

# THE GRAIL OF LIFE

*AN ANTHOLOGY ON  
HEROIC DEATH and IMMORTAL LIFE*



JOHN HAYNES HOLMES  
LILLIAN BROWNE-OLF

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HEROIC DEATH AND IMMORTAL LIFE

COMPILED BY  
JOHN HAYNES HOLMES  
AND  
LILLIAN BROWNE-OLF

THE  
DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY



NEW YORK  
DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY  
1919

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IN MEMORIAM

TRABBI ISADORE ISAACSON  
DECEASED

VAIL-SALLOU COMPANY  
BINGHAMTON AND NEW YORK

TO THOSE IN EVERY LAND  
WHO MOURN THEIR DEAD  
MARTYRED  
IN THE GREAT WAR  
THIS BOOK IS REVERENTLY DEDICATED

943955



*From Life to Death!*  
*An eager breath,*  
*A battle for the true and good,*  
*An agony upon the rood;*  
*A dark'ning of the light —*  
*And night!*

*From Death to Life!*  
*A peace from strife;*  
*A voyage o'er an ocean wide*  
*That moves from shore to shore its tide;*  
*A passing of the night —*  
*And light!*

**J. H. H.**

## PREFACE

### I

The general plan of this Anthology was conceived by me in the summer of 1918. It was at this time, it will be remembered, that the menace of the German assault upon the West was shaking not merely Europe but the world to its foundations; and the tide of misery and horror, incident to the gigantic struggle, had mounted to the full. Uppermost in all men's minds at that terrific moment, of course, was the fate of civilization, and the doom which seemed to be falling upon all things deemed precious. Deep down, however, beneath this living consciousness of battle and siege, of tottering thrones and shaking systems, of revolutions, turmoils, "chaos and black night," were the agonies silently endured by each one of numberless millions of human hearts the world around, as they contemplated the peril, and soon or late met the loss, of persons who bore into the struggle, as husbands, fathers, sons, lovers, all that made life worth the living, and victory in the battle a matter of concern. John Galsworthy, in *Saint's Progress*, presents a pathetic picture of the sleep of London on any night during the period of the War. "Here a mother would be whispering the name of her boy . . . and a wife would be turning, to stretch out her arms to — no one; . . . By thousands the bereaved would be tossing, stifling their moans; by thousands the ruined would be gazing into the dark future. . . ." It is probable that most people felt the Great War only in this intense personal way, for most of

us, after all, live in the realm not of ideas or institutions at all, but of individual human relations. And this feeling touched such depths of passion, in such myriads of hearts, at the climactic moments of 1918, as never before had been equalled in human history.

For nearly four years, death had been reaping an unimaginable harvest by battle, starvation and disease. In these dreadful summer months, the flood of destruction was climbing to heights unseen by man in his most dreadful dreams of world disaster. Death was become the order of the day — untimely death, unnecessary death, horrible death! By a slow turning of life, on the axis of the War, so to speak, the modern man found the frontage of his experience exactly reversed from all that he had ever known, or anticipated. By precept, by example, by the inner promptings of his own soul, he had been taught to welcome life, and use it to the uttermost. Now, however, he saw life suddenly engulfed by death, and after-death! What is it to die, and to what does dying bring us — these were become, through the vast cataclysm of universal war, the dominant personal questions of the hour; and to the average man, the answer to these questions was more important than answers to all the gigantic questions that beset the minds of generals, statesmen and philosophers. To find this answer, would be perhaps to perform an inestimable service for the comforting and strengthening of many hearts. And where could this answer be more certainly found than in the utterances of the great and good in ages past, and of some of the humble but very valiant who were living and dying greatly at this great moment? It was in this thought that the idea of this Anthology was conceived, and work upon its pages happily begun.

On November 11, 1918, came the Armistice, which seemed to end the occasion for this book. Work, therefore, was

halted, in anticipation of the abandonment of the plan. Then came the realization that while the Armistice undoubtedly had made the fighting on the battlefield to cease, it had worked, and could work, no such miracle upon the sorrows, perplexities, and blind despairs which this fighting through more than fifty months had accumulated in men's hearts. The problem of death and after-death was with us, as it had been always. From the moment that Cain felled Abel, man has found himself confronted by the black mystery of dying, of being and not being, of mortality and immortality. The War, after all, had not created a new problem; it had only intensified an old one. It had not raised up something which began and ended with itself; on the contrary, it had only brought momentarily into the centre of the present picture, so to speak, that which had been from the beginning, and which would be till the end of time. An anthology of heroic death and immortal life, therefore, must have a permanent interest and value. It might be occasioned, but certainly could not be bounded by, the War. So the work was resumed; and now, with the battle long since ended, and the fighting done, is presented to those who seek comfort and inspiration on these high themes.

## II

The preparation of an anthology involves a twofold problem — that of the selection and the arrangement of material.

Selection in this case promptly opened up so tremendous a task, that it is doubtful if my collaborator and I would have had the courage to undertake this book, had we known what was before us. The material readily accessible on our chosen themes was embarrassingly abundant. That which could be made available by systematic research, was practically inexhaustible. A volume giving any adequate survey of the field would run to many hundreds of pages and

include many thousands of quotations, and even then involve a rigorous process of elimination. But our intent from the beginning was to produce an anthology which should be small in compass, conveniently handled and easily read, a book to be loved as scripture rather than consulted as a dictionary or encyclopedia. We were moved, that is to say, by emotional considerations; our desire was to give not knowledge so much as inspiration. This end was best furthered by the plan adopted by Robert Bridges, in his rarely beautiful book, *The Spirit of Man*, rather than by that adopted by E. C. Stedman in his exceedingly useful *American Anthology*—to present not an accumulation but a distillation of the ideas which have been characteristic of the highest thought of man on the mysteries of death and life eternal. Such a purpose vastly increased the difficulty of our task, for even the essence extracted was more than could be contained in our chosen vessel. Therefore were we driven to a process of selection which was not only rigorous but in some cases arbitrary, and not always satisfactory to ourselves.

Our first task was to gather the passages which were to comprise the content of the Anthology. In doing this, we did not attempt to cover the field. We simply entered those areas which were familiar to ourselves, and garnered what we knew or felt to be precious. Even so, we found in our hands, when the work was done, more material than we could possibly use in accordance with our plans. This meant a winnowing which resulted in the rejection of nearly a third of all that we had originally collected. These passages were perfectly good in themselves, but they represented an overflow which we could not handle.

The standards which we employed in this process of selection, are three in number.

(1) First of all, in the case of each particular quotation,



was the consideration of its aptness as an expression of the ideals of heroic death and immortal life. These ideals we had deliberately chosen to be the keynotes of our Anthology, and we were insistent that everything should be in harmony therewith. Many passages, beautiful in themselves and unquestionably inspiring, were cast aside because they did not embody the exact conceptions which we had in mind.

(2) Secondly, there was the question of the literary quality of our material. This we desired, and in most cases insisted, should be of the highest. Some passages were finally admitted to our pages which are devoid of literary distinction or beauty, because they give important expression to our chosen themes through association with great names or epochs of history. These, however, are exceptions, and are few in number. The bulk of the material in this volume constitutes what we, at least, regard as literature.

(3) Lastly, there was that indefinite, intangible question of tone, or attitude, which my collaborator and I regarded as in some ways the most important of all our standards. Through much of the writing that has to do with death and immortality there runs the taint of insipidity. In every collection of material on these subjects which I personally have seen — and as a clergyman I have seen, and used, a good many! — the prevailing note is at the best that of intelligent piety, and at the worst that of mawkish sentimentality. In this field, if in none other, the sanctimonious Sunday School literature of two or three generations ago, is still with us. Such maudlin stuff we have sought absolutely to avoid. Through this Anthology, like fresh breezes from the "hills whence cometh (our) strength," there blow, we trust, the winds of courage and acclaim. Robustness, virility, heroic cheer, tenderness not inconsistent with valour,

high vision controlled by reason and suffused with poetry — this is the note, or attitude, which we have desired that the material in this book should invariably express. Our Anthology will fulfil no small part of its purpose, if it teaches its readers that the atmosphere of death may be as healthful as that of life.

Our quotations selected, there came a further application of the sifting process in the problem of what part, or parts, of each particular quotation, we should use. Again with the idea of confining our material within the smallest possible space, we have reproduced from our various sources of prose and poetry, the shortest passages which could be made consistent with completeness of thought and beauty of expression. Setting down nothing as it was not written, we have yet eliminated all that seemed to be in any way extraneous to our chosen themes. We have sought to skim off what from our viewpoint was the cream of each quotation selected for inclusion, and thus fill our book with the richest possible material. We realize that to many persons this method of excision will seem inexcusable. To such we simply reply that it is *our* method; and ask that it be accepted as a chosen condition of our task, and judged from the standpoint of the skill and taste displayed in its accomplishment.

### III

The preparation of an anthology, as we have seen, involves not only the selection, but also the arrangement of material. We doubt if anybody, who has not actually undertaken the work, can realize what it means to arrange material with which one has grown inordinately familiar through the task of selection. When perfectly done, as in Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*, arrangement becomes as invisible a thing as the air. When imperfectly done, it seems

to be a condition of the inevitable limitation of the task attempted. In both cases, the difficulties involved are hidden from the consciousness of those who see the finished product and not the structural process.

Chronology is of course the obvious, and the most common, method of arranging such material as my collaborator and I have gathered. This method, however, we abandoned altogether in Part I of this Anthology; and utilized only in rough outline form in Part II. Our desire throughout was to have the matter of arrangement determined not so much by dates, or even by subjects, as by feeling. Dates, of course, have played their rôle, as in Part II; subjects have worked their influence, as in Part I. But we shall be disappointed if some few readers, sensitive to the emotions which we have felt and tried to convey in the making of this book, do not catch some view at least of what has controlled us in this matter of arrangement. I know of no more definite way of expressing it, than to refer to what the musician calls "the melodic line" in the orchestral score of a symphony or opera. No matter how numerous the themes or how complicated their development, there runs unbroken through every great musical composition, like a trail through a forest, "the melodic line." This is the song which the musician is singing, adorned with a wilderness of notes and chords, now major, now minor, now rising to clear sonorous heights, now submerged in stormy sound, but always pursuing its course, and always clearly felt by the heart that understands. Through this book we have tried, as best we could, to create a "melodic line." We fear that it is broken at times by the fact that we were engaged not in singing our own song but in blending the songs that have been sung by others. But when broken, it is quickly recovered, and never at any time, we believe, wholly lost. It is this, at any rate, which has been



the *motif* of our arrangement; and by this, it must be judged.

## IV

In closing, I must bear testimony to the inspiration involved in the preparation of this book. If our readers derive a fraction of the comfort and strength from reading it, which we have derived from compiling it, the Anthology will be indeed as a volume of holy scripture.

Valiant is the heart of man. Set in a world whose bounds he cannot trace — armed with puny hands and brain, to do battle against the gigantic forces of sky and sea and earth — beset behind and before by the twin mysteries of birth and death — knowing only the unknowable, searching only the unsearchable, living only to die — man has stood erect as one lifted by God's hand, and has moved ever onward, through centuries of unspeakable pain, fear and frustration, with unconquerable courage and unquenchable faith. It is impossible to read however imperfect a record of man's thoughts on death and after, as written from earliest to latest times, without confessing that there is indeed an undying fire of the divine within us, and bowing in adoration before it. Especially is this true of the testimony which has been coming to us from brave young hearts, in the filth of the trenches, in the icy wastes of the sea, even in the vast spaces of the air, during these years of the world's blackest tragedy and most awful agony. This Anthology is throughout profoundly eloquent of spiritual faith, but nowhere more so than in those poems at the opening and the close, telling of death met bravely and immortality anticipated surely, which have been written by the youthful soldiers of the Great War. Something there is within man or above him, that makes him greater than himself, stronger than the universe, mightier than the mysteries which always challenge, and sometimes beat him

downward, to despair. Man, in his fronting of death and his dream of immortality, is all that we need, after all, to teach us of God. The soul is its own best testimony to the everlasting reality of religion.

## V

Acknowledgments are due in this place, first of all, to my collaborator and dear friend, Mrs. Lillian Browne-Olf. Without her untiring labour, this book could never have been prepared; to her fine literary taste is due much of such merit as it may possess. The volume is hers quite as much as mine. We offer it together as our common handiwork.

I would also give sincere thanks to my secretaries, Miss Mary C. Baker and Miss Mary Andrews, for their indispensable assistance and interest. I am grateful also to our publishers for their patience while the work was proceeding, and their appreciation when it was done.

Acknowledgments and thanks to publishers and authors, who have generously permitted the use of copyrighted material, are set down in the Appendix.

July 1, 1919.

J. H. H.



## CONTENTS

	PAGE
DEDICATION . . . . .	v
PREFACE . . . . .	vii
PART I—HEROIC DEATH . . . . .	1
PART II—IMMORTAL LIFE . . . . .	97
APPENDIX . . . . .	281
SOURCES . . . . .	281
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS . . . . .	292
INDEX . . . . .	297



**PART I**  
**HEROIC DEATH**

*Man with his burning soul  
Has but an hour of breath  
To build a ship of truth  
In which his soul may sail —  
Sail on the sea of death,  
For death takes toll  
Of beauty, courage, youth,  
Of all but truth . . .*

*John Masefield*

# THE GRAIL OF LIFE

## HEROIC DEATH

### 1

Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he  
That every man in arms should wish to be?  
It is the generous Spirit who, when brought  
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought  
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought:  
Whose high endeavours are an inward light  
That makes the path before him always bright: . . .  
Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,  
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!  
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;  
In face of these doth exercise a power  
Which is our human nature's highest dower;  
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves  
Of their bad influence, and their good receives:  
. . . Who, if he be called upon to face  
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined  
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,  
Is happy as a Lover; and attired  
With sudden brightness, like a Man inspired;  
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law  
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw;  
Or if an unexpected call succeed,  
Come when it will, is equal to the need: . . .  
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth  
For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,



Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,  
And leave a dead unprofitable name—  
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;  
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws  
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause:  
This is the happy Warrior; this is He  
That every Man in arms should wish to be.

*William Wordsworth*

2

With what kinds of death does the brave man have to do? Is it with the most honourable? But those that occur in war are of this kind, for in war the danger is the greatest and most honourable. The public honours that are awarded in states and by monarchs attest this. Properly, then, he who in the case of an honourable death, and under circumstances close at hand which cause death, is fearless, may be called courageous; and the dangers of war are, more than any others, of this description.

*Aristotle*

3

They truly live who yield their lives fighting against the foe in the fierce battle amid the flash of swords and the whirling of the spear . . .

*South Indian Tamil Book of Poems*

4

Not dead but living ye are to account all those who are slain in the way of God.

*Mohammed*

## 5

. . . And Hector's woe,  
What is it? He is gone, and all men know  
His glory, and how true a heart he bore. . . .

Would ye be wise, ye cities, fly from war!  
Yet if war come, there is a crown in death  
For him that striveth well and perisheth  
Unstained: to die in evil were the stain!  
Therefore, O mother, pity not thy slain.

*Euripides*

## 6

Eteocles, his country's friend, shall find  
Due burial in its friendly bosom. . . .  
[He] died the champion of his country's cause,  
As generous youths should die . . .

*Aeschylus*

## 7

Of those who at Thermopylae were slain,  
Glorious the doom, and beautiful the lot;  
Their tomb an altar: men from tears refrain  
To honour them, and praise, but mourn them not.  
Such sepulchre, nor drear decay  
Nor all-destroying time shall waste; this right have they.  
Within their grave the home-bred glory  
Of Greece was laid; this witness gives  
Leonidas the Spartan, in whose story  
A wreath of famous virtue ever lives.

—*Simonides of Ceos*

## 8

Count Roland in pain and woe and great weakness blew  
his horn. The bright blood was running from his mouth,

and the temples of his brain were broken. . . . And [he] said, "Here we shall receive martyrdom, and now I know well that we have but a moment to live. But may all be thieves who do not sell themselves dearly first. Strike, knights, with your bright swords; so change your deaths and lives that sweet France be not shamed by us. . . ."

*The Song of Roland*

## 9

. . . I have thus spoken concerning the city . . . to establish on a firm foundation the eulogy of those of whom I will now speak—the greater part of their praises being hereby delivered. . . . There was none of these who, preferring the further enjoyment of his wealth, was thereby grown cowardly. . . . They fled from shame, but with their bodies they stood out the battle; and so, in a moment big with fate it was from their glory, rather than from their fear that they passed away . . . . Such were these men, worthy of their country: and for you that remain, you may pray for a safer fortune; but you ought to be no less venturously minded against the foe: not weighing the profit . . . but contemplating the power of Athens, in her constant activity, and thereby becoming enamoured of her. And when she shall appear great to you, consider then that her glories were purchased by valiant men, and by men that learned their duty . . . by such men as, though they failed in their attempt, yet would not be wanting to the city with their virtue, but made unto it a most honourable contribution. And having each one given his body to the commonwealth, they receive instead thereof a most remarkable sepulchre, not that wherein they are buried so much as that other wherein their glory is laid up, on all occasions both of word and deed, to be remembered evermore; . . . and their vir-

tues shall be testified not only by the inscription in stone at home, but in all lands wheresoever in the unwritten record of the mind, which far beyond any monument will remain with all men everlastingly.

*Thucydides (Speech of Pericles)*

## 10

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride  
Once so faithful and so true,  
On the deck of fame that died; —  
With the gallant good Riou;  
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave!  
While the billow mournful rolls  
And the mermaid's song condoles,  
Singing glory to the souls  
Of the brave.

*Thomas Campbell*

## 11

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,  
By all their country's wishes blest!  
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;  
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,  
And Freedom shall awhile repair  
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there!

*William Collins*

## 12

. . . Their praise is hymned by loftier harps than mine:  
Yet one I would select from that proud throng,  
Partly because they blend me with his line,  
And partly that I did his sire some wrong,  
And partly that bright names will hallow song;  
And his was of the bravest, and when showered  
The death-bolts deadliest the thinn'd files along,  
Even where the thickest of war's tempest lower'd,  
They reach'd no nobler breast than thine, young gallant  
Howard. . . .

*Lord Byron*

## 13

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:

A mile or so away  
On a little mound, Napoleon  
Stood on our storming-day;  
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,  
Legs wide, arms locked behind,  
As if to balance the prone brow  
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused "My plans  
That soar, to earth may fall,  
Let once my army-leader Lannes  
Waver at yonder wall"—  
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew  
A rider, bound on bound  
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew  
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,  
And held himself erect



By just his horse's mane, a boy:  
You hardly could suspect —  
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,  
Scarce any blood came through)  
You looked twice ere you saw his breast  
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace  
We've got you Ratisbon!  
The Marshal's in the market-place,  
And you'll be there anon  
To see your flag-bird flap his vans  
Where I, to heart's desire,  
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans  
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently  
Softened itself, as sheathes  
A film the mother-eagle's eye  
When her bruised eaglet breathes;  
"You're wounded!" "Nay," the soldier's pride  
Touched to the quick, he said:  
"I'm killed, Sire!" And his chief beside,  
Smiling, the boy fell dead.

*Robert Browning*

Crouched in the sea fog on the moaning sand  
All night he lay, speaking some simple word  
From hour to hour to the slow minds that heard,  
Holding each poor life gently in his hand  
And breathing on the base rejected clay  
Till each dark face shone mystical and grand

Against the breaking day;  
 And lo, the shard the potter cast away  
 Was grown a fiery chalice crystal-fine  
 Fulfilled of the divine  
 Great wine of battle wrath by God's ring-finger stirred.  
 Then upward, where the shadowy bastion loomed  
 Huge on the mountain in the wet sea light,  
 Whence now, and now, infernal flowerage bloomed,  
 Bloomed, burst, and scattered down its deadly seed —  
 They swept, and died like freemen on the height,  
 Like freemen, and like men of noble breed;  
 And when the battle fell away at night  
 By hasty and contemptuous hands were thrust  
 Obscurely in a common grave with him  
 The fair-haired keeper of their love and trust.  
 Now limb doth mingle with dissolvèd limb  
 In nature's busy old democracy  
 To flush the mountain laurel when she blows  
 Sweet by the southern sea,  
 And heart with crumbled heart climbs in the rose. . . .

*William Vaughan Moody*

15

. . . Brave, good and true,  
 I see him stand before me now,  
 And read again on that young brow,  
     Where every hope was new,  
*How sweet were life!* Yet, by the mouth firm-set,  
 And look made up for Duty's utmost debt,  
     I could divine he knew,  
 That death within the sulphurous hostile lines,  
 In the mere wreck of nobly pitched designs,  
     Plucks heart's-ease, and not rue. . . .

Right in the van,  
On the red rampart's slippery swell,  
With heart that beat a charge, he fell  
Forward, as fits a man;  
But the high soul burns on to light men's feet  
Where death for noble ends makes dying sweet;  
His life her crescent span  
Orbs full with share in their undarkening days  
Who ever climbed the battailous steeps of praise  
Since valour's praise began. . . .

*James Russell Lowell*

## 16

. . . Salute the sacred dead,  
Who went and who return not.— Say not so! . . .  
We rather seem the dead, that stayed behind.  
Blow, trumpets, all your exultations blow!  
For never shall their aureoled presence lack . . .

They come transfigured back,  
Secure from change in their high-hearted ways,  
Beautiful evermore, and with the rays  
Of morn on the white shields of Expectation.

*James Russell Lowell*

## 17

Fall, stream, from Heaven to bless; return as well;  
So did our sons; Heaven met them as they fell.<sup>1</sup>

*Ralph Waldo Emerson*

## 18

In an age of fops and toys,  
Wanting wisdom, void of right,

<sup>1</sup> Inscription for a well in memory of the martyrs of the Civil War.



Who shall nerve heroic boys  
To hazard all in Freedom's fight —  
Break sharply off their jolly games,  
Forsake their comrades gay  
And quit proud homes and youthful dames  
For famine, toil and fray?  
Yet on the nimble air benign  
Speed nimbler messages,  
That waft the breath of grace divine  
To hearts in sloth and ease.  
So nigh is grandeur to our dust,  
So near is God to man,  
When duty whispers low, *Thou must*,  
The youth replies, *I can*.

O, well for the fortunate soul  
Which Music's wings infold,  
Stealing away the memory  
Of sorrows new and old!  
Yet happier he whose inward sight,  
Stayed on his subtile thought,  
Shuts his sense on toys of time,  
To vacant bosoms brought.  
But best befriended of the God  
He who, in evil times,  
Warned by an inward voice,  
Heeds not the darkness and the dread,  
Biding by his rule and choice,  
Feeling only the fiery thread  
Leading over heroic ground,  
Walled with mortal terror round,  
To the aim which him allures,  
And the sweet heaven his deed secures.  
Peril around, all else appalling,

Cannon in front and leaden rain,  
Him duty through the clarion calling  
To the van called not in vain.

Stainless soldier on the walls,  
Knowing this — and knows no more —  
Whoever fights, whoever falls,  
Justice conquers evermore,  
Justice after as before —  
And he who battles on her side,  
God, though he were ten times slain,  
Crowns him victor glorified,  
Victor over death and pain.

*Ralph Waldo Emerson*

## 19

O young men that shed your blood with so generous a joy for the starving earth! O heroism of the world! What a harvest of destruction to reap under this splendid summer sun! Young men of all nations, brought into conflict by a common ideal, making enemies of those who should be brothers; all of you, marching to your death, are dear to me. Slavs, hastening to the aid of your race; Englishmen fighting for honour and right; intrepid Belgians who dared to oppose the Teutonic colossus, and defend against him the Thermopylae of the West; Germans fighting to defend the philosophy and the birthplace of Kant against the Cossack avalanche; and you, above all, my young compatriots, in whom the generation of heroes of the Revolution lives again; you, who for years have confided your dreams to me, and now, on the verge of battle, bid me a sublime farewell. . . . O my friends, may nothing mar your joy! Whatever fate has in store,

you have risen to the pinnacle of earthly life. . . . And you will be victorious. Your self-sacrifice, your courage, your whole-hearted faith in your sacred cause . . . all this assures me of your victory, young armies of the Marne and Meuse, whose names are graven henceforth in history by the side of your elders of the Great Republic. Yet even had misfortune decreed that you should be vanquished . . . no people could have aspired to a more noble death. . . . Conquerors or conquered, living or dead, rejoice!

*Romain Rolland*

## 20

✕ Ship after ship, crammed with soldiers, moved slowly out of the harbour, in the lovely day, and felt again the heave of the sea. No such gathering of fine ships has ever been seen upon the earth, and the beauty and exaltation of the youth upon them made them like sacred things as they moved away. . . . These men had come from all parts of the British world. . . . They had said good-bye to home that they might offer their lives in the cause we stand for. In a few hours at most, as they well knew, perhaps a tenth of them, would have looked their last on the sun, and be a part of foreign earth or dumb things that the tides push. Many of them would have disappeared for ever from the knowledge of man, blotted from the book of life none would know how; by a fall or a chance shot in the darkness, in the blast of a shell, or alone, like a hurt beast, in some scrub or gully, far from comrades and the English speech and the English singing. And perhaps a third of them would be mangled, blinded or broken, lamed, made imbecile or disfigured, with the colour and the taste of life taken from them, so that they would never move with comrades nor exult in the sun. . . . But as they moved out, these things were but the end they asked, the reward

they had come for, the unseen cross upon the breast. All that they felt was a gladness of exultation that their young courage was to be used. They went like Kings in a pageant to the imminent death.

As they passed from moorings to the man-of-war anchorage on their way to the sea, their feeling that they had done with life and were going out to something new, welled up in those battalions; they cheered and cheered till the harbour rang with cheering. As each ship crammed with soldiers drew near the battleships, the men swung their caps and cheered again, and the sailors answered, and the noise of cheering swelled, and the men in the ships not yet moving joined in, and the men ashore, till all the life in the harbour was giving thanks that it could go to death rejoicing. All was beautiful in that gladness of men about to die. . . .

They left the harbour very, very slowly; this tumult of cheering lasted a long time; no one who heard it will ever forget it, or think of it unshaken. It broke the hearts of all there with pity and pride; it went beyond the guard of the English heart. Presently all were out . . . and the sun went down with marvellous colour, lighting island after island, and the Asian peaks, and those left behind in Mudros trimmed their lamps knowing that they had been for a little brought near to the heart of things.

*John Masefield*

21

Lovers of Life! Dreamers with lifted eyes!  
O Liberty, at thy command we challenge Death!  
The monuments that show our fathers' faith  
Shall be the altars of our sacrifice.  
Dauntless, we fling our lives into the van,

Laughing at Death because within Youth's breast  
 Flame lambent fires of Freedom, man for man  
 We yield to thee our heritage, our best.  
 Life's highest product, Youth, exults in life;  
 We are Olympian Gods in consciousness;  
 Mortality to us is sweet; yet less  
 We value Ease when Honour sounds the strife.  
 Lovers of Life, we pledge thee Liberty  
 And go to death, calmly, triumphantly.

*Sergt. J. N. Streets*

## 22

Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!  
 There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,  
 But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.  
 These laid the world away; poured out the red  
 Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be  
 Of work and joy, and that unhop'd serene,  
 That men call age; and those who would have been,  
 Their sons, they gave their immortality.

Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us, for our dearth,  
 Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.  
 Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,  
 And paid his subjects with a royal wage;  
 And Nobleness walks in our ways again;  
 And we have come into our heritage.

*Rupert Brooke*

## 23

Now God be thanked Who has matched us with His hour,  
 And caught our youth, and waken'd us from sleeping,  
 With hand made sure, clear eye and sharpen'd power,  
 To turn, as swimmers into cleanness leaping,



Glad from a world grown old and cold and weary,  
Leave the sick hearts that honour could not move,  
And half-men, and their dirty songs and dreary,  
And all the little emptiness of love!

Oh! we who have known shame, we have found release there,  
Where there's no ill, no grief, but sleep has mending,  
Nought broken save this body, lost but breath;  
Nothing to shake the laughing heart's long peace there  
But only agony, and that has ending;  
And the worst friend and enemy is but Death.

*Rupert Brooke*

## 24

Come now, O Death,  
While I am proud,  
While joy and awe are breath  
And heart beats loud!

While all around me stand  
Men that I love,  
The wind blares aloud, the grand  
Sun wheels above.

Naked I stand today  
Before my doom,  
Welcome what comes my way,  
Whatever come.

What is there more to ask  
Than that I have? —  
Companions, love, a task,  
And a deep grave!

Come then, Eternity,  
If thou my lot;  
Having been thus, I cannot be  
As if I had not.

Naked I wait my doom!  
Earth enough shroud!  
Death, in thy narrow room  
Man may be proud!

*Robert Nichols*

## 25

Use me, England, in thine hour of need,  
Let thy ruling rule me now in deed.

Thou hast given joyous life and free,  
Life whose joy now anguisheth for thee.

Give then, England, if my life thou need,  
Gift yet fairer, Death, thy life to feed.

*Anonymous*

## 26

If I should die while I am yet in France  
Before the battle clouds have rolled away,  
Give me to feel that death will but enhance  
Life's secret vision on its passing day.  
Grant then to me new, individual power  
In reverie, whilst whimsically I trace  
Thro' eager, breathless youth, each pulsing hour,  
The light and shadow on its fading face.  
And in death's soonest minute let me seek  
*Life* heightened by new splendour, poise, surprise,  
New colour flushing deep its paling cheek,

New wonder looking from its tired eyes.  
Time's brought a rare patine to old Romance —  
Death has an ancient dignity in France.

*Lieut. Carroll Carstairs*

## 27

I am writing you a few lines to say that I am assigned with my company to two French companies to defend an important position (hill) against the expected German offensive. My company will be in the first position to resist the tremendous concentration against us, and I do not believe there is a chance of any of us surviving the first rush. I am proud to be trusted with such a post of honour and have the greatest confidence in my own men to do their duty to the end. . . . My company is expected to protect the right flank of the position and to counterattack at sight of first boche. In war some units have to be sacrificed for the safety of the rest, and this post has fallen to us and will be executed gladly as one contribution to the final victory. . . . I want you in case I am killed to be brave and remember that one could not have wished a better way to die than for a righteous cause and one's country.

*An American Officer (Anonymous)*

## 28

. . . To go out and risk death, or meet it as we can . . . seems (to me) like a great final examination in college for a degree *summa vita in mortem*, and it challenges the best in me — spurs me on to dig down for every best reserve of energy, strength, and thought. . . . "Death is the greatest event in life," and it is seldom anything is made



of it. What a privilege then to be able to meet it in a manner suitable to its greatness! Once in your life to have met a crisis which required the use of every last latent capacity! It is like being able to exercise a muscle which has been in a sling for a long time. So for me the examination is comparatively easy to pass. . . .

*Briggs Adams*

## 29

I have a rendezvous with Death  
At some disputed barricade,  
When Spring comes round with rustling shade  
And apple blossoms fill the air.  
I have a rendezvous with Death  
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

It may be he shall take my hand  
And lead me into his dark land  
And close my eyes and quench my breath;  
It may be I shall pass him still.  
I have a rendezvous with Death  
On some scarred slope of battered hill,  
When Spring comes round again this year  
And the first meadow flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep  
Pillowed in silk and scented down,  
Where love throbs out in blissful sleep,  
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,  
When hushed awakenings are dear.  
But I've a rendezvous with Death  
At midnight in some flaming town,  
When Spring trips north again this year,

And I to my pledged word am true,  
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

*Alan Seegar*

## 30

We may not know how fared your soul before  
Occasion came to try it by this test.  
Perchance, it used on lofty wings to soar;  
Again, it may have dwelt in lowly nest.

We do not know if bygone knightly strain  
Impelled you then, or blood of humble clod  
Defied the dread adventure to attain  
The cross of honour or the peace of God.

We see but this, that when the moment came  
You raised on high, then drained the solemn cup —  
The grail of death; that, touched by valour's flame,  
The kindled spirit burned the body up.

*Oscar C. A. Child*

## 31

I, too, have loved with you our mother Earth:  
Listen'd at pensive eve the lyric thrush  
Shake out his ecstasy to lovely birth  
Rapturously in some lone shadowy bush.  
I, too, have gazed on youth: watched in his eyes  
The lightning passion flash, the vision glow,  
Have watched him as a god ascendant rise —  
I, too, have seen the fires of Youth burn low.  
Fearless you took the shadowy way with death.  
You took the harp of life with broken strings,

Sang in your passing brave of noble things.  
That brave serenity I pray to know  
When out with Death into the night I go.

*Sergt. J. N. Streets*

## 32

Ye who have perished ere the morning broke,  
Ye whom death conquered when the noon was clear,  
And ye who left us in the battle smoke  
Through the long twilights of the latter year,  
When home was far, and death and sorrow near,  
When hope burnt feebly in the midst of pain,  
Glory ye sought, which casteth out all fear —  
Take comfort, for ye have not lived in vain.

And ye who pass upon the sea in ships,  
Whose businesses upon great waters lie,  
Who met the death unseen with smiling lips  
And gave your lives lest other men should die,  
Lo! through the steep confusion of the sky,  
Above the surge and thunder of the main,  
A voice thrills downward like a battle-cry,  
“Take comfort, for ye have not lived in vain.”

No place was ours among the rank and file  
Of war; for us no sudden trumpets pealed;  
But ours to gather and to mourn awhile  
The sad and splendid leavings of the field.  
To you — to you 'twas given to bear the shield,  
To guard and cherish it without a stain —  
And when, in God's good time, these wounds are healed  
Take comfort, for ye have not lived in vain.

Ah! valiant souls, whose marching days are o'er,  
Who went to battle like a banquet spread,  
Who having walked amid the ways of war,  
Now tread the echoing pathways of the dead,  
Others have passed where now your spirits tread,  
Who perished that the world might live again,  
To them and you alike it shall be said,  
"Take comfort, for ye have not lived in vain."

*Crommelin Brown*

## 33

Sleep well, heroic souls, in silence sleep,  
Lapped in the circling arms of kingly death!  
No ill can vex your slumbers, no foul breath  
Of slander, hate, derision mar the deep  
Repose that holds you close, your Kinsmen reap  
The harvest you have sown, while each man saith  
"So would I choose, when danger threateneth,  
Let my death be as theirs," we dare not weep.  
For you have scaled the starry heights of fame,  
Nor ever shrank from peril and distress  
In fight undaunted for the Conqueror's prize;  
Therefore your death, engirt with loveliness  
Of simple service done for England's name,  
Shall shine like beacon-stars of sacrifice.

*W. L. Courtney*

## 34

Tread softly here! Go reverently and slow!  
Yea, let your soul go down upon its knees,  
And with bowed head, and heart abased, strive hard  
To grasp the future gain in this sore loss!  
For not one foot of this dank sod but drank  
Its surfeit of the blood of gallant men,

Who, for their faith, their hope,— for Life and Liberty,  
 Here made the sacrifice,— here gave their lives,  
 And gave right willingly — for you and me.

From this vast altar-pile the souls of men  
 Sped up to God in countless multitudes;  
 On this grim cratered ridge they gave their all,  
 And, giving, won  
 The Peace of Heaven and immortality.  
 Our hearts go out to them in boundless gratitude;  
 If ours — then God's; for His vast charity  
 All sees, all knows, all comprehends — save bounds.  
 He has repaid their sacrifice,— and we —?  
 God help us if we fail to pay our debt  
 In fullest full and all unstintingly!

*John Oxenham*

## 35

Not where they fell, upon the awful scene  
 Of carnage, and encompassed by the air  
 Of hellish exhalations — nay not where  
 Terrific thunders mocked a sky serene,  
 Loosing swift havoc where long peace had been:  
 O mourners, menaced by false-tongued despair,  
 Your loved ones, nobly fall'n, remain not there  
 To lie beneath a coverlet of green.

Uplifted, they attain the hero's joy  
 As pensioners of God in that Estate,  
 Whose soil is freedom, and whose air delight,  
 While their dear mortal ruins consecrate  
 The earth itself to valour's fine employ,  
 Whence love's clear morn shall follow hate's wild night.

*J. Cartwright Frith*



## 36

*Carnage!*

Humanity disgraced!  
Time's dearest toil effaced!  
Poison gases and flame  
Putting Nero to shame!  
Bayonet, bomb and shell!  
Merry reading for hell!  
The wickedness! the waste!

*Courage!*

To gain their fiery goal,  
Some crumbling, bloodsoaked knoll,  
How fearlessly they fling  
Their flesh to suffering,  
Offer their ardent breath  
To gasping shuddering death!  
O miracle of soul!

*Katherine Lee Bates*

## 37

In lonely watches night by night  
Great visions burst upon my sight,  
For down the watches of the sky  
The hosts of dead go marching by.

Strange ghostly banners o'er them float,  
Strange bugles sound an awful note,  
And all their faces and their eyes  
Are lit with starlight from the skies.

The anguish and the pain have passed  
And peace hath come to them at last,



But in their stern looks linger still  
The iron purpose and the will.

Dear Christ, who reign'st above the flood  
Of human tears and human blood,  
A weary road these men have trod,  
O house them in the house of God!

*Frederick George Scott*

## 38

Adieu!  
What need of tears  
Or fears  
For you!

Adieu!  
This is no common day —  
Your feet upon the way  
All Knights of old have trod,  
All Saints hacked through to God.  
Your soul shall catch  
Their glinting glory:  
While from afar I watch  
How you shall match  
Their story.  
Adieu!

*A Soldier Son (Anonymous)*

## 39

X All that our wonderful dead relinquish they bequeath  
to us; and when they die for us, they leave us their lives  
not in any strained metaphorical sense, but in a very real

and direct way. Virtue goes out of every man who falls while performing a deed of glory; and that virtue drops down upon us; and nothing of him is lost and nothing evaporates in the shock of the premature end. He gives us in one solitary and mighty stroke what he would never have given us in a long life of duty and love. Death does not injure life; it is powerless against it. Life's aggregate never changes. What death takes from those who fall enters into those who are left standing. The number of lamps grows less, but the flame rises higher. Death is in no wise the gainer so long as there are living men. The more it exercises its ravages, the more it increases the intensity of that which it cannot touch, the more it pursues its phantom victories, the better does it prove to us that man will end by conquering death.

*Maurice Maeterlinck*

40

Whoever comes to see that death is the immemorial sacrifice of the individual to the good of the whole, that it is the very foundation of all the higher life, has attained an understanding that will appeal not only to his reason, but to his emotions as well. If he is so fortunate as to go yet further and to comprehend in his view the majestic spectacle of the on-going of life, of which the individual is but a noble incident, he will have at least the comfort which comes from the addition of dignity to grief.

*Nathaniel Shaler*

41

Death holds a high place in the policy and great communities of the world. . . . It is the part of a valiant and generous mind to prefer some things before life, as things

for which a man should not doubt nor fear to die. . . . True natural wisdom pursueth the learning and practice of dying well, as the very end of life, and indeed he has not spent his life ill that hath learned to die well. It is the chiefest thing and duty of life. The knowledge of dying is the knowledge of liberty, the state of true freedom, the way to fear nothing, to live well, contentedly and peaceable.

*Sir Henry Vane*

## 42

Thrice happy they who to the grave depart  
With eyes on these ends fixed; they only, there,  
Have life. . . .

*Sophocles*

## 43

. . . It is as natural to die as to be born; and to a little infant, perhaps, the one is as painful as the other. He that dies in an earnest pursuit, is like one that is wounded in hot blood; who, for the time, scarce feels the hurt; and therefore a mind fixed and bent upon somewhat that is good doth avert the dolours of death. But above all, believe it, the sweetest canticle is *Nunc dimittis* when a man hath obtained worthy ends and expectations. . . .

*Francis Bacon*

## 44

It is a shame to crave long life. . . . What delight  
Bring days, one with another, setting us  
Forward or backward on our path to death?  
I would not take the fellow at a gift  
Who warms himself with unsubstantial hopes;

But bravely to live on, or bravely end,  
Is due to gentle breeding. . . .

*Sophocles*

## 45

4 When I do count the clock that tells the time,  
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;  
When I behold the violet past prime,  
And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white;  
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves  
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,  
And summer's green, all girded up in sheaves,  
Borne in the bier with white and bristly beard;  
Then of thy beauty do I question make,  
That thou among the wastes of time must go,  
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake  
And die as fast as they see others grow;  
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence  
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

*William Shakespeare*

## 46

As for me, I see no such great reason why I should either be proud to live, or fear to die. I have had good experience of this world. I have known what it is to be a subject, and I now know what it is to be a sovereign. . . . When I call to mind things past, behold things present, and look forward to things to come, I count them happiest that go hence soonest. Nevertheless . . . I am armed with better courage than is common in my sex, so that whatsoever befalls me, death shall never find me unprepared.

*Queen Elizabeth*

## 47

. . . In my best meditations I do often defy death; I honour any man that contemns it, nor can highly love any that is afraid of it. . . .

*Sir Thomas Browne*

## 48

I do not fear to die. I assure you, as in the presence of God, that if on this very night, suddenly, the summons to death were to reach me, I should bear it with calmness; I should raise my hands to heaven, and say "Blessed be God."

*Immanuel Kant*

## 49

. . . Life is not the greatest good, since the foundation of all morality is that many things are to be preferred to life; and death is not the greatest evil, since we are men, so to speak, only in so far as we rise above the fear of death.

*M. Brunetiere*

## 50

What need have I to fear — so soon to die?  
Let me work on, not watch and wait in dread:  
What will it matter, when that I am dead,  
That they bore hate or love who near me lie?  
'Tis but a lifetime, and the end is nigh  
At best or worst. Let me lift up my head  
And firmly, as with inner courage, tread  
Mine own appointed way, on mandates high.  
Pain could but bring, from all its evil store,



The close of pain: hate's venom could but kill;  
Repulse, defeat, desertion could no more.  
Let me have lived my life, not cowered until  
The unhindered and unhastened hour was here.  
So soon — what is there in the world to fear?

*Edward Rowland Sill*

## 51

✂ Fear death? — to feel the fog in my throat,  
The mist in my face,  
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote  
I am nearing the place,  
The power of the night, the press of the storm,  
The post of the foe;  
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,  
Yet the strong man must go:  
For the journey is done and the summit attained,  
And the barriers fall,  
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,  
The reward of it all.  
I was ever a fighter, so — one fight more,  
The best and the last!  
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,  
And bade me creep past.  
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers  
The heroes of old,  
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears  
Of pain, darkness, and cold.  
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,  
The black minute's at end,  
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,  
Shall dwindle, shall blend,  
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,  
Then a light, then thy breast,



O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,  
And with God be the rest!

*Robert Browning*

## 52

. . . Death is a thing to be despised! Which either ought altogether to be regarded with indifference, if it entirely annihilates the mind, or ought even to be desired, if it leads it to a place where it is destined to be immortal.

*Cicero*

## 53

X Cowards die many times before their deaths;  
The valiant never taste of death but once.  
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,  
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;  
Seeing that death a necessary end  
Will come, when it will come.

*William Shakespeare*

## 54

Bacon has justly noticed that while death is often regarded as the supreme evil, there is no human passion that does not become so powerful as to lead men to despise it. It is not in the waning days of life, but in the full strength of youth, that men, through ambition or the mere love of excitement, fearlessly and joyously encounter the risk. Encountered in hot blood it is seldom feared, and innumerable accounts of shipwrecks and other accidents, and many episodes in every war show conclusively how calmly honour, duty and discipline can enable men of no extraordinary characters, virtues or attainments, to meet it even when it comes before them suddenly, as an inevitable fact,

and without any of that excitement which might blind their eyes.

*W. E. H. Lecky*

## 55

There is nothing that nature has made necessary which is more easy than death. What a shame, then, to stand in fear of anything so long that is over so soon! It is not death itself that is dreadful, but the fear of it that goes before.

