excessive individualism. A damp, chilly Ohio morning makes your whole system shrink and shiver; while a clear, keen Minnesota air with the thermometer at thirty degrees below zero braces and exhilarates you. An alternating current produced by a few volts will set the nerves tingling and cause general discomfort; a greater pressure may produce agony; and a still greater one, paralysis or instant death. But if the frequency of the alternations be greatly increased, enormous pressures may be used without injury or even unpleasant sensations. Tesla is said to pass high frequency currents through his body which not only leave him unharmed but produce marvelous effects.

Charity is of many degrees. That low-tension charity which wants ministers to physical only and that by gifts alone, may do evil rather
than good. Benevolence that rears great asylums and gathers hundreds of the unfortunate; and then places them under incompetent and unsympathetic management, and subjects them to periodic commotions by political revolution, may do little to help and much to hurt the unfortunate, and may deeply corrupt the body politic. Family affection that is mixed with bickering and teasing and jealousy may bring a keener anguish than open hate.

But eliminate the adulteration; raise the tension; turn on a high frequency current; and I suspect that we shall not only see all harm disappear, but shall see the world bathed in a new and heavenly splendor.

Turning now to the other side, the function of egoism toward altruism appears, at least partly, in the fact that we can serve our fellow-men only in the degree that our own lives are raised and ennobled. We must know and realize ourselves in order that we may effectively help others. In other words, egoism is not necessarily the antagonist of altruism, but may become its strength. Instead of subduing or degrading others for the sake of self, it may develop and ennoble self for the sake of others.

I want now, therefore, to speak of the individual life, the life of self.
The naive mind attends only to what is without. It lacks the inner eye. It has no reflex vision. The child, whether he be two years old or twenty, gives his thoughts to food and drink and play. The savage, whether he live in a wigwam or in a palace, adorns his person, crushes his foes (if he can), governs, and gratifies his lust. The Dahomy chief is rapacious and cruel. The Tammany chief would astonish his prototype by the magnitude of his depredations and the audacity of his methods.

To minds of this class it seems that good and ill lie in circumstances, that happiness depends on material comfort, and the means of animal gratification, and life consists in the abundance of the things that a man possesses.

The cultivated mind looks within as well as without. It is introspective. It observes its own processes. It becomes familiar with the subjective elements in human welfare. It discovers itself as a factor in all achievement and attainment, and not only as a factor, but as the major factor, the determining factor. It learns also that the human attributes in men do not live by bread alone, but are nourished by food that the natural mind knows not of; and it finds that self-denials and struggles towards inner strength and exaltation are sweeter and more nutritious than all luxuries. It rises to an altitude of thought and feeling, which the child and the savage can but dimly comprehend.
dantly. Vegetable life abounded. There were trees planted by the rivers of water that brought forth fruit in its season. These trees of Lebanon were very full of sap. And there was animal life beyond computation. Every eye could behold the earth, the sea, the air peopled with innumerable forms of living beings, and then as now, though unknown, the microscopic world teemed with multitudes surpassing the utmost conception. If we speak of human life, the population of Palestine was even then dense and swarming, and in Rome at least some idea was forming of the vastness of the numbers that inhabited the earth.

Nevertheless there in Palestine, a province of Rome, said, "I came some that they might have life." Even "they"—those of whom he spoke,—had life. Why should he speak as if there were a great lack of life? We must find some other meaning in his words. He came to bring a new kind of life. This, after all, is the essential point. The value of life depends much indeed on its quantity, but it depends far more on its quality. The most important question is not, How much? but, What kind? The life of the oak may last three centuries or more; but it is of a distinctly lower order than that of the horse, which lasts but one-tenth as long. We place a far lower estimate on the life of the snail than we do on the life of a deer. And the distance seems immeasurable between the life of an oyster and the life of a man. "Why is it," we are asked in the "Imitation": "that thou art continually anxious about the length of thy life, but never considerest how thou mayest live well?"

"Better fifty years of Europe
    Than a cycle of Cathay."
Better one hour of supreme and glorious self-devotion than a thousand years of sottish and sensual existence.

If the amount of energy expended were alone considered, the life of the spendthrift might be equal to that of the statesman and the life of the raskish Lothario to that of the scholar or the sage. What kind of energy is expended? What faculties are brought into play? What are the occasions? What are the ends? It is considerations like these that determine the rank of a life. Its dignity and value lie in the quality of its activities. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, but that which is born of the spirit is spirit."

