

"Lose Time to Live,"

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"Midway upon the road of life
I found myself within a dark
wood, for the right way had been
united," In these words Dante
opens the "Divine Comedy," and
I fancy that in these words he
~~to~~ does what Walt Whitman
always tried to do, He strikes
a note which causes sympathy
in ^{to be felt} ~~in~~ ^{in almost every} ~~in~~
persons ^{life} ~~being~~, To become en-
tangled in the underbrush of
life, to forget to look up for
the light which shines thru
the enveloping forest, to
wonder about in a circle,
to become confused, to lose
self control, and permit

confusion to be transformed ^{the form to} 2
into a form, and, terminat^d
in gloomy despair; this is the
tragic ending of many a well
intended, and devoted life.
It is also but a chaotic picture,
a vague and presentation of
that which is to be observed in
every life that we come in
contact with.

This same tendency to miss
the right way, - to forget to
look up now and then as
we work our way along the
ground, and for our thought-
burners by finching ourselves
at length floundering against a
stone wall, with no alternative
but to shut ^{fall} and go back, this
comes not only to individuals
but to communities, nations,
ages, and races. The voices

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of error as well as of sin is
death. When people find
themselves in such a state
of confusion, and panic, or
when an age finds itself
in such a blind alley into
which it has been lured
by following some fire fly
of fancy, instead of directing
its course by the ~~light~~ guiding
stars of its ideals, ~~there is~~
~~at~~, a remedy is sought on
the one hand, and travels
are suggested on the other, by
the all too willing & blind
guides of the blind. Some won-
like Carlyle looks with one
eye shut and the other blinded
back over the road that has
been traveled, compares the

"Past and Present" much to
the discredit of the present, and
send out the gloomy announce-
ment, that our only life is to
~~quit the~~ turn our back upon
the ruins of a future land
flowing with milk and honey
and retrace our steps ^{over} the
once traveled road, ^{of the past.} to encamp
again upon the arid spot
from where soil the fertility for
long since been exhausted.

Another out of his ^{look of} experience
dreams a dream, or sees a
vision of ~~the~~ ^{fit} some blooming
land or blooming life, which
is just over the crest of the
hill which shuts the ~~from~~
our view the joys of a

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perfect world. If we could
by some superhuman effort
or by some magic device
look over the space which
separates us from that world
of "lovelier joy," and sin-inter-
rupted bliss, ^{how delightful}
it would be ^{to dwell therein.} how all the
shadows would vanish!
~~and~~ how refreshing and
transcendantly habitable
would be that land bathed
always in the sunshine of
fine happiness!

But methinks that neither
the one nor the other of these
shining fogs would
be completely satisfactory in
relieving an individual

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from the pressure of present
confusion, or the age or the
nation from evils and limita-
tions of its imperfect present.

It is doubtless ~~that~~ true that there
is something of good in the
past, of course there is, and
none of it even than Carlyle
ever dreamed of, but in spite
of the goodness of the past, we
live in the present. As a thing
which can live again, the past
cannot exist for us. Were
there a line of Carlyles reaching
from here to Garden of Eden,
or there is, and each one pointing
to the ~~same~~ past as a place of
safety, still we would not
and could not head their
warning, or stop to listen

to their dismal cry. The past
has been glorious, but the past
we would glorify by men
who, while they lived, lived
in the spirit of their own times
and faced their future. How
ever perilous, and distressing
may be our situation, no
relief is to come by attempting
rekindle the fires upon our
old smoldering ground.