Why was such a one taken away in the prime of his years? Life is to be measured by action, not by time. A man may die old at thirty, and young at fourscore. Nay, the one lives after death, and the other perished before he died. The fear of death is a continual slavery, as the contempt of it is certain liberty.

*Seneca*

## 56

[The wise man] will live without either pursuing or flying from death, but whether for a longer or a shorter time he shall have the soul enclosed in the body, he cares not at all; for even if he must depart immediately, he will go as readily as if he were going to do anything else which can be done with decency and order. . . . [For] what means all this? Thou hast embarked, thou hast made the voyage, thou art come to shore; get out!

*Marcus Aurelius*

## 57

. . . A freeman thinks of nothing less than of death. His wisdom is a meditation not of death, but of life. . . .

*Spinoza*

X . . . Suppose then that [you] may lose [your] life in this way. You will die a good man, doing a noble act. For since we must certainly die, of necessity a man must be found doing something, either following the employment of a husbandman, or digging, or trading, or serving in a consulship. . . . What then do you wish to be doing when you are found by death? I for my part would wish to be found doing something which belongs to a man, beneficent, suitable to the general interest, noble. . . .

*Epictetus*

As the production of the metal proveth the work of the alchemist, so is death the test of our lives, the assay which sheweth the standard of all our actions.

He hath not spent his life ill, who knoweth to die well; neither can he have lost all his time, who employeth the last portion of it to his honour.

Avoid not death, for it is a weakness; fear it not, for thou understandeth not what it is; all that thou certainly knowest is, that it putteth an end to thy sorrows.

Think not the longest life the happiest; that which is best employed, doth man the most honour. . . .

*Indian Manuscript*

Old age will give the coward no peace, though spears may spare him.

His destiny let no man know beforehand; his mind will be freest from care.

Cattle die, kindred die, we ourselves also die; but the fair fame never dies of him who has earned it.

*Saemund*

## 61

Think not that I fear the world, or my departure from it. Death being a fact, I have no fear of it. That which I alone fear is not having lived well enough. What does it matter whether we live in the world a hundred years or but one day? Let us take care that the bowl of our form hold the heart's good wine, before we become clay again for the potter to mould into other shapes.

*Khèyam*

## 62

If life be a pleasure, yet since death also is sent by the hand of the same Master, neither should that displease us.

*Michael Angelo*

## 63

Death is certain to all things which are subject to birth. Wherefore it does not behove thee to grieve about that which is inevitable. Stand firm in the path of truth. . . . Perform thy duty. Be free from care and trouble, and turn thy mind to things which are spiritual.

*Bhagavadgita*

## 64

If thou hast a good conscience, thou wilt not greatly fear death.

Labour so to live, that at the hour of death thou mayest rather rejoice than fear.

*Thomas à Kempis*

65

I know no privilege so great as that of dying; but it is a privilege to those in whom evil is more and more subdued, and who go more and more beyond themselves.

*William Ellery Channing*

66

+ Give me a soul which can grim death defy,  
And count it Nature's privilege to die.

*Juvenal*

67

O Youth whose hope is high,  
Who dost to Truth aspire,  
Whether thou live or die,  
O look not back nor tire.

Thou that art bold to fly  
Through tempest, flood and fire,  
Nor dost not shrink to try  
Thy heart in torments dire:

If thou canst Death defy,  
If thy Faith is entire,  
Press onward, for thine eye  
Shall see thy heart's desire.

Beauty and love are nigh,  
And with their deathless quire  
Soon shall thine eager cry  
Be numbered and expire.

*Robert Bridges*



. . . It is better to lose health like a spendthrift than to waste it like a miser. It is better to live and be done with it than to die daily in the sick-room. By all means begin your folio; . . . a spirit goes out of a man who means execution, which outlives the most untimely ending. . . . All who have meant good work with their whole hearts, have done good work, although they may die before they have the time to sign it. Every heart that has beat strong and cheerfully has left a hopeful impulse behind it in the world, and bettered the tradition of mankind. And even if death catch people, like an open pitfall, and in mid-career, laying out vast projects, and planning monstrous foundations, flushed with hope . . . is there not something brave and spirited in such a termination? and does not life go down with a better grace, foaming in full body over a precipice, than miserably straggling to an end in sandy deltas? When the Greeks made their fine saying that those whom the gods love die young, I cannot help believing they had this sort of death also in their eye. For surely, at whatever age it overtake the man, this is to die young. Death has not been suffered to take so much as an illusion from his heart. In the hot-fit of life, a-tip-toe on the highest point of being, he passes at a bound on to the other side. The noise of the mallet and chisel is scarcely quenched, the trumpets are hardly done blowing, when, trailing with him clouds of glory, this happy-starred, full-blooded spirit shoots into the spiritual land.

*Robert Louis Stevenson*



## 69

. . . The flesh is a cloud upon genius. Death, that immense light, comes and penetrates the man with its aurora. No more flesh, no more matter, no more shadow. The unknown which was within him manifests itself and beams forth. In order that a mind may give all its light, death is required.

. . . The grave is a crucible. The earth thrown on a man cleanses his name, and allows it not to pass forth till purified. . . .

*Victor Hugo*

## 70

If I must die  
 X I will encounter darkness as a bride  
 And hug it in my arms.

*William Shakespeare*

## 71

Fear death! It is the most beautiful adventure in life.

*Charles Frohman*

## 72

If in the noon they doubted, in the night  
 They never swerved. Death has no power to appal.  
 There was one Way, one Truth, one Life, one Light,  
 One Love that shone triumphant over all.

If in the noon they doubted, at the last  
 There was no way to part, no way but One  
 That rolled the waves of Nature back and cast  
 In ancient days a shadow across the sun.

If in the noon they doubted, their last breath  
Saluted once again the eternal goal,  
Chanted a love-song in the face of Death  
And sent the veil of darkness from the soul.

If in the noon they doubted, in the night  
They waved the shadowy world of strife aside,  
Flooded high heaven with an immortal light,  
And taught the deep how the Creator died.

*Alfred Noyes*

## 73

Southward with fleet of ice  
Sailed the corsair Death;  
Wild and fast blew the blast,  
And the east wind was his breath. . . .

Eastward from Campobello  
Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed;  
Three days or more seaward he bore,  
Then, alas! the land-wind failed.

Alas! the land-wind failed,  
And ice-cold grew the night;  
And nevermore, on sea or shore,  
Should Sir Humphrey see the light.

He sat upon the deck,  
The Book was in his hand;  
"Do not fear! Heaven is as near,"  
He said, "by water as by land."

In the first watch of the night,  
Without a signal's sound,

Out of the sea, mysteriously,  
The fleet of Death rose all around. . . .

Southward forever southward,  
They drift through dark and day;  
And like a dream, in the Gulf-Stream  
Sinking, vanish all away.

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

## 74

Not here! the white North has thy bones; and thou,  
Heroic sailor-soul,  
Art passing on thine happier voyage now  
Toward no earthly pole.

*Alfred Tennyson*

## 75

Friday, March 16. . . . Tragedy all along the line. At lunch the day before yesterday, poor Titus Oates said he couldn't go on; he proposed we should leave him in his sleeping bag. That we could not do, and induced him to come on, on the afternoon march. In spite of its awful nature for him, he struggled on and we made a few miles. At night he was worse and we knew the end had come.

Should this be found I want these facts recorded. Oates's last thoughts were of his Mother, but immediately before he took pride in thinking that his regiment would be pleased with the bold way in which he met his death. We can testify to his bravery. He has borne intense suffering for weeks without complaint, and to the very last was able and willing to discuss outside subjects. He did not — would not — give up hope to the very end. He was a brave soul. This was the end. He slept through the night before last,

hoping not to wake; but he woke in the morning — yesterday. It was blowing a blizzard. He said, "I am just going outside and may be some time." He went out into the blizzard and we have not seen him since. . . . We knew that poor Oates was walking to his death, but though we tried to dissuade him, we knew it was the act of a brave man and an English gentleman.

*Capt. Robert F. Scott*

## 76

. . . As near to the site of the death as we could judge, we built (a) cairn to his memory, and placed thereon a small cross and the following record, "Hereabouts died a very gallant gentleman, Captain L. E. G. Oates, of the Inniskilling Dragoons. In March, 1912, returning from the Pole, he walked willingly to his death in a blizzard, to try and save his comrades, beset by hardships. This note is left by the relief Expedition of 1912."

*E. L. Atkinson*

## 77

. . . Our wreck is certainly due to this sudden advent of severe weather, which does not seem to have any satisfactory cause. I do not think human beings ever came through such a month as we have come through. . . . For four days we have been unable to leave the tent — the gale is howling about us. We are weak, writing is difficult, but for my own part I do not regret this journey, which has shown that Englishmen can endure hardships, help one another, and meet death with as great a fortitude as ever in the past. We took risks, we knew we took them; things have come out against us, and therefore we have no cause for complaint, but bow to the will of Providence,

determined still to do our best to the last. But if we have been willing to give our lives to this enterprise, which is for the honour of our country, I appeal to our countrymen to see that those who depend on us are properly cared for.

Had we lived I should have had a tale to tell of the hardihood, endurance, and courage of my companions which would have stirred the heart of every Englishman. These rough notes and our dead bodies must tell the tale. . . .

*Capt. Robert F. Scott*

## 78

He [the elder Pliny] ordered the galleys put out to sea, and went himself on board with an intention of assisting not only Rectina, but the several other towns which lay thickly strewn along that beautiful coast. Hastening then to the place whence others fled with the utmost terror, he steered his course direct to the point of danger, and with as much calmness and presence of mind as to be able to make and dictate his observations upon the motion and all the phenomena of that dreadful scene. He was so close to the mountain that the cinders which grew thicker and hotter the nearer he approached, fell into the ship, together with pumice-stones and black pieces of burning rocks; they were in danger too not only of being aground by the sudden retreat of the sea, but also from the vast fragments which rolled down from the mountain and obstructed all the shore. Here he stopped to consider whether he should go back again — “Fortune,” he said to the pilot, “favors the brave: steer to where Pomponianus is” . . .

. . . It [the wind] was favourable to carrying my uncle



to Pomponianus whom he found in the greatest consternation: he embraced him tenderly, encouraging and urging him to keep up his spirit; and the more effectually to soothe his fears by seeming unconcerned himself, ordered a bath to be got ready, and then after having bathed sat down to supper with great cheerfulness, or at least (what is just as heroic) with every appearance of it.

Meanwhile broad flames shone out in several places from Mount Vesuvius, which the darkness of the night contributed to render still brighter and clearer. But my uncle, in order to soothe the apprehensions of his friend, assured him it was only the burning of the villages:—after this he retired to rest, and it is most certain he was so little disquieted as to fall into a sound sleep. . . . The court which led to his apartment being now almost filled with stones and ashes, if he had continued there any time longer it would have been impossible for him to make his way out, so he was awake and got up, and went to Pomponianus and the rest of the company. . . . They consulted together whether it was most prudent to trust to the houses . . . which now rocked from side to side with frequent and violent concussions, as though shaken from their very foundations . . . or fly to the open fields, where the calcined stones and cinders . . . fell in large showers and threatened destruction. In this choice of dangers they resolved for the fields, a resolution, which while the rest of the company were hurried into it by their fears, my uncle embraced with cool and deliberate consideration. . . .

They thought proper to go further down upon the shore to see if they might safely put out to sea, but found the waves still running extremely high and boisterous. There my uncle laying himself down upon a sail-cloth, called twice for some cold water, which he drank, when immediately the flames, preceded by a strong whiff of sulphur,



dispersed the party and obliged him to rise. He raised himself with the assistance of two of his servants, and instantly fell down dead, suffocated, as I conjecture, by some gross and noxious vapour.

As soon as it was light again, which was not till the third day after this melancholy accident, his body was found entire and without any marks of violence upon it, in the dress in which he fell and looking more like a man asleep than dead. . . . Farewell.

*Pliny the Younger*

## 79

Our city was in danger of being effaced; and no man among the rich, or eminent, or illustrious, dared to appear in public, but all fled, and hurried out of the way. But they who feared God, the men who passed their lives in monasteries, hastened down with much boldness, and set all free from this terror . . . they cast themselves willingly into the midst of the fire and rescued all; and as for death, which seems universal and awful, they awaited it with the utmost readiness and ran to meet it with more pleasure than others do toward principalities and honours.

*St. John Chrysostom*

## 80

. . . Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail,  
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,  
Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair,  
And what may quiet in a death so noble. . . .

*John Milton*

## 81

. . . Death is not, then, an object of dread. . . . How many have consecrated their life by the renown of their

death alone, how many have been ashamed to live, and have found death a gain! We have read how often by the death of one, great nations have been delivered. . . . By the death of martyrs religion has been defended, faith increased, the Church strengthened; the dead have conquered, the persecutors have been overcome. . . . The death itself of the martyrs is the prize of their life.

*Saint Ambrose*

## 82

. . . I see a beautiful city and a brilliant people rising out of this abyss, and, in their struggles to be truly free, in their triumphs and defeats, through long, long years to come, I see the evil of this time, and of the previous time of which this is the natural birth, gradually making expiation for itself and wearing out.

I see the lives for which I lay down my life, peaceful, useful, prosperous and happy, in that England which I shall see no more. . . .

It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known.

*Charles Dickens*

## 83

*Lavinia* —. . . Do not think that it is easy for us to die. Our faith makes life far stronger and more wonderful in us than when we walked in darkness and had nothing to live for. Death is harder for us than for you: the martyr's agony is as bitter as his triumph is glorious.

*The Captain* — A martyr, Lavinia, is a fool. Your death will prove nothing. . . .

*Lavinia* — Then why kill me?

*The Captain* — I mean that truth, if there be any truth,  
needs no martyrs.

*Lavinia* — No; but my faith, like your sword, needs testing. Can you test your sword except by staking your life on it?

*G. Bernard Shaw*

## 84

✂ Creep into thy narrow bed,  
Creep, and let no more be said!  
Vain thy onset! all stands fast.  
Thou thyself must break at last.

Let the long contention cease!  
Geese are swans, and swans are geese.  
Let them have it how they will!  
Thou art tired; best be still.

They out-talked thee, hiss'd thee, tore thee?  
Better men fared thus before thee;  
Fired their ringing shot and pass'd,  
Hotly charged — and sank at last.

Charge once more, then, and be dumb!  
Let the victors, when they come,  
When the forts of folly fall,  
Find thy body by the wall!

*Matthew Arnold*

## 85

Ay, tear his body limb from limb,  
Bring cord, or ax, or flame;

He only knows that not through him  
Shall England come to shame.

*Sir F. H. Doyle*

## 86

Like a triumphal path he trod  
The thorns of death and shame.

*Percy Bysshe Shelley*

## 87

Patriots have toiled, and in their country's cause  
Bled nobly; and their deeds, as they deserve,  
Receive proud recompense. We give in charge  
Their names to the sweet lyre. . . .

But fairer wreaths are due, though never paid,  
To those who, posted at the shrine of truth,  
Have fallen in her defence. A patriot's blood,  
Well spent in such a strife, may earn indeed,  
And for a time ensure to his loved land,  
The sweets of liberty and equal laws,  
But martyrs struggle for a brighter prize,  
And win it with more pain. Their blood is shed  
In confirmation of the noblest claim,  
Our claim to feed upon immortal truth,  
To walk with God, to be divinely free,  
To soar, and to anticipate the skies.  
Yet few remember them. . . .

*William Cowper*

## 88

Through the straight pass of suffering  
The martyrs ever trod,

Their feet upon temptation,  
Their faces upon God.

A stately, shriven company;  
Convulsion playing round,  
Harmless as streaks of meteor  
Upon a planet's bound.

Their faith the everlasting troth;  
Their expectation fair;  
The needle to the north degree  
Wades so, through polar air.

*Emily Dickinson*

## 89

Triumph may be of several kinds.  
There's triumph in the room  
When that old emperor, Death,  
By faith is overcome. . . .

*Emily Dickinson*

## 90

You have gained but little, Athenians, and at how great a cost! . . . Could you have waited but a little while, the event would have come of itself. My age is not hidden; you see that I am far on in life and near to death. I am not speaking now to all, but to those of you who voted my death. And to them I say: You suppose, gentlemen, that I have lost through lack of words to convince you, even provided I had stooped to say and do anything to escape. Not so. I am cast, not through lack of words, but through lack of impudence and shamelessness, and because I would not speak what you are most pleased to hear, nor weep and wail, nor do and say a thousand other degrading things which others have taught you to



expect. At the time it did not seem worth while to demean myself as a slave through fear; neither do I now repent of my manner of defence. I choose to defend myself thus and die, rather than as you would have me and live. Neither in war nor in a lawsuit ought a man . . . to accept every means of avoiding death. In battle, for instance, a man often sees that he may save his life by throwing away his arms and falling in supplication before his pursuers; and so in all times of peril there are ways of escape if one will submit to any baseness. Nay, Athenians, it is not so hard to shun death, but hard indeed to shun evil, for it runs more swiftly than death. I, you see, an old man and slow of gait, have been overtaken by the slow runner; whereas my accusers, who are young and nimble, are caught by the swift runner, which is wickedness. And now I go away condemned by you to death, but they depart hence condemned by truth herself to injustice and sin. I abide by my award, and they by theirs. . . . I at least am content. For [I am] of good hope toward death, being persuaded of this one thing at least, that no evil can befall a good man either in life or death, and that his affairs are all in the hands of God. . . . And now it is time to depart hence, I to die and you to live; but which of us goes to the better fate no one knows save only God.

*Plato (Apology of Socrates)*

When he had said this, he arose and went into another room to bathe, and took Crito with him, bidding us remain where we were. And when he had bathed, and his sons were brought in to him, and the women of his house came, and he had talked with them and given his parting com-



mands in the presence of Crito, then at last he sent away the women and children and came back to us. And it was near the setting of the sun, for he had remained a long while within. So he came and sat with us after the bath, but not much was spoken. And presently the jailer appeared and approaching him said: "I shall have no fault to find with you, Socrates, as with others who are provoked and curse me when by order of the magistrates I bid them drink the poison. During all this time I have found you the noblest and gentlest and best man of all who have ever come here; and I am sure you will not be angry with me now, but with those whom you know to be responsible. You understand why I am come; it is farewell, and try to bear as lightly as you may what can't be helped." With that the man burst into tears and turned to go out. And Socrates looking up at him replied, "Farewell to you, I will do as you bid." Then turning to us, he continued: "How courteous the fellow is; all the while I have been here, he has been coming to me and talking at times, and has shown himself the kindest of men; and now how generously he weeps for me.—But come, Crito, we must do as he orders. Let some one fetch the poison, if it is prepared; and if it is not ready, bid the man prepare it." And Crito said: "I think, Socrates, the sun is still upon the hilltops, and has not set. And I know, too, that others take the cup quite late after the notice is given, eating and drinking abundantly and even indulging their other appetites. Do not hurry, for there is still time." Then said Socrates: "Naturally those you mention, Crito, act so, for they suppose it is a gain to them; and it is natural that I should not act so, for in delaying the draught I see no other profit than the winning of my own contempt for clinging greedily to a life that is all but spent already. Come, I beg you, do as I wish."

Thereupon Crito, hearing this, made a sign to his slave who stood by. And the slave went out and after a considerable time returned bringing the man who was to give the poison, and who now carried the cup ready in his hand. Socrates saw the man and said: "Very good, my friend; you understand these matters; what am I to do?" "Nothing," he replied, "except drink the poison and walk about until your legs grow heavy; then lie down and it will work of itself." And so saying he handed the cup to Socrates. He received it quite cheerfully, never trembling or changing color or countenance; but looking up at the man with that steady gaze of his, he asked, "What say you? is it permitted to make a libation to the gods from this cup?" "We prepare only what we think a sufficient draught, Socrates," he answered. "I understand, but at least we are permitted, nay, obliged to pray the gods to grant us a happy journey from this world to the other. So I pray, and so may it be." And with these words he raised the cup to his lips and drank, very calmly and cheerfully. Until then most of us had been able to hold back our tears pretty well, but when we saw him drinking and the cup now drained, it was too much. In spite of my efforts my own tears began to fall fast, so that covering up my face I gave myself to weeping. Even before me Crito had left the room, unable to restrain his tears. As for Apollodorus, he had never left off weeping the whole time, and now between his sobs and lamentations he broke out into a loud cry that completely unnerved us. Only Socrates remained quiet and rebuked us, saying: "What a thing you are doing, my dear friends! For this reason chiefly I dismissed the women, dreading their disturbance; for I have heard that a man should die in peace and silence. I bid you be quiet and brave." At this we were shamed by his words and ceased from weeping. He meanwhile was walking

about; and when now his legs grew heavy, he lay down on his back as directed. The man who had given the drink felt his feet and legs from time to time; and finally pressing his foot hard asked if he felt anything; and Socrates said no. After that he pressed his knees and so upward, showing us he was growing cold and rigid. And Socrates himself felt them, and said he should leave us when the numbness reached his heart. He had now veiled himself in his mantle, but when he was beginning to grow cold about the groin, he drew the covering a moment from his face and said: "Crito, I owe a cock to Aesculapius. Do not forget to pay it."—and these were his last words. "It shall be done," answered Crito; "but have you nothing else to say?" He made no reply to this question; but after a little while there was a movement, and the man uncovered him, and his eyes were fixed. And Crito, seeing him, closed his mouth and eyes.

So passed away our friend, Escherates, who was, I think, of all living men I have known, the best and wisest and the most just.

*Plato*

92

Howbeit many in Israel were fully resolved and confirmed in themselves not to eat any unclean thing. Wherefore they chose rather to die that they might not be defiled . . ., and that they might not profane the holy covenant; so they died.

*I Maccabees*

93

. . . Then cometh Jesus with them unto a place called Gethsemane, and saith unto the disciples, Sit ye here, while

I go and pray yonder. And he took with him Peter and the two sons of Zebedee, and began to be sorrowful and very heavy.

Then saith he unto them, My soul is exceedingly sorrowful, even unto death: tarry ye here, and watch with me. And he went a little farther, and fell on his face, and prayed, saying, O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt.

And he cometh unto the disciples, and findeth them asleep, and saith unto Peter, What, could you not watch with me one hour? Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.

He went away again the second time, and prayed, saying, O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, thy will be done.

And he came and found them asleep again: for their eyes were heavy. And he left them and went away again, and prayed the third time, saying the same words. Then cometh he to his disciples, and saith unto them; Sleep on now, and take your rest: behold, the hour is at hand, and the Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners. Rise, let us be going: behold, he is at hand that doth betray me.

And while he yet spake, lo, Judas, one of the twelve, came, and with him a great multitude with swords and staves, from the chief priests and elders of the people. Now he that betrayed him gave them a sign, saying, Whomsoever I shall kiss, that same is he: hold him fast. And forthwith he came to Jesus, and said, Hail, master; and kissed him. And Jesus said unto him, Friend, wherefore art thou come? Then came they, and laid hands on Jesus, and took him.

And, behold, one of them which were with Jesus stretched out his hand and drew his sword, and struck a servant of



the high priest's, and smote off his ear. Then said Jesus unto him, Put up again thy sword into his place: for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword. . . . And Jesus said to the multitudes, Are ye come out as against a thief with swords and staves for to take me? I sat daily with you teaching in the temple, and ye laid no hold on me. . . .

Then all the disciples forsook him and fled.

And they that had laid hold on Jesus led him away to Caiaphas the high priest, where the scribes and elders were assembled. . . . And they all sought witness against Jesus, to put him to death; but found none: yea, though many false witnesses came, yet found they none. At the last came two false witnesses, and said, This fellow said, I am able to destroy the temple of God, and to build it in three days. And the high priest arose, and said unto him, Answerest thou nothing? What is it which these witness against thee? But Jesus held his peace.

And the high priest answered and said unto him, I adjure thee by the living God, that thou tell us whether thou be the Christ, the Son of God. Jesus saith unto him, Thou hast said: nevertheless I say unto you, Hereafter shall ye see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven.

Then the high priest rent his clothes, saying, He hath spoken blasphemy; what further need have we of witnesses? . . . What think ye? They answered and said, He is guilty of death. Then did they spit in his face, and buffeted him; and others smote him with the palms of their hands, saying, Prophecy unto us, thou Christ, who is he that smote thee? . . .

When the morning was come, all the chief priests and elders of the people took counsel against Jesus to put him



to death: and when they had bound him, they led him away, and delivered him to Pontius Pilate, the governor. . . .

And Pilate, when he had called together the chief priests and the rulers and the people, said unto them, Ye have brought this man unto me, as one that perverteth the people: and behold, I have examined him, . . . have found no fault in this man touching those things whereof ye accuse him: . . . I will therefore chastise him, and release him. . . .

And they cried out all at once, saying, Away with this man, and release unto us Barabbas. . . .

Pilate, therefore, willing to release Jesus, spoke again unto them. But they cried, saying, Crucify him, crucify him. And he said unto them the third time, Why, what evil hath he done? I have found no cause of death in him: I will therefore chastise him, and let him go. And they were instant with loud voices, requiring that he might be crucified.

And the voices of them and of the chief priests prevailed. And Pilate . . . when he had scourged Jesus, delivered him to be crucified. Then the soldiers of the governor took Jesus into the common hall, and gathered unto him the whole band of soldiers. And they stripped him, and put on him a scarlet robe. And when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it upon his head, and a reed in his right hand: and they bowed the knee before him, and mocked him, saying, Hail, King of the Jews. And they spit upon him, and took the reed, and smote him on the head. And after they had mocked him, they took the robe off from him, and put his own raiment on him, and led him away to crucify him. . . . And there followed him a great company of people, and of women, which also bewailed and lamented him. . . .

And when they were come to the place which is called Calvary, there they crucified him. . . . Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.

And they parted his raiment, and cast lots. And the people stood beholding. And the rulers also with them derided him, saying, He saved others; himself he cannot save. And the soldiers also mocked him, coming to him, and offering him vinegar, and saying, If thou be the king of the Jews, save thyself. And a superscription also was written over him. . . . This is the King of the Jews. . . .

And it was about the sixth hour, and there was darkness over all the earth. . . . And Jesus cried with a loud voice, Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit; and having said this, he gave up the ghost. . . .

*The Gospels*

94

When they heard these things, they were cut to the heart, and they gnashed on him (Stephen) with their teeth.

But he, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God, and said, Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God.

Then they cried out with a loud voice, and stopped their ears, and ran upon him with one accord, and cast him out of the city . . . and stoned him. And they stoned Stephen, calling upon God, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.

And he kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said this, he fell asleep.

*The Acts of the Apostles*

The martyrs shrank from suffering like other men, but such natural shrinking was incommensurable with apostasy. No intensity of torture had any means of affecting what was a mental conviction; and the sovereign Thought in which they had lived was their adequate support and consolation in their death. To them the prospect of wounds and loss of limbs was not more terrible than it is to the combatant of this world. They faced the implements of torture as the soldier takes his post before the enemy's battery. They cheered and ran forward to meet his attack, and as it were dared him, if he would, to destroy the numbers who were ready to close up the foremost rank, as their comrades who had filled it fell. And when Rome at last found she had to deal with a host of Scaevolae, then the proudest of earthly sovereignties, arrayed in the completeness of her material resources, humbled herself before a power which was founded on a mere sense of the unseen. . . .

At that time Polycarp, the familiar friend of St. John and a contemporary of Ignatius, suffered in his extreme old age. When, before his sentence, the Proconsul bade him "swear by the fortunes of Caesar, and have done with Christ," his answer betrayed that intimate devotion to the self-same Idea, which had been the inward life of Ignatius. "Eighty and six years," he answered, "have I been His servant, and He has never wronged me, but ever has preserved me; and how can I blaspheme my King and my Saviour?" When they would have fastened him to the stake, he said: "Let alone; He who gives me to bear the fire, will give me also to stand firm upon the pyre without your nails."

*John Henry Newman*

When blessed Vincent was put to the torture, with eager countenance, and strengthened by the presence of God, he cried: This it is which I have always desired, and for which in all my prayers I have made request.

*Church Service*

. . . The trial being ended, Jerome received the same sentence as had been passed on Huss, . . . but, being a layman, had not to undergo the ceremony of degradation.

. . . They delayed the execution for two days, in hopes that he would recant; during which time the Cardinal of Florence used his utmost endeavours to bring him over, but all proved ineffectual: Jerome was resolved to seal his doctrine with his blood.

On his way to the place of execution he sang several hymns; and on arriving at the spot where Huss had suffered, kneeled down and prayed fervently. He embraced the stake with great cheerfulness; and when the executioner went behind him to set fire to the fagots, he said: "Come here and kindle it before my eyes; for had I been afraid of it, I had not come here, having had so many opportunities to escape." When the flames enveloped him he sang a hymn; and the last words he was heard to say were — "Hanc animam in flammis affero, Christe, tibi!"

*Foxe*

I have fought: that is much — victory is in the hands of fate. Be that it as it may with me, this at least future



ages will not deny of me, be the victor who may — that I did not fear to die, yielded to none of my fellows in constancy, and preferred a spirited death to a cowardly life. . . .

Greater perhaps is your fear in pronouncing my sentence than mine in hearing it.

They are fools who dread the menace of death, for this your body is constantly passing away and being renewed.

The wise man fears not death; yea, there may be times when he puts himself in its way.

*Giordano Bruno*

## 99

Winged by desire and thee, O dear delight!  
As still the vast and succoring air I tread,  
So mounting still, on swifter pinions sped,  
I scorn the world, and heaven receives my flight,  
And if the end of Ikaros be nigh,  
I will submit, for I shall know no pain:  
And falling dead to earth, shall rise again;  
What lowly life with such high death can vie?  
Then speaks my heart from out the upper air,  
“Whither doth lead me? sorrow and despair  
Attend the rash”: And thus I make reply: —  
“Fear thou no fall, nor lofty ruin sent;  
Safely divide the clouds, and die content  
When such proud death is dealt thee from on high.”

*Giordano Bruno*

## 100

They were then led to the place of execution. . . .  
Amid the insults which were poured upon them as they passed, there were not wanting expressions of grief and



sympathy. Some exhorted them to die with a willing mind, some are said to have offered them food. "Why," asked Savonarola, "should you offer such things to me, who am about to leave this life?" and again, "In the last hour only God is needed to comfort mortals." A priest named Nerotto asked him, "With what mind do you endure this martyrdom?" He simply replied, "Should I not die willingly for Him who suffered as much for me?" and raising up his eyes to his crucifix, he kissed it.

*William Clark*

101

My children, before God, before the consecrated Host, with the enemy already in the convent, I confirm to you my doctrine. That which I have spoken I have received from God, and He is my witness in heaven that I do not lie. . . . My last counsel is this: let faith, patience and prayers be your arms. I leave you with anguish and grief, to put myself into the hands of my enemies. I know not whether they will take away my life; but I am certain that if I must die, I shall be able to aid you in heaven more than I have been able to do on earth. Be comforted, embrace the cross, and with that you will find the harbour of safety.

*Savonarola*

102

. . . When the bishop urged him [John Huss] to recant, he turned to the people and addressed them thus:

"These lords and bishops do counsel me that I should confess before you all that I have erred; which thing, if it might be done with the infamy and reproach of man only, they might, peradventure, easily persuade me to do; but

now I am in the sight of the Lord my God, without whose great displeasure I could not do that which they require. For I well know that I never taught any of those things which they have falsely alleged against me, but I have always preached, taught, written, and thought contrary thereunto. Should I by this my example, trouble so many consciences, endued with the most certain knowledge of the Scriptures and of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ? I will never do it, neither commit any such offence, that I should seem to esteem this vile carcass appointed unto death more than their health and salvation."

. . . When the fagots were piled around him, the Duke of Bavaria was so officious as to desire him to abjure. "No," said he, "I never preached any doctrine of an evil tendency; and what I taught with my lips, I now seal with my blood." He then said to his executioner, "You are now going to burn a goose (the name of Huss signifying goose in the Bohemian language), but in a century you will have a swan whom you can neither roast nor boil."

*Foxe*

My well beloved in the Lord, many causes, and especially the expectation of my speedy death, had made me suppose that the letters I recently wrote to you would be the last. Now that a delay is accorded — since it is permitted me to converse with you by letter, I write to you again, to testify, at least all my gratitude. In what concerns my death, God only knows why it is deferred, as also that of my very dear brother Jerome, who, I hope will die in a holy manner and without stain. I know that he acts and suffers now with more firmness than I, infirm sinner that I am. God has granted us much time . . . that we might, at last, remember that the joys of eternal life do not im-

mediately follow this world's joys, but that it is by passing through great tribulations that the saints enter the kingdom of God. Some of them have been, without shrinking, sawed in twain, others have been burned, stripped of their skin, buried alive, stoned, crucified, crushed between millstones, dragged here and there into death, precipitated to the bottom of the waters, strangled, cut to pieces, overwhelmed by outrages before their death, and tortured by hunger in their prisons and in their chains. Who could describe the torments and agonies which all the saints have suffered for the divine truth under the old and new covenant, and especially those who have branded the iniquity of priests, and who have raised their voices against it. It would be a strange thing at present to remain unpunished when attacking the perversity of priests, who will not endure any blame.

*John Huss*

104

The end he [Thomas More] expected came. He was accused of high treason, and never permitted to go home again. After three or four days he was lodged in a prison in the Tower. . . .

When he had been a month in the Tower, his daughter Margaret obtained leave to see him; but only after a long and wearisome suit. . . . His wife came also, and in her impetuous way she spoke to him as follows:

"I marvel you, who are taken for a wise man, will so play the fool as to be here in a close and filthy prison, and be content to be shut up with rats and mice, when you might be allowed to be at liberty, with the good will of both king and council, if you would but do as the Bishop and the best and most learned of the realm have done. Seeing you might have a right fair house, your

library, your books, gallery, garden, orchard, and all other necessities so handsome about you; where you might be in the company of your wife, children, and household, and be merry. I muse what in Heaven's name you mean thus to tarry?"

Her husband listened to her patiently. Then, with a cheerful face, he replied: "Prithee, good Mistress Alice, tell me one thing: Is not this house as nigh Heaven as my own?"

. . . Twelve months passed away before his trial was over. He was judged guilty of high treason, and sentenced to be beheaded on Tower Hill. . . . When the procession reached the Tower, Margaret Roper broke through the guards who surrounded him with the cry, "Oh, my father! my father!" He parted from her with loving words of comfort and at the sight of her grief the soldiers and the people standing round shed tears. An old servant, Dorothy Collie by name, made her way to him at that time and kissed him before them all. "'Tis homely, but lovingly done," said More with a tender smile. . . .

To his daughter Margaret came a letter written with a piece of coal the night before the execution. Among other words she read: "Tomorrow I long to go to God; it were a day very neat and convenient. I never liked your manner to me better than when you kissed me last; for I like when daughterly love and dear charity have no cause to look unto worldly courtesy. Farewell, dear daughter, pray for me, and I will pray for you and all your friends, that we may meet together in heaven."

After his death, the Constable of the Tower, Sir W. Kingston, came to William Roper to tell him of the last interview he had had with Sir Thomas More. Seeing the tears rolling down the Constable's cheeks as he bade him farewell, More had stayed him and said: "Good Mr.



Kingston, trouble not yourself, but be of good cheer. I will pray for you and your lady, that we may meet in heaven together, where we shall be merry for ever and ever." "In good faith, Mr. Roper," added the Constable, "I was ashamed of myself, that at our parting my heart was so weak and his so strong, that he was obliged to comfort me, who should rather at that time have comforted him. But God and cleanliness of conscience is a comfort which no earthly prince can give."

*Francis E. Cooke*

105

He [Cranmer] seemed to repel the force of the fire, and to overlook the torture by strength of thought.

*Jeremy Collier*

106

The next morning, being Thursday, the 29th of October (1618), Sir Walter Raleigh was conducted by the sheriffs of Middlesex, to the Old Palace Yard in Westchester, where there was a large scaffold erected before the parliament-house for his execution. . . . He mounted the scaffold with a cheerful countenance, and saluted the lords, knights, and gentlemen of his acquaintance there present. The proclamation being made of an officer for silence, he began his speech as follows:

"I thank God, that he has sent me to die in the light, and not in darkness. I likewise thank God that he has suffered me to die before such an assembly of honourable witnesses, and not obscurely in the Tower; where, for the space of thirteen years together, I have been oppressed with many miseries. And I return thanks, that my fever hath not taken me at this time, as I prayed to him it might not, that I might clear myself of some accusations



unjustly laid to my charge, and leave behind me the testimony of a true heart to my king and country. . . .

“But this I here speak, it is no time for me to flatter or fear princes, I, who am subject only unto death: and for me, who have now to do with God alone, to tell a lie to get the favour of the king were in vain: and yet, if ever I spake disloyally or dishonestly of the king, either to this Frenchman or any other, ever intimated the least thought hurtful or prejudicial of him, the Lord blot me out of the book of life. . . .

“And now I entreat, that you all will join with me in prayer to that great God of heaven whom I have grievously offended, being a man full of vanity, who has lived a sinful life in such callings as have been most inducing to it: for I have been a soldier, sailor, and a courtier, which are courses of wickedness and vice; that his almighty goodness will forgive me; that he will cast away my sins from me; and that he will receive me into everlasting life: so I take my leave of you all, making my peace with God.”

The proclamation having been made, that all men should depart the scaffold, he prepared himself for death, giving away his hat and cape and money to some attendants who stood near him. When he took leave of the lords and other gentlemen, he entreated the lord Arundel to desire the king, that no scandalous writings to defame him might be published after his death; concluding, “I have a long journey to go, therefore must take my leave.” Then having put off his gown and doublet, he called to the headsman to shew him the ax, which not being suddenly done, he said: “I prithee, let me see it. Dost thou think that I am afraid of it?” Having fingered the edge of it a little, he returned it, and said smiling to the sheriff, “This is a sharp medicine, but it is a sound cure for all diseases.” And having entreated the company to pray to God to assist and

strengthen him, the executioner kneeled down and asked him forgiveness; which Raleigh, laying his hand upon his shoulder, granted. Then being asked which way he would lay himself on the block, he answered, "So the heart be right, it is no matter which way the head lies." As he stooped to lay himself along, and reclined his head, his face being toward the east, the headsman spread his own cloak over him. After a little pause, he gave the sign that he was ready for the stroke by lifting up his hand. . . .

*William Oldys*

107

E'en such is time! which takes on trust  
 Our youth, our joys, and all we have,  
 And pays us naught but age and dust;  
 Which, in the dark and silent grave,  
 When we have wander'd all our ways,  
 Shuts up the story of our days;  
 And from this grave, this earth, this dust,  
 My God shall raise me up, I trust!

*Walter Raleigh*<sup>1</sup>

108

You shall receive, my dear wife, my last words in these my last lines. My love I send you, that you may keep it when I am dead; and my counsel that you may remember it when I am no more. I would not, with my will, present you sorrows, dear Bess; let them go to the grave with me, and be buried in the dust: And seeing that it is not the will of God that I shall see you any more, bear my destruction patiently, and with an heart like yourself. First

<sup>1</sup> Verse found in his Bible. Said to have been written the night before his death.

I send you all the thanks which my heart can conceive, or my words express, for your many travels and cares for me, which, though they have not taken effect, as you wished, yet my debt to you is not the less; but pay I never shall in this world. Secondly, I beseech you, for the love you bear me living, that you do not hide yourself many days, but by your travels seek to help my miserable fortunes, and the right of your poor child; your mourning cannot avail me, who am but dust. Thirdly, you shall understand that my lands were conveyed to my child; the writings were drawn at midsummer, as divers can witness; and I trust my blood will quench their malice who desired my slaughter, that they will not seek to kill you and yours with extreme poverty. To what friend to direct you, I know not; for all mine have left me in the true time of trial. Most sorry am I that, being surprised by death, I can leave you no better estate; God hath prevented all my determinations, that great God, which worketh all in all. If you can live free from want, care for no more, for the rest is but vanity. Love God, and begin betimes; in him shall you find true, everlasting and endless comfort. . . . Teach your son also to serve and fear God, whilst he is young, that the fear of God may grow in him. Then will God be an husband to you, and a father to him; an husband and a father that can never be taken from you. Dear wife, I beseech you for my soul's sake, Pay all poor men. When I am dead, no doubt but you will be much fought unto, for the world thinks I was very rich. Have a care to the fair pretences of men, for no greater misery can befall you in this life than to become a prey unto the world, and after to be despised. As for me, I am no more yours, nor you mine; death hath cut us asunder, and God hath divided me from the world, and you from me. Remember your poor child, for his

father's sake, who loved you in his happiest estate. I sued for my life, but God knows it was for you and yours that I desired it. For know it, my dear wife, your child is the child of a true man who in his own respect despiseth death and his mishapen and ugly forms. I cannot write much; God knows how hardly I steal this time when all are asleep. And it is also time for me to separate my thoughts from the world. Beg my dead body, which living was denied you; and either lay it in Sherburne, or in Exeter Church, by my father and mother. I can say no more.

Time and death call me away. The everlasting God, powerful, infinite and inscrutable, God almighty, who is goodness itself, the true light and life, keep you and yours, and have mercy upon me, and forgive my persecutors and false accusers, and send us to meet in his glorious Kingdom. My dear wife, farewell; bless my boy, pray for me; and let my true God hold you both in his arms.

*Walter Raleigh*

## 109

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,  
My staff of faith to walk upon,  
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,  
My bottle of salvation,  
My gown of glory, hope's true gage,  
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.

Blood must be my body's balmer,  
While my soul, like quiet palmer,  
Trav'leth tow'rd the land of heaven;  
No other balm will here be given.



Over the silver mountains  
Where spring the nectar fountains,  
There will I kiss  
The bowl of bliss,  
And drink mine everlasting fill  
Upon every milken hill;  
My soul will be a-dry before,  
But after, it will thirst no more.

I'll take them first  
To quench my thirst,  
And taste of nectar's suckets,  
At those clear wells  
Where sweetness dwells,  
Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.

Then by that happy, blestful day,  
More peaceful pilgrims I shall see,  
That have cast off their rags of clay,  
And walk apparell'd fresh like me.

And when our bodies and all we  
Are fill'd with immortality,  
Then the bless'd parts we'll travel,  
Strow'd with rubies thick as gravel,  
Ceilings of diamond, sapphire flowers,  
High walls of coral, pearly bowers.

From thence to heaven's bribeless hall,  
Where no corrupted voices brawl,  
No conscience molten into gold,  
No forg'd accuser bought or sold,  
No cause deferr'd, no vain-spent journey,  
For there Christ is the King's attorney;



Who pleads for all without degrees,  
And he hath angels, but no fees.

And when the twelve grand million jury,  
Of our sins, with direful fury,  
Against our souls black verdicts give,  
Christ pleads his death, and then we live.

Be thou my speaker, taintless pleader!  
Unblotted lawyer! true proceeder!  
Thou would'st salvation e'en for alms,  
Not with a bribed lawyer's palms.

And this is mine eternal plea  
To him that made heav'n, earth and sea;  
That, since my flesh must die so soon,  
And want a head to dine next noon,  
Just at the stroke, where my veins start and spread,  
Set on my soul an everlasting head!

Then am I ready, like a palmer fit,  
To tread those bless'd parts which before I writ  
Of death and judgment, heav'n and hell,  
Who oft doth think, must needs die well.

*Walter Raleigh*

110

“Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England as I trust shall never be put out.”

He [Hugh Latimer] received the flame as it were embracing it. After he had stroked his face with his hands, and as it were bathed them a little in the fire, he soon died as it appeared with very little pain or none.