Jesus came that men might have a new life,—a higher order of life; and that they might have it— that new life—abundantly. In their bodies men were alive. Their appetites, their passions, all their animal propensities were in full vigor of life. But their spiritual powers were yet unborn. The purpose of the Gospel is not, as many intelligent people apparently think, to keep men from Hell or to wipe out human guilt. It is not, as some suppose, to build churches and theological schools and to maintain an imposing ecclesiastical establishment. It is not to provide for the preaching of fine sermons and the rendering of fine music. It is not to induce people to attend church twice on Sunday and to be regular at Sunday-school and the weekly prayer-meeting. Whatever value these, or any of them, may have as means, as ends they are impertinent obstructions, cutting off from view that to which they should be the open gate. As ends they are but gravestones, marking the place of the dead,—notices to keep away, unless you come to weep. The
true end, and the sole end, of the Gospel is to bring men to a new birth and to usher them into a new life.

We are capable of many different orders and qualities of life. One may be intensely alive in one kind of life and yet utterly dead in another. The very intensity of one form of his life may perpetuate, or even produce, death in another. There may be such energy in the physical life as to impede and dwarf the mental life. The energy of the purely intellectual life may restrict the aesthetic life. The keenness of the aesthetic life may hinder the moral life. The case of Charles Darwin is typical: the same thing takes place in some degree in every man. When he was a young man he had a taste for both poetry and music; but so exclusive was his devotion to the study of scientific facts and laws that in the latter part of his life his power to enjoy poetry and music had become atrophied, so that he was no longer able to appreciate them. Of a contrary kind was the case of Kant, who tells us that Hume woke him from his dogmatic slumber, and the result was a life of philosophical speculation which forms an epoch in modern thought. Men without number have, under some sudden stimulus, emerged into the exercise of powers of which they were before unconscious. The present life of each of us is a little circle on the circumference of which we might find at almost any point an avenue leading out into a larger and richer life than we have known. What potential energies may lie dormant in us! Of what masterly activities we may be capable which we have never attempted! What refined and noble enjoyments may be possible to us which we have never felt? But... alas! to all these we are now dead. Suppose that you had spent a year with Thoreau. You would have become alive to na-
ture. The woods would have become to you a newly discovered world. Every bird-note, every movement of every wild thing, every palpitating leaf, would touch your breast to finest harmonies. A year with Ruskin would have made you alive to earthly and heavenly heights. The hills would be clothed with blended beauty and might, and clouds would be thrones of the infinite majesty and mystery. Day unto day would utter more eloquent speech, and night unto night would show a diviner knowledge. One great hour with Beethoven might have made you alive to music. One great hour with Webster might have breathed into you the life of eloquence, so that your speech would stir men to lofty thought and hair-stirring passion. Any of these high experiences would have given you a greater self.

In one Brief moment, according to St. Augustine's own account, "by a light as it were of serenity infused into his heart, all the darkness of doubt vanished away." By one tremendous convolution Saul of Tarsus became Paul the apostle. Like events of less degree have, I suppose, befallen each of us. A vast or sudden public calamity, a heart-rending private grief, a vision of great natural magnificence—Niagara or the sea,—or of architectural splendor, as the Court of Honor, a passage of eloquence, a conversation in which some strong and sensitive soul swept the diapason of our own,—has unlocked the doors of our little, musty, lamp-lit lives, and in the twinkling of an eye ushered us forth into the boundless air and under the boundless sky.

Sad is the life that has had no intellectual or spiritual birth-hours. Physically we can be born but once. Cicero was quite right. But intellectually and spiritually we may be born a thousand times. Every aspiring, progressive life is a series of translations from lower to
higher and still higher spheres and modes of being. And yet, with
this noble possibility before them what multitudes forever fail to
fulfill it! They remain always in the same shell, no more aware of
the world without and of their own fitness to soar and sing than the unhatched lark. Others have pipped a hole through their shell,—or more likely some stirring fact or some sturdy iconoclast has broken a hole,—through which they peer out at the great world. They wonder at its vastness. They admire its beauty. They long for its freedom. But they are comfortable where they are, and they shrink from the effort and pain of being hatched. Now and then you may find one who has made a hole large enough for him to put his head out. It would be amusing if it were not so pathetic to hear him talk. He boasts of "the inspiring air" and of his "larger view." But his hands and his feet and his whole body are still imprisoned, and he has no more liberty to live than he would have if he did not talk.

"Ye, brethren, have been called for freedom. Only use not your freedom for an occasion to the flesh." God forbid. That would be only to degenerate, to descend the scale of life; whereas your life ought to be an upward life. You may have it more and more abundantly. For that you can not be too free. Scratch the last fragment of the old shell from your back. Be quietly, courageously, wholly free.

The new life into which I would have you come is a life of new perceptions. If an untutored Indian were shown a great painting, what would he see? Color and form; and he would perhaps feel a degree of rude wonder. Put an artist before it. It wakens and satisfies his deepest and most delicate susceptibilities. He sees touches of beauty to which
the savage is totally blind; for there has been developed in him a power of vision of which the savage, as an individual, is not only destitute but incapable. Newton saw relations of quantity and relations among the celestial spheres that were impenetrably veiled from common eyes. Shakespeare read qualities and processes in human character that were illegible to less-gifted-minds. What a cloud enveloped the subject of algebra for your ten-year-old faculties? How simple its mysteries six years later? How tedious you found Emerson when you were twelve? What a fascination he had for you at twenty? No in science, in politics, in religion, new powers of seeing have been one after another born in you. How it came you can not tell; but one thing you know, that whereas you were blind, now you see. Put yourself back four years to the day you entered college. Revive the perceptions of that day. Recall the sense of their paucity and inadequacy. Four years have greatly enlarged the scope of your mental vision and given you to see a thousand things which were then without meaning, or even existence, to you.

