

Some Helps by the Way.

Scripture:-

Text:-

Not to grieve in the dust, not to fly in the air, but to walk erectly, strongly, and unflinchingly, with one foot always on the solid ground in the high mission of the human soul. Not to lose oneself in the cares, the work, the worry, the fascinations of office and desire; not to lose oneself in the ethereal regions of unfounded imagination and ecstasy; but to walk calmly and quietly upon the earth, doing those things that duty calls us to do, and transforming and

transfiguring the world by the strength
and nobility of our lives. That is the mission
of life.

Yet in our attempts to fulfill that mission
we far get many of the safeguards that
might help us, and ignore many of
the helps by the way that are indeed most
simple. We have a duty to perform, and
in the moment, we fail, and are disheartened
and disheartened because of our failure.

We are brought face to face with some tempta-
tions, and become worried with remorse because
we were not strong enough to withstand
the allurements of some indulgence,
meanness, or dishonesty. Suddenly as
out of a clear sky some incident hovers

which changes us from a worm into a person controlled animal, out of whose mind has passed for a worm all the high and evoking power which commonly distinguish the man from the animal. Day after day we see ourselves fall short of the mark which we set up for ourselves. The little things come up and defeat us. The big things come up and defeat until it seems that we are no stronger than the blade of grass that bends quite to the ground in the gust of wind, and frisks itself erect again only in time to feel the blast of the same wind. Sick words, careless thoughts, neglect, nervous excitement.

discouragement, - all these seem at times to be the lot of every man, no matter how much he desires to have his life run smoothly, and always to be wise enough to rise above the endless number of things that disturb a life. These are the common tests of daily life, and we fail in them because we do not avail ourselves of the helps by the way.

When I look at a portrait of a man like Emerson, and see there the expressions that mark calm, simplicity, refinement, high-thinking and noble living, I see the results of the long slow process of a great soul wounding and fashioning

in the plastic clay of the human body
a portrait which represents the finished
product of a great sculptor. I do not
ask just what is material now, I only know
that the finished product is witness to and
the result of the highest and noble aspira-
tions of a great soul.

Or look at the portrait of a man of
another type, as Henry VIII of England. In
his face you can see written the results
of a selfish, sensual life of self-
indulgence. Only too plainly does his face
tell us the tale of his life, and bears
witness to his long years of gorging
in the chut. Not less accurately did
the same man of Henry VIII slowly and

laboriously fortay in every line of his
face the purpose and aim of his selfish
soul, thus did the inner soul of
Emerson reveal itself in the tender
delicate lines of his face. There they are
the two fortails, the one coarse, gross, sensual;
the other, refined, kindly, fine in every
part.

As you walk along the street, scan the passing
faces. Each one tells the tale of the soul
within. Now one is softened by the
lines of care and sorrow; another is
hardened by selfishness and sin; one
is rachet with joy and happiness,
another is deformed by cruelty and
bitterness. Do I ask them to tell me

the kind of life they live?" Mr. Clark
too plainly their inmost nature is being
revealed by the subtle influence of their
thoughts and desires upon the flaccid
clay of their faces. Could the soul of
Emerson have produced a face like Henry
VIII, or could the soul of Henry VIII have
produced a face like Emerson? The face
is the mirror of the soul, and that
idea brings us into the light of a great
truth potent for good or evil in the life
of each one of us according as we
make it a living vital truth of life,
or simply know of it as one of the interest-
ing bits of knowledge.

Carry that truth one step beyond

what we have already seen. Notice that on the street the aimless shiftless face goes with the aimless shiftless ways of walking. The very carriage of the dead-faculent hopeless man pictures to us the kind of expression we shall see, even before the face can be observed. The firm steady carriage goes with the strong forceful face. The quick nervous step betrays the face marked by lines of worry and anxiety. Not the face alone but the whole body is the mirror of the soul. Slowly about imperceptibly the habits of thought in the mind are working their subtle influence in moulding, and maintaining the health and strength.

of the body. Every thought that comes into the mind is found to express itself in some part of the body, just as the ~~pose~~ before to lift my hand results in the proper muscular activities to bring about that result. The smile that flits across the face, the expression of anger, disgust, impatience that shows itself in the slight movements of the muscles, are witnesses to what is going on all over the body, changing, rewatching lines and muscles, slowly working them conform to the thoughts and ideas that are most frequent in our minds.