*Execution of Hugh Latimer*

## 111

Halt, passenger, take heed, what do you see —  
 This tomb doth show for what some men did die:  
 Here lies interr'd the dust of those who stood  
 'Gainst perjury, resisting unto blood;  
 Adhering to the covenants and laws  
 Establishing the same; which was the cause  
 Their lives were sacrificed. . . .  
 . . . for them no cause was to be found  
 Worthy of death; but only they were found  
 Constant and steadfast, zealous, witnessing  
 For the prerogatives of Christ their King. . . .  
 They did endure the wrath of enemies:  
 Reproaches, torments, deaths, and injuries.  
 But yet they're those who from such troubles came,  
 And now triumph in glory with the Lamb.

From May 27, 1661, that the most noble Marquis of Argyle was beheaded, to the 17th February, 1668, that Mr. James Renwick suffered, were one way or other murdered and destroyed for the same cause about eighteen thousand, of whom were executed at Edinburgh about an hundred of noblemen, gentlemen, ministers, and others, noble martyrs for Jesus Christ. The most of them lies here.

*Epitaph*

## 112

We are perhaps about to give our blood and our lives in the cause of our Master, Jesus Christ. It seems that His goodness will accept this sacrifice, as regards me, in expiation of my great and numberless sins, and that He will thus crown the past services and ardent desires of all our

Fathers here. . . . Blessed be His name for ever that He has chosen us, among so many better than we, to aid Him to bear His cross in this land! In all things, His holy will be done; if He wishes us to die at this moment, O how happy the hour for us! if He wishes to spare us for other labours, may we still be blessed; if you hear that God has crowned the little we have done with death, and thus fulfilled our desires, bless Him: for it is for Him that we long to live and die, and He it is who gives us grace to do it. Finally, if some of us survive, I have given orders what they shall do. . . . As for myself, if God gives me grace to go to heaven, I shall pray for them, for the poor Hurons, and shall not forget Your Reverence. . . .

*Jean de Brebeuf*

## 113

In Teheran there was a man whose name was Mollah Mehdi Kandi. He was well-known as a pleasure-lover. He chased the phantom of every delight, and gratified all the promptings of self. All the paraphernalia of luxury and comfort were at his disposal. With these qualities he combined a high order of intelligence, a ready wit, a rare humour, a wide range of knowledge and useful information. He was a happy conversationalist, and was endowed with a care-free disposition. For all these things the princes and society admired and loved him. No reception or entertainment was ever complete without his presence, for he excited fun and mirth and put everybody in a good humour. He dressed like a dandy, and his beautiful home could boast of a rich and varied wardrobe with the stamp of the latest fashion. His home was the centre of the intellectuals of the day. He gathered around him all that was fashionable and polite. Poetry and literature were

much cultivated in their meetings. He was respected and loved by all the younger element of the Court and society circles.

In such surroundings the Light of the Sun of Reality broke forth, and without any hesitation he embraced the religion of the Bab. Hearing about the event of the Fortress of Tabarassi he left everything and sallied out to join those who were besieged in the Fortress.

When he was living in Teheran, there was a man by the name of Yousoff Bey who was not only his neighbour but his associate in all his gaieties and giddy pleasures. . . . He was the son of Beyjan Bey who brought Fatahli Shaw and established him upon the throne. By mere accident the government entrusted an important commission to Yousoff Bey for Mazandran. After the fulfilment of his official duty he returned to Teheran. One day he was invited to a reception, and in the course of conversation the events of the Fortress of Tabarassi were discussed by those who were present. When every one had finished the stock of ill-digested, wild information, Yousoff Bey told the following story. . . .

As I knew and loved Mollah Mehdi from childhood, and was greatly attached to him, when I arrived at Mazandran, after finishing my mission, I went to the camp of the Prince and Abbas Kuli Khan. With a large army they had set siege to the Fortress without any evident result. As these two generals were my friends, I got from them a military permit to pass through the ranks of the soldiers and visit my old friend in the Fortress. My first object was to go there and free him from the horrors of starvation and death, that, released from all these sufferings and tribulations, he might return to Teheran, and infuse in us the old spirit of fun and delight. When I approached the Fortress I sent a man ahead of me to knock at the gate



and inform the guard that we were on a peaceful mission, desiring to meet Mollah Mehdi Kandi. But he saw me from a rampart, and, recognizing me, he ran down and opened the gate and I entered.

At once I was extremely touched by his outward appearance. He had a white, simple nightcap on his head, and wore a long, white robe made of cheap cloth: his feet were bare. A long, ponderous sword hung on a curious girdle wrought in iron. I was so affected by this that I sat down and wept. At last, controlling my tears and pity, I said to him:

“I have come here to free thee from these evil surroundings. Since I have seen thee my heart is torn to pieces. I cannot see thee in this condition. Come, friend, come — let us go back to Teheran, where the merry company and the laughing friends await thee.”

He laughed: then immediately became serious and said:

“Man! What art thou talking about? I have come here to sacrifice my life, not to save it! But if thou art a sincere friend of mine, come and listen to me! These fleeting days shall pass away; all the pleasures, joys and happiness of this ephemeral world shall come to an end, and, ere long, thou shalt die and go under the earth. Therefore come with me and join thy hand with mine and sacrifice thy life in this Divine Arena!”

I answered: “Really, I may just as well believe that thou hast lost thy reason! What kind of counsel is this that thou art giving me?”

He said: “The enemies of Hossein attributed the same thing to him on the Plain of Karbela. If thou didst realize thou wouldst see that thou hast no better friend than I in this wide world.”

In short, I found that all my persistence and persuasion



could not move him. I was going to speak again when he said:

“Please! Don’t push me against the wall! I have fully made up my mind. God forbid that I should leave this Fortress. I have *found* this place so that through self-sacrifice I may attain to the Most Great Bounty.”

I said: “What power is in this place that keeps thee so fast?”

He answered, with the fire of enthusiasm in his eyes:

“The power of self-sacrifice!”

For a long time I was at a loss what to say. Finally I said: “Mollah Mehdi! If thou dost not desire to come out for thy sake have pity on thy children and thy wife. On the eve of my departure from Teheran thy wife came to me with thy little boy and entreated me to do my utmost to release thee. Thy children were crying all the time, saying: ‘We want our father! We want our father!’ Their crying and lamentation are yet ringing in my ears. Come friend, have pity on thy little children and thy wife. Listen to the pleadings of their young, innocent voices. Dost thou not hear them?” . . .

After a few moments of silence, during which deep emotion played upon his face, he thundered out with a resonant voice:

“Man! What do I want to do with wife and children! I have given them as trusts into the Hands of God! He is their Father! Go, go! and leave me to my fate! Go and live with thy wife and children! Go and chase the will o’ the wisp of pleasure for a few days longer! Go and be satisfied with these phantasmal appearances! Mine, mine, is the chalice of self-sacrifice! Mine, mine is the wine of martyrdom! Mine, mine is the fire of self-immolation!”

*Abdul Baha*

. . . An old and blood-bespattered man, half-dead from the wounds inflicted but a few hours before; a man lying in the cold and dirt, without sleep for fifty-five nerve-wrecking hours, without food for nearly as long, with the dead bodies of two sons almost before his eyes, the piled corpses of his seven slain comrades near and far, a wife and a bereaved family listening in vain, and a Lost Cause, the dream of a lifetime, lying dead in his heart. Around him was a group of bitter, inquisitive Southern aristocrats and their satellites, headed by one of the foremost leaders of subsequent secession.

"Who sent you — who sent you?" these inquisitors insisted.

"No man sent me — I acknowledge no master in human form!"

"What was your object in coming?"

"We came to free the slaves."

"How do you justify your acts?"

"You are guilty of a great wrong against God and humanity and it would be perfectly right for any one to interfere with you so far as to free those you wilfully and wickedly hold in bondage. I think I did right; and that others will do right who interfere with you at any time and at all times. I hold that the Golden Rule, 'Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you,' applies to all who would help others to gain their liberty." . . .

"Do you consider this a religious movement?"

"It is in my opinion the greatest service man can render to God."

"Do you consider yourself an instrument in the hands of Providence?"

"I do."

"Upon what principles do you justify your acts?"

"Upon the Golden Rule. I pity the poor in bondage that have none to help them. That is why I am here; not to gratify any personal animosity, revenge, or vindictive spirit. It is my sympathy with the oppressed and the wronged, that are as good as you and as precious in the sight of God." . . .

"Who are your advisers in this movement?"

"I have numerous sympathizers throughout the entire North. . . . I want you to understand that I respect the rights of the poorest and weakest of coloured people, oppressed by the slave system, just as much as I do those of the most wealthy and powerful. That is the idea that has moved me and that alone. We expected no reward except satisfaction of endeavouring to do for those in distress and greatly oppressed as we would be done by. The cry of distress of the oppressed is my reason, and the only thing that prompted me to come here." . . .

"Brown, suppose you had every nigger in the United States, what would you do with them?"

"Set them free." . . .

"To set them free would sacrifice the life of every man in this community."

"I do not think so."

"I know it; I think you are fanatical."

"And I think you are fanatical. Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad, and you are mad." . . .

Governor Wise interrupted: "Mr. Brown, the silver of your hair is reddened by the blood of crime, and you should eschew these hard words and think upon eternity. You are suffering from wounds perhaps fatal; and should you escape death from these causes, you must submit to a trial which may involve death. Your confessions justify the presumption that you will be found guilty; and even

now you are committing a felony under the laws of Virginia, by uttering sentiments like these. It is better you should turn your attention to your eternal future than be dealing in denunciations which can only injure you."

John Brown replied: "Governor, I have from all appearances not more than fifteen or twenty years the start of you in the journey to that eternity of which you kindly warn me; and whether my time here shall be fifteen months, or fifteen days, or fifteen hours, I am equally prepared to go. There is an eternity behind and an eternity before; and this little spark in the centre, however long, is but comparatively a minute. The difference between your tenure and mine is trifling, and I therefore tell you to be prepared. I am prepared. You have a heavy responsibility, and it behooves you to prepare more than it does me."

*W. E. Burghardt Du Bois*

115

At eleven o'clock on Friday, December 2nd, John Brown was brought out of the jail accompanied by Sheriff Campbell and assistants, and Capt. Avis, the jailer.

Sheriff Campbell bid the prisoner farewell in his cell, the latter returning thanks for the sheriff's kindness, and speaking of Capt. Pate as a brave man.

The prisoner was then taken to the cell of Copeland and Green; he told them to stand up like men and not to betray their friends; he then handed them a quarter each, saying he had no more use for money and bid them adieu. He then visited Cook and Coppie, who were chained together, and remarked to Cook, "You have made false statements." Cook asked, "What do you mean?" Brown answered, "Why, by stating that I sent you to



Harper's Ferry." Cook replied, "Did you not tell me at Pittsburg to come to Harper's Ferry and see if Forbes had made any disclosures?" Brown: "No, sir; you know I protested against your coming." Cook replied: "Capt. Brown, we remember differently," at the same time dropping his head.

Brown then turned to Coppie, and said, "Coppie, you also made false statements, but I am glad to hear that you have contradicted them. Stand up like a man." He also handed him a quarter. He shook both by the hand, and they parted.

The prisoner was then taken to Stephens' cell and they kindly interchanged greetings. Stephens said, "Good-bye, Captain, I know you are going to a better land." Brown replied, "I know I am." Brown told him to bear up and not betray his friends, giving him a quarter.

The prisoner then told the Sheriff he was ready, his arms were pinioned, and with a black slouch hat on, and the same clothes he wore during the trial, he proceeded to the door, apparently calm and cheerful. . . .

On the way to the scaffold Mr. Saddler, an undertaker, who was in the wagon with him remarked: "Capt. Brown, you are a game man." He answered, "Yes, I was so trained up; it was one of the lessons of my mother—but it is hard to part from friends, though newly made." He then remarked, "This is a beautiful country; I never had the pleasure of seeing it before."

As he came out the six companies of infantry and one troop of horse, with General Taliaferro and his entire staff, were deploying in front of the jail, whilst an open wagon with a pine box, in which was a fine oak coffin, was waiting for him.

Brown looked around and spoke to several persons he recognized, and walking down the steps, took a seat on



the coffin box along with the jailer, Avis. . . . Brown was accompanied by no ministers, he desiring no religious services. . . .

On reaching the gallows he observed Mr. Hunter and Mayor Green standing near, to whom he said, "Gentlemen, good-bye," his voice not faltering.

The prisoner walked up the steps firmly, and was the first man on the gallows. Avis and Sheriff Campbell stood by his side, and after shaking hands and bidding an affectionate adieu, he thanked them for their kindness. When the cap was put over his face, and the rope around his neck, Avis asked him to step forward on the trap. He replied, "You must lead me, I cannot see." The rope was adjusted, and the military order given, "Not ready yet." The soldiers marched, countermarched and took position as if an enemy were in sight, and were thus occupied for nearly ten minutes, the prisoner standing all the time. Avis inquired if he was not tired. Brown said, "No, not tired; but don't keep me waiting longer than is necessary."

While on the scaffold, Sheriff Campbell asked him if he would take a handkerchief in his hand to drop as a signal when he was ready. He replied, "No, I do not want it — but do not detain me any longer than is absolutely necessary."

*Contemporary Account of the Event*

116

My Dearly Beloved Wife, Sons and Daughters, Every one —

As I now begin what is probably the last letter I shall ever write to any of you, I conclude to write you all at the same time. . . . I am waiting the hour of my public murder with great composure of mind, and cheerfulness, feeling the strongest assurance that in no other possible

way could I be used to so much advance the cause of God and of humanity, and that nothing that either I or all my family have sacrificed or suffered will be lost. The reflection that a wise and merciful as well as just and holy God rules not only the affairs of this world but of all worlds, is a rock to set our feet upon under all circumstances, even those most severely trying ones into which our own follies and wrongs have placed us. I have now no doubt but that our seeming disaster will ultimately result in the most glorious success. So my dear shattered and broken family, be of good cheer, and believe and trust in God, with all your heart and with all your soul, for he doeth all things well. Do not feel ashamed on my account; nor for one moment despair of the cause, or grow weary of well doing. I bless God; I never felt stronger confidence in the certain and near approach of a bright morning and glorious day. . . .

*John Brown*

## 117

Now these are my ideas. They constitute a part of myself. I cannot divest myself of them, nor would I if I could. If you think that you can crush out these ideas that are gaining ground more and more every day, if you think that you can crush them out by sending us to the gallows, if you would once more have people suffer the penalty of death because they dare to tell the truth, then I say you may call your hangman and turn me and my friends over to him. We have not told anything but the truth. I defy you to show us where we have told a lie. I shall die proudly and defiantly in the Cause of Truth, as so many martyrs have done whom I could name to you and among them Christ. Why, the number cannot be

even estimated of those who have fallen in this path, and we are ready.

*August Spies*

## 118

. . . I have no fear nor shrinking; I have seen death so often that it is not strange or fearful to me. . . .

I thank God for this ten weeks' quiet before the end. . . . Life has always been hurried and full of difficulty. . . . This time of rest has been a great mercy. . . .

They have all been very kind to me here. But this I would say, standing as I do in view of God and eternity, I realize that patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness toward any one. . . .

Good-bye! We shall meet again.

*Edith Cavell*

## 119

. . . He [Karl Liebknecht] got what belonged to him. He got death. What better thing could come to man than the right kind of death? What kind of life can equal some kinds of death? He didn't go out looking for what he got. But something went out looking for and got him. . . . The super-saviours can be got on very easy terms if you plan right. But after you've done them, you find they trouble you more than ever when you've nailed their coffins down. John Brown's body song has inspired the heroism of races. Karl Liebknecht's soul song will invoke the cataclysm of an international brotherhood. . . . We are already facing the traditions of a proletarian pilgrimage. His name is becoming the talisman of a noble intention. It has assumed such realities of reassurance as to strengthen every latent passion for social amelioration.

Some men seem to live only to die. He, on the contrary, died only to live. As he fell back in that mob done to death by the implements of a barbarian past, I can imagine his old father in the shadows with outstretched arms seizing him and crying, "Well done, Karl! It's a blessed day. You've put it on the calendar for ever." It was worth while. Nothing seemed so like Karl's life as his death. And nothing seemed so like his death as his life. They must be proud of each other.

*Horace Traubel*

## 120

Servant of God, well done! well hast thou fought  
The better fight, who single hast maintained  
Against revolted multitudes the cause  
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms,  
And for the testimony of truth hast borne  
Universal reproach, far worse to bear  
Than violence; for this was all thy care —  
To stand approved in sight of God, though worlds  
Judg'd thee perverse. . . .

*John Milton*

## 121

When a man dies faithfully and laudably . . . it is still death he is avoiding. For he submits to some part of death, for the very purpose of avoiding the whole. . . . He submits to the separation of soul and body, lest the soul be separated from God. . . . Wherefore death is indeed . . . good to none while it is being actually suffered . . . but it is meritoriously endured for the sake of retaining or winning what is good.

*St. Augustine*



## 122

I understand the large hearts of heroes,  
The courage of present times and all times . . .  
The disdain and calmness of martyrs,  
The mother of old, condemned for a witch, burnt with dry  
wood, her children gazing on . . .  
I am the mashed fireman with breast-bone broken,  
Tumbling walls buried me in their debris,  
Heat and smoke I inspired, I heard the yelling shouts of  
my comrades,  
I heard the distant click of their picks and shovels,  
They have cleared the beams away, they tenderly lift me  
forth. . . .

*Walt Whitman*

## 123

We worship the destroyer. We despise or at least ignore  
the builder. . . . You look with awe upon a battlefield.  
Do you not look with as much awe upon a tunnel? Here  
is an honest battle. A battle with the rocks. . . . Here  
is a battle in which no other takes up his arms against a  
brother. Yet this battle, too, has its victims. And you  
look on and think and say nothing. . . . You look down  
into these holes in the ground and your pulse is undisturbed. . . . What is the matter? . . .

Some men die that you may live. Some on scaffolds.  
Some on crosses. Some on battlefields. Some in tunnels.  
Why should not the tunnel be as holy as the cross? . . .  
You can understand Jesus on the cross. You can understand  
Savonarola burned at the stake. You can understand  
John Brown, executed at Harper's Ferry. Why do  
you fail to understand this somebody sacrificed in the  
tunnel? I do not say that the cross and the stake and the



scaffold have tricked you. But I do say that the tunnel has tricked you. . . . For if you fail to understand the tunnel you deny all martyrdom. . . .

He died humbly crushed underneath a rock. They have brought him out of the ground. His face is pale but satisfied. Your city of millions will not stay in its heavy round to regard his anonymous visage. Yet this unknown man has saved your city. But for him your city could not exist. All labour lies there prostrate in his inert form. Come out of your churches, all of you, and worship here. Leave your creeds behind. This is creed enough. Worship here. Here is religion enough.

*Horace Traubel*

124

. . . the dignity of death — the only earthly dignity that is not artificial — the only safe one. The others are traps that beguile to humiliation.

Death — the only immortal who treats us all alike, whose pity and whose peace and whose refuge are for all — the soiled and the pure — the rich and the poor — the loved and the unloved.

*Mark Twain*

125

The ways of Death are soothing and serene  
And all the words of Death are grave and sweet.  
From camp and church, the fireside and the street,  
She beckons forth — and strife and song have been.

A summer night descending cool and green  
And dark on daytime's dust and stress and heat,  
The ways of Death are soothing and serene  
And all the words of Death are grave and sweet.

O glad and sorrowful, with triumphant mien  
And radiant faces look upon and greet  
This last of all your lovers, and to meet  
Her kiss, the Comforter's, your spirit lean —  
The ways of Death are soothing and serene.

*William E. Henley*

## 126

O thou the last fulfilment of life, Death, my death, come  
and whisper to me!

Day after day have I kept watch for thee; for thee have  
I borne the joys and pangs of life.

All that I am, that I have, that I hope and all my  
love have ever flowed towards thee in depth of secrecy.  
One final glance from thine eyes and my life will be ever  
thine own.

The flowers have been woven and the garland is ready  
for the bridegroom. After the wedding the bride shall  
leave her home and meet her lord in the solitude of night.

*Rabindranath Tagore*

## 127

I have got my leave. Bid me farewell, my brothers!  
I bow to you all and take my departure.

Here I give back the keys of my door — and I give up  
all claims to my house. I only ask for last kind words  
from you.

We were neighbours for long, but I received more than  
I could give. Now the day has dawned and the lamp  
that lit my dark corner is out. A summons has come and  
I am ready for my journey.

*Rabindranath Tagore*

## 128

. Ah, well, friend Death, good friend thou art,  
 Thy only fault thy lagging gait,  
 Mistaken pity in thy heart  
 For timorous ones that bid thee wait.

Do quickly all thou hast to do,  
 Nor I nor mine will hindrance make;  
 I shall be free when thou art through;  
 I grudge thee nought that thou must take!

*Helen Hunt Jackson*

## 129

. . . I hold  
 That if it be  
 Less than enough to any soul to know  
 Itself immortal, immortality  
 In all its boundless spaces will not find  
     A place designed  
     So small, so low,  
 That to a fitting home such soul can go.  
     Out to the earthward brink  
     Of that great tideless sea  
 Light from Christ's garments streams.  
 Cowards who fear to tread such beams  
 The angels can but pity when they sink.  
 Believing thus, I joy although I lie in dust.  
 I joy, not that I ask or choose,  
 But simply that I must.  
 I love and fear not; and I cannot lose

One instant, this great certainty of peace.

Long as God ceases not, I cannot cease; I must arise.

*Helen Hunt Jackson*

## 130

Let me live out my years in heat of blood!

Let me die drunken with the dreamer's wine!

Let me not see this soul-house built of mud

Go toppling to the dust — a vacant shrine!

Let me go quickly like a candle light

Snuffed out just at the heyday of its glow!

Give me high noon — and let it then be night!

Thus would I go.

And grant me, when I face the grisly Thing,

One haughty cry to pierce the gray Perhaps!

Let me be as a time-swept fiddlestring

That feels the Master-Melody — and snaps!

*John G. Neihardt*

## 131

Give me to die unwitting of the day,

And stricken in Life's brave heat, with senses clear:

Not swathed and couched until the lines appear

Of Death's wan mask upon the withering clay,

But as that old man eloquent made way

From earth, a nation's conclave hushed anear;

Or as the chief whose fates, that he may hear

The victory, one glorious moment stay.

Or, if not thus, then with no cry in vain,

No ministrant beside to ward and weep,

Hand upon helm I would my quittance gain  
In some wild turmoil of waters deep,  
And sink content into a dreamless sleep  
(Spared grave and shroud) below the ancient main.

*E. C. Stedman*

## 132

Death, thou'rt a cordial old and rare:  
Look how compounded, with what care!  
Time got his wrinkles reaping thee  
Sweet herbs from all antiquity.

David to thy distillage went,  
Keats, and Gotama excellent,  
Omar Khayyam, and Chaucer bright,  
And Shakespeare for a king-delight.

Then, Time, let not a drop be spilt:  
Hand me the cup whene'er thou wilt;  
'Tis thy rich stirrup-cup to me;  
I'll drink it down right smilingly.

*Sidney Lanier*

## 133

So mayst thou die as I do; fear and pain  
Being subdued. Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!

*Percy Bysshe Shelley*

## 134

Natural death is as it were a haven and a rest to us  
after long navigation. And the noble Soul is like a good  
mariner; for he, when he draws near to port, lowers his  
sail and enters it softly with gentle steerage. . . . And



herein we have from our own nature a great lesson of suavity; for in such a death as this there is no grief nor any bitterness; but as a ripe apple is lightly and without violence loosened from its branch, so our soul without grieving departs from the body in which it hath been.

*Dante*

## 135

Happy, O Agricola! Not only in the splendour of your life, but in the seasonableness of your death. With resignation and cheerfulness, from the testimony of those who were present in your last moments, did you meet your fate. . . . If there is any place for the departed spirits of the righteous; if, as philosophers suppose, exalted souls do not perish with the body, may you repose in peace, and call us, your household, from vain regret . . . to the contemplation of your virtues which allow no place for mourning.

*Tacitus*

## 136

. . . From that time, such as he had been in all combats, serene, self-possessed, and occupied without anxiety only with what was necessary to sustain them — such also he was in that last conflict. Death appeared to him no more frightful, pale and languishing, than amid the fires of battle and in the prospect of victory. While sobbings were heard all around him, he continued, as if another than himself were their object, to give his orders; and if he forbade their weeping, it was not because it was a distress to him, but simply a hindrance.

The manner in which he began to acquit himself of his religious duties, deserves to be recounted throughout the world; not because it was particularly remarkable; but

rather because it was, so to speak, not such; for it seemed singular that a Prince so much under the eye of the world, should furnish so little to spectators. Do not then, expect those magniloquent words which serve to reveal, if not a concealed pride, at least an agitated soul, which combats or dissembles its secret trouble. The Prince of Condé knew not how to utter such pompous sentences; in death, as in life, truth ever formed his true grandeur.

. . . All were in tears, and weeping aloud. The Prince alone was unmoved; trouble came not into that asylum where he had cast himself. . . . Tranquil in the arms of his God, he waited for his salvation, and implored His support until he finally ceased to breathe. . . .

*James Benignè Bossuet*

## 137

X So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan, which moves  
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

*William Cullen Bryant*

## 138

I ask not that my bed of death  
From bands of greedy heirs be free;  
For these besiege the latest breath  
Of fortune's favoured sons, not me. . . .

I ask but that my death may find  
The freedom to my life denied;  
Ask but the folly of mankind  
Then, then at last, to quit my side.

Spare me the whispering, crowded room,  
The friends who come, and gape, and go;  
The ceremonious air of gloom —  
All, which makes death a hideous show!

Nor bring, to see me cease to live,  
Some doctor full of phrase and fame,  
To shake his sapient head, and give  
The ill he cannot cure a name.

Nor fetch, to take the accustom'd toll  
Of the poor sinner bound for death,  
His brother-doctor of the soul,  
To canvass with official breath

The future and its viewless things —  
That undiscovered mystery  
Which one who feels death's winnowing wings  
Must needs read clearer, sure, than he!

Bring none of these, but let me be,  
While all around in silence lies,  
Moved to the window near, and see  
Once more, before my dying eyes,

Bathed in the sacred dews of morn  
The wide aerial landscape spread —  
The world which was ere I was born,  
The world which lasts when I am dead; . . .

There let me gaze, till I become  
In soul, with what I gaze on, wed!  
To feel the universe my home;  
To have before my mind — instead

Of the sick room, the mortal strife,  
The turmoil for a little breath —  
The pure eternal course of life,  
Not human combatings with death!

Thus, feeling, gazing, might I grow  
Composed, refreshed, ennobled, clear;  
Then willing let my spirit go  
To work or wait elsewhere or here.

*Matthew Arnold*

## 139

Now while I sat in the day and looked forth,  
Now in the close of the day with its light and the fields of  
spring, and the farmers preparing their crops,  
In the large unconscious scenery of my land with its lake  
and forests, . . .

Under the arching heavens of the afternoon swift passing,  
and the voices of children and women . . .

. . . lo, then and there,

Falling upon them all and among them all, enveloping me  
with the rest,

Appeared the cloud, appeared the long black trail,  
And I knew death, its thought, and the sacred knowledge of  
death.

Then with the knowledge of death as walking one side of  
me,

And the thought of death close walking the other side of  
me,  
And I in the middle as with companions, and as holding  
the hands of companions,  
I fled forth to the hiding receiving night that talks not,  
Down to the shores of the water, the path by the swamp in  
the dimness,  
To the solemn shadowy cedars and ghostly pines so still.

And the singer so shy to the rest received me,  
The gray-brown bird I know received us comrades three,  
And he sang the carol of death, and a verse for him I love.

From deep secluded recesses,  
From the fragrant cedars and the ghostly pines so still,  
Came the carol of the bird.

And the charm of the carol wrapt me,  
As I held as if by their hands my comrades in the night,  
And the voice of my spirit tallied the song of the bird.

*Come, lovely and soothing Death,  
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,  
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,  
Sooner or later delicate Death.*

*Praised be the fathomless universe,  
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious;  
And for love, sweet love — but praise! praise! praise!  
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding Death.*

*Dark Mother, always gliding near, with soft feet,  
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?  
Then I chant it for thee — I glorify thee above all;*



PART II

IMMORTAL LIFE

*There is, I know not how, in the minds of men, a certain presage as it were, of a future existence. And this takes the deepest root, and is most discoverable in the greatest geniuses and most exalted souls.*

*Cicero*

## IMMORTAL LIFE

141

Where there is eternal light, in the world where the sun is placed, in that immortal, imperishable world, place me, O Sonia! Where the secret place of heaven is, where these mighty waters are, there make me immortal! Where life is free, . . . where the worlds are radiant, there make me immortal! . . . Where there is happiness and delight, where joy and pleasure reside, where the desires of our desire are attained, there make me immortal!

*Hindus*

142

Man never dies. The soul inhabits the body for a time, and leaves it again. The soul is myself; the body is only my dwelling place. Birth is not birth: there is a soul already existent when the body comes to it. Death is not death: the soul merely departs and the body falls. It is because men see only their bodies that they love life and hate death.

*Buddhist Scriptures*

143

The soul is not born; it does not die. It was not produced from any one, nor was any produced from it. Unborn, eternal, it is not slain, though the body is slain.

*Buddhist Scriptures*

## 144

The soul is the principle of life which the Sovereign Wisdom employed to animate bodies. Matter is inert and perishable. The soul thinks, acts and is immortal. . . . There is another invisible, external existence superior to this visible one, which does not perish when all things perish.

*Bhagavadgita*

## 145

The God of the Dead waits enthroned in immortal light to welcome the good into his kingdom of joy: to the homes he had gone to prepare for them, where the One Being dwells beyond the stars.

*Vedas*

## 146

The soul lives after the body dies. The soul passes through the gate; he makes a way in the darkness to his Father. He has pierced the heart of evil, to do the things of his Father. He has come a prepared Spirit. He says: Hail, thou Self-Created! Do not turn me away. I am one of thy types of earth. I have not privily done evil against any man; I have not been idle; I have not made any to weep; I have not murdered; I have not defrauded; I have not committed adultery. I am pure.

(The Judge of the Dead answers) Let the soul pass on. He is without sin; he lives upon truth. He has made his delight in doing what men say, and what the gods wish. He has given food to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, and clothes to the naked. His lips are pure, and his hands are pure. His heart weighs right in the balance. The departed fought on earth the battle of the good gods, as his Father, the Lord of the Invisible World, had com-

manded him. O God, the protector of him who has brought his cry unto thee, make it well with him in the world of Spirits.

*Egyptian Book of the Dead*

147

These have found grace in the eyes of the Great God. They dwell in the abodes of glory, where the heavenly life is led. The bodies which they have abandoned will repose for ever in their tombs, while they will enjoy the presence of the Great God.

*Writing in Egyptian Tomb*

148

The virtuous man rejoices in this world, and he will rejoice in the next world: in both worlds hath he joy. He rejoices, he exults, seeing the virtue of his deeds.

As kindred, friends and dear ones salute him who hath travelled far and returned home safe, so will good deeds welcome him who goes from this world and enters another.

*Buddha*

149

. . . Souls risen from the grave will know each other, and say, That is my father, or my brother, my wife, or my sister.

The man who has constantly contended against evil, morally and physically, outwardly and inwardly, may fearlessly meet death; well assured that radiant Spirits will lead him across the luminous bridge into a paradise of eternal happiness.

*Zoroaster*



## 150

Verily, man's lot is cast amid destruction. Save those who believe and do the things which be right, and enjoin truth, and enjoin steadfastness on each other.

Verily, we have made all that is on earth as its adornment, that we might make trial who among mankind would excel in works.

All that is with you passeth away, but that which is with God abideth. . . .

The grave is the first stage of the journey into eternity.

*Mohammed*

## 151

They live, who lie in the grave.

*Sophocles*

## 152

'Tis true, 'tis certain; man though dead retains  
Part of himself; the immortal mind remains.

*Homer*

## 153

The soul of the deceased, although it live  
Indeed no longer, yet doth it still retain  
A consciousness which lasts for ever, lodged  
In the eternal scene of its abode,  
The liquid ether.

*Euripides*

## 154

The immortality of the soul has been established beyond the reach of doubt. . . . But to understand its real nature, we must look at the soul not . . . after it has been marred by its associations with the body, and by other evils; but

we must carefully contemplate it by the aid of reasoning, when it appears in unsullied purity; and then its surpassing beauty will be discovered. . . . We have given a true account of the soul in its present appearance. But we have looked at it in a state like that of the sea-god Glaukos, whose original nature can no longer be readily discerned by the eye, because the old members of his body have been either broken off, or crushed and in every way marred by the action of the waves, and because extraneous substances, like shell-fish and seaweed and stones, have grown to him, so that he bears a closer resemblance to any wild beast whatever than to his natural self. The soul, as we are contemplating it, has been reduced to a similar state by a thousand evils. But we ought to fix our attention on one part of it exclusively . . . on its love of wisdom, that we may learn to what it clings, and with what it desires to have intercourse, in view of its close connexion with the divine, the immortal, and the eternal, and what it would become if it invariably pursued the divine. . . .

*Plato*

155

Whatsoever that be within us that feels, thinks, and animates, is something celestial, divine, and consequently imperishable.

*Aristotle*

156

My body must descend to the place ordained, but my soul will not descend; being a thing immortal, it will ascend on high, where it will enter a heavenly abode.

*Heraclitus*

157

When thou shalt have laid aside thy body, thou shalt rise,  
freed from mortality, and become a god of the kindly skies.

*Pythagoras*

158

"In what way shall we bury you," said Crito.

"However you wish," [Socrates] replied, "only you must catch me first and see that I don't slip away. . . . Why, my friends, I can't convince Crito that I am this Socrates, the one who talks with you and argues at length. He thinks I am that other whom presently he shall see lying dead, and so he asks how he shall bury me. All the words I have spoken to show that when I drink the poison I shall no longer remain with you, but shall go away to some blessed region of the happy dead — all my words of comfort for you and for myself are thrown away on him. . . . I would have Crito bear the matter more lightly, and not be troubled at my supposed sufferings when he sees my body burned or interred, nor say at the funeral that he is laying out Socrates, or carrying Socrates to the grave, or burying him. For you must know, my dearest Crito, that wrong words are not only a fault in themselves, but insinuate evil into the soul. Be brave, therefore, and say you are burying my body; and indeed you may bury it as seems good to you, and as custom directs. . . .

"We are permitted, nay, obliged to pray the gods to grant us a happy journey from this world to the other. So I pray, and so may it be."

*Plato*

159

Let us hasten — let us fly —  
Where the lovely meadows lie;

Where the living waters flow;  
Where the roses bloom and blow.  
Heirs of immortality,  
Segregated, safe and pure,  
Easy, sorrowless, secure;  
Since our earthly course is run,  
We behold a brighter sun.  
Holy lives — a holy vow —  
Such rewards await us now.

*Aristophanes*

## 160

Then whosoever have been of good courage to the abiding steadfast thrice on either side of death, and have refrained their souls from all iniquity, travel the road of Zeus unto the tower of Kronos; there around the islands of the blest the ocean breezes blow, and golden flowers are glowing, some from the land on trees of splendour, and some the water feedeth, with wreaths whereof they entwine their hands. . . . By happy lot travel all unto an end that giveth them rest from toils.

*Pindar*

## 161

O glorious day, when I shall remove from this confused crowd to join the divine assembly of souls! For I shall go not only to meet great men, but also my own son. His spirit, looking back upon me, departed to that place whither he knew that I should soon come; and he has never deserted me. If I have borne his loss with courage, it is because I consoled myself with the thought that our separation would not be for long.

*Cato*

## 162

From this life I depart as from a temporary lodging, not as from a home. For nature has assigned it to us as an inn to sojourn in, not a place of habitation. O glorious day! when I shall depart to that divine company and assemblage of spirits, and quit this troubled and polluted scene. . . . If I am wrong in this, that I believe the souls of men to be immortal, I willingly delude myself: nor do I desire that this mistake, in which I take pleasure, should be wrested from me as long as I live. . . .

*Cicero*

## 163

When I consider the faculties with which the human soul is endowed — its amazing celerity, its wonderful power of recollecting past events, its sagacity in discerning the future, together with its numberless discoveries in the arts and sciences — I feel a conscious conviction that this active, comprehensive principle cannot possibly be of a mortal nature.

And as this increasing activity of the soul derives its energy from its own intrinsic and essential powers, without receiving it from any foreign or external impulse, it necessarily follows that its activity must continue for ever. I am induced to embrace this opinion, not only as agreeable to the best deductions of reason, but also in deference to the authority of the noblest and most distinguished philosophers.

I consider this world as a place which Nature never intended for my permanent abode; and I look on my departure from it, not as being driven from my habitation, but simply as leaving an inn.

*Cicero*



## 164

This life is only a prelude to eternity, where we are to expect a new life, and another state of things. We have no prospect of heaven here, but at a distance. Let us therefore expect our last hour with courage—the last, I say, to our bodies but not to our minds. The day which we fear as our last, is but the birthday of our eternity. What we fear as a rock proves to be a harbour, in many cases to be desired, never to be refused. . . . That which we call death is but a pause or suspension; in truth, a progress into life. Only our thoughts look downward upon the body, and not forward upon things to come. . . . A great soul takes no delight in staying with the body; it considers whence it came, and knows whither it is to go. We shall live in our bodies as if we were only to lodge in them this night, and to leave them tomorrow. . . . It is the care of a wise and a good man to look to his manners and actions, and rather how well he lives than how long. For to die sooner or later is not the business, but to die well or ill; for death brings us to immortality.

*Seneca*

## 165

Not by lamentations and mournful chants ought we to celebrate the funeral of a good man, but by hymns; for, in ceasing to be numbered with mortals, he enters upon the heritage of a diviner life.

*Plutarch*

## 166

The messenger you sent to tell me of the death of our daughter missed his way. But I heard of it through another.

I pray you let all things be done without ceremony or timorous superstition. And let us bear our affliction with patience. I do know very well what a loss we have had; but, if you should grieve overmuch, it would trouble me still more. She was particularly dear to you; and when you call to mind how bright and innocent she was, how amiable and mild, then your grief must be peculiarly bitter. . . .

But should the sweet remembrance of those things which so delighted us when she was alive, only afflict now when she is dead? Or is there danger that, if we cease to mourn, we shall forget her? . . . Since she is gone where she feels no pain, let us not indulge in too much grief. The soul is incapable of death. And she, like a bird not long enough in her cage to become attached to it, is free to fly away to a purer air. . . . Since we cherish a trust like this, let our outward actions be in accord with it, and let us keep our hearts pure and our minds calm.

*Plutarch*

167

Mother, leave thy grief, remembering the soul which Zeus has rendered immortal and undecaying to me for all time, and has carried now into the starry sky.

*Epitaph*

168

Dying, thou art not dead! Thou art gone to a happier country,  
And in the isles of the blest thou rejoicest . . . and thou shalt find not  
Hunger or thirst any more, but, unholpen of man and unheedful,

Spotless and fearless of sin, thou exultest in view of Olympus;

Yea, and thy gods are thy light, and their glory is ever upon thee.

*Greek Anthology*

## 169

Men said within themselves, reasoning not aright,

Short and sorrowful is our life and there is no healing when a man cometh to his end. . . . By mere chance were we born, and hereafter we shall be as though we had never been: . . . the breath in our nostrils is smoke, and while our heart beateth reason is a spark which being extinguished the body shall be turned into ashes and the spirit shall be dispersed as thin air; . . . our life shall pass away as the traces of a cloud and shall be scattered as is a mist when it is chased by the beams of the sun and overcome by the heat thereof.

Thus reasoned they and they were led astray. . . . For God created man to be immortal, and made him in the image of his own eternity. . . . The souls of the righteous are in the hands of God, and there can no evil touch them. In the sight of the unwise they seem to die and their going from us is thought to be destruction; but they are in peace, for their hope is full of immortality.

*The Wisdom of Solomon*

## 170

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you,

I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also.

*Jesus*

Some man will say, How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come?

Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die: and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain: but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body.

All flesh is not the same flesh: but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds. There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial: but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars: for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead.

It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: . . . it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power: it is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body.

There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body. . . . Howbeit that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual. . . . As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy: and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.

Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. . . . For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.



So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

*Paul*

## 172

. . . Those men who have forsaken human instruction, and having become well-disposed disciples of God, and having arrived at a comprehension of knowledge acquired without labour, have passed over to the immortal a most perfect race of beings, and have so received an inheritance better than the former generations of created men. . . . There is also another proof that the mind is immortal, which is of this nature: — There are some persons whom God, advancing to higher degrees of improvement, has enabled to soar above all species and genera, having placed them near himself; as he says to Moses, “But stand thou here with me.” . . . Nor do I ever believe that the soul itself while awaiting this event was conscious of its own improvement, inasmuch as it was at that time becoming gradually divine, for God, in the case of those persons whom he is about to benefit, does not take him who is to receive the advantage into his counsels, but is accustomed rather to pour his benefits ungrudgingly upon him without his having any previous anticipation of them.

*Philo*

## 173

As some poor exile on a distant shore,  
With sorrowful eye surveys the country o’er,  
And oft looks back, and oft recalls to mind



The pleasing coast and friends he left behind,  
 Unwilling views the cheerful light of day,  
 And in ideal prospects pines away;  
 So grieves my soul while absent and distressed,  
 She roams an exile from her place of rest.  
 Oh! haste the period, when from body free,  
 This wretched captive shall return to thee;  
 Shall once more recognize her kindred soil,  
 And prove the blessing of her former toil;  
 Plac'd where no change impairs, no griefs corrode,  
 And shining 'midst the immortal gods a god.

*Plotinus*

174

If our flesh shrinks from prison, if it abhors everything which denies it the power of roaming about; when it seems, indeed, to be always going forth, with its little powers of hearing or seeing what is beyond itself, how much more does our soul desire to escape from that prison house of the body, which, being free with movement like the air, goes whither we know not, and comes whence we know not. We know, however, that it survives the body, and that being set free from the bars of the body, it sees with clear gaze those things which before, dwelling in the body, it could not see. . . . So, then, if death frees us from the miseries of this world, it is certainly no evil, inasmuch as it restores liberty and excludes suffering.

*St. Ambrose*

175

For why should I weep for thee, my most loving brother? . . . For I have not lost but changed my intercourse with thee; before we were inseparable in the body,—now we are undivided in affection; for thou remainest with

me and ever wilt remain. . . . The ox seeks his fellow and conceives itself incomplete, and by frequent lowing shows its tender longing, if perchance that one is wanting with whom it has been wont to draw the plough. . . . In work I was inferior, but in love more closely bound; not so much fit through my strength as endurable through thy patience.

. . . The strong spirit of our brotherhood had so infused itself into each of us, that there was no need to prove our love by caresses; but our minds being conscious of our affection, we, satisfied with our inward love, did not seem to require the show of caresses, whom the very appearance of each other fashioned for mutual love; for we seemed I know not by what spiritual stamp or bodily likeness, to be the one in the other. . . .

As a certain evening was drawing on, I was complaining that thou didst not revisit me when at rest, thou [who] wast wholly present always. So that, as I lay with my limbs bathed in sleep, thou wast alive to me; I could say: "What is death, my brother?" . . . So then, I hold thee, my brother, and neither death nor time shall tear thee from me. . . . For we have not ever been long separated from each other, but thou wast always sure to return. Since thou canst not return again, I will go to thee; it is just that I should repay the kindness and take my turn.

To thee, Almighty God, I commend this guileless soul. I offer beforehand these first libations of myself. I come to Thee with this pledge of life. Cause me not to remain too long a debtor to such an amount. I can bear it, if I shall be soon compelled to pay it.