Yet this has been by no means the whole of life. You have as yet climbed but a little way up the mountain. What you have already seen is but a sign and promise of what awaits you, if you persevere toward the summit—a clearer and clearer atmosphere, wider and wider horizons, a loftier and grander firmament. Many a time by slow adjustment your eyes will acquire to see things which now lie beyond their focus. Many a time scales, as it were, shall fall from your eyes and a new world shall "swim into your ken." The eye behind the eye, the eye of the soul, shall be unveiled and endowed with a clearer and deeper power of seeing.
The new life is a life of new motives. In a boy the motive to play is usually a very strong one and the motive to study a very weak one. A sled, a kite or a ball has an almost irresistible attraction for him. For a day on the water or the ice he will endure heat or cold and toil and hunger and the pangs of conscience. But ten years hence you may find him dead to amusement and foregoing food and sleep for the interest that he has in biology or political economy or psychology. A new set of feelings has been awakened in him. New aims are before him. New purposes actuate him. And all this because new motives have found their way into his life and haunt his young soul with their eternal imperatives.

Or he gets a new sense of moral meanings and values. Purity, Truth, Justice, Right ascend the thrones of his nature and he bows to their august authority. Loyalty to these is more to him than all unrighteous gain. Money, applause, lust, once the lords of his life, are cast forth as dumb and hateful idols. His old love of knowledge becomes love of truth. All the familiar relations of life take on a holy sanctity, and every common thing of the house and street is transfigured before him. The Moral Voice becomes his highest authority—the primal and supreme motive of his soul. No dictate of party can make him vote aye on a measure that his judgment and conscience condemn. He will not say "I believe" when he knows in his heart that to say so would be a lie. To be consciously right, to speak the truth and abide by it, to do his duty and welcome consequences,—that for him is enough. It fills him with serene satisfaction; it arms him with invulnerable confidence and courage.
Heaven knows how much our public life needs intelligence, education, training. But a thousand times more it needs probity, and the manly courage to spurn party dictation and to speak and vote from personal conviction. Heaven knows how much our private life needs clearer perceptions, a wiser economy, a kindlier disposition. But a thousand times more it needs purity and truth and justice and right. Get rid of accursed licentiousness, of cowardly and of diplomatic falsehood, of cruel and of thoughtless injustice, of sleek-handed and of red-handed wrong, and then there will be a clearer eye, a wiser thrift, a kindlier spirit.

Bane, masterful moral motive is what the world needs to cure its ills and to lift its life. And you who hear me ought to carry into the world, as the result of your years of training, not only a fund of knowledge and an equipment of sharpened faculties by which you can get ahead, outstripping and perhaps overriding the less fortunate, but you also to carry a fund of moral power and a constellation of motives as high and pure and unchangeable as the stars.

You have asked yourselves—perhaps some of you are yet asking,—What shall I do? It is a grave question, full of consequence to yourselves and to others. But there is a deeper question, full of much greater consequence: With what measure of life do you go? With what power and in what spirit do you go? With what force and wisdom will you be able to do whatever you may find or choose to do? Have you wakened in all your higher faculties? Have you been born into the life of thought, into the life of beauty, into the life of manly or womanly
trust in all that is true and holy, into the life of sympathy and charity, into the life of God? If not, resolve now to break forth into full light and complete liberty.

Your past is finished. You can not revise it. It is stereotyped and locked solid in the form of Eternity. You must now take yourself as you are, "with all your imperfections on your head;" and make the most of what remains. A gracious hand is extended and a gracious voice declares, "I am come that you may have life and may have it abundantly.

With his help you can begin now to grow pure and strong. You can begin now to put down strife in your heart and to exalt love, to esteem self and substitute man. As you look through the camera of your mind who is it that you see standing in the full sunlight and filling the whole field? Yourself? Take it away and put your brother there. The greatest of all life is the life of love. Our own life grows deeper and richer and more abundant as we try to make the lives of others deep and rich and abundant. Those who give most life receive most in return.

He who said, "I came that they may have life," said also, "This is my commandment, That ye love one another as I have loved you. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for those whom he loves." At the end of your career let it be your glory and your reward, not that you have built a colossal fortune or achieved an enduring fame, but rather that you have done what lay in your power to strengthen, to refine and to exalt your fellow-men, and to shed the sweet light of a pure and peaceful, yet aspiring and advancing soul.