But hardly have we chafed
of our Past and Present signs
forth, when we come face to
face with some ~~man~~ who
Edward Bellamy who is waking
nearly to life from the foot
stool of the present far into
the distant future, and still
down to enjoy things in

flaccid sort of contentment ^{such} ~~just~~
as the cow reveals to us as
she ~~stands, chewing~~ ~~ruminating~~
lies ruminating in some cool
nook when worn and heart
are called from labor to refresh-
ment. But however inviting,
however alluring might the
the life of the future bliss into
which the dreamer of wooden
apocalyptic literature would
have us leap, and however
long he may stand there
on the threshold, measuring
his distance, getting his
balance, working trial springs,
yet the port remains, ~~that~~ that
he remains. Even if it be
only a hairs breadth that distin-
guishes the present from the
future, yet that hairs breadth

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is sufficient to form an
insurmountable obstacle to
any discontented ^{man} who has
lost the ~~very~~ right way within
the dark wood. Neither in the
past, nor in the future do we
or run we live, but in the
present. And the present in
which we are living for
preserved all the good
that has been ~~gathered~~ gathered
from the fields towards which
Carlyle would direct us.
The present in which we are
living contains all the richness
and the splendor of the land
over yonder hill crest. There
is no past or future, but only
the eternal present. and in
that eternal present we

line.

Now supposing you are confused
and force stricken, supposing you
have lost your way in the midst
of the underbrush of the present,
what can you do? How are you
going to get upon the right track
again? The Past cannot help you
for already it has done what
the very best it could, and at
best you can only profit by the
experiences of the past, but you
have to solve your own problems.
The future cannot help you for
the future can never solve its
problems until you have
solved yours. What are you
going to do about it? Being
as you think in the Purgatory
of the present, with its past
Hell behind you, and its

future Heaven before you
how are you going to for your
favourite, and get out of your
fugatory.

Now the fact is that our commu-
nities as a whole, and many individ-
uals, in particular, not to say you
and I find ourselves in this
midway of our national and
individual prosperity, lost in
a dark wood, for we have
missed our way. Subtlest
confusing, almost panic stricken
seems our lives, as we flung
about amid the underbrush
and disjunct forest into which
we have been allowed by some
will of the misf, some good
ply of a disorganized imagin-
ation.

Since the revelation of the
truth of the worth of man

and the nobleness of life, and its
eternal divine beauty, found ~~their~~^{its}
way into the hearts of men, the
people of this new world, ~~not to say~~
have been giving a new inter-
fection to life, and its functions.

The gloomy pessimistic cry of
other worldliness has ceased.
We ~~have~~ no longer sing ~~that the~~
godless songs, or pray the godless
prayers, or believe the godless
ideas in which this world, this
life, this three score years and
ten upon the earth, are looked
upon as gloomy days of sorrow
fair, sir, which by the grace
of God we hope to escape from
as soon as possible, relying
upon the dim possibility of
a summing bliss of another
world. The humanistic
movement, ~~the~~ ~~whole~~ ~~sweeping~~

which has been coming to its
position, ~~down~~ and is establishing
itself among us with with
tremendous rapidity, has no place
for ~~this~~ this ineligible, golden
materialistic interpretation of
this world, and this life, as a
sort of a prison from which the
spirit would flee to the unalloyed
bliss of the other world, ~~such~~
~~was~~ ~~right~~.

The tendency has been there-
fore, to ~~put~~ place greater emphasis upon
this ~~world~~ life in all its aspects, in
stead of whining about the seat
of prayer pleading for deliverance
from a world of pain and sin, ~~man~~
have gone to work clearing up
some of the scumfools in which
~~man~~, and pain have had their
growth. Instead of fearing
to give, to forgive, and some
the outcast, and the down-trodden

when the selfishness of men had
cast into the outer darkness of
this world, there has been a
marked tendency, which is even
now developing, a terrible wo:
mentum for future activity.
to extend the hand of fellowship
to those who have in their degre:
dation asked alms.

Instead of singing, "my father
is rich in houses and land",
the men of this humanistic
movement have said to them-
selves. that we should improve
the plain material conditions
of life, better houses. more ease
and comfort, right here and
now, transportation, industrial
development, inventions of
every description have within
the last 40 years made a better

a cleaner, a safer world to live in.