Go before us to that home common and waiting for all, and certainly now longed for by me beyond others. Prepare a common dwelling for him with whom thou hast dwelt, and as here we have had all things in common, so

there, too, let us know no divided rights. Do not, I pray thee, long put off him who is desirous of thee, expect him who is hastening to thee, help him who is hurrying, and if I seem to thee to delay too long, summon me.

*St. Ambrose*

## 176

Where is he, the impeller of my work, whose voice was sweeter than the swan's last song? . . . Though I am loth to give way and comfort my feelings, tears flow down my cheeks and in spite of the teachings of virtue and the hope of the resurrection, a passion of regret crushes my too yielding mind. . . . The immortality of the soul and its continuation after the dissolution of the body — truths of which Pythagoras dreamed . . . and which Socrates discussed in prison to console himself . . . are now the familiar themes of Indian and of Persian, of Goth and of Egyptian.

. . . What can we do, my soul? Whither must we turn? . . . Are you so preoccupied with grief, so hindered by sobs, that you forget all logical sequence? . . . I have read the consolatory writings of Plato, Diogenes, Clitomachus, Carneades, Posidonius, who at different times strove by book or letter to lessen the grief of various persons. Consequently, were my own wit to dry up, it could be watered anew from the fountains which these have opened. . . . We know indeed that Nepotian is with Christ and that he has joined the choirs of the saints. What here with us he groped after on earth afar off and sought for to the best of his judgment, there he sees nigh at hand so that he can say: "as we have heard so have we seen in the city of the Lord of hosts, in the city of our God." Set a limit, I pray you, to your sorrow and remember the saying "in nothing overmuch." Bind up for a little while your wound and

listen to the praises of one in whose virtues you have always delighted. . . . Where now are that handsome face and dignified figure with which as with a fair garment his beautiful soul was clothed? The lily began to wither, alas! when the south wind blew, and the purple violet slowly faded into paleness. Yet while he burned with fever and while the fire of sickness was drying up the fountains of his veins, gasping and weary he still tried to comfort his sorrowing uncle. His countenance shone with gladness, and while all around him wept, he and he only smiled. He flung aside his cloak, put out his hand, saw what others failed to see, and even tried to rise that he might welcome new comers. You would have thought that he was starting on a journey instead of dying and that in place of leaving all his friends behind him he was merely passing from some to others.

*St. Jerome*

177

He had understanding of righteousness, and discerned great and marvellous wonders; and he prevailed with the Most High, and is numbered among the saintly company.

*Church Service*

178

Where miracles are there tears ought not to be. . . . In the case of our dead, likewise, a great mystery is celebrating. . . . Wouldst thou learn that thou mayst know, that this is no time for tears? . . . As if leaving her dwelling, the soul goes forth, speeding her way to her own Lord, and dost thou mourn? Why then thou shouldst do this on the birth of a child; for this in fact is also a birth, and a better than that. For here she goes forth to a very different light, is loosed as from a prison-house, comes off



as from a contest. . . . For as the Sun arises clear and bright, so the soul, leaving the body with a pure conscience, shines joyously. Not such the spectacle of Emperor as he comes in state to take possession of the city, not such the hush of awe, as when the soul, having quitted the body, is departing in company with Angels. Think what the soul must then be! in what amazement, what wonder, what delight!

*St. John Chrysostom*

## 179

There is coming a reaping, O Death, that will leave thee bare: and the Watchers shall go forth as reapers, and make thee desolate. . . . Does not the seed teach thee, which decays and dies: and is cut off from hope, yet from the rain, recovers hope? . . . The babe in the womb confutes thee, which is as buried there; to me it proclaims life from the dead, but to thee despoiling. The despised flower despises thee, for it is shut up and passed over: yet though lost, it is not lost, but blossoms again. The chick cries out from the egg, wherein it is buried: and the graves are rent by a Voice and the body arises.

*Ephraem Syrus*

## 180

Is it a misfortune to pass from infancy to youth? Still less can it be a misfortune to go from this miserable life to that truer life into which we are introduced by death. Our first changes are connected with the progressive development of life. The new change which death effects is only the passage to a more desirable perfection.

*Gregory of Nyssa*



## 181

. . . As the eye, by virtue of the bright ray which is in fellowship with the light, and by its innate capacity draws to itself that which is akin to it, . . . so was it needful that a certain affinity with the Divine should be mingled with the nature of man, in order that by means of this correspondence it might aim at that which was native to it. . . . Thus, then, it was needful for man, born for the enjoyment of Divine good, to have something in his nature akin to that in which he is to participate. . . . Since, then, one of the excellences connected with the Divine nature is also eternal existence, it was altogether needful that the equipment of our nature should not be without the further gift of this attribute, but should have in itself the immortal, that by its inherent faculty it might both recognize what is above it, and be possessed with a desire for the divine and eternal life.

*Gregory of Nyssa*

## 182

A state of happiness ought to be perfect, so that there can be nothing which can harass, or lessen, or change it. Nor can anything be judged happy in other respect, unless it be incorruptible. But nothing is incorruptible but that which is immortal. Immortality therefore is alone happy, because it can neither be corrupted nor destroyed. But if virtue falls within the power of man, which no one can deny, happiness also belongs to him. For it is impossible for a man to be wretched who is endued with virtue. If happiness falls within his power, then immortality, which is possessed of the attribute of happiness, also belongs to him.

The chief good, therefore, is found to be immortality

alone, which pertains to no other animal or body; nor can it happen to any one without the virtue of knowledge, that is, without the knowledge of God and justice.

*Lactantius*

## 183

That the soul is made immortal is a further point. . . . This can be made clear once for all from the action of the soul in the body. For if even when united and coupled with the body, it is not shut in or commensurate with the small dimensions of the body . . . much more shall its life continue after the death of the body. . . . For this is the reason why the soul thinks of and bears in mind things immortal and eternal, namely, because it is itself immortal. Just as, the body being mortal, its senses also have mortal things as their objects, so, since the soul contemplates and beholds immortal things, it follows that it is immortal and lives for ever. For ideas and thoughts about immortality never desert the soul, but abide in it, and are as it were the fuel in it which ensures its immortality. . . .

*Athanasius*

## 184

It is plain that the human soul is of such a character that, if it diligently observes that end for which it exists, it at some time lives in blessedness, truly secure from death itself and from every other trouble.

Hence the soul that has once begun to enjoy supreme Blessedness will be eternally blessed.

But undoubtedly all human souls are of the same nature. Hence, since it is established that some are immortal, every human soul must be immortal.

*St. Anselm*

## 185

In the heavenly kingdom the souls of the Saints are rejoicing, who followed the footsteps of Christ their Master, and since for love of Him they freely poured forth their life-blood, therefore with Christ they reign for ever and ever.

*Church Service*

## 186

Holy is the true light, and passing wonderful, lending radiance to them that endured in the heat of the conflict: from Christ they inherit a home of unfading splendour, wherein they rejoice with gladness evermore.

*Church Service*

## 187

. . . In that place they shall forget this world. There they have no want; and they shall love one another with an abundant love. In their bodies there shall be no heaviness, and lightly shall they fly as doves to their windows. . . . Fervent in their heart will be the love of each other; and hatred will not be fixed within them at all. . . . The air of that region is pleasant and glorious, and its light shines out, and is goodly and gladsome. . . . Spacious is the region, nor is it limited, yet its inhabitants shall see its distance even as that which is near. In that place there is no deficiency, but fulness and perfection.

*Aphraates*

## 188

. . . The supreme good of the city of God is perfect and eternal peace, . . . the peace of freedom from all evil, in

which immortals ever abide, who can deny that this future life is most blessed? . . . But the actual possession of the happiness of this life, without the hope of what is beyond, is but a false happiness and profound misery. For the true blessings of the soul are not now enjoyed; for that is no true wisdom which does not direct all its prudent observations and just arrangements, to that end in which God shall be all in all in a secure eternity and perfect peace. There we shall enjoy the gifts of nature . . . gifts not only good but eternal. There the virtues shall no longer be struggling against any vice or evil, and shall enjoy the reward of victory, the eternal peace which no adversary shall disturb. This is the final blessedness, this the ultimate consummation, the unending end. Here, indeed, we are said to be blessed when we have such peace as can be enjoyed in a good life; but such blessedness is mere misery compared to that final felicity.

*St. Augustine*

## 189

The true Jerusalem above, the holy town is there,  
Whose duties are so full of joy, whose joy so free from  
care;  
Where disappointment cometh not to check the longing  
heart,  
And where the heart, in ecstasy, hath gained her better part.

O glorious King, O happy state, O palace of the blest!  
O sacred place and holy joy, and perfect heavenly rest,  
To thee aspire thy citizens in glory's bright array  
And what they feel and what they know they strive in vain  
to say.

*Abelard*



## 190

There we shall taste how gracious the Lord is, see the beauties of his holiness, the lustre of his Saints, and the glories of his Palace and Throne.

There the saints' love shall never grow cold, their hopes and expectations shall never languish by delays, for in God all good shall be present with them and they shall all partake in common of the same wisdom and power and righteousness and peace.

No difference of language shall be there heard, but all things uniform and hearts harmonious; the same dispositions and the same affections. In the overflowing River of this Pleasure there will be gratification to the full, the perfection of bliss, and glory and gladness.

The desires of beholding and possessing thee will be ever fresh and growing, and the delights of thee ever new and entertaining. In thee our understandings will be enlightened, in thee our affections ever purified, so as to know and love the truth ever more and more.

Now we see bodies with the eyes of our body; we form ideas of bodies by the powers of the Soul; but then we shall see God himself with a clear intuitive knowledge.

*St. Bernard*

## 191

O most blessed mansion of the city which is above! O most clear day of eternity, which night obscureth not, but the highest truth ever enlighteneth! O day ever joyful, ever secure, and never changing into a contrary state! . . .

To the saints it shineth, glowing with everlasting brightness, but to those that are pilgrims on the earth, it appeareth only afar off, and as it were through a glass.

O merciful Jesu, when shall I stand to behold thee?



. . . When shall I be with thee in thy kingdom, which thou hast prepared for thy beloved from all eternity?

*Thomas à Kempis*

## 192

The eternal manifestation of the divine light is called the kingdom of heaven and the habitation of holy angels and souls. . . .

But the soul sinketh down in the hope of divine grace and standeth like a fair rose in the midst of thorns, until the kingdom of this world falleth off from it in the death of the body; and then doth it become first truly and really manifest in the love of God having nothing more to hinder or molest it. . . .

And though indeed the bestial body must putrifie and rot, yet its power and virtue liveth and in the meanwhile there grow out of its power in its Mother, fair beautiful Roses, blossoms and flowers; though it were quite burned up and consumed in the Fire, yet its power and virtue standeth in the four elements in the word and the soul qualifieth, mixeth and uniteth therewith; for the Soul is in Heaven and the same heaven is everywhere even in the midst or centre of the Earth.

*Jakob Boehme*

## 193

The nature of the soul is so simple that space cannot hinder it. . . .

Its [the soul's] ardent longing for God compels it to follow after Him, as fire follows its own nature until it has consumed and transformed into itself the object upon which it seized. . . .

The eternity of God knows neither first nor last, it is

an everlasting present in which the life and the works of God take place, for God Himself is this *now*. . . .

The fruit of those [good] works remains in the spirit; and although the work and the time are not eternal, nevertheless the spirit from which they proceeded, lives, and the fruit of the work, but without the work and the time, is full of grace.

*Meister Eckhart*

## 194

O my God! how happy is the soul of which thou art the delight, since it can abandon itself to loving thee, not only without scruple, but also with merit! How firm and durable is its happiness, since its expectation will never be frustrated, because thou wilt never be destroyed, and neither life nor death will ever separate it from the object of its desires, . . . the [just] will subsist eternally in the eternal and self-subsistent object to which they are closely bound! Oh! how happy are those who with an entire liberty, and irresistible inclination of their will, love perfectly and freely that which they are obliged to love necessarily!

*Pascal*

## 195

. . . Let us no longer regard a man as having ceased to live, although nature suggests it; but as beginning to live, as truth assures. Let us no longer regard his soul as perished and reduced to nothingness, but as quickened and united to the sovereign life; and let us thus correct, by attention to these truths, the sentiments of error so deeply implanted in ourselves and those emotions of horror so natural to mankind.

*Pascal*

It has been urged, that the soul having been created only to be united to the body, it is so limited to this society, that its borrowed existence must cease when the association with the body terminates. But it is speaking wildly, and without proof, thus to assume that the soul has been created with an existence confined solely to the time of its society with the body. . . . We perceive that the existence of the body is not confined to the duration of its society with the soul. After death has severed this connection, the body still exists, even to its most minute particles. We see two things only — the one, that the body is separated and disintegrated; this cannot happen to the soul, which is simple, indivisible, and void of arrangement; the other, that the body moves no longer with dependence on the thoughts of the soul. Should we not conclude, then, in the same manner, and with much greater reason, that the soul continues to exist on its side, and that it then commences to think, independently of the operations of the body.

*Fenelon*

When one dies one feels the separation of the soul from his body. When the soul thus separates itself, there is no longer any sensation; he is without life, and death makes a separation from all. But, when the man is raised up, he feels himself revived. When he is reanimated, he experiences in his new state that God is the soul of his soul, the life of his life, in such way that he makes himself the, as it were, natural principle of it, without the soul's feeling or perceiving it by reason of its *unity* or *intimateness*.

*Madame Guyon*

## 198

I have had a presentiment that you would not survive this illness. I lose in you my most faithful, and the only friend on whom I could rely, in the persecutions which threaten me. I feel my loss but rejoice in your happiness. I could envy you. Death only lends a helping hand to rend away the veil, which hides infinite beauties. Our Lord has strongly cemented our souls. May the benediction of the divine Master rest upon you. Go, blessed soul, and receive the recompense prepared for all those, who are wholly the Lord's. Go, we separate in the name of the Lord; I cannot say a last adieu, for we shall be for ever united in Him. I hope in the goodness of God to be present with you in heart and spirit, at the time of your departure, and to receive with you, the divine Master who is waiting for you. Be my ambassador in the courts above, and say to Him I love Him.

*Madame Guyon*

## 199

. . . And when, O Virgin, I shall come to die,  
Remember that the poet is but a child,  
And hush me with the little drowsy song  
That soothed Him when His eyes with dreams were wild  
And the vague mystery of the night was by.  
He was a frightened child . . . nay, your eyes throng  
With memories . . . and let it not be long,  
The drowsiness; but croon,  
And bring deep slumber soon.  
And now it seems to me — oh, is it wrong —  
I feel your tears fall on my tired head. . . .  
And when I fall, seeing I wear your sleeve,  
Succour me, Holy One,

Sun that outshines the sun!  
Permit not that I faint alone and grieve.  
Commend me to your Son that, when I cease  
To breathe this air, He may,  
True God and Man, plunge deep my soul in peace.

*Petrarch*

## 200

Let be, O calling bird and rippling lake;  
And, crystal cymbals of the running streams,  
Cease your intolerable clash that seems  
Her cries and laughter: for my soul's awake,  
And all my helpless verse into the heart-break  
Of song springs up. Nay, what is that? There gleams  
A Silken Something where the wild rose teems,  
I thought her in the clay, by some mistake,  
Not understanding heaven; but rosy, tanned,  
She's there — that movement — all the red and white:  
"No tears! No tears! You do not understand  
That, when I seemed to have closed my eyes that night,  
I merely opened them upon a land  
Like one great flower — Infinity — the Light."

*Petrarch*

## 201

Closer and closer come the golden calls —  
My Lady's honied, nerve-convincing note:  
How well I know its cadences by rote,  
As they come lingering from the jasper walls;  
And all my stoicism, how it falls!  
When I look in a mirror — strange, remote,  
A face looks up, on whose wan tints I gloat  
And say: "How soon now you will deck Death's halls!"  
If I could only know the when, the where,



Of loosing this poor gown, so slight, so frail,  
And yet so heavy with mortality,  
The when, the where, of leaving my dim jail  
The world, and meeting, high up in the air,  
My Lord and Lady, who do wait me there!

*Petrarch*

202

O splendour of God! by means of which I saw  
The lofty triumph of the realm veracious,  
Give me the power to say how it I saw!  
There is a light above, which visible  
Makes the Creator unto every creature,  
Who only in beholding Him has peace,  
And it expands itself in circular form  
To such extent, that its circumference  
Would be too large a girdle for the sun.  
The semblance of it is all made of rays  
Reflected from the top of Primal Motion,  
Which takes therefrom vitality and power  
And as a hill in water at its base  
Mirrors itself, as if to see its beauty  
When affluent most in verdure and in flowers,  
So, ranged aloft all round about the light,  
Mirrored I saw in more ranks than a thousand  
All who above there have from us returned.  
And if the lowest row collect within it  
So great a light, how vast the amplitude  
Is of this Rose in its extremest leaves!  
My vision in the vastness and the height  
Lost not itself, but comprehended all  
The quantity and quality of that gladness. . . .  
In fashion then as if a snow-white rose  
Displayed itself to me the saintly host, . . .

Their faces had they all of living flame,  
And wings of gold, and all the rest so white  
No snow unto that limit doth attain. . . .  
This realm secure and full of gladness,  
Crowded with ancient people and with modern,  
Unto one mark had all its look and love.

*Dante*

## 203

Whene'er the idol of these eyes appears  
Unto my musing heart so weak and strong,  
Death comes between her and my soul ere long  
Chasing her thence with troops of gathering fears.  
Nathless this violence my spirit cheers  
With better hope than if she had no wrong;  
While Love invincible arrays the throng  
Of dauntless thoughts, and thus harangues his peers:  
But once, he argues, can a mortal die;  
But once be born: and he who dies afire,  
What shall he gain if erst he dwell with me?  
That burning love whereby the soul flies free,  
Doth lure each fervent spirit to aspire  
Like gold refined in flame to God on high.

*Michael Angelo*

## 204

So friendly is the fire to flinty stone,  
That, struck therefrom and kindled to a blaze,  
It burns the stone, and from the ash doth raise  
What lives thenceforward binding stones in one:  
Kiln-hardened this resists both frost and sun,  
Acquiring higher worth for endless days —  
As the purged soul from hell returns with praise,  
Amid the heavenly host to take her throne.

E'en so the fire struck from my soul, that lay  
Close-hidden in my heart, may temper me,  
Till burned and slaked to better life I rise.  
If, made mere smoke and dust, I live today,  
Fire-hardened I shall live eternally;  
Such gold, not iron, my spirit strikes and tries.

*Michael Angelo*

## 205

Now you see that the hope and the desire of returning home and to one's former state is like the moth to the light, and that the man who with constant longing waits with joy each new spring time, each new summer, each new month and new year—deeming that the things he longs for are ever too late in coming—does not perceive that he is longing for his own destruction. But this desire is the very quintessence, the spirit of the elements, which finding itself imprisoned with the soul is ever longing to return from the human body to its giver. And you must know that this same longing is that quintessence, inseparable from nature, and that man is the image of the world.

*Leonardo da Vinci*

## 206

The soul can never be corrupted with the corruption of the body, but is in the body as it were the air which causes the sound of the organ, where, when a pipe bursts, the wind would cease to have any good effect.

*Leonardo da Vinci*

## 207

What is our true resurrection and renewal? Even that God should reserve us and set us in his kingdom; that when he has made us to wayfare through this world, and

to pass through fire and water and all other afflictions, we may in the end be exempted from all the miseries of this world, and be made partakers of his life and glory. . . .

We truly hear that the Kingdom of God shall be stuffed full with brightness, joy, felicity and glory. . . .

Seeing that we have such promises at God's hand, and such assurance in the person of our Lord Jesus Christ, we ought to fight manfully against the dreadfulness of death.

Christ, therefore, is risen again, that he might have us companions of the life to come. He was raised up of the Father—he was raised up by the power of the Spirit, which is common to us, unto the office of quickening.

*John Calvin*

## 208

. . . Plain it is that every one that dieth, departeth either in the faith of Christ Jesus, or departeth in incredulity; plain it is, that they that depart in the true faith of Christ Jesus rest from their labours, and from death do go to life everlasting.

The departed are in peace, and rest from their labours; not that they sleep, and come to a certain oblivion (as some fantastic heads do affirm), but that they are delivered from all fear, all torment, and all temptation, to which we and all God's elect are subject in this life.

*John Knox*

## 209

Woods, hills, and rivers, now are desolate  
 Sith he is gone, the which then all did grace;  
 And all the fields do wail their widow state,  
 Sith death their fairest flower did late deface:  
 The fairest flower in field that ever grew  
 Was Astrophel; that was we all may rue . . .

Break now your girlonds, O ye shepherds' lasses!  
Sith the fair flower which them adorned is gone;  
The flower which them adorned is gone to ashes,  
Never again let lass put girlond on:  
Instead of girlond wear sad cypress now,  
And bitter elder broken from the bough.

We ever sing the love-lays which he made;  
Who ever made such lays of love as he?  
We ever read the riddles which he said  
Unto yourselves to make you merry glee:  
Your merry glee is now laid all abed,  
Your merry maker now, alas! is dead.

Death, the devourer of all world's delight,  
Hath robbed you and reft from me my joy;  
Both you and me, and all the world, he quite  
Hath robbed of joyance, and left sad annoy.  
Joy of the world, and shepherd's pride, was he;  
Shepherds, hope never like again to see.

O Death! that hast us of such riches reft,  
Tell us, at least, what hath thou with it done?  
What is become of him whose flower here left  
Is but the shadow of his likeness gone?  
Scarce like the shadow of that which he was,  
Nought like, but that he like a shade did pass.

But that immortal spirit, which was decked  
With all the dowries of celestial grace,  
By sovereign choice from th' heavenly quires select,  
And lineally derived from angels' race,  
O what is now of it become? aread:  
Aye me! can so divine a thing be dead.



Ah! no: it is not dead, ne can it die,  
But lives for aye in blissful paradise,  
Where like a new-born babe it soft doth lie  
In bed of lilies, wrapt in tender wise,  
And compassed all about with roses sweet,  
And dainty violets from head to feet.

There thousand birds, all of celestial brood,  
To him do sweetly carol day and night,  
And with strange notes, of him well understood,  
Lull him asleep in angel-like delight;  
Whilst in sweet dream to him presented be  
Immortal beauties, which no eye may see.

But he them sees, and takes exceeding pleasure  
Of their divine aspects, appearing plain,  
And kindling love in him above all measure;  
Sweet love, still joyous, never feeling pain;  
For what so goodly form he there doth see  
He may enjoy, from jealous rancour free.

There liveth he in everlasting bliss,  
Sweet spirit! never fearing more to die,  
Ne dreading harm from any foes of his,  
Ne fearing savage beasts' more cruelty,  
Whilst we here wretches wail his private lack,  
And with vain vows do often call him back.

But live thou there still, happy, happy Spirit!  
And give us leave thee here to lament;  
Not thee that dost thy heaven's joys inherit,  
But our own selves, that here in dole are drent.  
Thus do we weep and wail, and wear our eyes,  
Mourning in others our own miseries.

*Edmund Spenser*

## 210

. . . I believe that the souls of those that die in the Lord are blessed, and rest from their labours, and enjoy the sight of God. . . .

*Francis Bacon*

## 211

. . . Christ said to Martha, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead (mark, though he were dead) yet shall he live (mark, live though he be dead); and whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, shall never die." . . . This is the true and substantial belief. . . . The true servants of God have their fruits unto holiness, and their end is everlasting life.

*George Fox*

## 212

After this it was noised abroad that Mr. Valiant-for-Truth was sent for by a summons. . . . When he understood it, he called for his friends, and told them of it. Then, said he, "I am going to my Father's; and though with great difficulty I have got hither, yet now I do not repent me of all the trouble I have been at to arrive where I am. My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me that I have fought His battles who will now be my reward." When the day that he must go hence was come, many accompanied him to the river-side, into which as he went, he said, "Death, where is thy sting?" And as he went down deeper, he said, "Grave, where is thy victory?" So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

*John Bunyan*

## 213

. . . Weep no more,  
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,  
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.  
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,  
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,  
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore  
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:  
So Lycidas, sunk low, but mounted high . . .  
Where other groves and other streams along . . .  
[He] hears the unexpressive nuptial song,  
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.  
There entertain him all the Saints above,  
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,  
That sing, and singing in their glory move,  
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.

*John Milton*

## 214

. . . death like sleep,  
A gentle wafting to immortal life.

*John Milton*

## 215

One short sleep past we wake eternally,  
And Death shall be no more; Death thou shalt die.

*John Donne*

## 216

. . . Many things prove it palpably absurd to conclude  
that we shall cease to be at death. . . . There is nothing  
to be thought strange in our being able to exist in another  
state of life. And that we are now living beings affords a

strong probability that we shall continue so; unless there is some positive ground, and there is none from reason or analogy, to think death will destroy us. . . . Indeed [a persuasion of this kind] can have no other ground than some such imagination as that of our gross bodies being ourselves, which is contrary to experience. Experience too most clearly shows us the folly of concluding from the body and the living agent affecting each other mutually, that the dissolution of the former is the destruction of the latter. There are remarkable instances of their not affecting each other, which lead us to a contrary conclusion. The supposition, then, which in all reason we are to go upon, is that our living nature will continue after death. . . .”

*Bishop Butler*

217

. . . It [is] uncertain what the state of separation [is]; . . . but it is ten to one that when we die, we shall find the state of affairs wholly differing from all our opinions here, and that no man or sect hath guessed anything at all of it as it is. . . . However it be, it is certain they [the departed] are not dead; and though we no more see the souls of our dead friends than we did when they were alive, yet we have reason to believe them to know more things and better. . . .

*Jeremy Taylor*

218

. . . There is something in us that can be without us, and will be after us. . . . I believe that the whole frame of a beast doth perish, and is left in the same state after death as before it materialled into life: that the souls of men know neither contrary nor corruption; that they subsist beyond the body, and outlive death by the privilege

of their proper natures, and without a miracle; that the souls of the faithful, as they leave earth, take possession of heaven. . .

*Sir Thomas Browne*

## 219

. . . That souls remain after they are separated from their bodies . . . is a most ancient tradition. . . . Neither can we find any argument drawn from nature which overthrows this . . . tradition. . . . Nay, there are many not inconsiderable arguments for the contrary; such as the absolute power every man has over his own actions; a natural desire of immortality; the power of conscience, which comforts him when he has performed any good actions, though never so difficult; and, on the contrary, torments him when he has done any bad thing, especially at the approach of death. . . . If then the soul be of such a nature, [it] contains no principles of corruption; and God has given us many tokens by which we ought to understand that his will is, it should remain after its body. . . .

*Hugo Grotius*

## 220

How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the soul, which is capable of such immense perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created? Are such abilities made to no purpose? . . . Were a human soul thus at a stand in her accomplishments, were her faculties to be full blown, and incapable of further enlargements, I could imagine it might fall away insensibly, and drop at once into a state of annihilation. But can we believe a thinking being that is in a perpetual progress of improvements, and travelling on from perfection to per-



fection, after having just looked abroad into the works of its Creator, and made a few discoveries of his infinite goodness, wisdom and power, must perish at her first setting out, and in the very beginning of her inquiries?

. . . There is not, in my opinion, a more pleasing and triumphant consideration in religion, than this of the perpetual progress which the soul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength, to consider that she is to shine for ever with new accessions of glory, and brighten to all eternity; that she will be still adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it must be a prospect pleasing to God himself, to see his creation for ever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to him, by greater degrees of resemblance.

. . . With what astonishment and veneration may we look into our own souls, where there are such hidden stores of virtue and knowledge, such inexhausted sources of perfection? . . . The soul, considered with its Creator, is like one of those mathematical lines that may draw nearer to another to all eternity without a possibility of touching it: and can there be a thought so transporting, as to consider ourselves in these perpetual approaches to him, who is not only the standard of perfection but of happiness!

*Joseph Addison*

He [God] is not eternity or infinity, but eternal and infinite; he is not duration or space, but he endures and is present. He endures for ever and is everywhere present; and by existing always and everywhere, he constitutes dura-

tion and space. Every soul that has perception is, though in different times and in different organs of sense and motion, still the same indivisible person. There are given successive parts in duration, co-existent parts in space, but neither the one nor the other in the person of a man or his thinking principle; and much less can there be found in the thinking substance of God.

*Sir Isaac Newton*

## 222

. . . Eternity is the very essence of God, in so far as this involves necessary existence. Imagination is the idea wherewith the mind contemplates a thing as present, yet this idea indicates rather the present disposition of the human body than the nature of the eternal thing. Therefore emotion is imagination in so far as it indicates the present disposition of the body; therefore the mind is, only while the body endures, subject to emotions which are attributable to passions. Hence it follows that no love save intellectual love is eternal. . . . If we look to men's general opinion we shall see that they are indeed conscious of the eternity of the mind, but that they confuse eternity with duration and ascribe it to the imagination or the memory which they believe to remain after death.

God is absolutely infinite, that is, the nature of God rejoices in infinite perfection; and such rejoicing is accompanied by the idea of himself, that is, the idea of his own cause: now this is what we have described as intellectual love.

This love of the mind must be referred to the activities of the mind; it is itself, indeed, an activity whereby the mind regards itself accompanied by the idea of God as cause; that is, an activity whereby God, in so far as can be explained through the human mind, regards himself

accompanied by the idea of himself; therefore, this love of the mind is part of the infinite love wherewith God loves himself.

Hence it follows that God, in so far as he loves himself, loves man, and consequently, that the love of God towards man, and the intellectual love of the mind towards God, are identical. From what has been said we clearly understand, wherein our salvation, or blessedness, or freedom consists; namely, in the constant and eternal love towards God, and in God's love toward men.

*Spinoza*

223

God, out of his infinite mercy, . . . bestows eternal life on mortal man. . . . This may serve to explain the . . . sons of God, who are . . . like their Father, made after his image and likeness. For this image, to which they [are] conformed, [is] immortality and eternal life.

*John Locke*

224

It belongs only to the supreme Reason, whom nothing escapes, distinctly to comprehend all the infinite and to see all the reasons and all the consequences. All that we can do in regard to infinities is to know them confusedly, and to know at least distinctly that they are such, otherwise we judge very wrongly of the beauty and grandeur of the universe; so also we could not have a sound Physics explaining the nature of bodies in general, and still less a proper Pneumatology comprising the knowledge of God, of souls, and of simple substances in general.

This knowledge of insensible perceptions serves also to explain why and how two souls, human or otherwise, of one and the same species never come forth perfectly alike

from the hands of the Creator and have always each its original relation to the points of view which it will have in the universe. But this it is which already follows from the remarks I have made about two individuals, viz.: that their *difference* is always *more than numerical*. There is, moreover, another point of importance, in respect to which I am obliged to deviate not only from the opinions of our author [Locke] but also from those of the majority of modern philosophers: I believe with the majority of the ancients that all genii, all souls, all simple created substances, are always joined to a body, and that there are never souls entirely separated. I have a priori reasons for my view, but the doctrine will be found to have this advantage, that it resolves all the philosophical difficulties as to the condition of souls, their perpetual conservation, their immortality and their operation. The difference between one of their states and another, never being and never having been other than that of more sensible to less sensible, of more perfect to less perfect, or the reverse, this doctrine renders their past or future state as explicable as that of the present. One feels sufficiently, however little reflection he makes, that this is rational, and that a leap from one state to another infinitely different could not be natural. I am astonished that by leaving the natural without reason, the schoolmen have been willing purposely to plunge themselves into very great difficulties, and to supply matter for apparent triumphs of the strong-minded, all of whose reasons fall at once by this explanation of things, in which there is no more difficulty in conceiving the conservation of souls than there is in conceiving the change of the caterpillar into the butterfly, and the conservation of thought in sleep, to which Jesus Christ has divinely well compared death. I have already said also that sleep could not last always and that it will last least



or almost not at all in the case of rational souls who are always destined to preserve the personality which has been given them in the City of God, and consequently remembrance; and this in order to be more susceptible of chastisements and recompenses. And I add further that in general no derangement of the visible organs is capable of throwing things into entire confusion in the animal or of destroying all the organs and depriving the soul of all its organic body and of the ineffaceable remains of all preceding traces. . . . The perplexity into which men have fallen by their ignorance . . . has caused us, in my opinion, to neglect the natural explanation of the conservation of the soul. This has done much harm to natural religion, and has caused many to believe that our immortality was only a miraculous grace of God. . . .

If any one should say that God may add the faculty of thinking to the prepared mechanism, I should reply that if this were done, and if God adds this faculty to matter without putting therein at the same time a substance which was the subject of inhesion of this same faculty, i.e., without adding thereto an immaterial soul, it would be necessary that matter should be miraculously exalted in order to receive a power of which it is naturally incapable. . . . It is enough that it cannot be maintained that matter thinks without putting into it an imperishable soul or a miracle, and that thus the immortality of our souls follows from what is natural, since their extinction can be maintained only by a miracle, whether by exalting matter or by annihilating the soul.

*Leibnitz*

If the immortality of the soul were an error, I should be sorry not to believe it. I avow that I am not so



humble as the atheist; I know not how they think, but for me, I do not wish to exchange the idea of immortality against that of the beatitude of one day. I delight in believing myself as immortal as God himself. Independently of revealed ideas, metaphysical ideas give me a vigorous hope of my eternal wellbeing, which I would never renounce.

*Montesquieu*

## 226

Man lives for ever, because he is capable of being conjoined with God by love and faith; every one is capable of this.

*Emanuel Swedenborg*

## 227

When the body is no longer able to discharge its functions in the natural world, corresponding to the thoughts and affections of its spirit which it has from the spiritual world, then man is said to die. . . . Yet man does not die, but is only separated from the bodily part which he had for use in the world, and the man himself lives. It is said that the man himself lives, because man is not man from the body, but from the spirit, since the spirit thinks in man, and thought with affection makes man. From this it is plain that man when he dies, only passes from one world to another. Hence it is that death . . . in its internal sense, signifies resurrection and continuation of life.

*Emanuel Swedenborg*

## 228

The metaphysical arguments for the immortality of the soul are . . . inconclusive; . . . the moral arguments or

those derived from the analogy of nature are strong and convincing.

*David Hume*

229

It must be so — Plato, thou reasonest well!  
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
This longing after immortality?  
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,  
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul  
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?  
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;  
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,  
And intimates eternity to man.

*Joseph Addison*

230

My words and thoughts do both expresse this notion,  
That Life hath with the sun a double motion.  
The first is straight, and our diurnal friend;  
The other hid, and doth obliquely bend.

One life is wrapt in flesh, and tends to earth;  
The other winds toward Him, Whose happie birth  
Taught me to live here so that still one eye  
Should aim and shoot at that which is on high;  
Quitting with daily labour all my pleasure,  
To gain at harvest an eternal Treasure.

*George Herbert*

231

Vital spark of heav'nly flame!  
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:  
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,  
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!

Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,  
And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper; Angels say,  
Sister Spirit, come away.  
What is this absorbs me quite?  
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,  
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?  
Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death?

The world recedes, it disappears!  
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears  
With sounds seraphic ring:  
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!  
O Grave! Where is thy Victory?  
O Death! Where is thy Sting?

3

*Alexander Pope*

## 232

They are all gone into the world of light!  
And I alone sit lingering here;  
Their very memory is fair and bright,  
And my sad thoughts doth clear. . . .

I see them walking in an air of glory,  
Whose light doth trample on my days:  
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,  
Mere glimmering and decays. . . .

Dear, beauteous Death! the jewel of the just,  
Shining nowhere, but in the dark;  
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,  
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest, may know  
At first sight, if the bird be flown;  
But what fair well or grove he sings in now  
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as Angels in some brighter dreams  
Call to the soul, when man doth sleep;  
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,  
And into glory peep.

*H. Vaughan*

## 233

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast  
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed)  
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,  
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,  
There sits quiescent on the floods that show  
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,  
While airs impregnated with incense play  
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay:  
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore,  
"Where tempests never beat nor billows roar,"  
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide  
Of life, long since has anchored by thy side. . . .

*William Cowper*

## 234

Should Fate command me to the farthest verge  
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,  
Rivers unknown to song . . . 'tis nought to me,  
Since God is ever present, ever felt,  
In the void waste as in the city full,

And where he vital spreads there must be joy.  
When even at last the solemn Hour shall come,  
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,  
I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,  
With rising wonders sing: I cannot go  
Where Universal Love not smiles around,  
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their sons;  
From seeming Evil still educing Good,  
And better thence again, and better still,  
In infinite progression.— But I lose  
Myself in Him, in Light ineffable. . . .

*James Thomson*

## 235

In Nature everything is connected, like body and spirit. Our future destination is a new link in the chain of being, which connects itself with the present link most minutely, and by the most subtle progression; as our earth is connected with the sun, and as the moon is connected with the earth.

When death bursts the bonds of limitation, God will transplant us, like flowers, into quite other fields, and surround us with entirely different circumstances. Who has not experienced what new faculties are given to the soul by a new situation—faculties which, in our old corner, in the stifling atmosphere of old circumstances and occupations, we had never imagined ourselves capable of.

In these matters we can do nothing but conjecture. But wherever I may be, through whatever worlds I may be led, I know that I shall for ever remain in the hands of the Father who brought me hither, and who calls me further on.

*Herder*



## 236

All, all on earth is shadow, all beyond  
Is substance; the reverse is folly's creed: . . .  
This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,  
The twilight of our day, the vestibule,  
Life's theatre as yet is shut, and death,  
Strong death, alone can heave the massy bar,  
This gross impediment of clay remove,  
And make us embryos of existence free.  
From real life, but little more remote,  
Is he not yet a candidate for light,  
The future embryo, slumb'ring in his sire.  
Embryos we must be, till we burst the shell,  
Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to life,  
The life of Gods, O transport! and of man.

*Edward Young*

## 237

. . . Tell me, ye shining hosts  
That navigate a sea that knows no storms,  
Beneath a vault unsullied with a cloud,  
If from your elevation, whence ye view  
Distinctly scenes invisible to man,  
And systems of whose birth no tidings yet  
Have reached this nether world, ye spy a race  
Favoured as ours, transgressors from the womb,  
And hasting to a grave, yet doomed to rise,  
And to possess a brighter heaven than yours?  
As one who long detained on foreign shores  
Pants to return, and when he sees afar  
His country's weather-bleached and battered rocks  
From the green wave emerging, darts an eye  
Radiant with joy towards the happy land,

So I with animated hopes behold,  
And many an aching wish, your beamy fires,  
That show like beacons in the blue abyss,  
Ordained to guide the embodied spirit home,  
From toilsome life to never-ending rest.  
Love kindles as I gaze, I feel desires  
That give assurance of their own success,  
And that, infused from Heaven, must thither tend.

*William Cowper*

238

Two things there are which, the oftener and the more steadfastly we consider them, fill the mind with an ever new and ever rising admiration and reverence: the starry heaven above, the moral law within. Both I contemplate lying clear before me, and connect both immediately with the consciousness of my own existence. The one begins from the place I occupy in the outer world of sense; expands, beyond the bounds of imagination, the connection of my body with it into a union with worlds rising beyond worlds, and systems blending into systems; and protends it also into the illimitable times of their periodic movement, their commencement and duration. The other begins with my invisible self, with my personality, and represents me in a world truly infinite, indeed, but whose infinity can be tracked out only by the intellect, and my connection with which . . . I am compelled to recognize as universal and necessary. In the former, the first view of a countless multitude of worlds annihilates, as it were, my importance as an animal creation. The other, on the contrary, immeasurably elevates my worth as an intelligence; and this through my personality, in which the moral law reveals to me a life independent of the animal king-

dom, . . . which is not restricted by the conditions and limits of this life, but stretches out into eternity.

*Immanuel Kant*

## 239

In perceiving the order, the prodigious skill, and the mechanical and geometrical laws that reign in the universe, their causes and the innumerable ends of all things, I am seized with admiration and respect. I immediately judge that if the works of man, even my own, compel me to acknowledge an intelligence within us, I should acknowledge one far more superior actuating the multitude of so many works. I admit of this supreme intelligence, without fearing that I shall be obliged to change my opinion. Nothing staggers me with respect to this axiom, every work demonstrates a workman.

Is this intelligence eternal? Doubtless, for whether I admit or reject the eternity of matter, I cannot reject the eternal existence of its supreme artisan; and it is evident that if it exists at present, it ever has existed. . . .

We are far from pretending to any certainty that what we call "soul" in the brutes perishes with them; we are well assured matter never perishes at all; and we are of opinion that it is possible God may have endowed animals with somewhat that may retain to all eternity, if God so please, the faculty of forming ideas. We are very far from asserting that the thing is really and certainly so; and it belongs not to man to be so confident of himself; but we dare not set bounds to the power of the Deity. We say it is extremely probable that the brutes, which are mere matter, may have received from Him a certain portion of intelligence. We discover daily certain properties of matter; that is to say, so many gifts of the Deity, whereof we had no manner of conception.

. . . There is undoubtedly some property in light, which distinguishes it from all other kinds of matter: it would seem that light is a kind of middle substance between bodies and the other kinds of entities, of which we are wholly ignorant. It is very probable that those other species of matter are themselves a certain middle rank which leads to other creatures, and that there may be, in this manner, a certain chain of substances which rise to infinity.

This idea seems to us worthy of the greatness of God, if ever any was or can be so. Among these substances He might no doubt have chosen one, in order to place it in our body, which is known by the name of "the human soul"; the sacred books which we have read tell us this soul is immortal. Reason in this point agrees with revelation; for how is it possible that any substance should perish? And if all nature is destroyed, yet being must ever exist. We cannot conceive such a thing as the creation of a substance; and it is equally impossible for us to form any idea of its annihilation.

. . . Let us, therefore, live in peace like brothers who adore one common father. . . . We have but a span of existence to enjoy. Let us then enjoy it in peace, without falling together by the ears for quibbles and knotty questions, which will be better resolved on our entering that boundless ocean of eternity, which begins the moment our hour-glass is entirely spent.

*Voltaire*

240

I believe in God as fully as I believe in any other truth. If God exists, he is perfect; if he is perfect, he is wise, almighty and just; if he is just and almighty, my soul is immortal.

*J. J. Rousseau*



## 241

There is nothing more awful than to attempt to cast a glance among the clouds and mists which hide the broken extremity of the celebrated bridge in Mirza. Yet, when every day brings us nigher that termination, one would almost think our views should become clearer. Alas! it is not so: there is a curtain to be withdrawn, a veil to be rent, before we shall see things as they really are. There are few, I trust, who disbelieve the existence of a God; nay, I doubt if at all times, and in all moods, any single individual ever adopted that . . . creed, though some have professed it. With the belief of a Deity, that of the immortality of the soul . . . is indissolubly linked. . . . There is a God, and a just God — a judgment and a future life — and all who own so much, let them act according to the faith that is in them.

*Sir Walter Scott*

## 242

Unfading Hope! when life's last embers burn,  
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return!  
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour!  
Oh! then, thy kingdom comes! Immortal Power!  
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly  
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye!  
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey  
The morning dream of life's eternal day. . . .

Daughter of Faith, awake, arise, illumine  
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb;  
Melt, and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll  
Cimmerian darkness o'er the parting soul!  
Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of Dismay,



Chased on his night-steed by the star of day!  
The strife is o'er — the pangs of nature close,  
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes. . . .

Soul of the just! companion of the dead!  
Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled?  
Back to its heavenly source thy being goes,  
Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose. . . .  
From planet whirl'd to planet more remote,  
He visits realms beyond the reach of thought;  
But wheeling homeward, when his course is run,  
Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun!  
So hath the traveller of earth unfurl'd  
Her trembling wings, emerging from the world;  
And o'er the path by mortal never trod,  
Sprung to her source, the bosom of her God!