But even beyond our bodies extends this subtle influence of the soul, and closer ^{work} its ~~foot~~ in either working the world

we live in into the image of the world
of ideas that lives in us. We cannot
have within us a world of selfishness
and greed unless in the slow process
of time we stamp the world without
with the imprint of the selfishness
and greed that is within, and make
our contribution to the world's work in
that kind of product. We cannot be
unselfish and noble within unless
in time we impress the former of our
fornality upon the lives about us, and
make a contribution towards bringing
in the Kingdom of God. We cannot
serve two masters. In the long run
it is impossible to be a hypocrite

The man who is back at heart is forced to tell his secret sometime. Slowly, steadily day by day, we are watching our faces our bodies, our worlds into the noose of that which is untrustiness, and the inward secrets of our hearts' lives are to be proclaimed from the house-tops. We can no more escape the influence of those inward thoughts upon our lives than Lady Macbeth could wash the stain of blood from her hand. Emerson wakes an Emersonian world, and Henry VIII wakes an England of turbulence and immorality. Jesus of Nazareth brings in the Kingdom of God.

But facts are facts, and the truth is that we cannot make the world we live in to suit our fancies, and our choices. Long before we come to a realizing sense of having any influence upon the world about, the conditions under which we are to live are quite accurately determined. In the world where we would have peace, joy, purity and unselfishness, we find contention, sickness, pain, and sin, what are we to say to it?

We do not even have much to say about our own lives, and bodies until we have become so old that it is but with great difficulty that any

change could be wrought, these habits in large part, our dispositions, the characteristics of our body are determined to a large extent before we have come to a realizing sense of their importance to us. Our nasty temper, our jealous disposition, our slothful habits are things which are thrust upon us, and we cannot help it, if they do lead us into trouble, and pain.

It is true that we cannot wake the world to our liking, but we can control our thoughts. We can stimulate our minds with the highest and noblest thoughts and conception of what life ought to be, when we are living in the midst

of pain, and hardship, and struggle,
we can let light in upon our darkness
by opening the windows of the mind,
and letting the light of great powerful
soul stirring thoughts come in. Above
the cares and anxieties of life there is
forever open to us the real world
of fine thinking, in which we can
share with all in all the truth of life
that the Infinite God has revealed
unto us. We need not be learned, we
need not be versed in the fields of
higher education, but simply to turn
our mind towards the good and
noble things that surround us, and
there in the freedom of the spirit

build our world of thoughts. We are free to direct and control the thoughts that are, and

But we have already seen that the thoughts that are habitual with us, the inward byses of the soul will in the course of time reward and train from ourselves into the very image of those thoughts; that they will lose power towards rewarding and making the world into the image that is within us, even as God made man in his own image. To do that, to make our natures over into the likeness of our highest and best ideals of man, to help make the

world that we find about us, and in which we live over into that ideal world that lives in us, that is the mission of life. We are free to have high noble thoughts, and high noble thoughts make grand men and women, and grand men and women make the Kingdom of God.

Yet in spite of the fact that we know these truths, and realize the vital force and power of them, - realize that they are truths that are ~~fitted~~ fitted for the happiness and strength of our life, and its final success, yet we almost never avail ourselves of the helps which are about us on all sides, - helps that we might

and ought to use to assist in our life mission. If we have some task to perform that requires extra physical strength, we never think of beginning it without first taking nourishment of some kind that will keep well supplied the source of strength in our body. Each morning the first duty is to attempt to meet the demands that our work is to evoke on our physical strength by furnishing fuel for the body. Who would imagine himself strong enough to do the work day after day without this supply of food? Yet, how often do those ^{we} serve poorer, who are so careful about getting ready for the struggles of the physical work; how often do they we

make any such preparation for meeting
the thousand and one difficulties that are
bound to meet us in the course of our daily
work. We never seem to think that our
mind may be hungry, and need food; we
never seem to think that our moral nature
may be exhausted and need stimulating;
we never seem to think that the whole
soul may be languishing for some strengthen =
ing, quickening nourish ment, that
would enable it to meet the difficulties,
to overcome the temptations, and to work
calmly and quietly through the days
duties. Whether it is in the home, or at
the place of business, the one who accom =
plishes the results, is the one who has