Starting with the premise that this world is good, and may be: come better, that war is not totally defenced, but only ~~is~~ incomplete, that this life is not a necessary evil, but is essentially good, we have been rebuilding our whole fabric of society, and the ideas upon which it rests. That we might come nearer to the ideals towards which we were guiding our fathway, we have built an educational system, which is ~~the~~ one of the greatest achievements of history. That we might clean away some of the scum of our social life, and remove from the back yard of our national residence some of the foul and disease giving

debris, we have reformed, or
tried to reform, educate, uplift
~~and~~ are commonly called the
~~lower classes~~, the ~~lower~~ fortunate.

That we might have more time
to devote to culture, refinement
and a higher social intercourse
we have built up an industrial
system such as the world has
never seen. Efficient, productive
strong and powerful, it has
become at once the admiration
and the terror of our nation.

Our school system which was
developed to give children such
aid, in such insight into life
as to enable them to ~~be~~ live
more deep, noble, worthy
and ~~wonderful~~ lives, has
become a great machine

the rushing machine, into whose
feeder are turned thousands
upon thousands of children at
five years of age. Then begins
the process of working the thousand
individuals, whose individuality
is the worst feature gone, off
for through an average hole
in which there is no opportunity for
individuality. Some are crushed,
some are bruised, some are
ruined for life: some are
left by the wayside, some
are taken in health, some
are broken in spirit, and
finally out of the driving
confusion of the wheel they
appear, a few mediums who
have been squeezed through
the holes that separate one partment
of the machine from the
other. The fact is that this

which we have constructed to
assist in developing life, and
helping our young people to live,
has become an absolute master,
and upon the altar of ^{its} machine-like
perfection we are sacrificing
yearly the individuality, and
the very life and health even
of many of our best youths.

This great industrial plant into
which men have put noble work,
noble thought, noble sacrifice,
that, too, has become a double
headed monster who is devouring
men by the thousand, not alone
workmen, and but as well the
most influential ^{and masterful} minds
which dwarf, destroy the joy of
labor, ruin the individuality
of man, makes him a mere
cog in a wheel of a great

machine, that institution has ceased to be servant, and become master.

In the same way men seek as they must seek relaxation from work, in pleasure. Social intercourse, light hearted, carefree enjoyment of fertility is as essential to man's life, as work, or meditation, or prayer. But when our relaxation for pleasure has become a part of a complete system of social formality, so that the life of free pleasure becomes a thing exhausting burden, from which one would free himself as from the moth to come, men are again imprisoned in the trap of our own construction.

I delight in education, I am not blind to the benefits of

our existing system. I never cease
to wonder at the great products
of our industrial system; I enjoy
with the joy of a child the pleasures
of social festivity, and good
fellowship. But of infinitely more
worth than a perfect school system,
~~room~~ is a strong healthy group
of young men and young women
in whom individuality has not
been warped by the merciless
love of conformity, in whom
the desire and thirst after
knowledge has not been injured
or the power of digestion destroyed
by intellectual overfeeding, and
stopping.

But of infinitely more
worth than the great industrial
plant with its war destroying
conformity, is the free workman
who can take some joy in the

freedom of his work, and the
expression of his individuality.

Pleasure as a relaxation from the
flam ~~line~~, from the common
duties of life, is ~~a~~ ^{an} essential
factor of life, but when pleasure
become work, and we are
caught in the clutches of its
harpy like claws, then it is
good by to pleasure. and all
wholesome life as well.

The fact is that these very
institutions which ~~are~~ ^{are} ~~are~~ ^{are} ~~are~~ ^{are}
developed that we might have
the greater freedom to live, and
to do the work, and become
the men, and the women that
we should become, have become
our overlords. In their lifeline
in personal, we enter the form
they have become not our

freedom of his words, and the
inferiority of his intellect.

Placeme in a relation from the
plain level, from the common
white of life, is a great advantage
factor of life. But when we are
in our own world, and we are

We are Greeks, too fine in
spirit to obey the command
of of our common place
earthly Lycorox, and yet
this same sorcerer of
superstition whom we
thrust from us with a
strong arm, we permit to
infringe in the fine trees
of our own construction, and
there ^{we} await the coming
of some Prosper to free
us from our bondage.

working tools, and valuable
assistants in living the noble
life, but they have become our
false gods, upon whom we worship
upon whose altars we sacrifice
all that is worth while in life.
Midway upon the road of life
we find ourselves in a dark
wood, for the right way has been
ruined.