*Thomas Campbell*

## 243

A being in whom the thought of immortality can arise,  
cannot be mortal.

*J. P. Richter*

## 244

I should be the very last man to dispense with faith  
in a future life. I have a firm conviction that the soul  
is an existence of an indestructible nature, whose working  
is from eternity to eternity. It is like the sun, which seems  
indeed to set, but really never sets, shining on in unchange-  
able splendour.

*Goethe*

## 245

To me the eternal existence of my soul is proved from my idea of activity. If I work incessantly till my death, nature is bound to give me another form of existence when the present can no longer sustain my spirit.

*Goethe*

## 246

The belief in immortality is by no means incompatible with atheism: for the same Necessity which in this life threw my shining dewdrop of *Me* into a flower-bell and under a sun, can repeat the process in a second life; indeed, it can embody me more easily the second time than the first.

*J. P. Richter*

## 247

I trouble not myself about the manner of future existence. I content myself with believing, even to positive conviction, that the Power which gave me existence is able to continue it in any form and in any manner he pleases, either with or without this body; and it appears more probable to me that I shall continue to exist hereafter, than that I should have existence as I now have, before that existence began.

*Thomas Paine*

## 248

The consciousness of existence is the only conceivable idea we can have of another life, and the continuance of that consciousness is immortality. The consciousness of

existence or the knowing that we exist, is not necessarily confined to the same form, nor to the same matter, even in this life.

We have not in all cases the same form, nor in any case the same matter that composed our bodies twenty or thirty years ago; and yet we are conscious of being the same persons. . . . We know not how much, or rather how little, of our composition it is, and how exquisitely fine that little is, that creates in us this consciousness of existence; and all beyond is like the pulp of a peach, distinct and separate from the vegetative speck in the kernel. Who can say by what exceedingly fine action of fine matter it is that a thought is produced in what we call the mind? And yet that thought when produced, as I now produce the thought I am writing, is capable of becoming immortal, and is the only production of man that has that capacity.

*Thomas Paine*

## 249

The body of Benjamin Franklin, printer (like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out, and stripped of its lettering and gilding), lies here food for worms, but the work itself shall not be lost, for it will (as he believed) appear once more in a new and more beautiful edition, corrected and amended by the author.

*Benjamin Franklin*

## 250

Life is a state of embryo, a preparation for life. A man is not completely born until he has passed through death.

*Benjamin Franklin*

## 251

All Death is Nature in Birth, and in Death itself appears visibly the exaltation of Life. There is no destructive principle in Nature, for Nature throughout is pure unclouded Life; it is not Death that kills, but the more unclouded Life which concealed behind the former, bursts forth into new development. Death and Birth are but the struggle of Life with itself to assume a more glorious and congenial form. And my death,—how can it be aught else, since I am not a mere show and semblance of life, but bear within me the one original, true and essential Life? It is impossible to conceive that Nature should annihilate a life which does not proceed from her; — the Nature which exists for me and not I for her. . . . Even because she destroys me must she animate me anew; it is only my Higher Life, unfolding itself in her, before which my present life can disappear; and what mortals call Death is the visible appearance of this second Life. Did no reasonable being who has once beheld the light of this world die, there would be no ground to look with faith for a new heavens and a new earth; the only possible purpose of Nature, to manifest and maintain Reason, would be fulfilled here below, and her circle would be completed. But the very act by which she consigns a free and independent being to death, is her own solemn entrance, intelligible to all Reason, into a region beyond this act itself, and beyond the world-sphere of existence which is thereby closed. Death is the ladder by which my spiritual vision rises to a new Life and a new Nature.

Every one of my fellow creatures who leaves this earthly brotherhood and whom, because he is my brother, my spirit cannot regard as annihilated, draws my thoughts after him beyond the grave; — he is still, and to him

there belongs a place. While we mourn for him here below,—as, in the dim realms of our Consciousness there might be mourning when a man bursts from them into the light of this world's sun,—above there is rejoicing that a man is born into that world, as we citizens of the earth receive with joy those who are born unto us. When I shall one day follow, it will be but joy for me; sorrow shall remain behind in the sphere I shall have left.

*Fichte*

## 252

I do not, by empty words of consolation, want to tear open again the wounds of your sorrow, but there is one consolation for both of us, that the time is not distant when our suffering and mourning bodies will be lain at rest for a happy reunion with those we have loved and lost, and we shall love for ever and never lose again.

*Thomas Jefferson*

## 253

But is this continuation of the person possible? After the dissolution of the body, can anything of us remain? In truth, the moral person which acts well or ill, . . . is united to a body, makes use of it, and, in a certain measure, depends upon it, but is not it. The body is composed of parts, may decrease or increase; is divisible, essentially divisible and even infinitely divisible. But that something that has consciousness of itself, that says *I, me*, that feels itself to be free and responsible, does it not also feel that there is in it no division, that it is a being one and simple? . . . It remains identical to itself under the diversity of the phenomena that manifest it. That identity, that indivisibility of the person, is its spirituality.



Spirituality is, therefore, the very essence of the person. . . . The spirituality of the soul is the necessary foundation of immortality.

Whatever he [man] does, whatever he feels, whatever he thinks, he thinks upon the infinite, loves the infinite, tends to the infinite. This need of the infinite is the mainspring of scientific curiosity, the principle of all discoveries. Love also stops and rests only there. . . . Finally, like thought and love, human activity is without limits. Who can say where it shall stop? Behold this world almost known. Soon another world will be necessary for us. Man is journeying toward the infinite which is always receding before him, which he always pursues. He conceives it, he feels it, he bears it, thus to speak, in himself,—how should his end be elsewhere? Hence that unconquerable instinct of immortality, that universal hope of another life to which all worships, all poesies, all traditions bear witness. We tend to the infinite with all our powers; death comes to interrupt the destiny that seeks its goal, and overtakes it unfinished. It is, therefore, likely that there is something after death, since in death nothing in us is terminated. . . . My perfection, my moral perfection, that of which I have the clearest idea and the most invincible need, for which I feel that I am born,—in vain I call for it, in vain I labour for it; it escapes me, and leaves me only hope. Shall this hope be deceived? . . . A being that should remain incomplete and unfinished, that should not attain the end which all his instincts proclaim for him, would be a monster in the eternal order,—a problem much more difficult to solve than the difficulties which have been raised against the immortality of the soul. In our opinion, this tendency of all our desires and all the powers of the soul towards the infinite, elucidated by the principle of final causes, is a serious and important

confirmation of the moral proof and metaphysical proof of another life.

*M. Victor Cousin*

## 254

Then is nature itself nothing less than the ladder of resurrection, which, step by step, leads upwards, or rather is carried from the abyss of eternal death up to the apex of light in the heavenly illumination. For, understanding it in this sense, it is impossible to think of nature without remembering at the same time the divine hand which has built this pyramid, and which, along this ladder, brings life out of death. This view, moreover, accounts for the fact, that a state of slumber is essential to nature — and furnishes an explanation why this perpetually-recurring collapse into sleep, which to us appears so near akin to death, should be nature's proper character. And just as the consuming fire of death appears in the more highly organized beings to be somewhat subdued and restrained, mitigated or exalted into the quickening warmth of life, so also sleep is only the more than half enlightened brother of death. And indeed as such, and the lovely messenger of hope to immortal spirits, was he ever regarded and described by the ancients; but that which for them was little more than a beautiful image of poetry, is for us the profoundest of truths.

*Frederick von Schlegel*

## 255

X How wonderful is Death,  
 Death and his brother Sleep!  
 One, pale as yonder waning moon  
 With lips of lurid blue!

The other, rosy as the morn  
When throned on ocean's wave  
It blushes o'er the world:  
Yet both so passing wonderful!

*Percy Bysshe Shelley*

## 256

We watched her breathing thro' the night,  
Her breathing soft and low,  
And in her breast the wave of life  
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,  
So slowly moved about,  
As we had lent her half our powers  
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,  
Our fears our hopes belied —  
We thought her dying when she slept,  
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad  
And chill with early showers,  
Her quiet eyelids closed — she had  
Another morn than ours.

*Thomas Hood*

## 257

*Asia* — Oh, mother! wherefore speak the name of death?  
Cease they to love, and move, and breathe, and  
speak,  
Who die?

*The Earth* — It would avail not to reply:

Thou art immortal, and this tongue is known  
But to the uncommunicating dead.

Death is the veil which those who live call life:  
They sleep, and it is lifted. . . .

*Percy Bysshe Shelley*

258

I weep for Adonais — he is dead!

Oh weep for Adonais! though our tears

Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head!

And thou, sad Hour, selected from all years

To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure compeers,

And teach them thine own sorrow! Say: "With me

Died Adonais; till the Future dares

Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall be

An echo and a light unto eternity!" . . .

Oh weep for Adonais — he is dead!

Wake, melancholy Mother, wake and weep!

Yet wherefore? Quench within their burning bed

Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart keep

Like his, a mute and uncomplaining sleep;

For he is gone, where all things wise and fair

Descend; — oh, dream not that the amorous Deep

Will yet restore him to the vital air;

Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at our de-  
spair. . . .

Oh weep for Adonais! — The quick Dreams,

The passion-wingéd Ministers of thought,

Who were his flocks, whom near the living streams

Of his young spirit fed, and whom he taught

The love which was its music, wander not —  
Wander no more, from kindling brain to brain,  
But droop there, whence they sprung; and mourn their  
lot

Round the cold heart, where, after their sweet pain,  
They ne'er will gather strength, or find a home again. . . .

Alas! that all we loved of him should be,  
But for our grief, as if it had not been,  
And grief itself be mortal! Woe is me!  
Whence are we, and why are we? of what scene  
The actors or spectators? Great and mean  
Meet massed in death, who lends what life must borrow.  
As long as skies are blue, and fields are green,  
Evening must usher night, night urge the morrow,  
Month follow month with woe, and year wake year with  
sorrow. . . .

[Yet] peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep —  
He hath awakened from the dream of life —  
'Tis we, who lost in stormy visions, keep  
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,  
And in mad trance, strike with our spirit's knife  
Invulnerable nothings.— *We* decay  
Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief  
Convulse us and consume us day by day,  
And cold hopes swarm like worms within the living clay.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night,  
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,  
And that unrest which men miscall delight,  
Can touch him not and torture not again;  
From the contagion of the world's slow stain  
He is secure, and now can never mourn



A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain;  
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,  
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

He lives, he wakes — 'tis Death is dead, not he;  
Mourn not for Adonais.— Thou young Dawn,  
Turn all thy dew to splendour, for from thee  
The spirit thou lamented is not gone;  
Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to mourn!  
Cease ye faint flowers and fountains, and thou Air  
Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst thrown  
O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it bare  
Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair!

He is made one with Nature: there is heard  
His voice in all her music, from the moan  
Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird;  
He is a presence to be felt and known  
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,  
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move  
Which has withdrawn his being to its own;  
Which wields the world with never wearied love,  
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

He is a portion of the loveliness  
Which once he made more lovely; he doth bear  
His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress  
Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling there  
All new successions to the forms they wear;  
Torturing the unwilling dross that checks its flight  
To its own likeness, as each mass may bear;  
And bursting in its beauty and its might  
From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven's light.

The splendours of the firmanent of time  
May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not;  
Like stars to their appointed height they climb  
And death is a low mist which cannot blot  
The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought  
Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,  
And love and life contend in it, for what  
Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there  
And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air. . . .

The One remains, the many change and pass;  
Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly;  
Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,  
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,  
Until Death tramples it to fragments.— Die,  
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek!  
Follow where all is fled! . . .

That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,  
That Beauty in which all things work and move,  
That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse  
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love  
Which through the web of being blindly wove  
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,  
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of  
The fire for which all thirst, now beams on me,  
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

The breath whose might I have invoked in song  
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven,  
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng  
Whose sails were never to the tempest given;  
The massy earth and spheréd skies are riven!  
I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar;

Whilst burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,  
 The soul of Adonais, like a star,  
 Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

*Percy Bysshe Shelley*

## 259

The thought of immortality is a luminous sea in which  
 he who bathes is all surrounded by stars.

*J. P. Richter*

## 260

. . . Believe thou, O my soul,  
 Life is a vision shadowy of Truth;  
 And vice, and anguish, and the wormy grave,  
 Shapes of a dream! The veiling clouds retire,  
 And lo! the throne of the redeeming God,  
 Forth flashing unimaginable day,  
 Wraps in one blaze earth, heaven and deepest hell.

Contemplant Spirits! ye that hover o'er  
 With untired gaze the immeasurable fount  
 Ebullient with creative Deity!  
 And ye of plastic power, that interfused  
 Roll through the grosser and material mass  
 In organizing surge! Holies of God! . . .  
 I haply journeying my immortal course  
 Shall sometime join your mystic choir. . . .

*Samuel Taylor Coleridge*

## 261

. . . To me the past presents  
 No object for regret;

To me the present gives  
All cause for full content.  
The future? — it is now the cheerful noon,  
And on the sunny-smiling fields I gaze  
With eyes alive to joy:  
When the dark night descends,  
I willingly shall close my weary lids,  
In sure and certain hope to wake again.

*Robert Southey*

## 262

When coldness wraps this suffering clay,  
Ah! whither strays the immortal mind?  
It cannot die, it cannot stray,  
But leaves its darkened dust behind.  
Then, unembodied, doth it trace  
By steps each planet's heavenly way?  
Or fill at once the realms of space,  
A thing of eyes, that all survey?

Eternal, boundless, undecayed,  
A thought unseen, but seeing all,  
All, all in earth, or skies displayed,  
Shall it survey, shall it recall:  
Each fainter trace that memory holds  
So darkly of departed years,  
In one broad glance the soul beholds,  
And all, that was, at once appears.

Before Creator peopled earth,  
Its eye shall roll through chaos back;  
And where the furthest heaven had birth,  
The spirit trace its rising track,

And where the future mars or makes,  
 Its glance dilate o'er all to be,  
 While sun is quenched or system breaks,  
 Fixed in its own Eternity.

Above or Love, Hope, Hate or Fear,  
 It lives all passionless and pure:  
 An age shall fleet like earthly years;  
 Its years as moments shall endure.  
 Away, away, without a wing,  
 O'er all, through all, its thought shall fly;  
 A nameless and eternal thing,  
 Forgetting what it was to die.

*Lord Byron*

## 263

### I

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,  
 The earth, and every common sight,  
     To me did seem  
     Apparelled in celestial light,  
 The glory and the freshness of a dream.  
 It is not now as it hath been of yore; —  
     Turn wheresoe'er I may,  
     By night or day,  
 The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

### II

The Rainbow comes and goes  
 And lovely is the Rose,  
 The Moon doth with delight  
 Look round her when the heavens are bare,



Waters on a starry night  
Are beautiful and fair;  
The sunshine is a glorious birth;  
But yet I know, where'er I go,  
That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

## III

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song  
And while the young lambs bound  
As to the tabor's sound,  
To me alone there came a thought of grief:  
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,  
And I again am strong:  
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;  
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;  
I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,  
The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,  
And all the earth is gay;  
Land and sea  
Give themselves up to jollity,  
And with the heart of May  
Doth every Beast keep holiday; —  
Thou Child of Joy,  
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy  
Shepherd-boy!

## IV

Ye blesséd Creatures, I have heard the call  
Ye to each other make; I see  
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;  
My heart is at your festival,  
My head hath its coronal,

The fulness of your bliss, I feel — I feel it all.

Oh evil day! if I were sullen

While Earth herself is adoring

This sweet May-morning,

And the Children are culling

On every side,

In a thousand valleys far and wide,

Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,

And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm; —

I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!

— But there's a Tree, of many, one,

A single Field which I have looked upon,

Both of them speak of something that is gone:

The Pansy at my feet

Doth the same tale repeat:

Whither is fled the visionary gleam?

Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

## V

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:

The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,

Hath had elsewhere its setting,

And cometh from afar:

Not in entire forgetfulness,

And not in utter nakedness,

But trailing clouds of glory do we come

From God, who is our home:

Heaven lies about us in our infancy!

Shades of the prison-house begin to close

Upon the growing boy,

But He beholds the light, and whence it flows,

He sees it in his joy;

The Youth, who daily farther from the east

Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,  
And by the vision splendid  
Is on his way attended;  
At length the Man perceives it die away,  
And fade into the light of common day.

## VI

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;  
Yearning she hath in her own natural kind,  
And, even with something of a Mother's mind,  
And no unworthy aim,  
The homely Nurse doth all she can  
To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,  
Forget the glories he hath known,  
And that imperial palace when he came.

## VII

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,  
A six years' Darling of a pigmy size!  
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,  
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,  
With light upon him from his father's eyes!  
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,  
Some fragment from his dream of human life,  
Shaped by himself with newly-learned art;  
A wedding or a festival,  
A mourning or a funeral;  
And this hath now his heart;  
And unto this he frames his song:  
Then will he fit his tongue  
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;  
But it will not be long

Ere this be thrown aside,  
And with new joy and pride  
The little Actor cons another part;  
Filling from time to time his "humourous stage"  
With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,  
That Life brings with her in her equipage;  
As if his whole vocation  
Were endless imitation.

## VIII

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie  
Thy Soul's immensity;  
Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep  
Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,  
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,  
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—  
Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!  
On whom those truths do rest,  
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,  
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;  
Thou, over whom thy Immortality  
Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,  
A Presence which is not to be put by;  
Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might  
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,  
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke  
Thy years to bring the inevitable yoke,  
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?  
Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,  
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,  
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

## IX

O joy! that in our embers  
Is something that doth live,  
That nature yet remembers  
What was so fugitive!

The thought of our past years in me doth breed  
Perpetual benediction: not indeed  
For that which is most worthy to be blest —  
Delight and liberty, the simple creed  
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,  
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast: —

Not for these I raise

The song of thanks and praise;

But for those obstinate questionings

Of sense and outward things,

Fallings from us, vanishings;

Blank misgivings of a Creature

Moving about in worlds not realized,

High instincts before which our mortal Nature

Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised:

But for those first affections,

Those shadowy recollections,

Which, be they what they may,

Are yet the fountain light of all our day,

Are yet a master light of all our seeing;

Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make

Our noisy years seem moments in the being

Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,

To perish never;

Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,

Nor Man nor Boy,

Nor all that is at enmity with joy,

Can utterly abolish or destroy!



Hence in a season of calm weather  
Though inland far we be,  
Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea  
Which brought us hither,  
Can in a moment travel thither,  
And see the Children sport upon the shore,  
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

## X

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing, a joyous song!  
And let the young Lambs bound  
As to the tabor's sound!  
We in thought will join your throng,  
Ye that pipe and ye that play,  
Ye that through your hearts today  
Feel the gladness of the May!  
What though the radiance which was once so bright  
Be now for ever taken from my sight,  
Though nothing can bring back the hour  
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;  
We will grieve not, rather find  
Strength in what remains behind;  
In the primal sympathy  
Which having been must ever be;  
In the soothing thoughts that spring  
Out of human suffering;  
In the faith that looks through death,  
In the years that bring the philosophic mind.

## XI

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,  
Forebode not any severing of our loves!  
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;

I only have relinquished one delight  
To live beneath your more habitual sway.  
I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,  
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;  
The innocent brightness of a new-born Day  
Is lovely yet;

The Clouds that gather round the setting sun  
Do take a sober colouring from an eye  
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;  
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.  
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,  
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,  
To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

*William Wordsworth*

## 264

Life, I repeat, is energy of love  
Divine or human; exercised in pain,  
In strife, and tribulation; and ordained,  
If so approved and sanctified, to pass,  
Through shades and silent rest, to endless joy.

*William Wordsworth*

## 265

Beneath the waning moon I walk at night,  
And muse on human life — for all around  
Are dim uncertain shapes that cheat the sight,  
And pitfalls lurk in shade along the ground,  
And broken gleams of brightness, here and there,  
Glance through, and leave unwarmed the deathlike air.

The trampled earth returns a sound of fear —  
A hollow sound, as if I walked on tombs;

And lights, that tell of cheerful homes, appear  
Far off, and die like hope amid the glooms  
A mournful wind across the landscape flies,  
And the wide atmosphere is full of sighs.

And I, with faltering footsteps, journey on,  
Watching the stars that roll the hours away,  
Till the faint light that guides me now is gone,  
And, like another life, the glorious day  
Shall open o'er me from empyreal height,  
With warmth, and certainty, and boundless light.

*William Cullen Bryant*

## 266

Mysterious Night! when our first Parent knew  
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,  
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,  
This glorious canopy of light and blue?  
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,  
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,  
Hesperus with the host of heaven came;  
And lo, Creation widened in man's view.  
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed  
Within thy beams, O Sun? or who could find,  
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,  
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?  
Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife?  
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

*Blanco White*

## 267

How full, how bright, are the evidences of this grand  
truth! How weak are the common arguments which

scepticism arrays against it! To me there is but one objection against immortality . . . and this arises from the very greatness of the truth. My mind sometimes sinks under its weight, is lost in its immensity; I scarcely dare believe that such a good is placed within my reach. When I think of myself as existing through all future ages, as surviving this earth and that sky, as exempted from every imperfection and error of my present being . . . as comprehending with my intellect and embracing in my affections an extent of creation compared with which the earth is a point . . . when this thought of my future comes to me, whilst I hope, I also fear; the blessedness seems too great; the consciousness of present weakness and unworthiness is almost too strong for hope. But when in this frame of mind I look round on the creation, and see there the marks of an omnipotent goodness, to which nothing is impossible, and from which everything may be hoped; when I see around me the proofs of an Infinite Father who must desire the perpetual progress of his intellectual offspring; when I look next at the human mind, and see what powers a few years have unfolded, and discern in it the capacity of everlasting improvement . . . I can and do admit the almost overpowering thought of the everlasting life, growth, felicity of the human soul.

*William Ellery Channing*

The immortality of the soul must not be represented as first entering the sphere of reality only at a later stage; it is the actual present quality of Spirit; Spirit is eternal, and for this reason is already present. Spirit, as possessed of freedom, does not belong to the sphere of things limited; it, as being what thinks and knows in an absolute way, has

the Universal for its object; this is eternity, which is not simply duration, as duration can be predicated of mountains, but knowledge.

. . . Man is immortal in consequence of knowledge, for it is only as a thinking being that he is not a mortal animal soul and is a free, pure soul. Reasoned knowledge, thought, is the root of his life, of his immortality as a totality in himself. The animal soul is sunk in the life of the body, while Spirit, on the other hand, is a totality in itself.

*Hegel*

269

Here is this wonderful thought [of immortality]. But whence came it? Who put it in the mind? It was not I, it was not you; it is elemental — belongs to thought and virtue, and whenever we have either, we see the beams of this light. When the Master of the universe has points to carry in his government, he impresses his will in the structure of minds. . . .

. . . Wherever man ripens, this audacious belief presently appears. . . . As soon as thought is exercised, this belief is inevitable; as soon as virtue glows, this belief confirms itself. It is a kind of summary or completion of man. . . . The doctrine is not sentimental, but is grounded in the necessities and forces we possess.

*Ralph Waldo Emerson*

270

Man is greater than his expectations, a spirit incarnate, and is at once the occupant of two worlds. The Person is immortal.

. . . Were man personally finite, he could not conceive of



infinity; were he mortal, he could not think immortality. Whatever had a beginning comes of necessity to its end, since it has not the principle of perpetuity inherent in itself. And there is that in man which cannot think annihilation, but thinks continuance. All life is eternal; there is no other.

*A. Bronson Alcott*

## 271

It is the belief of mankind that we shall all live for ever. This is not a doctrine of Christianity alone. It belongs to the human race. You may find nations so rude that they live houseless, in caverns of the earth; nations that have no letters, not knowing the use of bows and arrows, fire, or even clothes; but no nation without a belief in immortal life. . . .

Immortality is a fact of man's nature. . . . It comes to our consciousness as naturally as the notions of time and space. . . . What is thus in man is writ there of God, who writes no lies. . . . I feel the longing after immortality — a desire essential to my nature, deep as the foundation of my being; I find the same desire in all men. I feel conscious of immortality; that I am not to die — no, never to die, though often to change. I cannot believe this desire and consciousness are felt only to mislead, to beguile, to deceive me. I know God is my Father; and the Father of the nations. Can the Almighty deceive his children? For my own part, I can conceive of nothing which shall make me more certain of my immortality. I ask no argument from learned lips. No miracle could make me more sure; no, not if the sheeted dead burst cerement and shroud, and rising forth from their honoured tombs stood here before me — the disenchanted dust once more enchanted with that fiery life; no, not if the souls of all my sires

since time began came thronging round, and with miraculous speech told me they lived and I should also live. I could only say, "I knew all this before; why waste your heavenly speech?"

*Theodore Parker*

## 272

. . . Spontaneous or considered, the result of thought, clear or confused, apparent or hidden, admitted or repelled, powerful or feeble, permanent or transitory, the idea of man's immortality is found in every mind; there is no man who does not feel, or propose, to do things whose final object is beyond the tomb, which he would not do, he would not intend, and he would not feel the desire to do, if the idea of immortality was not in him. . . . The instinct of immortality is implied in [the] feeling of the want of eternal justice, and necessarily precedes it. . . . Under their [the disbelievers'] careless levity and contempt, there yet subsists and makes itself felt, from time to time, the desire for the re-establishment of moral order, invincible in the human soul, but still it is no more than an inconsequent and blind desire, since it bases itself no longer on the only idea which explains and sustains it [like a foundation] — the Idea of Immortality. . . .

It is considered that the Idea of Immortality comes from the insufficiency of the actual world to satisfy the human soul, from that immensity of desire which devours the soul and cannot even be extinguished by happiness itself, always below the measure of expectation and search or exhausted by the very enjoyment itself, or ready to escape from its grasp or possession. Thence comes, it is argued, that Idea of Immortality which opens to the soul perspectives without limits, and transports it into a world as infinite as its desires. . . . It is true the world does not satisfy man,

the only one of created beings who feels himself straitened in his dwelling and superior to his actual condition. But this sentiment, however, does not discover the hope of Immortality in order to satisfy itself; it merely reveals, and is only itself, or the consequence. It is the instinct of an infinite nature which pushes the ambition of the soul beyond the limits of a finite world; it is because this infinite nature feels itself immortal that it aspires to things which are not transitory.

. . . The philosophers . . . undertake to clear up, elucidate the natural beliefs, to complete, systematize, explain them, and reconcile the facts which reveal themselves therein, to solve the problems which they present. . . . They have built up, in the name of this idea [Immortality] systems which cannot bear examination, and by having been metamorphosed into a scientific hypothesis, it has fallen into a sort of contempt among those who have looked on (the process) and have considered it only under this (one) phase.

It is easy to show that the greater part of the objections which the Idea of Immortality of the Soul encounter arise from this metamorphosis, and from the illegitimate use which science has wished to make of the instinctive belief of humanity.

Happily, humanity is stronger than science and has compelled it sooner or later to retrace its steps from the error into which it has fallen. Not only has the Idea of Immortality refused to permit itself to be reduced to this rôle of hypothesis, to which some of its defenders have wished to assign it; not only has it continued to reside at the bottom of the (well of truth in the) human conscience, simple, pure, divested of every characteristic of scientific explanation; it has done more — it has penetrated into the very system directed against it, and into the very

bosom of inimical hypothesis. If a close examination be instituted of these doctrines, which, in ancient and modern times, in Asia and Europe, have made a profession of repelling the Idea of Immortality, this Idea will be found therein more or less indirect, more or less concealed, but always invincible in the instinctive perceptions of men, and insinuating itself under one form or another in the very thought which denies it. So that science, very far from having invented it, is subject to it, and harbours or conceals it at the very moment it attempts to banish it.

. . . Man receives the Idea of Immortality neither from experience nor from science. The exterior world does not furnish him with the Idea; his mind does not invent it. *It is from the depths of his soul that it wells up within him; he feels it, he perceives it, he knows himself to be immortal.*

F. P. G. Guizot

## 273

. . . Wilt thou not ope thy heart to know  
 What rainbows teach, and sunsets show?  
 Verdict which accumulates  
 From lengthening scroll of human fates,  
 Voice of earth to earth returned,  
 Prayers of saints that inly burned —  
 Saying, *What is excellent,*  
*As God lives is permanent;*  
*Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain;*  
*Heart's love will meet thee again.*  
 Revere the Maker; fetch thine eye  
 Up to his style, and manners of the sky.  
 Not of adamant and gold



Built he heaven stark and cold;  
No, but a nest of bending reeds,  
Flowering grass and scented weeds;  
Or like a traveller's fleeing tent,  
Or bow above the tempest bent;  
Built of tears and sacred flames,  
And virtue reaching to its aims;  
Built of furtherance and pursuing,  
Not of spent deeds, but of doing.  
Silent rushes the swift Lord  
Through ruined systems still restored,  
Broadsowing, bleak and void to bless,  
Plants with worlds the wilderness;  
Waters with tears of ancient sorrow  
Apples of Eden ripe tomorrow.  
House and tenant go to ground,  
Lost in God, in Godhead found.

*Ralph Waldo Emerson*

## 274

. . . O Heaven! Is the white Tomb of our Loved One, who died from our arms, and had to be left behind us there, which rises in the distance, like a pale, mournfully receding Mile-stone, to tell how many toilsome uncheered miles we have journeyed on alone—but a pale spectral Illusion? . . . Know of a truth that only the Time-shadows have perished, or are perishable; that the real Being of whatever was, and whatever is, and whatever will be, is even now and for ever. . . . Are we not Spirits, that are shaped into a body, into an Appearance; and that fade away again into air and Invisibility? This is no metaphor, it is a simple scientific *fact*; . . . Round us . . . is Eternity. . . . But whence? — O Heaven, whither? Sense



knows not; Faith knows not; only that it is through Mystery to Mystery, from God to God.

*Thomas Carlyle*

## 275

No coward soul is mine,  
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere:  
I see Heaven's glories shine,  
And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

Vain are the thousand creeds  
That move men's hearts: unutterably vain;  
Worthless as withered weeds,  
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main,

To waken doubt in one  
Holding so fast by thine infinity;  
So surely anchored on  
The steadfast rock of immortality.

With wide-embracing love  
Thy spirit animates eternal years,  
Pervades and broods above,  
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.

Though earth and man were gone,  
And suns and universes ceased to be,  
And Thou were left alone,  
Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is no room for Death,  
Nor atom that his might could render void:  
Thou — Thou art Being and Breath  
And what Thou art may never be destroyed.

*Emily Brontë*

## 276

Destruction and salvation are the hands  
Upon the face of time. When both unite,  
The day of death dawns. Every orb exists  
Unto its preappointed end: . . .  
. . . The world shall perish as a worm  
Upon destruction's path; the universe  
Evanish like a ghost before the sun,  
Yea like a doubt before the truth of God,  
Yet nothing more than death shall perish. Then,  
Rejoice ye souls of God . . .  
In Him ye are immortal as Himself!

*Philip James Bailey*

## 277

. . . When Earth shall pass away with all  
Her pride and pomp of sin,  
The City builded without hands  
Shall safely shut me in.  
All the rest is but vanity  
Which others strive to win:  
Where their hopes end my joys begin.

I will not look upon a rose  
Though it is fair to see:  
The flowers planted in Paradise  
Are budding now for me:  
Red roses like love visible  
Are blowing on their tree,  
Or white like virgin purity.

I will not look upon the sun  
Which setteth night by night:

In the untrodden courts of heaven  
My crown shall be more bright.  
Lo in the New Jerusalem  
Founded and built aright  
My very feet shall tread on light.

*Christina Rossetti*

## 278

. . . I go from earth to heaven  
A dim uncertain road,  
A houseless pilgrim through the world  
Unto a sure abode:  
While evermore an Angel  
Goes with me day and night,  
A ministering spirit  
From the land of light,  
My holy fellow-servant sent  
To guide my steps aright. . . .

If her spirit went before me  
Up from night to day,  
It would pass me like the lightning  
That kindles on its way.  
I should feel it like the lightning  
Flashing fresh from heaven:  
I should long for heaven sevenfold more,  
Yea and sevenfold seven:  
Should pray as I have not prayed before,  
And strive as I have not striven. . . .

She will learn new love in heaven,  
Who is so full of love;  
She will learn new depths of tenderness  
Who is tender as a dove.  
Her heart will no more sorrow,

Her eyes will weep no more:  
Yet it may be she will yearn  
And look back from far before:  
Lingering on the golden threshold  
And leaning from the door.

*Christina Rossetti*

## 279

. . . It was the rampart of God's house  
That she was standing on;  
By God built over the sheer depth  
The which is Space begun;  
So high, that looking downward thence  
She scarce could see the sun. . . .

Around her, lovers, newly met  
'Mid deathless love's acclaims,  
Spoke evermore among themselves  
Their heart-remembered names;  
And the souls mounting up to God  
Went by her like thin flames. . . .

From the fixed place of Heaven she saw  
Time like a pulse shake fierce  
Through all the world. Her gaze still strove  
Within the gulf to pierce  
Its path; and now she spoke as when  
The stars sang in their spheres.

"I wish that he were come to me,  
For he will come," she said.  
"Have I not prayed in Heaven? — on earth  
Lord, Lord, has he not prayed?  
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?  
And shall I feel afraid?"

“When round his head the aureole clings,  
And he is clothed in white,  
I'll take his hand and go with him  
To the deep wells of light;  
As unto a stream we will step down,  
And bathe there in God's sight.

“We two will stand beside that shrine,  
Occult, withheld, untrod,  
Whose lamps are stirred continually  
With prayers sent up to God;  
And see our old prayers, granted, melt  
Each like a little cloud.

“We two will lie in the shadow of  
That living mystic tree  
Within whose secret growth the Dove  
Is sometimes felt to be,  
While every leaf that his plumes touch  
Saith His Name audibly.

“And I myself will teach to him,  
I myself, lying so,  
The songs I sing here; which his voice  
Shall pause in, hushed and slow,  
And find some knowledge at each pause,  
Or some new thing to know.” . . .

She gazed and listened and then said,  
Less sad of speech than mild,—  
“All this is when he comes.” She ceased.  
The light thrilled through her, fill'd  
With angels in strong level flight.  
Her eyes prayed, and she smiled. . . .

*Dante Gabriel Rossetti*



## 280

I went to sleep; and now I am refreshed,  
A strange refreshment: for I feel in me  
An inexpressible lightness, and a sense  
Of freedom, as I were at length myself,  
And ne'er had been before. How still it is!  
I hear no more the busy beat of time,  
No, nor my fluttering breath, nor struggling pulse;  
Nor does one moment differ from the next. . . .  
Another marvel: some one has me fast  
Within his ample palm; 'tis not a grasp  
Such as they use on earth, but all around  
Over the surface of my subtle being,  
As though I were a sphere and capable  
To be accosted thus, a uniform  
And gentle pressure tells me I am not  
Self-moving, but borne forward on my way.  
And hark! I hear a singing; yet in sooth  
I cannot of that music rightly say  
Whether I hear or touch or taste the tones.  
Oh what a heart-subduing melody! . . .  
Now know I surely that I am at length  
Out of the body: had I part with earth,  
I never could have drunk those accents in,  
And not have worshipped as a God that voice  
That was so musical; but now I am  
So whole of heart, so calm, so self-possessed,  
With such a full content, and with a sense  
So apprehensive and discriminate,  
As no temptation can intoxicate.  
Nor have I even terror at the thought  
That I am clasped by such a saintliness.

*John Henry Newman*

. . . Bliss greater than any we can know here awaits us in heaven. Does not the course of nature point to this? What else is the meaning of the gradual increase of love on earth? What else is the meaning of old age, when the bodily powers die, while the love increases? What does that point to, but to a restoration of the body when mortality is swallowed up of life? Is not that mortality of the body sent us mercifully by God, to teach us that our love is spiritual, and therefore will be able to express itself in any state of existence? to wean our hearts that we may learn to look for more perfect bliss in the perfect body? Do not these thoughts take away from all earthly bliss the poisoning thought, "all this must end"? Ay, end! but only end so gradually that we shall not miss it, and the less perfect union on earth shall be replaced in heaven by perfect and spiritual bliss and union, inconceivable because perfect!

Do I undervalue earthly bliss? No! I enhance it when I make it the sacrament of a higher union! Will not these thoughts give more exquisite delight, will it not tear off the thorn from every rose and sweeten every nectar cup to perfect security of blessedness, in this life, to feel that there is more in store for us—that all expressions of love here are but dim shadows of a union which shall be perfect, if we will but work here, so as to work out our salvation.

*Charles Kingsley*

. . . After my arrival at Innsbruck I wandered alone by the gush of that wild and roaring river. Everything was still and solemn. Mighty shadows were moving silently

across the valley, like so many giant spectres, as the sun went down behind the hills. The outlines of the mountains gradually blended in a sky which became by degrees as black as themselves, and I was left in the grandeur of darkness. I felt, as I generally do on such occasions, strongly the swift rush of time — on and on, bearing everything along with it into the Infinite; and here are we, for a moment, powerless nothings, but endued with powers of agony and thought which none but immortals feel. Then I went slowly back to Innsbruck, heard the hum of life again, saw the windows glittering with light, heard the drone of the church bells, and met the crowds coming away from vespers. It all seemed a dream.

*Frederick W. Robertson*

## 283

Whatever is taught or told,  
However men moan and sigh,  
Love never shall grow cold,  
And life shall never die.

*Bayard Taylor*

## 284

There is no Death! What seems so is transition;  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,  
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead — the child of our affection —  
But gone unto that school  
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,  
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,  
 By guardian angels led,  
 Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,  
 She lives, whom we call dead. . . .

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

## 285

True is it that Death's face seems stern and cold,  
 When he is sent to summon those we love,  
 But all God's angels come to us disguised;  
 Sorrow and sickness, poverty and death,  
 One after other lift their frowning masks,  
 And we behold the seraph's face beneath,  
 All radiant with the glory and the calm  
 Of having looked upon the front of God.  
 With every anguish of our earthly part  
 The spirit's sight grows clearer; this was meant  
 When Jesus touched the blind man's lids with clay.  
 Life is the jailer, Death the angel sent  
 To draw the unwilling bolts and set us free.  
 He flings not ope the ivory gate of Rest —  
 Only the fallen spirit knocks at that —  
 But to benigner regions beckons us,  
 To destinies of more rewarded toil.

. . . O, if Death

More near approaches, meditates, and clasps  
 Even now some dearer, more reluctant hand,  
 God, strengthen thou my faith, that I may see  
 That 'tis thine angel who, with loving haste,  
 Unto the service of the inner shrine  
 Doth waken thy beloved with a kiss.

*James Russell Lowell*

## 286

I pray you, for some little time to come, not to muse too much upon your brother, even though such musings should be untinged with gloom and should appear to make you happier. In the eternity where he now dwells, it has doubtless become of no importance to himself whether he died yesterday or a thousand years ago. He is already at home . . . more at home than ever he was in his mother's house. Then let us leave him there for the present; and if the shadows and images of this fleeting time should interpose between us and him, let us not seek to drive them away for they are sent of God.

*Nathaniel Hawthorne*

## 287

I long for household voices gone,  
For vanished smiles I long,  
But God hath led my dear ones on,  
And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath  
Of marvel or surprise,  
Assured alone that life and death  
His mercy underlies. . . .

And so beside the Silent Sea  
I wait the muffled oar;  
No harm from Him can come to me  
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift  
Their fronded palms in air;



I only know I cannot drift  
 Beyond His love and care. . . .

*John Greenleaf Whittier*

## 288

. . . Alas for him who never sees  
 The stars shine through his cypress trees!  
 Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,  
 Nor looks to see the breaking day  
 Across the mournful marbles play!  
 Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,  
     The truth to flesh and sense unknown,  
 That Life is ever lord of Death,  
     And Love can never lose its own! . . .

*John Greenleaf Whittier*

## 289

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,  
     Sails the unshadowed main,—  
     The venturous bark that flings  
 On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings  
 In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,  
     And coral reefs lie bare,  
 Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its web of living gauze no more unfurl;  
     Wrecked is the ship of pearl!  
     And every chambered cell,  
 Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,  
 As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,  
     Before thee lies revealed,—  
 Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil  
That spread his lustrous coil;  
Still, as the spiral grew,  
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,  
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,  
Built up its idle door,  
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,  
Child of the wandering sea,  
Cast from her lap, forlorn!  
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born  
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!  
While on mine ear it rings,  
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that  
sings: —

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll!  
Leave thy low-vaulted past!  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!  
*Oliver Wendell Holmes*

This world is simply the threshold of our vast life; the first stepping-stone from nonentity into the boundless expanse of possibility. It is the infant-school of the soul. The physical universe spread out before us, and the spiritual trials and mysteries of our discipline, are simply

our primer, our grammar, our spelling dictionary, to tell us something of the language we are to use in our maturity.

*Starr King*

## 291

I have thought much lately of the possibility of my leaving you all and going home. I am come to that stage of my pilgrimage that is within sight of the River of Death, and I feel that now I must have all in readiness day and night for the messenger of the King. I have had sometimes in my sleep strange perceptions of a vivid spiritual life near to and with Christ, and multitudes of holy ones, and the joy of it is like no other joy — it cannot be told in the language of the world. What I have then I *know* with absolute certainty, yet it is so unlike and above anything we conceive of in this world that it is difficult to put it into words. The inconceivable loveliness of Christ! It seems that about Him there is a sphere where the enthusiasm of love is the calm habit of the soul, that without words, without the necessity of demonstrations of affection, heart beats to heart, soul answers soul, we respond to the Infinite Love, and we feel his answer in us, and there is no need of words. All seemed to be busy coming and going on ministries of good, and passing each gave a thrill of joy to each as Jesus, the directing soul, the centre of all, “over all, in all and through all,” was working his beautiful and merciful will to redeem and save. I was saying as I awoke: —

“’Tis joy enough, my all in all

At thy dear feet to lie.

Thou wilt not let me lower fall,

And none can higher fly.”

This was but a glimpse; but it has left a strange sweetness in my mind.

*Harriet Beecher Stowe*

## 292

We have the promises of God as thick as daisies in summer meadows, that death, which men most fear, shall be to us the most blessed of experiences, if we trust in him. Death is unclasping; joy, breaking out in the desert; the heart, come to its blossoming-time! Do we call it dying when the bud bursts into flower?

As birds in the hour of transmigration feel the impulse of southern lands, and gladly spread their wings for the realm of light and bloom, so may we, in the death hour, feel the sweet solicitations of the life beyond, and joyfully soar from the chill and shadow of earth to fold our wings and sing in the summer of an eternal heaven!

*Henry Ward Beecher*

## 293

. . . I sincerely hope that my father may yet recover his health, but at all events, tell him to remember to call upon and confide in our great and good and merciful Maker, who will not turn away from him in any extremity. . . . Say to him that if we could meet now it is doubtful whether it would not be more painful than pleasant; but that if it be his lot to go now, he will soon have a joyous meeting with the many loved ones gone before, and where the rest of us, through the help of God, hope ere long to join them.

*Abraham Lincoln*

. . . She [Mrs. Garrison] is not dead,—she has gone before; but she has not gone away. Nearer than ever, this very hour she watches and ministers to those in whose lives she was so wrapped; to whose happiness she was so devoted. Who thinks that loving heart could be happy if it were not allowed to minister to those she loved? How easy it is to fancy the welcome the old faces have given her! The honoured faces, the familiar faces, the old tones, that have carried her back to the pleasant years of health and strength and willing labour! How gladly she broke the bonds that hindered her activity! There are more there than here. Very slight the change seemed to her. She has not left us, she has rejoined them. She has joined the old band that worked life-long for the true and good. The dear, familiar names, how freshly they come to our lips! We can see them bend over and lift her up to them, to a broader life! Faith is sight today. She works on a higher level; ministers to old ideas; guards those she went through life with so lovingly. Even in that higher work they watch for our coming also. Let the years yet spared us here be a warning to make ourselves fit for that companionship!