a clear calm mind. To begin a day's work with the mind clouded by worry, by fretful-
ness, by nervousness, is just as certain to bring
irretrieving incidents, and distracting acci-
dents to the day's work, as exhaustion and
fatigue are sure to result without
proper bodily nourishment. We achieve
almost every day the person who can
quietly and fearlessly go through the
day, doing most avails of work, working
everyone about huffy, never disturbed
or fretted, fit we fail to become such
persons, and constantly have cause
to regret many of the things that
we do, and prevail over some
hastily spoken words, some ^{lost}, offhandedly-

for doing what we would wish. The truth is all these things happen, because we have not taken the necessary precautions before hand, and are acting from our daily choices but poorly prepared for the constant demand that is being made upon our mental, moral and spiritual natures.

We can never make our inward souls over into the kind of a soul that lightens the world we live in as by a divine light unless by constant and persistent discipline we deliberately supply the soul with its proper fuel, and exercise that control which we may exercise over our thoughts. In the days gone by our

New England ancestors use to begin
the day with family prayers. I like to
try to picture to myself the strong and
sturdy people assembled together for a
moment of mental and spiritual fe-
faction for the day's work. But in time
there became worse form, than spiritual
and more given up very largely. Yet
the essential truth for which they stood
is one of the greatest needs of to-day.
I cannot feel that a prayer which is a
fine prayer, can always be regulated
with such nicety as to be always the
fit, and best form of spiritual and
moral uplift that we need. The
best, the finest, the most powerful

is that which is unexpressed, and is the secret longing of the finite soul for more of the truth and power of the Infinite. But we can always with the utmost sincerity begin our day with some movement of which shall give us a spiritual uplift. I like the reply which the Scotch Highlander gave to a traveller who came to his cottage early in the morning. The traveller coming into view of the cottage saw the man standing just outside of the door, his hat in his hand, as if in quiet meditation. Feeling instinctively as if he were trampling upon holy ground the traveller stopped, and apologized

for disturbing the man's devotion. "No,
I was not praying," he said, "but I like to
come out here in the early morning, and
take off my head my head before the
beauty and glory of the world, and I
feel better for it all the day." Perhaps
it was unconscious knowledge, but that
man had gotten told of the secret of
of all noble living, and had penetrated
to the very lowest ~~to~~ depths of true devotion
and prayer. I have a friend, a man of
large business affairs, who is very deeply
interested in art, and has in his home an
unusually good collection of great paintings.
Every morning before going to business
he spends a few minutes among his

figures, because, he says, they go with him all through the day. That is the kind of spiritual uplift that we need, a moment of quiet contemplation, be it in the presence of a picture, a bit of nature, a few flowers, or in reading some poem of beauty and uplifting force. How ever hard the duties are, how ever much of temptation we must overcome, we are better prepared to live the whole day through, if we but strengthen, and nourish our moral and spiritual nature by such simple honest sincere moments of devotion. They are the silent, smitten prayers, that reach out into the infinite, and secretly bring back into one soul the light and strength

which will keep them free, that they may
weld our faces into mirrors that shall
reflect inner purity, our bodies into bodies
of strength, and health, & and the world
we live in into a world of calm, and
love, and high purpose.

It is only by constant practice, many
failures, many discouraging hours, that
the musician becomes able to play upon
the strings of his instrument, and produce
harmonious inspiring music. It is
only by constant effort, with many failures
many hours of discouragement, that the human
soul is able to express the inner truths
of life in a life, that is harmonious,
beautiful, divine. But if we train and

discipline our whole nature as the musician
trains and disciplines himself, by and by
the music of life will be played with a
perfect harmony, and as accurate time, good-
ness, refinement, strength, will control
us within, and mould the body into
the image of a strong healthy soul. The
deeds ^{and} works, and we flow from us into
the outer world as music seems to flow
from the tips of the piano players fingers.
Not to grieve in the dust, not to fly in the
air, but to walk steadfastly through along
the way of life, converting and transforming
all the cares, clutches, labors of life, together
with its pleasures, and joys, into one
harmonious peace.

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