The lion's whelp which we
have cared for and nourished
and watched over, ~~is now~~
~~getting the first taste of blood~~
now lies by our side gently
licking the hand by which
we caress it. The first taste
of blood has ~~been~~ is changing
the the docile and affectionate
whelp into maddened and
fervent lion, with whom

we must contend for life
and death.

There are but illustrations of
the way in which we imprison
ourselves in the house which
we build for shelter. We choose
some line of work wherein to
do our share in the world's work,
to express our inner thoughts
upon the work that we do and
in return to receive sufficient
return for support. However noble
that work may be, when it
so claims us as to dwarf our
very being, and drag us in
the filth of corruption, and distort
behind its war chariot, as for
example a minister being
chopped behind the war
chariot of Sectarianism, we
have forfeited our freedom

and become embarked in
some dead tree trunk grown
which in our clutches we
enflame, and whilst about
the influence of our invasion:
ment,

What right has man to
say that he is ~~for~~ a slave to
his labor, to his pleasure, to
his passion. He may be in
the forest of trees, but he is not
entombed in any one of those
trees. We are not here to
be dragged along the ground
by the whim of any thing
or any person, be that thing
business, ~~state~~, church, school
or nation, ⁱⁿ ~~but~~ we are here
to walk upon the ground
with our heads erect, doing

the work of life with the
majesty of ~~the~~ old king, taking
rest, relaxation and pleasure
with the innocence and
purity of childhood. Talking
with each other on our
journey, assisting each
on our talk and work.
The world was not created
by a divine fiat. It was not
not evolved in a hurry.
Nothing in good God's universe
is hurried or rushed through.
Every thing moves with the
same stately majestic swing.
Every thing takes time to
live, even the meanest of
creatures upon whom we
stare without thought.

Why should not we then take
our time to live our life.

Why should the child be hurried
and rushed and crammed
through school, without ever
having ^{the} thought that he should
take time to live, to observe,
and to sate the very at-
tention of volubility of life.

Why should the business man
wear out his body and mind.

define himself of the
social festivity, and fairly
live, just for the sake of being
a slave to business. How
cruel it is that we compel
a workman to spend his
life flooding meagrely along

for the sake of getting enough
to keep life in his body, and
keep the door closed upon the
wolf of hunger.

How disgusting, and humili-
ating it is to be compelled
to meet with and be ^{decent}
to people who never do any
kind of productive work, ~~but~~
who never take the time to
live, but crawl along on
hands and knees to get one
sip of wine from the
trough out of which the slaves
of pleasure seek to satisfy
their ^{thirsty & famished} ~~hungry~~ souls.

Take the time to live, do not
be dragged through life by the
controlling power of any

system. Do not become
worn and exhausted floundering
about after some fire fly
of the forest. If you are
lost in the confusion and
disencouragement of work.

if you are being crushed
and trampled under feet
by the crowd, if you are
the prisoner of any institution
that claims your work, your
honor, your integrity, the
only thing to do is to leave
the crowd, is to cut free
from the institution, is to
throw the world from your
shoulders, lie down upon
the grass, look up at the

heavens, collect you self
together; and find again
the star, or the sun by which
you were directing your
course, before you become
engulfed in the wild
struggle after some
goal fly.

Dare to be a non-con-
formist, and defy the
absolute rule of every
institution or person
who would claim your
shameful submission.

Dare to be a non-con-
formist, and walk
with your head erect

and your feet firmly floated
up from the earth.

Dare to take time to live
the robust and the grandest
life of which you are
capable. Dare in short
to be a man. Doing your
work as it should be done,
meditating as you need.
Laying as your soul's eye turns up.
and taking your pleasure
and relaxation in ~~the~~ ^{its} ~~fruity~~
~~of~~ ^{the} ~~fruity~~ of man's
natural holy life.