. . . Blessed be Thy name for the threescore overflowing years; for the sunny sky she was permitted finally to see, the hated name made immortal, the perilled life guarded by a nation's gratitude, for the capstone put on with shouting; that she was privileged to enter the promised land and rest in the triumph, with the family circle unbroken, all her loved about her! And blessed be Thy name, Father, that in due time, with gracious and tender loving-kindness, Thou didst break the bonds that hindered her



true life, and take her to higher service in Thine immediate presence.

*Wendell Phillips*

## 295

While I must say with the great apostle, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be," I hold as well to the faith that . . . I shall pass out of one room in the many mansions into another, and what treasure in the heavens was mine here, will be mine there, while that which is to come will not seem so much another life as the ripeness and perfecting of this life that now is.

*Robert Collyer*

## 296

. . . We are made to believe in [immortality]. There is no better evidence than that [this] belief accords with human nature. . . . When the reason is unable to prove our immortality, the heart asserts it on the evidence of its own imperishable love.

*James Freeman Clarke*

## 297

The immortality of the soul must rest upon something as universal, as spiritual, as eternal as the soul itself. It cannot be trusted to the testimony of external history, or literary records, or bodily appearances; it must be founded in the spiritual consciousness, in the laws of the soul, in the essential merits of the hope, in its inextinguishable charm for humanity, and in the testimony which its fruits produce on those who live by its light. . . .

Jesus, the calmest, sanest, purest, best of souls, the consummate flower of humanity, affirmed our personal im-

mortality with undoubting, unqualified certainty. I believe him, not . . . because he rose from the dead, but because he was all alive, immortal, living on principle and for ends that were eternal, from the Sermon on the Mount to the words from the cross.

*Henry W. Bellows*

## 298

We have faith in human immortality. . . . The great essential to this belief is a sufficiently elevated estimate of human nature: no man will ever deny its immortality who has a deep impression of its capacity for so great a destiny. . . .

In proportion as our nature rises in its nobleness, does it realize its immortality. As it retires from animal grossness, from selfish meanness, from pitiable ignorance or sordid neglect — as it opens forth into its true intellectual and moral glory — do its doubts disperse, its affections aspire: the veil is lifted from the future, the darkness breaks away, and the spirit walks in dignity within the paradise of God's eternity. What a testimony this is to the great truth from which our hope and consolations flow! What an incitement to seek its bright and steady light by the culture of every holy faculty within us! The more we do the will of our Father, the more do we feel that this doctrine is indeed of him. Its affinities are with the loftiest parts of our nature, and in our trust in it, we ally ourselves with the choicest spirits of our race.

*James Martineau*

## 299

He who died at Azan sends  
This to comfort all his friends:

Faithful friends! It lies, I know,  
Pale and white and cold as snow;  
And ye say, "Abdalla's dead!"  
Weeping at his feet and head,  
I can see your falling tears,  
I can hear your sighs and prayers;  
Yet I smile and whisper this —  
"I am not the thing you kiss;  
Cease your tears, and let it lie;  
It was mine, it is not I."

Sweet friends! What the women lave  
For its last bed of the grave,  
Is but a hut which I am quitting,  
Is a garment no more fitting,  
Is a cage from which, at last,  
Like a hawk my soul hath passed.  
Love the inmate, not the room —  
The wearer, not the garb — the plume  
Of the falcon, not the bars  
Which kept him from those splendid stars.

Loving friends! Be wise and dry  
Straightway every weeping eye —  
What ye lift upon the bier  
Is not worth a wistful tear.  
'Tis an empty sea-shell — one  
Out of which the pearl is gone;  
The shell is broken, it lies there;  
The pearl, the soul, the all, is here.  
'Tis an earthen jar, whose lid  
Allah sealed, the while it hid  
That treasure of his treasury,  
A mind that loved him; let it lie!

Let the shard be earth's once more,  
Since the gold shines in his store.

Allah glorious! Allah good!  
Now thy world is understood;  
Now the long, long wonder ends;  
Yet ye weep, my erring friends,  
While the man whom ye call dead,  
In unspoken bliss, instead,  
Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true,  
By such light as shines on you;  
But in the light ye cannot see  
Of unfulfilled felicity —  
In enlarging paradise,  
Lives a life that never dies.

Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell;  
Where I am, ye, too, shall dwell.  
I am gone before your face,  
A moment's time, a little space.  
When ye come where I have stepped  
Ye will wonder why ye wept;  
Ye will know, by wise love taught,  
That here is all, and there is naught.  
Weep awhile, if ye are fain —  
Sunshine still must follow rain;  
Only not at death — for death,  
Now I know, is that first breath  
Which our souls draw when we enter  
Life, which is of all life centre.

Be ye certain all seems love,  
Viewed from Allah's throne above;  
Be ye stout of heart, and come

Bravely onward to your home!  
*La Allah illa Allah!* yea!  
Thou love divine! Thou love alway!

He that died at Azan gave  
This to those who made his grave.

*Sir Edwin Arnold*

300

And this is death: I understand it all.  
New being waits me; new perceptions must  
Be born in me before I plunge therein;  
Which last is Death's affair; and while I speak,  
Minute by minute he is filling me  
With power; and while my foot is on the threshold  
Of boundless life — the doors unopened yet,  
All preparations not complete within —  
I turn new knowledge upon old events. . . .

*Robert Browning*

301

Be comforted; . . .  
The face of Death is toward the Sun of Life,  
His shadow darkens earth: his truer name  
Is "Onward," no discordance in the roll  
And march of that Eternal Harmony  
Whereto the worlds beat time, tho' faintly heard  
Until the great Hereafter. Mourn in hope.

*Alfred Tennyson*

302

. . . My end of breath  
Shall bear away my soul in being true! . . .  
No work begun shall ever pause for death!



Love will be helpful to me more and more  
I' the coming course, the new path I must tread. . . .  
*Robert Browning*

## 303

. . . the energy of life may be  
Kept on after the grave, but not begun;  
And he who flagg'd not in the earthly strife,  
From strength to strength advancing — only he,  
His Soul well-knit, and all his battles won,  
Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life.

*Matthew Arnold*

## 304

What we, when face to face we see  
The Father of our souls, shall be,  
John tells us, doth not yet appear;  
Ah! did he tell what we are here!

A mind for thoughts to pass into,  
A heart for loves to travel through,  
Five senses to detect things near,  
Is this the whole that we are here?

Rules baffle instincts — instincts rules,  
Wise men are bad — and good are fools,  
Facts evil — wishes vain appear,  
We cannot go, why are we here?

O may we for assurance' sake,  
Some arbitrary judgment take,  
And wilfully pronounce it clear,  
For this or that 'tis we are here?

Or is it right, and will it do,  
To face the sad confusion through,  
And say — It doth not yet appear,  
What we shall be, what we are here.

Ah yet, when all is thought and said,  
The heart still overrules the head;  
Still what we hope we must believe,  
And what is given us receive;

Must still believe, for still we hope  
That in a world of larger scope,  
What here is faithfully begun  
Will be completed, not undone.

My child, we still must think, when we  
That ampler life together see,  
Some true result will yet appear  
Of what we are, together, here.

*Arthur Hugh Clough*

## 305

. . . A wanderer is man from his birth.  
He was born in a ship  
On the breast of the river of Time; . . .  
Vainly does each, as he glides,  
Fable and dream  
Of the lands which the river of Time  
Had left ere he woke on its breast,  
Or shall reach when his eyes have been closed. . . .  
[For] what was before us we know not,  
And we know not what shall succeed . . .  
[But] the width of the waters, the hush

Of the grey expanse where he floats,  
Freshening its current and spotted with foam  
As it draws to the Ocean, may strike  
Peace to the soul of the man on its breast —  
As the pale waste widens around him,  
As the banks fade dimmer away,  
As the stars come out, and the night-wind  
Brings up the stream  
Murmurs and scents of the infinite sea.

*Matthew Arnold*

## 306

Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning at the bar,  
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my pilot face to face  
When I have crost the bar.

*Alfred Tennyson*

## 307

Methinks we do as fretful children do,  
 Leaning their faces on the window pane  
 To sigh the glass dim with their own breath's stain,  
 And shut the sky and landscape from their view;  
 And thus, alas! since God the maker drew  
 A mystic separation 'twixt those twain —  
 The life beyond us and our souls in pain —  
 We miss the prospect which we are called unto  
 By grief we are fools to use. Be still and strong,  
 O man, my brother! hold thy sobbing breath,  
 And keep thy soul's large window pure from wrong,  
 That so, as life's appointment issueth,  
 Thy vision may be clear to watch along  
 The sunset consummation-lights of death.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning*

## 308

. . . Death is the entrance into the great light.

*Victor Hugo*

## 309

. . . If so, death would be like the arrival of a traveller at the top of a great mountain, whence he sees spread out before him the whole configuration of the country, of which till then he had had but passing glimpses. To be able to overlook one's own history, to divine its meaning in the general concert and in the divine plan, would be the beginning of eternal felicity. Till then we had sacrificed ourselves to the universal order, but then we should understand and appreciate the beauty of that order. We had toiled and laboured under the conductor of the orchestra; and we should find ourselves become surprised and de-

lighted hearers. We had seen nothing but our own little path in the mist; and suddenly a marvellous panorama and boundless distances would open before our dazzled eyes. Why not?

*Henri Frederick Amiel*

Eudoxe:

310

Your immortality is only apparent; it does not extend beyond the eternity of action; it does not imply the eternity of the person. Jesus does more good today than when he was an obscure Galilean; but he is no longer living.

Theogtiste:

He is still alive. His person exists; it has even enlarged. Man lives where he acts. This life is dearer to us than bodily life, since we willingly sacrifice the latter for the former. Mind, I am not speaking only of the life as conceived in opinion, in reputation, or in remembrance. This life, in fact, is insufficient, it is apt to be too unjust. The more fortunate are those who may have escaped this opinion. Tamerlane is more celebrated than some unknown righteous man. Marcus Aurelius enjoys the reputation he has merited not because he was emperor, but because he has written his *Meditations*. True influence is hidden; not that definite historic opinion is on the whole very wrong, but it sins entirely too often. Some unnamed individual may have been greater than Alexander; some woman's heart, who had never uttered a word about her life, may have felt more profoundly than the most eloquent poet. I am speaking of life through influence, or, as the mystics would say, of life in God. Human life, not its moral opposite, draws a tiny trail like the point of a compass in the bosom of the infinite. This



arc of a circle drawn in God has no more an end than God has. It is in the memory of God that men dwell immortal.

The opinion which absolute conscience has of him, the remembrance of him which it preserves,—this is the true life of the righteous, this is the eternal life. Conscience assures a limitation, an opposition of the ego and the non-ego, which is the very negation of the Infinite. What is eternal is the idea.

After all, is our hope presumptuous? Is our demand self-seeking? No, certainly not. We do exact no recompense; we simply require to live, to know more, to learn the secret of the universe which we have so eagerly sought, the destiny of humanity which has stirred us so passionately.

*Ernest Renan*

## 311

It is not too much to say that in this point of view intelligence proves itself to belong essentially to an order of things which is superior to change and death, and which in its immortal stillness is unaffected and unperturbed by the fluctuations and evanescence that condition all finite things.

A future of illimitable knowledge and goodness is possible to it [the nature of man], because by its very structure it has power to realize itself in all that seems to limit it.

*John Caird*

## 312

. . . We doubt whether any one of these views which regard human beings as altogether dependent and transitory has ever become a really pervading sentiment of the whole nature, in spontaneous thought and action, as well as in reflection. When an ancient poet, having scouted

all idea of deities and retribution after death as useless terrors by which the smooth and peaceful course of our natural pleasure in life is disturbed, turns upon us and inveighs against the fear of death, and asks, Do we, insatiable, desire to go on feasting for ever, and never to retire with dignity, as satisfied guests, from the banquet of life? the effect produced is no doubt striking. But in asking this does he not forget that monitions to moderation and dignity must fall very flat on the ear of him who knows that in an hour he will cease to be? Or, in using this simile, which is quite out of keeping with his general tenor, is he not perchance secretly influenced by the truer thought that this life is indeed a banquet, from which as guests who have had enough, we must depart; but that we, not so transitory, depart from it only to enter another state of existence in which there will remain to us the memory of what we have before enjoyed? And, on the other side, what poetic and glowing expression has often been given to pantheistic views! But whilst they extol with devotional rapture the absorption of the individual in the universal, is not that which they are glorifying just the abiding and enduring joy, which the mortal experiences in its reunion with the eternal? And do they not hereby assert the immortality of that mortal, which, though destined to extinction, is only destined to such an extinction as signifies its eternal preservation in some form or other? This thought, which pantheistic poetry cannot escape, is one which cannot be got rid of either by the most prosaic reasoning or the most commonplace views. People may seem to be as thoroughly convinced as you will of their own impending annihilation, and may speak of the disappearance of personal existence in the lap of universal Nature, and one may indeed imagine that that which used to happen may cease to happen, but one can never imagine that

anything which has once existed can cease to be. And however much people may attempt to persuade themselves that the self-conscious Ego is in fact only an event, a vanishing passage between atoms variously moved, still the immediate consciousness of our own personal reality will always remain invincible to these attempts, and we can never think of ourselves as melting away in the great receptacle of universal Nature without thinking too that we shall still be preserved and go on existing in it in our dissolved condition.

. . . Although in theory, men would have often denied the existence of this inextinguishable feeling of being bound up with an imperishable world, yet its activity has been shown again and again. Sometimes in the provident care for the wellbeing of a distant posterity—a care which seems to spring up spontaneously in men's hearts; sometimes in the intense interest taken in the general improvement of mankind; and how often in outbursts of ambition which have disturbed the world!

The individual soul that considers itself to be a mere passing production of Nature is seldom altogether indifferent to future fame, and yet in what would the attraction of such fame consist if it were merely attached to a name which no longer had an owner! In all these manifestations there is revealed the suppressed belief in a world of spiritual interests, a world to which its individual members are indissolubly united, far as we may yet be from any clear idea of the way in which what seems so transient becomes endowed with eternal existence.

*Herman Lotze*

Death [is] a transitory stage in a life that does not find completion in this world. Our ultimate reason for

believing anything that goes beyond our immediate sensible experience, is that we cannot give a rational account of the facts, cannot conceive them as part of an intelligible order, if it be not true. And on this ground I think there is strong evidence for man's future existence. The whole system of things, of which man is the highest part, can be made coherent with itself only on the view that his earthly life is a part of a greater whole. This is the only view that is consistent with the conviction that the universe is a rational, and therefore a moral, system; or, what is the same thing, with the existence of a God who governs the world. Now this means that we should believe in a future life because we have good ground to believe in God and in goodness as the ultimate principle of all things.

*Edward Caird*

314

The same wide consent of mankind which sustains belief in a God, and invests Him with a certain character, has everywhere perceptibly, though variably and sometimes with a great vagueness of outline, carried the sphere of the moral government which it assigns to Him beyond the limits of the visible world. In that larger region, though it lie beyond the scope of our present narrow view, the belief of theistical mankind has been, that the laws of this moral government would be more clearly developed, and the normal relation between good and evil, and between their respective consequences, fully established.

Along, therefore, with a belief in God, we have to register the acknowledgement of another truth, the doctrine of the future state of man, which has had a not less ample acceptance in all the quarters from which the elements of authority can be drawn; and has, indeed, in the darkest periods and places of religion, been found difficult to eradi-



cate, even when the Divine Idea had been so broken up and degraded, as to seem divested of all its most splendid attributes.

*William E. Gladstone*

## 315

. . . To any one who feels it conducive either to his satisfaction or to his usefulness to hope for a future state, . . . there is no hindrance to his indulging that hope. Appearances point to the existence of a Being who has great power over us . . . and of whose goodness we have evidence . . . and as we do not know the limits either of his power or of his goodness, there is room to hope that both the one and the other may extend to granting us this gift. . . . The same ground which permits the hope, warrants us in expecting that if there be a future life, it will be at least as good as the present, and will not be wanting in the best feature of the present life, improvability by our own efforts. . . .

*John Stuart Mill*

## 316

With respect to immortality, nothing shows me (so clearly) how strong and almost instinctive a belief it is, as the consideration of the view now held by most physicists, namely that the sun with all the planets will in time grow too cold for life. . . . Believing as I do that man in the distant future will be a far more perfect creature than he now is, it is an intolerable thought that he and all other sentient beings are doomed to complete annihilation after such long-continued slow process. . . .

*Charles Darwin*



All nature tells us the same strange, mysterious story, of the exuberance of life, of endless variety, of unimaginable quantity. All this life upon our earth has led up to and culminated in that of man. It has been, I believe, a common and not unpopular idea that during the whole process of the rise and growth and extinction of past forms, the earth has been preparing for the ultimate — Man. Much of the wealth and luxuriance of living things, the infinite variety of form and structure, the exquisite grace and beauty in bird and insect, in foliage and flower, may have been mere by-products of the grand mechanism we call nature — the one and only method of developing humanity.

And is it not in perfect harmony with this grandeur of design (if it be design), this vastness of scale, this marvellous process of development through all the ages, that the material universe needed to produce this cradle of organic life, and of a being destined to a higher and a permanent existence, should be on a corresponding scale of vastness, of complexity, of beauty? Even if there were no such evidence as I have here adduced for the unique position and the exceptional characteristics which distinguish the earth, the old idea that all the planets were inhabited, and that all the stars existed for the sake of other planets, which planets existed to develop life, would, in the light of our present knowledge, seem utterly improbable and incredible. It would introduce monotony into a universe whose grand character and teaching is endless diversity. It would imply that to produce the living soul in the marvellous and glorious body of man — man with his faculties, his aspirations, his powers for good and evil — that this was an easy matter which could be brought about anywhere, in any world. It would imply that man is an

animal and nothing more, is of no importance in the universe, needed no great preparations for his advent, only, perhaps, a second-rate demon, and a third or fourth-rate earth. Looking at the long and slow and complex growth of nature that preceded his appearance, the immensity of the stellar universe with its thousand million suns, and the vast aeons of time during which it has been developing — all these seem only the appropriate and harmonious surroundings, the necessary supply of material, the sufficiently spacious workshop for the production of that planet which was to produce, first, the organic world, and then, Man. . . .

Man is a duality, consisting of an organized spiritual form, evolved coincidently with and permeating the physical body, and having corresponding organs and development. Death is the separation of this duality, and effects no change in the spirit, morally or intellectually. Progressive evolution of the intellectual and moral nature is the destiny of individuals; the knowledge, attainments, and experience of earth-life forming the basis of spirit-life.

*Alfred Russel Wallace*

318

. . . From the first dawning of life, we see all things working together toward one mighty goal, the evolution of the most exalted spiritual qualities which characterize Humanity. The body is cast aside and returns to the dust of which it was made. The earth, so marvellously wrought to man's uses, will also be cast aside. The day is to come, no doubt, when the heavens shall vanish as a scroll, and the elements be melted with fervent heat. So small is the value which Nature sets upon the perishable forms of matter! The question, then, is reduced to this: are Man's

highest spiritual qualities, into the production of which all this creative energy has gone, to disappear with the rest? Has all this work been done for nothing? Is it all ephemeral, all a bubble that bursts, a vision that fades? Are we to regard the Creator's work as like that of a child, who builds houses out of blocks, just for the pleasure of knocking them down? For aught that science can tell us, it may be so, but I can see no good reason for believing any such thing. . . . The more thoroughly we comprehend that process of evolution by which things have come to be what they are, the more we are likely to feel that to deny the everlasting persistence of the spiritual element in Man is to rob the whole process of its meaning. It goes far toward putting us to permanent intellectual confusion, and I do not see that any one has as yet alleged, or is ever likely to allege, a sufficient reason for our accepting so dire an alternative.

For my own part, therefore, I believe in the immortality of the soul, not in the sense in which I accept the demonstrable truths of science, but as a supreme act of faith in the reasonableness of God's work. . . . Such a crown of wonder seems to me no more than the fit climax to a creative work that has been ineffably beautiful and marvellous in all its myriad stages. . . .

*John Fiske*

319

Nature, through the whole geological history of the earth, was gestative mother of spirit, which, after its long embryonic development, came to birth and independent life and immortality in man. . . . As the material evolution of Nature found its goal, its completion, and its significance in man, so must man enter immediately upon a higher spiritual evolution to find its goal and completion and signi-

ficance in the ideal man — the Divine man. As spirit, unconscious in the womb of Nature, continues to develop by necessary law until it comes to birth and independent life in man, so the new-born spirit of man . . . must ever strive by freer law to attain, through a newer birth, unto a higher life. . . . Is there any conceivable meaning in Nature without this consummation? All evolution has its beginning, its course, its end. Without immortality this beautiful cosmos, which has been developing into increasing beauty for so many millions of years, when its evolution has run its course and all is over, would be precisely as if it had never been — an idle dream, an idiot tale signifying nothing. I repeat, without immortality, the cosmos has no meaning.

*Joseph Le Conte*

320

The great significance of the individual man fairly raises the presumption that his place in Nature has a meaning that is not to be measured by the length of his life in the body. Looking as we must do for a purpose that justifies to our understanding all this doing of Nature, is it not reasonable to suppose that one at least of the designed results is attained in the creation of these historic personalities? May we not fairly regard these persons as containing and preserving the permanent gain which comes from the work of the visible universe: as the indestructible profit of a work which otherwise would offend us by its apparent resultlessness? . . .

*Nathaniel Shaler*

321

Out of the dusk a shadow,  
Then, a spark;



Out of the cloud a silence,  
     Then, a lark;  
 Out of the heart a rapture,  
     Then, a pain;  
 Out of the dead, cold ashes,  
     Life again.

*John B. Tabb*

## 322

. . . Out of death comes the view of the life beyond the grave. . . . Though death be repugnant to the flesh, yet where the Spirit is given, to die is gain. What a wonderful transition it is!

*Michael Faraday*

## 323

. . . O Death, . . .  
 Opener and usher to the heavenly mansion. . . .

*Walt Whitman*

## 324

The word of summons comes and the soul leaps to answer it. The eternal life in us answers to the eternal life beyond the grave, recognizes it, flees to its own. There is no violence of transfer. It is a continuation of the one same life. The grave is only the moat around the inner castle of the King, across which they who have long been His loving and loyal retainers on the farther side enter in, sure of a welcome to the heart of His hospitality. Far above any morbid or affected, unnatural, unhuman pretence of a wish for death there towers this calm Christian confidence, ready to die, yet glad to stay here until the time comes; knowing that death will be release, and yet finding life happy and rich with the power of the resurrection already



present in it; counting both worlds God's worlds, and so neither despising this nor dreading the other. . . .

*Phillips Brooks*

## 325

. . . What then is the meaning of life? . . . To me it seems intelligible only as the avenue and vestibule to another life. Its facts seem explainable only upon a theory which cannot be expressed but in myth and symbol, and which, everywhere and at all times, the myths and symbols in which men have tried to portray their deepest perceptions, do in some form express. . . . Shall we say that what passes from our sight passes into oblivion? No; not into oblivion. Far, far beyond our ken the eternal laws must hold their sway. The hope that rises is the heart of all religions! The poets have sung it, the seers have told it, and in its deepest pulses the heart of man throbs responsive to its truth.

*Henry George*

## 326

Much on earth is hidden from us, but there is given us in recompense the secret conviction of our living bond with another world, a celestial and loftier world: and the very roots of our thoughts and sensations are not here but there in other worlds.

*Dostoevsky*

## 327

I believe in the life eternal; and I believe that man is rewarded according to his acts, here and everywhere, now and forever. I believe that so firmly that, at my age, seeing myself upon the edge of the grave, I must

often make an effort not to pray for the death of my body; that is to say, for my birth into a new life. . . .

*Leo Tolstoi*

## 328

On the question before us [immortality] wide and far your hearts will range from those early days when matins and evensong, evensong and matins sang the larger hope of humanity into your souls. . . . You will wander through all phases, to come at last, I trust, to the opinion of Cicero, who had rather be mistaken with Plato than be in the right with those who deny altogether the life after death; and this is my own *confessio fidei*.

*Sir William Osler*

## 329

I'm always speculating about *why* I always take Life after Death for granted, while so many people start with extinction, and throw the *onus probandi* of a hereafter on the Immortalist. I always catch myself seeking for a proof of extinction, and finding none. I used to think once that it was only resentment against the attitude of those who see a proof of cessation of existence in the disappearance of the means by which they have detected it in others. . . . For I have never seen, and never shall see, that the cessation of the evidence of existence is necessarily evidence of the cessation of existence. . . .

. . . the death of a man might be better described as the birth of a soul, and, inferentially, a parallel between the foresight into its life to come of the unborn child on the one hand and the unborn soul on the other. Who shall say that the unborn child in its degree does not learn as much of this world as we succeed in learning of the next? . . .

The end of Life is beyond its powers of knowledge. Death is a change that occurs at its beginning. The highest good is the growth of the Soul, and the greatest man is he who rejoices most in great fulfilments of the will of God.

*William De Morgan*

## 330

This is not the place to enter into detail or to discuss facts scorned by orthodox science, but I cannot help remembering that an utterance from this chair is no ephemeral production, for it remains to be criticized by generations yet unborn, whose knowledge must inevitably be fuller and wider than our own. Your President therefore should not be completely bound by the shackles of present-day orthodoxy, nor limited to beliefs fashionable at the time. In justice to myself and my co-workers I must risk annoying my present hearers, not only by leaving on record my conviction that occurrences now regarded as occult can be examined and reduced to order by the methods of science carefully and persistently applied, but by going further and saying, with the utmost brevity, that already the facts so examined have convinced me that memory and affection are not limited to that association with matter by which alone they can manifest themselves here and now, and that personality persists beyond bodily death.

*Sir Oliver Lodge*

## 331

O mystery of Life,  
That after all our strife,  
Defeats, mistakes,

## THE GRAIL OF LIFE

Just as, at last, we see  
The road to victory,  
The tired heart breaks.

Just as the long years give  
Knowledge of how to live,  
Life's end draws near;  
As if, that gift being ours,  
God needed our new powers  
In worlds elsewhere.

There, if the Soul whose wings  
Were won in suffering, springs  
To life anew,  
Justice would have some room  
For hope beyond the tomb,  
And mercy, too.

And since, without this dream  
No light, no faintest gleam  
Answers our "why";  
But earth and all its race  
Must pass and leave no trace  
On that blind sky;

Shall reason close that door  
On all we struggled for,  
Seal the Soul's doom;  
Make all this universe  
One wild answering curse,  
One lampless tomb?

Mine be the dream, the creed  
That leaves for God, indeed,  
For God, and man,

One open door whereby  
To prove His world no lie  
And crown his plan.

*Alfred Noyes*

## 332

Thou Power, that beyond the wind  
Rulest, to thee I am resigned.  
My child from me is snatched away;  
She vanished at the peer of day.  
Yet I discern with clearer brow  
A high indulgence in the blow,  
Light in the storm that o'er me broke,  
A special kindness in the stroke,  
A gentleness behind the Law,  
A sweetness following on the awe.  
Shall I forget that noon-day hour,  
When as upon some favourite flower  
A deep and tingling bliss was shed,  
A thrilling peace from overhead?  
I had not known it since my birth,  
I shall not know it more on earth.  
But now I may not sin, nor err,  
For fear of ever losing her.  
Though reeling from Thy thunder blow,  
Though blinded with Thy lightning low,  
I stagger back to dismal life,  
And mix myself with mortal strife,  
Thy judgment still to me is sweet;  
I feel, I feel, that we shall meet.

*Stephen Phillips*



## 333

We know not where they tarry who have died;  
The gate wherein they entered is made fast,  
No living mortal hath seen one who past  
Hither, from out the darknes deep and wide.  
We lean on Faith; and some less wise have cried:  
"Behold the butterfly, the seed that's cast!"  
Vain hopes that fall like flowers before the blast!  
What man can look on Death unterrified? —  
Who love can never die! They are part  
Of all that lives beneath the summer sky;  
With the world's living soul their souls are one;  
Nor shall they in vast nature be undone  
And lost in the general life. Each separate heart  
Shall live, and find its own, and never die.

*Richard Watson Gilder*

## 334

We know not how it is to be, or where. But somehow, somewhere, whether we wish for it or not, we know, by the dumb craving of the ordered world, as well as by the uttered hope of holiest souls, that God will yet fulfill us into something better than the fragments that we are. And so we wait, and work, and watch, and do the best we may, or bow our heads in sorrow that our doing is so much below the best — and as his laws ordain we let life go, or fall asleep, but always for some further greater life beyond the shadows and the sleeping.

*Brooke Herford*

## 335

The belief in a future life is a natural and an universal one. It may claim the credit of being native and essential, unless it can be disproved. It cannot be disproved. The most that doubt can do is to say that it does not know. It may stand, then; and no one may justly charge it with unreason. Beyond this there are many indications that point toward this belief as their most rational solution. This hypothesis of a future is the one which most naturally accounts for all known facts. Such being the case, we may as logically claim it as the astronomer claims a new planet, as yet unseen, as the needed explanation of the perturbations and movements that ask for some such cause.

*Minot J. Savage*

## 336

. . . We rejoice that in the hours of our purer vision, when the pulse-throb of eternity is strong within us, we know that no pang of mortality can reach our unconquerable soul, and that . . . death is but the gateway to life eternal. . . .

*Walter Rauschenbusch*

## 337

It must never be forgotten that humanity is involved in this faith, that humanity is its witness. . . . It persists in believing that the universe is reasonable, and that human life in its best achievement, in its best capacity, and in its enduring moral need, is of permanent concern to the Most High. . . . Through the higher instincts not of one man, but of all men; through the kinship to the Infinite, not of single lives, but of all lives; through the ideals that dawn,

not upon a few favoured individuals, but upon mankind; finally, through the great note of permanence in the soul, the universe would seem to be delivering its decree concerning the dignity and destiny of the race. . . . It is this voice that the prophet of today waits to hear, the voice like the sound of many waters and mighty thunderings, rolling through all the deeper and greater humanities, the voice of the Infinite speaking through the race, at length become harmonious with his righteous purpose in history, and registering his decree in favour of the immortality of man.

*George A. Gordon*

338

Immortality is one of the great spiritual needs of man. . . . I have to confess that my own personal feeling . . . has never been of the keenest order, and that, among the problems that give my mind solicitude, this one does not take the very foremost place. Yet there are individuals with a real passion for the matter, men and women for whom a life hereafter is a pungent craving . . . and in whom keenness of interest has bred an insight into the relations of the subject that no one less penetrated with the mystery of it can attain. Some of these persons are known to me . . . they do not speak as the scribes, but as having direct authority. . . .

In strict logic . . . the fangs of cerebralistic materialism are drawn. My words ought to exert a releasing function on your hopes. You *may* believe henceforward, whether you care to profit by the permission or not. . . .

The reader would be in accord with everything that the text of my lecture intended to say, were he to assert that every memory and affection of his present life is to be

preserved, and that he shall never *in saecula saeculorum* cease to be able to say to himself: "I am the same personal being who in old times upon the earth had those experiences."

*William James*

## 339

I have never seen what to me seemed an atom of proof that there is a future life. And yet—I am strongly inclined to expect one.

*Mark Twain*

## 340

. . . That there is a great will at work behind it all, I cannot for a moment doubt; nor can I doubt that I do it, with many foolish fears and delays, and shall do it to the end. Why it is that, voyaging thus to the haven beneath the hill, I meet such adverse breezes, such headstrong currents, such a wrack of wind and thwarting wave, I know not; nor what that other land will be like, if indeed I sail beyond the sunset; but that a home awaits me and all mankind I believe, of which this quiet house, so pleasantly ordered, among its old trees and dewy pastures, is but a faint sweet symbol. . . . There is a Truth behind all confusions and errors; a good beyond all pilgrimages. I shall find it, I shall reach it, in some day of sudden glory, of hope fulfilled and sorrow ended; and no step of the way thither will be wasted, whether trodden in despair and weariness or in elation and delight, till we have learned not to fear, not to judge, not to mistrust, not to despise; till in a moment our eyes will be opened, and we shall know that we have found peace.

*Arthur Christopher Benson*

## 341

. . . Among all the possibilities which the universe still hides from us, one of the easiest to realize, one of the most probable . . . is certainly the possibility of enjoying an existence much more spacious, lofty, perfect, durable and secure than that which is offered to us by our actual consciousness. Admitting this possibility — and there are few as probable — the problem of immortality is, in principle, solved. It now becomes a question of grasping or foreseeing its ways and, amid the circumstances that interest us the most, of knowing what part of our intellectual and moral acquirements will pass into our eternal and universal life. . . .

*Maurice Maeterlinck*

## 342

Our own will dies and God's will lives in us, and in so far as this is the case we attain the object of our earthly existence, that is, the realization of a higher and wider consciousness, the discovery of our true personality, which is immortal. This cannot persist until it has been attained, and its attainment is the Way of Life. In other words, when we are conscious of the Divine life and love dwelling within us, our human life becomes a conscious partaker of the endless life of God.

*Sir William F. Barrett*

## 343

As to the soul, verily it is sent forth by the Word of God, and it is that which, when kindled by the Fire of the Love of God, will not be quenched, neither by the waters of the rain, nor by the seas of the world. It is indeed that



kindled fire which is burning in the human Lote-tree, uttering "Verily there is no God but HE," and he who hears His voice is one of those who are successful. On leaving the body, God will send it forth after the best form, and cause it to enter into a high heaven: verily thy Lord is powerful over all things.

*Baha O'Llah*

344

. . . The Infinite Power of Love that has grounded a new spontaneous nature in man over against a dark and hostile world, will conserve such a new nature and its spiritual nucleus, and shelter it against all perils and assaults, so that life as the bearer of Life Eternal can never be wholly lost in the stream of time. Thus we obtain . . . belief in immortality — conviction of the indestructibility of that spiritual unity of life in man, which is the work of God. And it is from such a conception that the conviction of the eternity of the Divine Life proceeds — a conviction which gives man a trust in the preservation in some kind of way of the spiritual nucleus of his nature. . . .

*Rudolph Eucken*

345

I build my belief in immortality on the conviction that the fundamental reality of the universe is consciousness, and that no consciousness can ever be extinguished, for it belongs to the whole and must be fulfilled in the whole. The one unthinkable supposition from this point of view is that any kind of being which has ever become aware of itself, that is, has ever contained a ray of the eternal consciousness, can perish.

*Reginald G. Campbell*

In the will, as in consciousness, we have a new element in the evolution of the life, the development of a *force which can dominate brain processes*. It is an autonomy, controlling the nervous system, and regulating the functions of the mind. It is a psychic force which from its place of authority can direct the stores of nerve force, now into this channel and now into that, by a power of choice which has no physiological law, and, indeed, no psychological law can explain or predict.

The body thus appears to have produced what it can no longer control, nor even understand; and evolution has brought forth the flower and glory of its age-long development.

Beyond this stage of mental evolution it is not necessary to go because we have now crossed the great gulf between the physiological and the psychical, and have set our feet firmly on that shore where the higher faculties of the mind, reason and abstract thought, are subsequently developed. These higher powers serve only to point us still further along the road that delivers us from bondage to the flesh, and leads us to anticipate the complete emancipation of the mind from the body. The mind may henceforth become indifferent to the disasters which in the course of nature are bound to overtake the body, and may hope to survive its destruction and decay—and perhaps thereafter to find or create for itself a “spiritual body” adapted to a different sphere of existence and to other modes of life. . . .

. . . For the present, so far as science is concerned, life after the grave is not a proved fact, but the evidence is sufficient to justify faith in it. Such “faith” is often looked upon as a specifically religious function, and suggests to

the casual observer a process of "swallowing" what is incredible. Far from that being the case, faith is a function which the scientist employs constantly and without which he could not conduct his investigations. "Faith" is merely the religious counterpart of the "hypothesis" of the scientist. He is bound to assume as a hypothesis the law of gravity, and other mighty assumptions which he has not proved; but, having assumed any such hypothesis, he finds that the facts of the universe as he knows them fit so perfectly into it that he is confirmed in his belief in the legitimacy of his hypothesis. Precisely the same process is employed by the religious man who assumes the truth of belief in God and in immortal life. Having accepted these hypotheses, he finds that they explain so many of the deep problems of the world that his faith in them is confirmed. Since, therefore, the facts of science, which we have been studying, seem rather to confirm than to contradict the hypothesis of a life beyond death, the religious man is acting only reasonably when he accepts the belief as an article of faith. . . .

*James Arthur Hadfield*

347

The notion of a material identity between the present and future bodies is one which ought to be far more emphatically repudiated by the Church than has hitherto been done; but that does not mean that there is no connection or continuity between them. That connection, however, clearly cannot consist in identity of material particles; for even in this life, so we are told, the material particles which constitute our bodies are completely replaced about once in every seven years. The principle of continuity and connection between my body of today and my body

of twenty years ago is to be found, not in its material particles, but in the form-giving body-building principle of life within, i. e., in the soul. The soul is not, as the Gnostics thought, a mere prisoner in a body of alien nature. Body affects soul and soul affects body, and neither is complete without the other; but (as argued above), the soul is the "predominant partner." But if the principle of bodily continuity even in this world is found not in any identity of material particles, but in the soul, it is obvious that the principle of continuity between the terrestrial and the celestial body also must be looked for in the same direction. And if we ask how the connection we seek can be adequately supplied by the soul, the reply would be that it is in virtue of that power inherent in the life principle of determining form and of building up by assimilation *from its environment a new* body suited to that environment — whether that environment be in this world or in the world beyond our sight.

*Burnett Hillman Streeter*

348

The life eternal is the life we are living now and here. [But] the individual as we know him on this earth cannot reappear in another world. . . . What the father, mother, friend we have touched "here below" is, he or she is by the co-operating force of both mind and body. But, if the mind be the creator of the body, it can pass on in another stage of existence to create for itself a better body to realize the aspirations felt but unattainable here. Soul may know soul hereafter through all their new clothes.

*Henry D. Lloyd*



## 349

[We] belong not to this world of our merely human sense and thought. . . . Therein lies the very proof that [we] even now belong to a higher and to a richer realm. Therein lies the very sign of [our] true immortality.

Despite God's absolute unity, we, as individuals, preserve and attain our unique lives and meanings, and are not lost in the very life that sustains us, and that needs us as its own expression. This life is real through us all; and we are real through our union with that life. Close is our touch with the eternal. Boundless is the meaning of our nature. Its mysteries baffle our present science, and escape our present experience; but they need not blind our eyes to the central unity of Being, nor make us feel lost in a realm where all the wanderings of time mean the process whereby is discovered the homeland of Eternity.

*Josiah Royce*

## 350

Personality, being the highest product and final crown of life and of the universe, must be permanent, or all value vanishes with it. Its permanence is seen in its persistence through all earthly vicissitudes. While it develops from germinal consciousness to fullblown power, yet after emerging into selfhood it retains its central core of consciousness, which does not change with the years but remains as the identical self. Its outward circumstances are in a state of ceaseless flux and at times pass through tremendous shocks and upheavals; its very body flows away from it in a steady stream and is constantly replaced with new tissues; its subjective experience is in a state of incessant change and development, and at intervals encounters catastrophic crises and is swept by terrible storms;



and yet none of these things rolls it from its base, but its central self persists as the same personality. If it can survive such constant and deep changes and even repeatedly put off the entire body and clothe itself in a new garment of the flesh, will it not survive the still greater shock of death and weave around itself a new body adapted to its new condition? . . .

The end of each stage of evolution marks a critical point where the product is cut off from the process and raised to a higher level. The direction in which this principle points is plain: it points to a higher life for man. His soul ripens on the stem of the body and then is detached and the body perishes. But the whole analogy of evolution requires that this most precious product should not be lost, but should pass on to a higher stage and be devoted to a more exalted use, or be transmuted into finer, richer life. The long, slow, unwearied climb, purchased at every step by a great deal of sacrifice, from the ether to the atom, from the atom to the crystal, from the crystal to the cell, and from the cell to man, has been struggling towards personality as its goal. Shall the atom and the crystal and the cell be on their way to a higher destiny at the lower end of the scale of evolution, and yet personality in the human soul at the top fail of this principle and hope and fall into nothingness? . . . That personalities, the highest and costliest embodiments of worth, should be produced through the travail of divine birth only to be flung as rubbish to the void, puts to confusion all our ideas of reason and right. Evolution itself has written all over it the promise and potency of some better thing, and its long, blood-stained process is adequately completed and crowned only when the human soul, its topmost blossom and finest fruit, passes into a higher world and an immortal life.

*James H. Snowden*

## 351

The law of evolution is that Good shall on the whole increase in the universe with the process of the suns: that immortality itself is a special case of a more general Law, namely, that in the whole universe nothing really finally perishes that is worth keeping, that a thing once attained is not thrown away.

The general mutability and mortality in the world need not disturb us. The things we see perishing and dying are not of the same kind as those which we hope will endure. Death and decay, as we know them, are interesting physical processes, which may be studied and understood; they have seized the imagination of man, and govern his emotions, perhaps unduly, but there is nothing in them to suggest ultimate destruction, or the final triumph of ill; they are necessary correlatives to conception and birth into a material world; they do not really contradict an optimistic view of existence.

So far as we can tell, there need be no real waste, no real loss, no annihilation; but everything sufficiently valuable, be it beauty, artistic achievement, knowledge, unselfish affection, may be thought of as enduring henceforth and forever if not with an individual and personal existence, yet as part of the eternal Being of God.

And this carries with it the persistence of personality in all creatures who have risen to the attainment of God-like faculties, such as self-determination and other attributes which suggest kinship with Deity and make their possessor a member of the Divine family. For whether or not this incipient theory of the conservation of value stand the test of criticism, it is undeniable that . . . seers do not hesitate to attribute permanence and timeless existence to the essential element in man himself. They realize that

he is one with the universe, that he may come to be in tune with the infinite, and that his spasmodic efforts towards a state wherein the average will rise to a level now attained by only a few, are part of the evolutionary travailing of the whole creation. . . . What we are claiming is no less than this—that, whereas it is certain that the present body cannot long exist without the soul, it is quite possible and indeed necessary for the soul to exist without the present body. We base this claim on the soul's manifest transcendence, on its genuine reality, and on the general law of the persistence of all real existence.

*Sir Oliver Lodge*

## 352

Philosophy introduces us thus into the spiritual life. And it shows us at the same time the relation of the life of the spirit to that of the body. The great error of the doctrines on the spirit has been the idea that by isolating the spiritual life from all the rest, by suspending it in space as high as possible above the earth, they were placing it beyond attack, as if they were not thereby simply exposing it to be taken as an effect of mirage. . . . They are right to believe in the absolute reality of the person and in his independence toward matter; but science is there, which shows the interdependence of conscious life and cerebral activity. They are right to attribute to man a privileged place in nature, to hold that the distance is infinite between the animal and man; but the history of life is there, which makes us witness the genesis of species by gradual transformation, and seems thus to reintegrate man in animality. When a strong instinct assures the probability of personal survival, they are right not to close their ears to its voice; but if there exist "souls" capable of an

independent life, whence do they come? . . . All these questions will remain unanswered . . . if we do not resolve to see the life of the body just where it really is, on the road that leads to the life of the spirit. . . .

[Souls] are nothing else than the little rills into which the great river of life, flowing through the body of humanity, divides itself. The movement of the stream is distinct from the river bed, although it must adopt its winding course. Consciousness is distinct from the organism it animates, although it must undergo its vicissitudes . . . the destiny of consciousness is not bound up . . . with the destiny of cerebral matter. Consciousness is essentially free; it is freedom itself. . . .

As the smallest grain of dust is bound up with our entire solar system, . . . so all organized beings, from the humblest to the highest, from the first origins of life to the time in which we are, and in all places as in all times, do but evidence a single impulsion. . . . All the living hold together, and all yield to the same tremendous push. The animal takes his stand on the plant, man bestrides animality; and the whole of humanity, in space and in time, is one immense army galloping beside and before and behind each of us in an overwhelming charge able to beat down every resistance and clear the most formidable obstacles, perhaps even death.

*Henri Bergson*

353

. . . What are the things which most bear the impress of the Eternal,—which seem most truly to mirror the power of God? Wisdom, love, duty, joyous and free service.

But what do these words mean? They express personal



qualities, they are attributes of a living being. They are doubtless potentialities of the universe, bound up in its necessary causation, but to us they have been revealed in human consciousness.

For unnumbered ages atoms have been moved about by forces as indestructible as themselves. They have floated in mists of fire, they have been gathered into molten billows, they have been whirled into worlds and systems of worlds, they have risen into clouds, they have fallen in rain, they have risen again in grass-blades and flowers and trees. They have been organized into creatures that breathe and creep and fly, and they return again into dust.

. . . But the time comes when there is something more. Out of the dust there emerges a creature whose existence in the material world is nothing short of a miracle. Connect him as closely as you may with all that went before, and yet the amazing fact remains that his being carries him into another sphere which transcends the familiar round of physical causation. His language is strange in this world of law. Is it only a chance concourse of atoms, organized into a brain, as yesterday they may have been organized into the needs of the roadside, from which comes the confident voice: I love, I hope, I worship eternal beauty, I offer myself in obedience to a perfect law of righteousness, I gladly suffer that others may be saved, I resist the threatening evil that I see, I choose not the easy way, but the difficult way, my will shall not yield to circumstance, but only to a higher will.

Molecules, however organized, do not naturally thus utter themselves. Chemical reactions are not thus expressed. There are no equivalents for this new power in the mechanical forces. . . . A universe out of which there emerges a living will cannot be purposeless. In the light of the living will the history of the Past must be written,



and this newly revealed force throws a penetrating light into the future. Here is something that has an eternal meaning. Here is the first glimpse of infinitude that really satisfies. The infinitudes of Time and Space and Physical Force awe us at first, and then tire us. It is because they are infinite in extent, but not infinite in value. We very quickly exhaust their meaning, and then there is the sense of monotonous repetition. . . .

. . . But the glimpse of spiritual infinitude is like the glimpse of mountains towering above us, range upon range, peak upon peak. Looking up we see no end, we are inspired by the immensities. There is in us the unstilled desire for that which lies beyond. Did ever lover tire of the thought of love eternal, the vaster passion gathering all unto itself, guarding all and keeping all? The truth-lover tires of accumulation of unrelated facts, but he does not tire of Truth, Truth vitalized and harmonized. Divine ideas ever find us young and ever keep us so. . . .

. . . This is that of which—when the clouds are off our souls—we dare assert immortality. . . .

. . . The wondering joy in life inspires a deeper confidence than many a laboured argument. It is a faith that is born anew in unselfish friendship. Many a man, who would not claim immortality for himself, yet reverently recognizes in another greater than himself “the power of an endless life.”

*Samuel McChord Crothers*

The man of moral seriousness, who looks on life as a sacred privilege and trust, who has visions of heights to which his spiritual nature may climb, who has touched depths of refining spiritual experience—depths that are

prophetic of others deeper still; the man who is capable of high and ennobling friendships, whose horizon embraces aims that are exalting and exalted, that man will look on immortality as a priceless boon, not because of any opportunity that it offers for delights and rewards, but because of the opportunity that it offers for continuing the task of spiritual sculpture, for rounding out his character, for completing the dimensions of his being, for maturing the great life-purpose, that here on earth had time only to blossom, or, perchance, only to bud. For such a man, with such moral experience, conscious of ever deeper and intenser moral living, no alternative is open but belief in survival of his essential spiritual selfhood, to be somehow fitted, equipped for further progress toward "the goal set up" for him, albeit he can form no visual image of this equipment and knows moral progress here only in connection with brain and other bodily equipment. . . .

The only rational view of our earthly pilgrimage is that of a process of growth, upward and onward endlessly, a *progressus ad Parnassum*. If, then, when that pilgrimage ends, our goal be still like a star shining in the distant heaven and we look up from the low plane of our present attainment to that star, what escape is there from the frightful unreason of such a situation? It is, so far as I can see, that death does not terminate the pilgrimage but that somehow, somewhere, opportunity is afforded for the perpetuation of what is essentially spiritual in us, to the end that it may continue its consecrated devotion to the supreme purpose of its being.

To my reason immortality is the only possible solution to the mystery of life.

*Alfred W. Martin*

## 355

. . . No man in those hours when he is intellectually and spiritually at his best can consent, without violence to his profoundest instincts, to believe in a world that loses all its gains, a world in which nothing that we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist. Without some form of personal permanence that issue to the cosmic process seems inevitable.

. . . The man who lives as though he were immortal lives in a universe where the highest spiritual values are permanent, outlasting the growth and dissolution of the stars; where personality, whether in himself or others, is infinitely precious and has everlasting issues; where character is the supreme concern of life, in behalf of which all else may reasonably be sacrificed; where no social service ever can be vain, if it registers itself in even one man made better, and where, in all public-minded devotion to moral causes on the earth, we are not digging artificial lakes to be filled by our own buckets, in hopeless contest with an alien universe, but rather building channels down which the eternal spiritual purpose of the living God shall flow to its "far off divine event."

. . . Death is a great adventure, but none need go unconvinced that there is an issue to it. The man of faith may face it as Columbus faced his first voyage from the shores of Spain. What lies across the sea he cannot tell; his special expectations all may be mistaken; but his insight into the clear meanings of present facts may persuade him beyond doubt that the sea has another shore. Such confident faith, so founded upon reasonable grounds, shall be turned to sight, when, for all the dismay of the unbelieving, the hope of the seers is rewarded by the vision of a new continent.

*Harry Emerson Fosdick*

. . . By translation from this world to another new possibilities are opened up. Here, however faithful may be the soul and however fully it may express itself in the outward life, this expression is at best incomplete, and only prophetic of that which is yet to be. But in the case of less perfect characters the need of such translation is still more imperative, and there comes a time when it becomes apparent that further progress in this world is barred, whether owing to self-wrought or inherited incapacities or outward causes of arrested development springing it may be from the hand of God Himself. And yet, in the case of such characters, how often are the good and evil qualities intermingled in such a way that it is clear that finally only the good will survive — that the strong sense of right and truth will in due time master the traditional proneness to wrong and deception, the inner gentleness and largeness of spirit rise superior to the temporary declensions into suspicious resentful tempers, and the high purposes ultimately extinguish every unworthy habit and bring every unruly passion into obedience to the spirit of Christ. Not what the man now is, but what he aspires to be, is the real man, and when death removes him from this life's fitful fever and troubled environment, this is the picture he leaves behind him in the hearts of those who knew and loved him, and this is the ideal he is already on the way to achieve, armed with fresh powers and enriched with fresh opportunities.

*R. H. Charles D. Litt*

It is becoming increasingly hard to find where death achieves its victory. Man has perfected a hundred devices



to perpetuate his mortal acts. His voice is caught on rolling disks, and held imperishable for the ears of his grandchildren. Gestures of his hands, the pantomime of his face, are recorded on films that can be laid away for a century and then unspun and projected on screens. If the breath of his body and his chance actions are so worthy of long continuing, then his spirit, that is finer than they, may be even more persisting, and impress itself on what is more durable than wax. If death cannot carry away into oblivion tones of his voice nor the spectacle of his ways, it does not become us to doubt that death does not scatter spirit beyond recall, nor altogether end what was so ardent.

*Arthur Gleason*

358

There is a plant of the Syrian deserts—the Rose of Jericho—about the size of our common daisy plant, and bearing a similiar flower, which in dry seasons, when the earth about its roots is turned into mere sand, has the presence of mind to detach itself from its hold altogether and roll itself into a mere ball—flower, root, and all. It is then blown along the plains by the wind, and travels away until it reaches some moist and sheltered spot, when it expands again and takes hold on the ground, uplifts its head, and merrily blooms once more. Like the little rose of Jericho, the human soul has at times to draw in its roots (which we may compare to the animal part) and separate them from their earthly entanglement; even the sun in heaven, which it knows distantly for the source of its life, may be obscured; but compacting itself for the nonce into a sturdy ball, it starts gaily on its far adventure.

*Edward Carpenter*



## IN THE HUT

. . . The hut was empty. I chopped some wood and made a fire, fetched water from the spring and cooked my evening meal. For an hour or more I have lain in the straw and tried to sleep; in vain! That door swings ajar; symbols besiege me and press for interpretation. The stars burn brighter and brighter; the torrents roar; and the glacier gleams cold and white, coiled in the jaws of the abyss. It is the type of death as the valley was of life. And it is to wrestle with death that I am here alone.

But I dare not face him yet; I recognize that I am afraid. Let me turn back then to life, and record, for my assurance, the truth my thought has long divined and vision today confirmed. Nothing exists but individuals in the making. All things live, yes, even those we call inanimate. A soul, or a myriad souls, inform the rocks and streams and winds. Innumerable centres of life leap in joy down the torrent; or it may be some diffused and elemental spirit singly sustains that ever-flowing form. The sea is a passion, the air and the light a will and a desire. All things together, each in his kind, each in his rank, press upwards, moved by love, to a goal that is good. What that goal is, I do not closely inquire, neither do I ask after the origin or meaning of the Whole. I cling to the fact I know, to movement and its cause; the fact I know from the soul of Man and infer in Nature. What He is, She is; and what He is, I know. He is discord straining to harmony, ignorance to knowledge, fear to courage, hate and indifference to love. He is a system out of equilibrium, and therefore moving towards it; he is the fall of the stone, the flow of the stream, the orbit of the star, rendered in the truth of passion and desire. To apprehend Reality is

the goal of his eternal quest. . . . The horizons of death and birth shut us in. And even of the interspace we are not free, for we are pent in our own faculties. Something these reveal, but most they hide. We have five senses, but we have no more; we have a brain, but its beats are timed. Born into a shell, we grow till we reach its limits; the rest is retrocession or frustration. To shatter the shell is the destiny of life; but it can only be shattered by death. There is the paradox of our being. If death be death, life is not life; if life be life, death is not death. For either life is nothing or it is the overcoming of death. That I know and to that pass I am come. All I can do in this prison of the flesh I have done; I have learnt what I can learn, and I have felt what I can feel. At every point my growing soul presses against her walls. And now at last they begin to crack. Beams of strange light shoot here and there across the darkness; liquid notes break upon the silence. I am ripe for my metamorphosis; and yet, oh shame! I know that I fear it. And before me lies the symbol of my fear, the space, the cold, the solitude, the uncommunicating Powers. Above me shine the eternal stars, whither I am bound. But my way is over the mountain. Have I the courage to climb?

### ON THE SUMMIT

Of all the dawns that I have watched in the mountains, never was one like that I saw today. I forgot the glacier, and was aware only of the stars. Through the chinks in my prison wall they blazed brighter and brighter, till where they shone it fell away, and I looked out on the Past. I knew myself to be more than myself, an epitome of the generations; and I travelled again, from the source, my life which is the life of Man. I was a shepherd pas-

turing flocks on star-lit plains of Asia; I was an Egyptian priest on his tower conning the oracles of the sky; I was a Greek sailor with Boötes and Orion for my guides; I was Endymion entranced on mountains of Arcady. I saw the star of Bethlehem and heard the angels sing; I spoke with Ptolemy, and watched the night with Galileo. A thousand times I had died, a thousand times been born. By these births and deaths my course was marked through the night of Time. But now I had come to sunrise. The stars began to fade; and solemn and slow the flower of dawn unfolded crystal petals, budded a violet, and blossomed a rose. The mountains lit their altars of amaranthine fire; and into his palace thus prepared rolled the chariot of the god, to the sound of the marching music to which creation moves.

I could not see the god, but I heard the music; and hearing it, I overcame fear. I was on the ice-slope, hung between the abyss and the sky. The chips of ice rattled and clinked to measureless depths below, and my nerves and senses shivered to hear them as they fell. But the very stress of anguish set my spirits free. As with a knife, that passage cut her loose from the flesh. Earth to earth, dust to dust, let the body drop back to the pit. But the soul has wings; and on the summit mine spread hers. For there at last I fronted the sun and the new world. The other world has vanished away, I know not how or whither. Before me stretches an ocean, untravelled and unplumbed; and sheer from its waters rise afar cliffs of rosy snow. The wall between me and the future is down; the sun streams through; and in my ears, more loud and more clear, sounds the marching music, to which I move, and with me all creation. . . .

*G. Lowes Dickinson*

## 360

Slowly has passed the daily miracle. It is night. . . . Everything is sleeping, save only a single star and the pansies. This serenity of night! What could seem less likely ever more to move and change again today? And yet it is not so; the nightly miracle has passed; for the starling has begun its job, and the sun is fretting those dark busy wings with gold. Full day has come again! But the face of it is a little strange; it is not like yesterday. Queer — to think no day is like a day that is past, and no night like a night that is coming.

Why then fear death, which is but night? Why care if next day have different face and spirit. . . .

*John Galsworthy*

## 361

I was not aware of the moment when I first crossed the threshold of this life.

What was the power that made me open out into this vast mystery like a bud in the forest at midnight!

When in the morning I looked upon the light I felt in a moment that I was no stranger in this world, that the inscrutable without name and form had taken me in its arms in the form of my own mother.

Even so, in death the same unknown will appear as even known to me. And because I love this life, I know I shall love death as well.

The child cries out when from the right breast the mother takes it away, in the very next moment to find in the left one its consolation.

*Rabindranath Tagore*



## 362

It is not arguments that convince one of the necessity of a future life. . . . Life and death—they are what convince a man. The sort of thing that convinces a man is when he sees a being dear to him, with whose life he has been intimately bound up, . . . and suddenly this being suffers, is tortured, and ceases to be. Why? It cannot be that there is no answer. I believe that there is one. . . . One must believe that we live not merely now on this patch of earth, but that we have lived and shall live eternally there in the universe. . . .

*Leo Tolstoi*

## 363

Though I have watched so many mourners weep  
O'er the real dead, in dull earth laid asleep —  
Those dead seemed but the shadows of my days  
That passed and left me in the sun's bright rays.  
Now though you go on smiling in the sun  
Our love is slain, and love and you were one.  
You are the first, you I have known so long,  
Whose death was deadly, a tremendous wrong.  
Therefore I seek the faith that sets it right  
Amid the lilies and the candle-light.  
I think on Heaven, for in that air so clear  
We two may meet, confused and parted here.  
Ah, when man's dearest dies, 'tis then he goes  
To that old balm that heals the centuries' woes.  
Then Christ's wild cry in all the streets is rife: —  
"I am the Resurrection and the Life."

*Vachel Lindsay*



## 364

Lord of all Light and Darkness,  
Lord of all Life and Death,  
Behold, we lay in earth today  
The flesh that perisheth.  
Take to thyself whatever may  
Be not as dust and breath —  
Lord of all Light and Darkness,  
Lord of all Life and Death.

*William Watson*

## 365

What, then, is Life — what Death?  
Thus the answer saith;  
O faithless mortal, bend thy head and listen:

Down o'er the vibrant strings,  
That thrill, and moan, and mourn, and glisten,  
The Master draws his bow.  
A voiceless pause; then upward, see, it springs  
Free as a bird with disimprisoned wings!  
In twain the chord was cloven,  
While, shaken with woe,  
With breaks of instant joy all interwoven,  
Piercing the heart with lyric knife,  
On, on the ceaseless music sings,  
Restless, intense, serene; —  
Life is the downward stroke; the upward, Life;  
Death but the pause between. . . .

*Richard Watson Gilder*

## 366

. . . There is no death. The thing that we call death  
Is but another, sadder name for life,  
Which is itself an insufficient name,  
Faint recognition of that unknown life,—  
That power whose shadow is the universe.

*Richard Henry Stoddard*

## 367

Over the grave bends Love sobbing, and by her side  
stands Hope, and whispers—"We shall meet again. Before  
all life is death, and after all death is life. The falling  
leaf, touched with the hectic flush that testifies of  
autumn's death, is in a subtler sense, a prophecy of spring."

*Robert G. Ingersoll*

## 368

Under the wide and starry sky,  
Dig the grave and let me lie.  
Glad did I live and gladly die,  
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:  
*Here he lies where he longed to be;*  
*Home is the sailor, home from sea,*  
*And the hunter home from the hill.*

*Robert Louis Stevenson*

## 369

Bear me not with mourning to my grave, for shall not my  
spirit have leapt to God?

*Elizabeth Gibson*

## 370

Our journey had advanced;  
Our feet were almost come  
To that odd fork in Being's road,  
Eternity by term.

Our pace took sudden awe,  
Our feet reluctant led.  
Before were cities, but between,  
The forest of the dead.

Retreat was out of hope,—  
Behind, a sealed route,  
Eternity's white flag before,  
And God at every gate.

*Emily Dickinson*

## 371

Man comes a pilgrim of the universe,  
Out of the mysteries that were before  
The world, out of the wonder of old stars,  
Far roads have felt his feet, forgotten wells  
Have glassed his beauty bending down to drink.  
At altar-fires anterior to Earth  
His soul was lighted, and it will burn on  
After the suns have wasted in the void.  
His feet have felt the pressure of old worlds,  
And are to tread on others yet unnamed —  
Worlds sleeping yet in some new dream of God.

*Edwin Markham*

## 372

Passage — immediate passage! the blood burns in my veins!  
 Away, O soul! hoist instantly the anchor!  
 Cut the hawsers — haul out — shake out every sail! . . .  
 Sail forth! steer for the deep waters only!  
 Reckless, O soul, exploring, I with thee, and thou with me;  
 For we are bound where mariner has not yet dared to go,  
 And we will risk the ship, ourselves and all.

O my brave soul!  
 O farther, farther sail!  
 O daring joy, but safe! Are they not all the seas of God?  
 O farther, farther, farther sail!

*Walt Whitman*

## 373

Joy, shipmate, joy!  
 (Pleas'd to my soul at death, I cry)  
 Our life is closed, our life begins,  
 The long, long anchorage we leave,  
 The ship is clear at last, she leaps!  
 She swiftly courses from the shore,  
 Joy, shipmate, joy!

*Walt Whitman*

## 374

Not pleasure alone is good, but pain also; not joy alone  
 but sorrow;  
 Freed must the psyche be from the pupa, and pain is there to  
 free it.  
 Throes and struggles and clenchings of teeth — but pain is  
 there to free it.

Lo! the prison walls must fall — even though the prisoner tremble.

Long the strain, sometimes seeming past endurance — then the dead shell gives way, and a new landscape discloses

Curtain behind curtain, wall behind wall, life behind life, Dying here, to be borne there, passing and passing and passing,

At last a new creature behold, transfigured to more than mortal!

For brief after all is pain, but joy ah! joy is eternal!  
And then the veil that divides, the subtle film of illusion —  
The prison-wall so slight, at a touch it parts and crumbles,  
And opens at length on the sunlit world and the winds of heaven.

*Edward Carpenter*

## 375

All night we hear the rattling flaw,  
The casements shiver with each breath;  
And still more near the foemen draw,  
The pioneers of Death.  
Their grisly chieftain comes:  
He steals upon us in the night,  
Call up the guards! light every light!  
Beat the alarum drums.

His tramp is at the outer door;  
He bears against the shuddering walls;  
Lo! what a dismal frost and hoar  
Upon the window falls!  
Feed, feed the watch-fires everywhere —  
Even yet their cheery warmth will scare  
This thing of night away.



Ye cannot! something chokes the grate  
And clogs the air within its flues,  
And runners from the entrance gate  
Come chill with evil news;  
The bars are broken ope!  
Ha! he has scaled the inner wall!  
But fight him still, from hall to hall;  
While life remains, there's hope.

Too late! the very frame is dust,  
The locks and trammels fall apart;  
He reaches scornful of their trust,  
The portals of the heart.  
Ay, take the citadel!  
But where, grim Conqueror, is thy prey?  
In vain thou'lt search each secret way,  
Its flight is hidden well.

We yield thee, for thy paltry spoils,  
This shell, this ruin thou hast made;  
Its tenant has escaped thy toils,  
Though they were darkly laid.  
Even now, immortal, pure,  
It gains a house not made with hands,  
A refuge in serener lands,  
A heritage secure.

*E. C. Stedman*

376

'Twas in another's pangs I hither came;  
'Tis in mine own that I anon depart.  
O Birth, thou doorway hung with swords of flame,  
How like to Death thou art!

*William Watson*

## 377

Death is only a second birth into a freer existence in which the spirit breaks through its slender covering and abandons inaction and sloth, as the child does in its first birth. . . .

The spirit will no longer wander over mountain and field, or be surrounded by the delights of spring only to mourn that it all seems exterior to him; but, transcending earthly limitations, he will feel new strength and joy in growing. He will no longer struggle by persuasive words to produce a thought in others, but in the immediate influence of souls upon each other, no longer separated by the body, but united spiritually, he will experience the joy of creative thought; he will not outwardly appear to the loved ones left behind, but will dwell in their inmost souls and think and act in and through them.

For those souls which have grown together as one through their movements of sympathy, gain force each from the other . . . and at the same time confirmation as individuals through the union of their diversities. Those souls which have seized together upon a form or an idea of truth, beauty or goodness in their eternal purity, remain thereby united to all eternity and in like manner possess these ideals as a part of themselves in everlasting unity. . . .

How much will man have to learn after death! For he must not think that at the first entrance, he will possess the whole divine perception for which the future life will offer the means. Even here the child first learns to see and hear; for what he sees and hears in the beginning is uncomprehended appearance, is mere sound without meaning — at first only bewilderment, astonishment and confusion: and nothing different does the new life offer to the new child at first. Only what man brings with him from this life, the

composite echo of memories of all he has done and thought and been here, does he see, in the transition, all at once clearly lighted up within itself, yet still he remains primarily only what he was.

*Gustav Fechner*

## 378

“If men could guess what is in store for them when they die, they would not have the patience to live—they wouldn’t wait. . . .

“Nothing is lost—nothing! From the ineffable, high, fleeting thought a Shakespeare can’t find words to express, to the slightest sensation of an earthworm—nothing! Not a leaf’s feeling of the light, not a loadstone’s sense of the pole, not a single volcanic or electric thrill of the mother earth. . . .

“‘As we sow we reap’; that is a true saying, and all the sowing is done here on earth, and the reaping beyond. Man is a grub; his dead clay, as he lies confined in his grave, is the left-off cocoon he has spun for himself during his earthly life, to burst open and soar from, with all his memories about him, even the lost ones. . . . We are all, *tous tant que nous sommes*, little bags of remembrance that never dies; that’s what we’re *for*. But we can only bring with us to the common stock what we’ve got. . . .

“There are battles to be fought and races to be won, but no longer against ‘*each other*.’ And strength and swiftness to win them; but no longer any strong and swift. There is weakness and cowardice, but no longer any cowards or weaklings. . . .

“And the goal? The cause, the whither and the why of it all? . . . As far as I can make it out, everything everywhere seems to be an ever-deepening, ever-broadening

stream that makes with inconceivable velocity for its own proper level, *where perfection is!* . . . and ever gets nearer, and never finds it, and fortunately never will!

"Only that, unlike an earthly stream, and more like a fresh flowing tide up an endless, boundless, shoreless creek (if you can imagine that), the level it seeks is immeasurably higher than its source. And everywhere in it is Life, Life, Life! ever renewing and doubling itself, and ever swelling that mighty river which has no banks!

"And everywhere in it, like begets like, *plus* a little better or a little worse; and the little worse finds its way back into some backwater and sticks there, and finally goes to the bottom, and nobody cares. And the little better goes on bettering and bettering—not all man's folly or perversions can hinder *that*, nor make that headlong torrent stay, or ebb, or roll backward for a moment." . . .

"[And] who shall say where Shakespeare and you and I come in—tiny links in an endless chain, so tiny that even Shakespeare is no bigger than we! And just a little way behind us, those little wiggling transparent things, all stomach, that we descend from; and far ahead of ourselves, but in the direct line of a long descent from *us*, an ever-growing conscious Power, so strong, so glad, so simple, so wise, so mild, and so beneficent, that what can we do, even now, but fall on our knees with our foreheads in the dust, and our hearts brimful of wonder, hope and love, and tender shivering awe; and worship as a yet unborn, barely conceived, and scare begotten *Child*—that which we have always been taught to worship as a *Father*—That which is not now, but is to be—That which we shall all share in and be part and parcel of in the dim future—That which is slowly, surely, painfully weaving Itself out of us and the likes of us all through the limitless Universe, and Whose coming we can but faintly foretell by the casting of its



shadow on our own slowly, surely, painfully awakening souls! ”

*George Du Maurier*

## 379

If the universe, . . . is really a home to us, we shall find it more of a home when we are rid of the litter and phantoms of this life, which are here our property and not ourselves. And we shall come into this home, not as strangers needing to learn the customs and the language, but as exiles returning with memories awakened at every step. Everywhere we shall recognize those people and things that are according to our idea and memory of home, as we now recognize a great tune when we hear it for the first time. It is as if we were helping to make it ourselves. It is we ourselves that speak in it and say what we have always wanted to say. So this future life will seem to be ours and always to have been ours; only we have never managed to live in it before. It will be the expression of what we always knew about reality but could not even dare to whisper to ourselves. Nor will it seem to be a reward to us but rather something that we have been fools not to make for ourselves before. Music is not a prize for being good; it is not something that the musician imposes upon us, but a revelation that suddenly we share with him. And we share it only because in our values we are his equals and of like mind with him, though we could not have expressed our minds without his help. That is an image of our equality with God. He makes the music and we recognize it; and He does not make the music for Himself, but for us; His joy is in our recognition of it; and to be one with us in that recognition.

Reality, to me, here, is in what I love, not in what I hate; and I do not love from mere habit and just what



happens to be around me. I love from recognition of what is everlastingly lovable; and this will last into a future state. It is the spirit that gives form, and the beauty of things made by man is the form given to them by the spirit of man. So, as the spirit will persist, the beauty will persist also and will be of the same nature, whether it come from man or from God, and whatever its material may be. The beauty we shall recognize even if its material be strange to us. We shall not have to learn it all afresh; and we shall recognize it the more easily because all our present ugly phantoms of beauty will be gone. So will the false phantoms we mistake for truth, and the evil phantoms we miscall goodness.

In this life progress means that we become freer of the tyranny of the past. I am aware of progress in myself when I am able suddenly to live in the present and no longer to see it only through the phantoms of my own past. Only then do I become myself, and not something else subject to what I have been. The difficulty, for us, is to go on being freshly ourselves in an eternally fresh relation with what is. We are always falling behind our actual experience, judging it as if it were a something that had happened before, as if it were actually in the past for us; and so we judge other men as if they were tied by their past. That is how we find it so difficult to forget and forgive. They are to us what they have done; and we become to ourselves what we have done; and so come to think of all things as bound by a chain of cause and effect. But progress in another life will be a greater freedom from the tyranny of the past. We shall begin afresh, but it will be we ourselves that begin. All status will be swept away like cobwebs. We shall love Shakespeare for himself and not for his reputation, and we shall come nearer to loving God also for Himself and not for His reputation. . . .

If in that other life God is more instant to us, more plainly revealed in a more piercing righteousness, truth, and beauty, it may be we shall suffer a sharper pain than here for our failure to rise to our opportunity. Beauty often makes us sad here, because we are ourselves inadequate to it. There our inadequacy may make the far greater beauty almost intolerable to us. We shall have lost all our comfortable unrealities, our sense of status, our vulgarities, our formulae, and our hostile generalizations; we shall have no one to encourage us in our nonsense; and we shall be face to face, all naked and bare as we are, with that which here we call the beatific vision. We shall know that it is the beatific vision; and yet it will hurt us with our own inadequacy to experience it. . . . This sublimity of the beatific vision is not a cold sublimity, as we often suppose; it is not a sublimity emptied of all content or absorbed in the enjoyment of itself. There is desire in it calling to our desire, the love of God calling to the love of man; and it is the urgency of the call that will pain us.—To fail in the answer to this ineffable appeal, to baffle the desire of God with the faintness of our own desire, that will be the pain of Heaven. Nor shall we know, nor shall God know, whether we shall ever be able to satisfy His desire with our own. But at least the pain of ours will be real, as his desire is real. It will be real like the sorrow of a great piece of music, not unreal like the routine of this life to which we subdue ourselves even while we rebel against it. It will be real like the Crucifixion, which continues for ever and must continue, until man has risen to an equality with God; for that time is hidden in the darkness of the future, for it rests with man himself whether he shall so rise. But all the glory and the beauty of the universe is in the desire of God for man to be equal with Himself, and in the answering desire of

man. And that also is the beauty and glory of heaven, more intense than on earth because there man is closer to God.

*A. Clutton-Brock*

## 380

Not with vain tears when we're beyond the sun,  
We'll beat on the substantial doors, nor tread  
Those dusty high-roads of the aimless dead  
Plaintive for Earth; but rather turn and run  
Down some close-covered by-way of the air,  
Some low sweet alley between wind and wind,  
Stoop under faint gleams, tread the shadows, find  
Some whispering ghost-forgotten nook, and there  
Spend in sweet converse our eternal day;  
Think each in each, immediately wise;  
Learn all we lacked before; hear, know and say  
What this tumultuous body now denies;  
And feel, who have laid our groping hands away;  
And see, no longer blinded by our eyes.

*Rupert Brooke*

## 381

When Earth's last picture is painted and the tubes are  
twisted and dried,  
When the oldest colours have faded, and the youngest critic  
has died,  
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it — lie down for  
an aeon or two,  
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall put us to work  
anew.

And those that were good shall be happy: they shall sit in  
a golden chair;

They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of  
comets' hair;  
They shall find real saints to draw from — Magdalene,  
Peter, and Paul,  
They shall work for an age at a sitting, and never be tired  
at all.

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master  
shall blame;  
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work  
for fame,  
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his  
separate star,  
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things  
as They are!

*Rudyard Kipling*

## 382

Marlowe is dead, and Greene is in his grave,  
And sweet Will Shakespeare long ago is gone!  
Our Ocean-shepherd sleeps beneath the wave;  
Robin is dead, and Marlowe in his grave.  
Why should I stay to chant another stave,  
And in my Mermaid Tavern drink alone?  
For Kit is dead and Greene is in his grave,  
And sweet Will Shakespeare long ago is gone.

Where is the singer of the Faerie Queen?  
Where are the lyric lips of Astrophel?  
Long, long ago, their quiet graves were green;  
Ay, and the grave, too, of their Faerie Queen!  
And yet their faces, hovering here unseen,  
Call me to taste their new-found oenomel;

To sup with him who sang the Faerie Queen;  
 To drink with him whose name was Astrophel.

I drink to that great Inn beyond the grave!  
 If there be none, the gods have done us wrong.  
 Ere long I hope to chant a better stave,  
 In some great Mermaid Inn beyond the grave;  
 And quaff the best of earth that heaven can save,  
 Red wine like blood, deep love of friends and song.  
 I drink to that great Inn beyond the grave;  
 And hope to greet my golden lads ere long.

*Alfred Noyes*

## 383

<sup>1</sup> To range, deep-wrapt, along a heavenly height,  
 O'erseeing all that man but undersees;  
 To loiter down lone valleys of delight,  
 And hear the beating of the hearts of trees,  
 And think the thoughts that lilies speak in white  
 By greenwood pools, and pleasant passages;

With healthy dreams a-dream in flesh and soul,  
 To pace, in mighty meditations drawn,  
 From out the forest to the open knoll  
 Where much thyme is, whence blissful leagues of lawn  
 Betwixt the fringing woods to southward roll  
 By 'tender inclination; mad with dawn,

Ablaze with fires that flame in silver dew  
 When each small globe doth glass the morning-star,  
 Long ere the sun, sweet-smitten through and through  
 With dappled revelations read afar,

<sup>1</sup> Bayard Taylor.



Suffused with saintly ecstasies of blue  
As all the holy eastern heavens are —

To fare thus fervid to what daily toil  
Employs thy spirit in that larger Land  
Where thou art gone; to strive, but not to moil  
In nothings that do mar the artist's hand,  
Not drudge enriched, as grain rots back to soil —  
No profit out of death . . .

. . . O my Friend,

Freely to range, to muse, to toil, is thine:  
Thine, now, to watch with Homer sails that bend  
Unstained by Helen's beauty o'er the brine  
Towards some clean Troy no Hector need defend  
Nor flame devour; or, in some mild moon's shine,

Where amiabler winds the whistle heed,  
To sail with Shelley o'er a bluer sea,  
And mark Prometheus, from his fetter freed,  
Pass with Deucalion over Italy,  
While bursts the flame from out his eager reed  
Wild-stretching towards the West of destiny;

Or, prone with Plato, Shakespeare and a throng  
Of bards beneath some plane-tree's cool eclipse  
To gaze on glowing meads where, lingering long,  
Psyche's large butterfly her honey sips;  
Or, mingling free in choirs of German song,  
To learn of Goethe's life from Goethe's lips;

These, these are thine, and we, who still are dead,  
Do yearn — nay, not to kill thee back again  
Into this charnel life, this lowlihead,  
Not to the dark of sense, the blinking brain,

The hugged delusions drear, the hunger fed  
On husks of guess, the monarchy of pain . . .

Not unto thee, bright spirit, do we yearn  
To bring thee back, but oh, to be, to be  
Unbound of all these gyves, to stretch, to spurn  
The dark from off our dolorous lids, to see  
Our spark, conjecture, blaze and sunwise burn,  
And suddenly to stand again by thee!

Ah, not for us, not yet, by thee to stand:  
For us, the fret, the dark, the thorn, the chill;  
For us, to call across unto thy Land,  
"Friend, get thee to the minstrel's holy hill,  
And kiss those brethren for us mouth and hand,  
And make our duty to our Master Will."

*Sidney Lanier*

## 384

Call me not dead when I, indeed, have gone  
Unto the company of the everliving  
High and most glorious poets! Let thanksgiving  
Rather be made. Say: "He at last hath won  
Rest and release, converse supreme and wise,  
Music and song and light of immortal faces;  
Today, perhaps, wandering in starry places,  
He hath met Keats, and known him by his eyes.  
Tomorrow (who can say?) Shakespeare may pass,  
And our lost friend just catch one syllable  
Of that three-centuried wit that kept so well;  
Or Milton; or Dante, looking on the grass  
Thinking of Beatrice, and listening still  
To chanted hymns that sound from the heavenly hill."

*Richard Watson Gilder*

It is hard to speak of the dead when one loves to think them still alive, when they are still near to us, when they are still enwrapt in the fierce blinding light of the battlefield. I can only think of her as still keeping her vigil over the advancing hosts of the proletariat, in whose war she enlisted as a healer of wounds and a comforter of sorrows. . . . I cannot but think of her as sitting peacefully in the great shadows, holding hands with Rosa Luxemburg, her sister, and listening to her story, and telling her of you and of America, and of the wonderful things that are to be. And I know that both smile and are happy that you and I have grown strong and wise enough to refrain, for the love of them, from too many words and too easy tears.<sup>1</sup>

*Arturo Giovannitti*

The roof of man is fragile, the fire on his hearth dies out; the nest is torn by winds and weather, its inmates scattered to the four corners of earth. Amid the wreck of the home in which we were reared, and the ruins life goes on heaping up around us, we are seized with the homesickness for an eternal dwelling-place. Our hope is in an abiding city where there shall be no more mourning or separation, where no one shall be an orphan, or astray,

<sup>1</sup> That would be a glorious life for me there where I might meet Palamedes, and Ajax, the son of Telamon, and others perhaps who long ago perished by an unrighteous judgment, and how glad I should be to compare my wrongs with theirs. But the greatest joy would be in questioning the inhabitants there as I do here, and examining them to discover who is really wise and who only in his own conceit. What would not a man give to examine the leader of the great Trojan armament, or Odysseus, or Sisyphus, or any of a thousand other men and women whom it would be our infinite joy to meet and question and call our friends.—*Socrates.*

or solitary; where the pilgrim arrived at his journey's end shall shake off the dust from his feet and lay down his staff; where the whole great family, at length complete and reconciled, shall take its rest in the peace of the heavenly home.

We love thee the more, humble roof of earth, because thy bonds and thy affections are the human prophecy of a divine accomplishment; because thou art the symbol of that shelter not made with hands, the Father's house in which are many mansions.

*Charles Wagner*

387

Softly Christophe closed his eyes. . . .

. . . "Mothers, lovers, friends. . . . Where are you? Where are you, my souls? I know that you are there, and I cannot take you."

"We are with thee. Peace, O beloved!"

"I will not lose you ever more. I have sought you so long!"

"Be not anxious. We shall never leave thee more."

"Alas! The stream is bearing me on."

"The river that bears thee on, bears us with thee."

"Whither are you going?"

"To the place where we shall be united once more."

"Will it be soon?"

"Look."

And Christophe, making supreme effort to raise his head . . . saw the river overflowing its banks, covering the fields, moving on, august, slow, almost still. And, like a flash of steel, on the edge of the horizon there seemed to be speeding toward him a line of silver streams, quivering in the sunlight. The roar of the ocean. . . . And his heart sank, and he asked:

"Is it He?"

And the voices of his loved ones replied:

"It is He!"

And his dying brain said to itself:

"The gates are opened. . . . That is the chord I was seeking! . . . But it is not the end! There are new spaces! . . . We will go on, tomorrow."

*Romain Rolland*

## 388

To an open house in the evening  
Home shall men come,  
To an older place than Eden,  
To a taller town than Rome.  
To the end of the way of the wandering star,  
To the things that cannot be and that are,  
To the place where God was homeless,  
And all men are at home.

*G. K. Chesterton*

## 389

If I should die, think only this of me:  
That there's some corner of a foreign field  
That is for ever England. There shall be  
In that rich earth a richer dust conceal'd;  
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,  
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam;  
A body of England's, breathing English air,  
Washed by the rivers, blest by sun of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,  
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less



Gives somewhere back the thoughts of England given;  
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;  
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness  
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

*Rupert Brooke*

## 390

<sup>1</sup> To have lived and loved — yea, even for a little,  
To have known the sun and fulness of the earth;  
To have tested joy nor stayed to prove it brittle,  
And travelled grief to find it end in mirth;  
To have loved the good in life, and followed, groping,  
Beauty that lives among the common things,  
Awaiting, eager-eyed and strongly hoping,  
The fain far beating of an angel's wings.

All of these were his. And with his soul's releasing,  
Dearest of all, immortal youth has crowned him,  
And that bright spirit is young eternally;  
Dreaming, he hears the great winds blow unceasing,  
And over him, above him and around him,  
The music and the thunder of the sea.

*Crommelin Brown*

## 391

<sup>1</sup> Once in my garret — you being far away  
Tramping the hills and breathing upland air,  
Or so I fancied — brooding in my chair,  
I watched the London sunshine feeble and grey  
Dapple my desk, too tired to labour more,  
When, looking up, I saw you standing there

<sup>1</sup> Rupert Brooke.

Although I'd caught no footstep on the stair,  
Like sudden April at my open door.

Though now beyond earth's farthest hills you fare,  
Song-crowned, immortal, sometimes it seems to me  
That, if I listen very quietly,  
Perhaps I'll hear a light foot on the stair  
And see you, standing with your angel air,  
Fresh from the uplands of eternity.

*Wilfred Wilson Gibson*

## 392

You called to me from o'er the restless tide:  
Within the deepening shades of Death's confines,  
— Like winds grown free among the forest pines  
Did set my spirit free: and like a bride —  
Like a lost mistress to a lover sad —  
Led my young spirit unto Love: relit  
The flame, the dream where two friends long ago would sit  
Together happy, disunited mad.

So near to death, friend, have I grown to thee —  
Grown to thy soul like ivy to the wall,  
Beheld a dream of Love's eternity . . .  
Near to the grave, beneath a soldier's pall.  
If time ne'er grants our friendship future span  
Know, friend, we meet in spirit Man to Man!

*Sergt. J. N. Streets*

## 393

Because of you we will be glad and gay,  
Remembering you we will be brave and strong;

And hail the advent of each dangerous day,  
And meet the great adventure with a song.  
And as you proudly gave your jewelled gift,  
We'll give our lesser offering with a smile,  
Nor falter on that path where, all too swift,  
You led the way and leapt the golden stile.

Whether new paths, new heights to climb you find  
Or gallop through the unfooted asphodel,  
We know you know we shall not lag behind,  
Nor halt to waste a moment on a tear;  
And you will speed us onward with a cheer,  
And wave beyond the stars that all is well.

*M. B.*

## 394

All ye who fought since England was a name,  
Because her soil was holy in your eyes;  
Who heard the summons and confessed Her claim,  
Who flung against a world's time-hallow'd lies  
The truth of English freedom — fain to give  
Those last lone moments, careless of your pain,  
Knowing that only so must England live  
And win by sacrifice, the right to reign —  
Be glad, that still the spur of your bequest  
Urges your heirs their threefold way along —  
The way of Toil that craveth not for rest,  
Clear Honour, and stark Will to punish wrong!  
The seed ye sow'd God quicken'd with His breath;  
The crop has ripen'd — lo, there is no death!

*Anonymous*

. . . By Yser banks where yellow flags do flaunt  
Their beauty, like the Shropshire calm canal  
That charmed my childhood, where white lilies haunt  
The troubled deep, blooming for burial;

There lies youth ended on the very edge  
Of war, where freshly comes a charmèd rose  
From ruined garden; there by foreign hedge,  
Hallow'd in God's free earth you have repose.

There while the blasts of battle rend and scar  
Nature's calm loveliness, was briefly said,  
Half heard in the loud obloquy of war,  
The dear and simple ritual of the dead.

And here from lavish lap of young July  
In English gardens climb and riot still  
Roses untorn; and fledgling finches try  
Here in God's peace their homely joyous trill. . . .

Ah even there divinely to your ken  
The vision comes, more clear for one farewell,  
Your village home, the church that fronts the fen,  
Our Flanders; yea for them, for us you fell.

Too young! ay me too young for love to lose,  
Love human blind; but old enough for eyes,  
Pure prescient eyes of death, that deeply choose,  
Yea, old enough for death, divinely wise.

Some human tears will fall; some tender note  
Will haunt our wandering by canal and road;

The stricken poplars lie, the lilies float;  
They fade; home, home; you live and grow in God. . . .

Rest, home and rest; for you fulfillment, calm:  
To your free spirit still from opening road  
Call and appeal; afar the happy palm  
Haunts the clear height, and holds the gleam of God.

*R. Fanshawe*

## 396

When I behold dear youth sent down to death;  
And homely cities barbarously sacked;  
Christ's followers here denying what he saith,  
Christian in babbled word, heathen in act;  
Nations all bloody from fraternal strife;  
And beauty powerless as a broken wing;  
Then I despair of faith and art and life —  
Until I hear this inward clarion ring:  
"Rate not too richly peace and happiness,  
Sorrow and war have each their lively sap,  
Eternal truth unfoiled by temporal stress,  
Immortal being unharmed by mortal hap."  
Then do I know that nothing can work wrong  
To men or man, nor vex them over long.

*Wallace Bertram Nichols*

## 397

They have not gone from us. O no! they are  
The inmost essence of each thing that is  
Perfect for us; they flame in every star;  
The trees are emerald with their presences.  
They are not gone from us; they do not roam



The flaw and turmoil of the lower deep,  
But have now made the whole wide world their home,  
And in its loveliness themselves they steep.

They fail not ever; theirs is the diurn  
Splendour of sunny hill and forest grave;  
In every rainbow's glittering drop they burn;  
They dazzle in the massed clouds' architrave;  
They chant in every wind, and they return  
In the long roll of any deep blue wave.

*Robert Nichols*

## 398

"Killed!" did you say?

He is not killed, but overwhelmed with life,  
Outweighed with glory, overcome with pride,  
Outstripping others in the world-wide strife,  
And marching side by side with Christ his guide.

"Killed!" did you say?

He is not killed, but superfused with sight  
Of Christ his Saviour bidding him ascend,  
Where Saints and Martyrs crown the Warrior-knight,  
Who gives his life for brother, sister, friend.

"Killed!" did you say?

He is not killed, for you are on the way  
Where Christ your Priest will offer you a place  
Amongst the sainted souls in white array  
Who, through the sacrifice, have saved the race.

*W. Evans De Beauvoir*

## 399

Not on an Altar shall mine eyes behold Thee  
Tho' Thou art sacrifice, Thou too art Priest;  
Bend, that the feeble arms of Love enfold Thee,  
So Faith shall bloom, increased.

Not on a Cross, with passion buds around Thee,  
Thou — crowned and lonely, in Thy suffering;  
Nay, but as watching Mary met and found Thee,  
Dawn-robed, the Risen King.

Not in the past, but in the present glorious,  
Not in the future, that I cannot span,  
Living and breathing, over death victorious,  
My God. . . . My Brother-Man.

*Ivan Adair*

## 400

## 1.

Saints have adored the lofty soul of you.<sup>1</sup>  
Poets have whitened at your high renown.  
We stand among the many millions who  
Do hourly wait to pass your pathway down.  
You, so familiar, once were strange: we tried  
To live as of your presence unaware.  
But now in every road on every side  
We see your straight and steadfast signpost there.

I think it like that signpost in my land,  
Hoary and tall, which pointed me to go  
Upward, into the hills, on the right hand,

<sup>1</sup> Death.

Where the mists swim and the winds shriek and blow,  
 A homeless land and friendless, but a land  
 I did not know and that I wished to know.

## 2.

Such, such is death: no triumph: no defeat.  
 Only an empty pail, a slate rubbed clean,  
 A merciful putting away of what has been.  
 And this we know: Death is not Life effete,  
 Life crushed, the broken pail. We who have seen  
 So marvellous things know well the end's not yet.

Victor and vanquished are a-one in death:  
 Coward and brave: friend, foe. Ghosts do not say,  
 "Come, what was your record when you drew breath?"  
 But a big blot has hid each yesterday  
 So poor, so manifestly incomplete,  
 And your bright promise, withered long and sped,  
 Is touched, stirs, rises, opens and grows sweet  
 And blossoms and is you, when you are dead.

*Charles Hamilton Sorley*

## 401

This night of Spring, beneath an alien sky,  
 Is lit with flaming homesteads; a fierce glare  
 Of distant fire, dashed as with blood, looms up  
 Mantling the landskip; while at intervals  
 The sullen guns roar challenge to the heavens,  
 And earth lies stricken — all her harmonies  
 Turned to a hideous discord, mile on mile  
 The trenched fields labour with their mortal freight —  
 The sons of warring empires, over all  
 Death's self, for ever present yet unseen,

Broods like eclipse. But lo! amid the hush  
That falls upon the smoke-clad battle-zone,  
There rises, full and sweet, from some dim copse  
Flanking the host, the same unfaltering note  
That haunts our English dingles far away —  
The cadence of a nightingale, whose song  
Goes floating through the gloom — one wild refrain  
Of deathless love and life's immortal hope.

*Edward Henry Blakeney*

## 402

Ye barren peaks, so mightily outlined  
In naked rock against the viewless sky,  
Your rugged grandeur mocks my human pride,  
And rouses it to passionate reply.

Ye scorn the foot that treads your pathless ways,  
The voice that breaks your primal solitudes,  
Yea, e'en the eye that views your serried heights,  
The ear that hears your canyon interludes.

Yet know that when your music-making brooks  
Have buried you beneath the conquering sea,  
And mingled heart of stone with oozy mud,  
The topmost summit with the level lea,

This ear shall hear the deathless song of Life,  
This eye shall see beyond the outmost skies,  
This voice shall sing soul-music, and this foot  
Shall tread the love-lit paths of Paradise.

Should I, then, born immortal, bow to you,  
Who are but transient mounds of earthly clod?

O glorious heights! — I kneel in humble awe  
To worship at the altars of my God.

*Bernard Freeman Trotter*

## 403

<sup>1</sup> Now have I left the world and all its tears,  
And high above the sunny cloud-banks fly,  
Alone in all this vast and lonely sky —  
This limpid space in which the myriad spheres  
Go thundering on, whose song God only hears  
High in his heavens. Ah! how small seem I,  
And yet I know he hears my little cry  
Down there among Mankind's cruel jests and sneers.

And I forget the grief which I have known,  
And I forgive the mockers and their jest,  
And in this mighty solitude alone,  
I taste the joys of everlasting rest,  
Which I shall know when I have passed away  
To live in Heaven's never-fading day.

*Paul R. Bewsher*

## 404

I may not wait to hear  
What says the wind that sweeps across the lea,  
And yet I know it speaks, and in its voice  
There is some word to make my heart rejoice,  
Some message speeding on eternally  
That God has not made clear.

I may not wait to find  
The secret of the seething sea that flows

<sup>1</sup> Written while flying in the air.



Nor ever rests; yet must there be some plan  
Above the most exalted thought of man,  
Some destiny that none but Heaven knows,  
And Heaven keeps me blind!

I may not wait to know  
The secret of the towering mountain height  
That makes my little self so small and frail  
And bids me rest awhile behind the veil,  
Because so far beyond it shines the light  
And God would have it so!

I may not wait; I see  
The hosts of Righteousness go forth to slay  
The armies of a people that would turn  
From all that makes man's nobler soul to burn,  
And yet I feel as now I take my way  
My Immortality!

*Reginald F. Clements*

405

I that had life ere I was born  
Into this world of dark and light,  
Waking as one who wakes at morn  
From dreams of night,

I am as old as Heaven and Earth —  
But sleep is death without decay,  
And since each morn renews my birth,  
I am no older than the day.

Old though my outward form appears,  
Though it at last outworn shall lie,

This, that is servile to the years,  
This is not I —

I, who outwear the form I take,  
When I put off this garb of flesh,  
Still in immortal youth shall wake  
And somewhere clothe my life afresh.

*A. St. John Adcock*

## 406

And the leaves fall —  
The silver and golden fall together,  
A-mingled irresistibly like tears.

The low-branched elms stand idly  
In all the full-leaved glory of their life:  
Yet here and there a yellow flake slips slowly,  
And the branch, where once it hung, lies bare.  
Below they lie — the yellow fruits of day,  
And a soft spirit of the night  
Weaves the white spell of sleep about their feet.

And the leaves fall —  
The great sleep of the trees is nigh:  
The flowers are dead.  
Yet through the fine-spun web of mist  
Gleams faintly Michael's pale blue star —  
A time of sad soul-hunger, unspeakable desire,  
That clutches at the heart and drags the soul!

And the leaves fall —  
Is there a far faint life  
Whispers with blood-choked voice thy name

Whispers but once — no more?  
Then weep ye now, O Mothers!  
And, Maidens, weep!

O England, rend the raiment of thy wealth!  
Tear the soft vesture of thy pride!  
Let the tears fall and be not comforted!  
In all their youth they went for thee;  
In all their strength they died for thee;  
And so they fell,  
As the leaves fall —

Yet they say you are dead?  
Ask of the trees. Perchance *they* hear  
A distant murmuring of pulsing sap,  
Perchance in their dim minds they see  
Pale curlèd leaves that strive to greet the sun,  
Perchance they know if yellow daffodils  
Will dance again.

Yet the leaves fall —  
And yonder through the mist is Michael's star —  
Saint Michael with his angel-host!  
Ay! see them as they sweep along  
Borne on an unseen wind to the far throne of God.  
And, Mothers, see; O Maidens, look  
How the world's Christ stoops down and kisses each.  
And listen now and hear their cry,  
As lances raised, they greet their King —  
"There is no death — There is no death —  
No death —" and comfort you  
When the leaves fall.

*Joseph Courtney*

407

Life! I know not what thou art,  
But I know that thou and I must part;  
And when, or how, or where we met  
I own to me's a secret yet.

Life! we've been long together  
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;  
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear —  
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;  
Then steal away, give little warning,  
Choose thine own time;  
Say not Good Night,— but in some brighter clime  
Bid me Good Morning.

*A. L. Barbould*

## APPENDIX

### A — SOURCES

Sources from which quotations are taken, are listed herewith. Inasmuch as our purpose was to give inspiration rather than knowledge, we have eliminated all details, offering a minimum rather than a maximum of information.

Some few quotations have been taken from trustworthy second-hand sources, which we have not thought it necessary to verify. Such cases are indicated by the word, *Quoted*.

#### PART I

- 1.— From Poem, *Character of the Happy Warrior*.
- 2.— From *Nichomachean Ethics*.
- 3.— Quoted, Bridges's *The Spirit of Man*.
- 4.— Quoted, R. W. Emerson's essay on *Immortality*.
- 5.— From *The Trojan Women*.
- 6.— From *The Seven Against Thebes*.
- 7.— *The Courage of Enlightened Minos* (480 B. C.)
- 8.— Quoted, John Masefield's *Gallipoli*.
- 9.— From *History*, II, 37.
- 10.— From *The Battle of the Baltic*.
- 11.— Ode, *How Sleep the Brave*.
- 12.— From *Childe Harold*, III, 29.
- 13.— Poem, *Incident of the French Camp*.
- 14.— From *An Ode Written in Time of Hesitation*. (Referring to Robert Gould Shaw.)
- 15.— From *Memoriae Positum*. (Referring to Shaw, as above.)
- 16.— From *Ode recited at the Harvard Commemoration*, 1865.
- 17.— *Inscription* (see footnote).
- 18.— From *Voluntaries*.
- 19.— From *Above the Battle*.
- 20.— From *Gallipoli*.
- 21.— Sonnet, *Youth's Consecration*, in *Soldier Poets: Songs of the Fighting Men*.
- 22.— Sonnet, *The Dead*.
- 23.— Sonnet, from 1914.
- 24.— Poem, *The Last Morning*.
- 25.— Same as No. 3. Published in the *London Times* (1914).
- 26.— Sonnet, *Death in France*.



- 27.— Letter published in the *New York Times*, August, 1918.
- 28.— From *The American Spirit*, a letter in France to his mother.
- 29.— Poem, *I Have a Rendezvous with Death*. (Author killed in battle at Belloz-on-Sauterre, July, 1916.)
- 30.— Poem, *To a Hero*.
- 31.— Sonnet, *To a Dead Poet*.
- 32.— Poem, *Dirge for Dead Warriors*, from *Dies Heroica*.
- 33.— Sonnet, *To Our Dead*. See *Lest We Forget, A War Anthology*.
- 34.— Poem, *Vimy Ridge*.
- 35.— Sonnet, *Heroes*.
- 36.— Poem, *The Morning Paper*, from *The Retinue and Other Poems*.
- 37.— Poem, *Requiescant*, from *In the Battle Silences* (written in a field near Ypres, April, 1915).
- 38.— Poem, *Adieu*.
- 39.— From *The Wrack of the Storm*.
- 40.— From *The Individual*.
- 41.— Quoted, John Morley's *Recollections*, vol. ii.
- 42.— "Fragment."
- 43.— From *Essays: Of Death*.
- 44.— From *Ajax*.
- 45.— Sonnet XII.
- 46.— Same as No. 41.
- 47.— From *Religio Medici*.
- 48.— Familiar quotation (unverified).
- 49.— From Essay, *Falsehood of Universal Peace*.
- 50.— Sonnet, *Quem Metui Moritura*.
- 51.— Poem, *Prospice*.
- 52.— From *De Senectute*.
- 53.— From *Julius Cæsar*.
- 54.— From *The Map of Life*.
- 55.— From *De Vita Beata*, Chapter 22.
- 56.— From *Meditations*.
- 57.— From *Ethics* IV, 67.
- 58.— From *Discourses*.
- 59.— From *The Economy of Human Life*, translated from an Indian manuscript.
- 60.— From Saemund's *Edda*.
- 61.— Quoted, Moncure D. Conway's *Sacred Anthology*.
- 62.— Quoted, R. W. Emerson's essay on *Immortality*.
- 63.— Same as No. 61.
- 64.— From *The Imitation of Christ*.
- 65.— From *Life of Channing*, by his nephew William Henry Channing, p. 612.
- 66.— From *Satires X*, 357.

- 67.— Poem, *Shorter Poems*, Book III, No. 19.
- 68.— From *Aex Triplex*.
- 69.— From *On William Shakespeare*.
- 70.— From *Measure for Measure*.
- 71.— From contemporary newspaper account of the sinking of the *Lusitania*.
- 72.— Poem, *The Heroic Dead* (on the loss of the *Titanic*).
- 73.— Poem, *Sir Humphrey Gilbert*.
- 74.— Inscription written for the monument of Sir John Franklin in Westminster Abbey.
- 75.— From Diary of Captain Scott, in *Scott's Last Expedition*, vol. i.
- 76.— From Account of E. L. Atkinson, in *Scott's Last Expedition*, vol. ii.
- 77.— Last Statement of Captain Scott, in *Scott's Last Expedition*, vol. i.
- 78.— Letter to Tacitus on the eruption of Vesuvius.
- 79.— From *Concerning the Statues*.
- 80.— From *Samson Agonistes*.
- 81.— From *On Belief in the Resurrection*.
- 82.— From *A Tale of Two Cities*.
- 83.— From *Androcles and the Lion*.
- 84.— Poem, *The Last Word*.
- 85.— From *The Private Life of the Buffs*.
- 86.— From *Hellas*, 211.
- 87.— From *The Task*.
- 88.— Poem, *The Martyrs*.
- 89.— From *Triumph*.
- 90.— From *Apology of Socrates*.
- 91.— From *Phaedo*.
- 92.— From the *Apocrypha*.
- 93.— From the *New Testament*, a combination of *Matthew* and *Luke*.
- 94.— From the *New Testament*.
- 95.— From *Revealed Religion*, in *The Grammar of Assent*.
- 96.— Same as No. 3 — *Beatus Vincentius*.
- 97.— From Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*.
- 98.— Last words to judges at his trial for heresy.
- 99.— Sonnet, *Life Well Lost*, in *Warner's Library of World's Best Literature*.
- 100.— From *Life of Savonarola*.
- 101.— Same as above.
- 102.— Same as No. 97.
- 103.— Letter to Friends (written in prison while awaiting execution).
- 104.— From *Three Great Lives*.
- 105.— Same as No. 41. Quoted by Gladstone to Morley.

- 106.— From *Life of Sir Walter Raleigh* (1736).
- 107.— See footnote.
- 108.— Letter to his wife after his condemnation (written in the Tower of London).
- 109.— Poem, *My Pilgrimage*.
- 110.— From Article in *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 9th edition.
- 111.— The Martyrs' Monument (1706) Greyfriars Churchyard, Edinburgh.
- 112.— From Parkham's *The Jesuits in North America*. Written in anticipation of massacre by Huron Indians.
- 113.— Letter from Ahmad Sohrab to the Friday night meeting at the studio of Miss Juliet Thompson, New York City, dated Port Said, Egypt, June, 1913 (hitherto unpublished).
- 114.— From *John Brown*.
- 115.— See quotation.
- 116.— From Oswald Garrison Villard's *Life of John Brown*.
- 117.— Speech before Judge Gary at trial of Chicago anarchists (1886). From contemporary newspaper account.
- 118.— From Gilbert Murray's *The War of Democracy*. (Statement by Mr. Gahan.)
- 119.— Editorial *Karl Liebknecht*.—From *The Conservator*, March, 1919.
- 120.— From *Paradise Lost*, VI, 29.
- 121.— From *The City of God*.
- 122.— From *Song of Myself*.
- 123.— From *Chants Communal*.
- 124.— From Paine's *Life of Mark Twain*, III, 1578.
- 125.— Poem, Inscribed to "R. G. C. B.—1878."
- 126.— From *Gitanjali*, 91.
- 127.— Same as above, 93.
- 128.— From Poem, *Habeas Corpus*.
- 129.— From Poem, *Resurgam*.
- 130.— Poem, *Lct Me Live Out My Years*.
- 131.— Poem, *Mors Benefica*.
- 132.— Poem, *The Stirrup-Cup*.
- 133.— From *The Cenci*, Act V.
- 134.— From *Convito*, quoted in Morley's *Life of Gladstone*.
- 135.— From *Life of Agricola*, 45 and 46.
- 136.— From *Funeral Oration for Louis Bourbon, Prince of Condè*.
- 137.— From *Thanatopsis*.
- 138.— Poem, *A Wish*.
- 139.— From *Memories of President Lincoln*.—"When Lilacs Last in the Door-yard Bloomed."
- 140.— From *Prayers of the Social Awakening*,

## PART II

- 141.— *Prayer to Sonia* (Ry. IX, 113, 7).
- 142.— Quoted, M. J. Savage's *Minister's Handbook* (China).
- 143.— Same as above — (India).
- 144.— Same as No. 142 — (200 B. C.).
- 145.— Same as above — (1500 B. C.).
- 146.— Same as No. 142 — (2000 B. C.).
- 147.— Same as above — (2000 B. C.).
- 148.— Same as No. 61.
- 149.— Same as No. 142 — (589 B. C.).
- 150.— Same as No. 61.
- 151.— From *Electra*.
- 152.— From *Iliad*, XXIII — Pope's translation.
- 153.— From *Helen*.
- 154.— From *The Republic*.
- 155.— From *Metaphysics*.
- 156.— Same as No. 142 — (500 B. C.).
- 157.— Same as above — (580 B. C.).
- 158.— From *Phaedo*.
- 159.— From *The Frogs*.
- 160.— From Myers' *Pindar*.
- 161.— Same as No. 142, quoted by Cicero.
- 162.— Same as No. 52.
- 163.— Same as above.
- 164.— Same as No. 55.
- 165.— Same as No. 142.
- 166.— Letter to his wife on the death of his little daughter.
- 167.— Found in an ancient Greek Tomb.
- 168.— Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache's translation.
- 169.— From the *Apocrypha*.
- 170.— From the *New Testament*, *Gospel of John*.
- 171.— From the *New Testament*, *I Corinthians*.
- 172.— From *On the Sacrifices of Abel and Cain*.
- 173.— *The Hymn to Apollo*.
- 174.— From *On Belief in the Resurrection*.
- 175.— From *On the Decease of Satyrus*.
- 176.— Consolatory letter to Heliodorus on the death of his nephew,  
Nepotian.
- 177.— Same as No. 3.— *Iste Cognovit*.
- 178.— From *The Acts of the Apostles*.
- 179.— From *Nisibene Hymns*.
- 180.— Same as No. 142.
- 181.— From *The Great Catechism*.

- 182.—From *The Divine Institutes*.
- 183.—From *Against the Gentiles*.
- 184.—From *Monologium* LXIX.
- 185.—Same as No. 3 — *Gaudet in caelis*.
- 186.—Same as above — *Sanctum est*.
- 187.—From *Select Demonstrations*.
- 188.—Same as No. 121.
- 189.—From *The Vesper Hymn*.
- 190.—From *Meditations*.
- 191.—Same as No. 64.
- 192.—Compilation from (1) *The Forty Questions of the Soul*, (2) *The Way of Christ*, and (3) *Aurora*.
- 193.—From *Works* drawn from obscurity in middle of last century by Franz Pfeiffer (1857).—Rich collection, eighteen treatises, translated by Sister Odilia Funke.
- 194.—From *Opuscles*.
- 195.—Letter to his sister on the death of their father.
- 196.—From *Immortality of the Soul* (Conversation with M. de Ramsai).
- 197.—From *Spiritual Torrents*.
- 198.—Letter to "Child of God soon to die."
- 199.—*Canzone* VIII.
- 200.—Sonnet, *To Laura*.
- 201.—Same as above.
- 202.—From *The Divine Comedy* (Paradiso).
- 203.—Sonnet, *Love and Death*.
- 204.—Sonnet, *Love's Furnace*.
- 205.—From *Morals*.
- 206.—From *Philosophical Maxims*.
- 207.—From *Christian Theology*.
- 208.—From *The Resurrection*.
- 209.—Poem, *Astrophel* (Sir Philip Sidney).
- 210.—From *A Confession of Faith*.
- 211.—From *Journal* (the 6th of the 11th month, 1687).
- 212.—From *Pilgrim's Progress*.
- 213.—From *Lycidas*.
- 214.—From *Paradise Lost*.
- 215.—From *Sonnet*.
- 216.—From *The Analogy of Religion*.
- 217.—From *Holy Living and Holy Dying*.
- 218.—Same as No. 47.
- 219.—From *Of the Truth of the Christian Religion*.
- 220.—From *The Spectator*.
- 221.—From *Principia*, Bk. III.
- 222.—From *Ethics*,



- 223.— From *The Reasonableness of Christianity*.
- 224.— From *Critique of Locke on "Human Understanding."*
- 225.— From *Pensées Diverses*.
- 226.— From *The True Christian Religion*.
- 227.— From *Heaven and Hell*.
- 228.— From *On the Understanding*.
- 229.— From *Cato*, Act V, Scene I.
- 230.— Poem, *Our Life Is Hid with Christ in God*, in *The Temple*.
- 231.— Poem, *The Dying Christian to His Soul*.
- 232.— Poem, *Friends in Paradise*.
- 233.— From Poem, *On Receipt of My Mother's Picture*.
- 234.— Hymn, from *The Seasons*.
- 235.— Same as No. 142.
- 236.— From *Night Thoughts*, Bk. I.
- 237.— From *The Task*.
- 238.— From *The Critique of Practical Reason*.
- 239.— Compilation from (1) *The Ignorant Philosopher*, and (2) *Essay on Soul*.
- 240.— From *Emile* (the "Savoyard Vicar").
- 241.— From *Journal*, in Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, vol. vii.
- 242.— From *Pleasures of Hope*, Bk. II.
- 243.— From *Maxims*.
- 244.— Quoted, J. F. Clarke's *Go Up Higher* (Sermon, "Many Mansions").
- 245.— Quoted, R. W. Emerson's essay on *Immortality*.
- 246.— Same as No. 243.
- 247.— Same as No. 142.
- 248.— From *Age of Reason*.
- 249.— Epitaph written by himself.
- 250.— Quoted, R. W. Emerson's essay on *Immortality*.
- 251.— From *Directions of a Blessed Life*.
- 252.— Letter to John Adams, on the death of Mrs. Adams.
- 253.— From *Lectures on the True, the Beautiful and the Good*, XVI.
- 254.— From *Philosophy of Life and Philosophy of Language*, Lecture IV.
- 255.— From *Queen Mab*.
- 256.— Poem, *The Death Bed*.
- 257.— From *Prometheus Unbound*, Act III, Scene 3.
- 258.— Poem, *Adonais*.
- 259.— Same as No. 243.
- 260.— From *Religious Musings*.
- 261.— From *To a Friend*.
- 262.— Poem, *When Coldness Wraps this Suffering Clay*.
- 263.— Ode, *Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood*.

- 264.— From *The Excursion*.  
 265.— Poem, *The Journey of Life*.  
 266.— Sonnet, *Night*.  
 267.— From *Immortality* (a sermon).  
 268.— From *The Philosophy of Religion*.  
 269.— From essay on *Immortality*.  
 270.— From an essay (unverified).  
 271.— From *A Sermon on Immortal Life*.  
 272.— From *Meditations on the Immortality of the Soul*.  
 273.— From *Threnody*.  
 274.— From *Sartor Resartus*.  
 275.— Poem, *No Coward Soul is Mine*.  
 276.— From *Festus*.  
 277.— From *Three Nuns*.  
 278.— From *To the End*.  
 279.— From *The Blessed Damozel*.  
 280.— From *The Dream of Gerontius*.  
 281.— From a sermon (unverified).  
 282.— From *Letters*.  
 283.— From Poem, *Peach-Blossom*.  
 284.— From *Resignation*.  
 285.— From *On the Death of a Friend's Child*.  
 286.— Letter to his wife on the death of her brother, in *Life* by Julian Hawthorne.  
 287.— From *The Eternal Goodness*.  
 288.— From *Snowbound*.  
 289.— Poem, *The Chambered Nautilus*.  
 290.— Same as No. 142.  
 291.— Letter written in anticipation of death.  
 292.— From *Best Thoughts*.  
 293.— Letter to step-brother, John Johnson, referring to his dying father, quoted in William Eleroy Curtis's *The True Abraham Lincoln*.  
 294.— Remarks at the funeral service of Mrs. William Lloyd Garrison, Jan. 27, 1876.  
 295.— From *Where the Light Dwelleth*, sermon "Looking Toward Sunset."  
 296.— From *Essentials and Non-Essentials in Religion*.  
 297.— From *Sermons*.  
 298.— From *Endeavors After the Christian Life* (sermon "Great Hopes").  
 299.— Poem, *After Death in Arabia*.  
 300.— From *Paracelsus*.  
 301.— From *Death of the Duke of Clarence*.  
 302.— From *The Ring and the Book* ("Pompilia").

- 303.— From Sonnet, *Immortality*.
- 304.— Poem, *Through a Glass Darkly*.
- 305.— From *The Future*.
- 306.— Poem, *Crossing the Bar*.
- 307.— Sonnet, *The Prospect*.
- 308.— From *Les Miserables* ("Fantine").
- 309.— From *Journal*.
- 310.— From *Philosophic Dialogues and Fragments*.
- 311.— From *The Fundamental Ideas of Christianity* ("The Future Life").
- 312.— From *Microcosmos: An Essay Concerning Man and His Relation to the World*.
- 313.— From *Address*.
- 314.— From *Gleanings of Past Years*, Vol. III.
- 315.— From *Three Essays on Religion: Theism*.
- 316.— From *Life* by his Son, Vol. I.
- 317.— From *Miracles and Modern Spiritualism*.
- 318.— From *The Destiny of Man*.
- 319.— From *Evolution and Its Relation to Religious Thought*.
- 320.— Same as No. 40.
- 321.— Poem, *Evolution*.
- 322.— From *Letters* (to his niece, Mrs. Deacon).
- 323.— From Poem, *Gods*.
- 324.— From a sermon (unverified).
- 325.— From *Progress and Poverty*.
- 326.— From *The Brothers Karamazof*.
- 327.— From *Reply to the Holy Synod* (1901).
- 328.— From *Science and Immortality*.
- 329.— From *Joseph Vance*.
- 330.— From *Continuity*, an address as President of the British Association, 1913.
- 331.— Poem, *The Open Door*, in *The New Morning*.
- 332.— Poem, *Faith*, in *Poems*.
- 333.— Poem, *Love and Death*.
- 334.— From *The Small End of Great Problems*.
- 335.— From *Life Beyond Death*.
- 336.— Same as No. 140.
- 337.— From *Immortality and the New Theodicy*.
- 338.— From *Human Immortality*.
- 339.— From Paine's *Life of Mark Twain*, Vol. III, 1431.
- 340.— From *The Silent Isle*.
- 341.— From *The Measure of the Hours*.
- 342.— From *On the Threshold of the Unseen*.
- 343.— *Tablet* to Ra'is.
- 344.— From *The Truth of Religion*.

- 345.— From *The New Theology*.
- 346.— From *An Essay in Discovery* ("The Mind and the Brain").
- 347.— Same as above ("The Resurrection of the Dead").
- 348.— From *Notebook* (unpublished).
- 349.— From *The World and the Individual*, Vol. II.
- 350.— From *Can We Believe in Immortality?*
- 351.— From *The Immortality of the Soul*.
- 352.— From *Creative Evolution*, III.
- 353.— From *The Endless Life*.
- 354.— From *Faith in a Future Life*.
- 355.— From *The Assurance of Immortality*.
- 356.— From *The Drew Lecture*, delivered at Oxford, Oct. 11, 1912.
- 357.— From *Love, Home and the Inner Life*.
- 358.— From *The Drama of Love and Death*.
- 359.— From *Religion and Immortality*, Chap. 4.
- 360.— Compilation from (1) *The Patrician*, (2) *A Sheaf*, (3) *Free-lands*, (4) *The Inn of Tranquillity*, and (4) *A Bit o' Love*, made originally for *Readings from Great Authors*.
- 361.— From *Gitanjali*, 95.
- 362.— From *War and Peace*, Vol. II.
- 363.— Poem, *The Hope of the Resurrection*, in *The Congo*.
- 364.— Poem, *At a Burial*, in *New Poems*.
- 365.— Poem, *Non Sine Dolor*.
- 366.— From *Hymn to the Sea*.
- 367.— From *Liberty and Literature*.
- 368.— Poem, *Requiem*.
- 369.— From *The Well by the Way*.
- 370.— Poem, *The Journey*.
- 371.— Poem, *The Pilgrim*, in *The Shoes of Happiness*.
- 372.— From *Passage to India*.
- 373.— Poem, *Joy, Shipmate, Joy!*
- 374.— From *Towards Democracy*.
- 375.— Poem, *The Assault by Night*.
- 376.— Poem, *Birth and Death*.
- 377.— From *Life After Death*.
- 378.— From *Peter Ibbetson*.
- 379.— Same as No. 346 ("A Dream of Heaven").
- 380.— Sonnet, *Suggested by Some Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*.
- 381.— Poem, *When Earth's Last Picture*, in *Collected Verse*.
- 382.— Song, from *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern*.
- 383.— Poem, *To Bayard Taylor*.
- 384.— Sonnet, *Call me not dead* —
- 385.— Letter in the *Liberator*, in memory of Miss Jessie Ashley.
- 386.— From *By the Fireside*.

- 387.— From *Jean Christophe*, Vol. IX.  
388.— Poem, *Home At Last*.  
389.— Sonnet, from 1914.  
390.— Sonnet, *Rupert Brooke*.  
391.— Sonnet, *Rupert Brooke*, in *Battle and Other Poems*.  
392.— Sonnet, *To W. H. W.*  
393.— Sonnet, *To Julian Grenfell*.  
394.— Sonnet, *To the Men Who Have Died for England*. Printed in *Punch*.  
395.— Poem, *By Yser Banks* (An elegy on a young officer).  
396.— Sonnet, *The Inward Clarion*, from *The Poetry Review*.  
397.— Sonnet, *Our Dead*, in *Ardours and Endurances*.  
398.— Poem, *Killed in Action*.  
399.— Poem, *Real Presence*, in *The Poetry Review*.  
400.— *Two Sonnets*, "To Death!" See Clarke's *Treasury of War Poetry*.  
401.— Poem, *In View of the Battlefield*, in *Collected War Poems*.  
402.— Poem, *Altars*, in *A Canadian Twilight and Other Poems of War and of Peace*. (Author killed in action, 1917.)  
403.— Sonnet, *The Fringe of Heaven*, in *The Dawn Patrol and Other Poems of an Aviator*.  
404.— Poem, *Immortality*.  
405.— Poem, *Immortality*, in *Songs of the World War*.  
406.— Poem, *As the Leaves Fall*, in *Soldier Poets: Songs of the Fighting Men*.  
407.— Poem, *Life! I know not what thou art*.



## APPENDIX

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Copyrighted material has been included in this Anthology by permission of, and by special arrangement with, publishers and authors. Thanks are herewith extended to the following who have thus co-operated with us in the making of this book:

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Edward Carpenter, *Towards Democracy*.

Cartwright Frith, "Heroes."

Appleton & Co., New York:

Alfred W. Martin, *Faith in a Future Life*.

Nathaniel Shaler, *The Individual*.

Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston:

Briggs Adams, *The American Spirit*.

Ball Publishing Company, Boston:

Sir Oliver Lodge, *The Immortality of the Soul*.

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Father Tabb, "Evolution."





## INDEX

[The figures in this Index refer to selection numbers]

- |                                    |                                       |
|------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| Abdul Baha, 113                    | Bernard, St., 190                     |
| Abelard, 189                       | Bewsher, Paul R., 403                 |
| <i>Acts of the Apostles</i> , 94   | <i>Bhagavadgita</i> , 63, 144         |
| Adair, Ivan, 399                   | <i>Bible, The</i> , 93, 94, 170, 171  |
| Adams, Briggs, 28                  | Blakeney, Edward Henry, 401           |
| Adcock, A. St. John, 405           | Boehme, Jakob, 192                    |
| Addison, Joseph, 220, 229          | Bossuet, James Beniquè, 136           |
| Aeschylus, 6                       | Brebeuf, Jean de, 112                 |
| Agricola, 135                      | Bridges, Robert, 67                   |
| Alcott, J. Bronson, 270            | Bronte, Emily, 275                    |
| Ambrose, St., 81, 174, 175         | Brooke, Rupert, 22, 23, 380, 389      |
| Amiel, Henri Frederick, 309        | Brooks, Phillips, 324                 |
| Angelo, Michael, 62, 203, 204      | Brown, Crommelin, 32, 390             |
| Anonymous, 25, 27, 38, 394         | Brown, John, 114, 115, 116            |
| Anselm, St., 184                   | Brown, Sir Thomas, 47, 218            |
| Aphrahat, 187                      | Browning, Elizabeth Barrett, 307      |
| <i>Apocrypha, The</i> , 92, 169    | Browning, Robert, 13, 51, 300, 302    |
| Aristophanes, 159                  | Brunitiere, M., 49                    |
| Aristotle, 2, 155                  | Bruno, Giordano, 98, 99               |
| Arnold, Matthew, 84, 138, 303, 305 | Bryant, William Cullen, 137, 265      |
| Arnold, Sir Edwin, 299             | Buddha, 148                           |
| Athanasius, St., 183               | <i>Buddhist Scriptures</i> , 142, 143 |
| Atkinson, E. L., 76                | Bunyan, John, 212                     |
| Augustine, St., 121, 188           | Butler, Bishop, 216                   |
| Aurelius, Marcus, 56               | Byron, Lord, 12, 262                  |
| Bacon, Sir Francis, 43, 210        | Caird, Edward, 313                    |
| Baha O'Llah, 343                   | Caird, John, 311                      |
| Bailey, Philip James, 276          | Calvin, John, 207                     |
| Barbault, Mrs. A. L., 407          | Campbell, Thomas, 10, 242             |
| Barrett, Sir William F., 342       | Campbell, Reginald J., 345            |
| Bates, Katherine Lee, 36           | Carlyle, Thomas, 274                  |
| Beecher, Henry Ward, 292           | Carpenter, Edward, 358, 374           |
| Bellows, Henry W., 297             | Carstairs, Carroll, 26                |
| Benson, Arthur Christopher, 340    | Cato, 161                             |
| Bergson, Henri, 352                | Cavell, Edith, 118                    |

- Channing, William Ellery, 65,  
     267  
 Chesterton, Gilbert K., 388  
 Child, Oscar C. A., 30  
 Chrysostom, St. John, 79, 178  
*Church Service, The*, 96, 177,  
     185, 186  
 Cicero, 52, 162, 163  
 Clark, William, 100  
 Clarke, James Freeman, 296  
 Clements, Reginald F., 404  
 Clough, Arthur Hugh, 304  
 Clutton-Brock, A., 379  
 Coleridge, Samuel Taylor, 260  
 Collier, Jeremy, 105  
 Collins, William, 11  
 Collyer, Robert, 295  
 Cooke, Francis E., 104  
*Corinthians* (I), 171  
 Courtney, Joseph, 406  
 Courtney, W. L., 33  
 Cousin, M. Victor, 253  
 Cowper, William, 87, 233, 237  
 Cranmer, Archbishop, 105  
 Crothers, Samuel McChord, 353  
  
 Dante, 134, 202  
 Darwin, Charles, 316  
 Da Vinci, Leonardo, 205, 206  
 De Beauvoir, W. Evans, 398  
 De Morgan, William, 329  
 Dickens, Charles, 82  
 Dickinson, Emily, 88, 89, 370  
 Dickinson, G. Lowes, 359  
 Donne, John, 215  
 Dostoevsky, 326  
 Doyle, Sir F. H., 85  
 Du Bois, W. E. B., 114  
 Du Maurier, George, 378  
  
 Eckhart, Meister, 193  
*Egyptian Book of the Dead*, 146  
 Elizabeth, Queen, 46  
 Emerson, Ralph Waldo, 17, 18,  
     269, 273  
 Ephraim Syrus, 179  
 Epictetus, 58  
*Epitaph* (Egyptian Tomb), 147  
*Epitaph* (Greek Tomb), 167  
*Epitaph* (Greyfriars Churchyard,  
     Edinburgh), 111  
 Eucken, Rudolph, 344  
 Euripides, 5, 153  
  
 Fanshawe, R., 395  
 Faraday, Michael, 322  
 Fechner, Gustav, 377  
 Fenelon, 196  
 Fichte, Johann Gottlieb, 251  
 Fiske, John, 318  
 Fosdick, Harry Emerson, 355  
 Fox, George, 211  
 Foxe (Book of Martyrs), 97, 102  
 Franklin, Benjamin, 249, 250  
 Frith, J. Cartwright, 35  
 Frohman, Charles, 71  
  
 Galsworthy, John, 360  
 George, Henry, 325  
 Gibson, Elizabeth, 369  
 Gibson, W. W., 391  
 Gilder, Richard Watson, 333,  
     365, 384  
 Giovannitti, Arturo, 385  
 Gladstone, William E., 314  
 Gleason, Arthur, 357  
 Goethe, Johann Wolfgang, 244  
 Gordon, George A., 337  
*Gospels, The*, 93, 170  
*Greek Anthology*, 168  
 Gregory of Nyssa, 180, 181  
 Grotius, Hugo, 219  
 Guizot, F. P. G., 272  
 Guyon, Madame, 197, 198  
  
 Hadfield, James Arthur, 346  
 Hawthorne, Nathaniel, 286  
 Hegel, George Wilhelm Fried-  
     rich, 268  
 Henley, William E., 125

- Heraclitus, 156  
 Herbert, George, 230  
 Herder, Johann Gottfried von, 235  
 Herford, Brooke, 334  
*Hindus*, 141  
 Holmes, Oliver Wendell, 289  
 Homer, 152  
 Hood, Thomas, 256  
 Hugo, Victor, 69, 308  
 Hume, David, 228  
 Huss, John, 103  
  
*Indian MS.*, 59  
 Ingersoll, Robert G., 367  
  
 Jackson, Helen Hunt, 128, 129  
 James, William, 338  
 Jefferson, Thomas, 252  
 Jerome, St., 176  
 Jesus, 93, 170  
 Juvenal, 66  
  
 Kant, Immanuel, 48, 238  
 Kempis, Thomas à, 64, 191  
 Kheyam, Omar, 61  
 King, Starr, 290  
 Kingsley, Charles, 281  
 Kipling, Rudyard, 381  
 Knox, John, 208  
  
 Lactantius, 182  
 Lanier, Sidney, 132, 383  
 Latimer, Hugh, 110  
 Lecky, W. E. H., 54  
 Le Conte, Joseph, 319  
 Leibnitz, Gottfried Wilhelm von, 224  
 Liebknecht, Karl, 119  
 Lincoln, Abraham, 293  
 Lindsay, Vachel, 363  
 Litt, R. H. C. D., 356  
 Lloyd, Henry Demarest, 348  
 Locke, John, 223  
 Lodge, Sir Oliver, 330, 351  
  
 Longfellow, Henry W., 73, 284  
 Lotze, Herman, 312  
 Lowell, James Russell, 15, 16  
 285  
  
*Maccabees* (I), 92  
 Maeterlinck, Maurice, 39, 341  
 Markham, Edwin, 371  
 Martin, Alfred, 354  
 Martineau, James, 298  
 Masfield, John, 20  
 M. B., 393  
 Mill, John Stuart, 315  
 Milton, John, 80, 120, 213, 214  
 Mohammed, 4, 150  
 Montesquieu, 225  
 Moody, William Vaughn, 14  
 More, Sir Thomas, 104  
  
 Neihardt, John G., 130  
 Newman, John Henry, 95, 280  
 Newton, Isaac, 221  
 Nichols, Robert, 24, 397  
 Nichols, Wallace Bertram, 396  
 Noyes, Alfred, 72, 331, 382  
  
 Oldys, William, 106  
 Osler, William, 328  
 Oxenham, John, 34  
  
 Paine, Thomas, 247, 248  
 Parker, Theodore, 271  
 Pascal, 194, 195  
 Paul, 171  
 Petrarch, 199, 200, 201  
 Phillips, Stephen, 332  
 Phillips, Wendell, 294  
 Philo, 172  
 Pindar, 160  
 Plato, 90, 91, 154, 158  
 Pliny the Younger, 78  
 Plotinus, 173  
 Plutarch, 165, 166  
 Pope, Alexander, 231  
 Pythagoras, 157

- Raleigh, Sir Walter, 106, 107, 108, 109  
 Rauschenbusch, Walter, 140, 336  
 Renan, Ernest, 310  
 Richter, Jean Paul, 243, 246, 259  
 Robertson, Frederick, 282  
*Roland, Song of*, 8  
 Rolland, Romain, 19, 387  
 Rossetti, Christina, 277, 278  
 Rossetti, Dante G., 279  
 Rousseau, J. J., 240  
 Royce, Josiah, 349  
  
 Saemund, 60  
 Savage, Minot J., 335  
 Savonarola, 101  
 Schlegel, Frederick von, 254  
 Scott, Capt. Robert F., 75, 77  
 Scott, Frederick George, 37  
 Scott, Sir Walter, 241  
 Seegar, Alan, 29  
 Seneca, 55, 164  
 Shakespeare, William, 45, 53, 70  
 Shaler, Nathaniel, 40, 320  
 Shaw, G. Bernard, 83  
 Shelley, Percy Bysshe, 86, 133, 255, 257, 258  
 Sill, Edward Rowland, 50  
 Simonides of Ceos, 7  
 Snowden, James H., 350  
 Socrates (see Plato)  
 Sophocles, 42, 44, 151  
 Sorley, Charles Hamilton, 400  
 Southey, Robert, 261  
 Spenser, Edmund, 209  
 Spies, August, 117  
 Spinoza, 57, 222  
 Stedman, E. C., 131, 375  
 Stephen, St., 94  
 Stevenson, Robert Louis, 68, 368  
  
 Stoddard, Richard Henry, 366  
 Stowe, Harriett Beecher, 291  
 Streeter, Burnett Hillman, 347  
 Streets, J. N., 21, 31, 392  
 Swedenborg, Emanuel, 226, 227  
  
 Tabb, John B., 321  
 Tacitus, 135  
 Tagore, Rabindranath, 126, 127, 361  
 Tamil, South Indian Book of Poems, 3  
 Taylor, Bayard, 283  
 Taylor, Jeremy, 217  
 Tennyson, Alfred, 74, 301, 306  
 Thomson, James, 234  
 Thucydides, 9  
 Tolstoi, Leo, 327, 362  
 Traubel, Horace, 119, 123  
 Trotter, Bernard Freeman, 402  
 Twain, Mark, 124, 339  
  
 Vane, Sir Henry, 41  
 Vaughan, H., 232  
*Vedas*, 145  
 Voltaire, 239  
  
 Wagner, Charles, 386  
 Wallace, Alfred Russel, 317  
 Watson, William, 364, 376  
 White, Blanco, 266  
 Whittier, John Greenleaf, 287, 288  
 Whitman, Walt, 122, 139, 323, 372, 373  
*Wisdom of Solomon, The*, 169  
 Wordsworth, William, 1, 263, 264  
  
 Young, Edward, 236  
 Zoroaster, 149









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