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1906

Take Time to Live [String-Bound Sermons]

Earl Clement Davis

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John Lime to Line," Turdway ofun the wood of life I found ungelf inithin a clark wood, for the right way had been unised," In these words don'ts. ofens to the Driving Connecty "and I formey that in there words he to ches what west whiten always tried to do, He strikes a vott which kauses symfetheir ni hoteins in obvort energine fersons heife Lo hecome en: tangled in the underbrush of life, to forget to look of for the light which shives there the evenlying frest, to wonder short in a circle, to become perfued, to love self central, and fermal

confusein to be transformed 2 into a forie, and terminote in gloving desfeir; this is the trogic ending of money a well intended, and devotell life. It is sho but a chamotic fictines, a moquefied fresentation of That which is too be observed in Every life that we come in contact with. This some tendency to mis the right way, to fuget to look of vour and then as we work our way along the geowned, and for for our thought: lenner by finding ourselves st length flot of against a stone well, with no ollewshis but to obest over gor boch, this comer not only to individuals but to committee, notions, ages, and races. The worses

of ever as well or of sin is death! When profle find Themselves in such a stotz of confusion, and famic, or when an age finds thelf in such a blind alley into which it has been lucch by following serve fire fly of forcey, instead of directing its course by the light quiding st, a muchy is sought on The one havel, and thrusavels are suggested on the other, by quides of the blind. Some won. like Corlyle books with one sye shut and the other bluned tock over the road that has heen traveld, compares the

Part and Present" wurch to 4 the discredit of the fresent, and sench out the glooning summes: good the tune one bock upon the visins of a fature land flowing with with ovel honey and retrace our step one the out of the fast. again upon the ariel yfut from whom soil the fertility has long since hear exported. Aurther out of his exprience deaux a cheam, or sees a minin of the fire serve belofing lavel or lettofin life, which is just over the cust of the bill which shots the from our men the joys of a

ferfect world. If we smed 5 by some suferfulum effort or by some wogie device le of over the space which referotes un from the world

of "loboleus fier," and simintermetal blis, how delightful
it would be, four all the shoclows world wouth, and thow reflerhing and transendantly hobit the world to that land bothed slurys in the smashine of ful hoffiners! But methings that weither the one was the other of there selving forgums would be conflitely settinforting in relieving sur individual

four the ferrue of freent 6 sorfurius, or the age or the notin from enils and limitations of its imferfact frevent. It is shoulders that the that there is something of good in the fast, Of come these is, and worr of it even the Conque ever dreamed of, but in spite of the govelness of the fort, we live in the freeent, as a thing which are line again, the fast count exist for us. here there a line of Carlyles reaching from here to Garden of Eslen. or their is, and each one frinting to the sea fact or a flace of sofety, still we would not and ends not beach Their worning, or stof to beter

to their diswol ey. The fast has been glorious, but the fast wer worke gloriers by men who, while they lived, hied in the spirit of their our times and forest their future. - How ever feilens, and distrering way he on situation, wo relief is to come by attempting rehindle the fires upon our vld æmfring grund. But hardly have me chifred of our Part and Present sign forts, when me come force to fore with some work Edward Bellowing who is wohing ready to leaf from the foot stool of the fresent for into the distinct future, and still down to enjoy things in

flaciel sort of contentment juited she stronds, electrics me some avol work when were and heart at rolled from lobor to refresh: ment. But bonever inniting, former pllming might the the life of the Juliue Blis will which the cheaver of worlen afrealyttie literature would have ur leaf, and formener long he way stavel there on the threshold, weasuing his clistance, getting his bolance, woking triol ofings yet the fort remains, the the he remains. Even if it be only a hairs headth that distinquishes the frenent from the future, yet that havis headth

is sufficient to fine an insurventable abstacle to any discontest one who has lost the way right way within the deak word, Theither in the fast, on in the future dome or run we line, but in the frerent, and the frerent in which me are living for frerened all the good that has been gother degament from the fields toroarch which. Corlyste world driet us, the frerent in which we are living conterns all the richnes and the spender of the land over yourder hiel crest, there is we fast or future, but only the eternal present, and in that eterral fresent we

how sufforing you are confund and force striken, sufforing you have lost your way in the wicht, of the well-breach of the fresent, what can you do! How one your going to get whom the right hach again? The Part count telfym Ju alrevely it has done what the very best it could, and at hert you can only fuglit by the experiences of the fort, but you have to solve your our froblem The future count helf you for the future con never some itfertlems jutil you have solved yours, whit are you going to do about it? Boing as you think in the Purgoting of the fresent, with its fost Hell behird you, and its

future Heaven hefur your How we you going to fay your favoure, and get out of your fungatory. how the fact is that our commun: ities as a while, and many individ: nals in fartievlar, ruot to soy you and I find oursolves in this middy of our national and individual frasferity, last in a doub wood, for me have mired om woy. Lubuleut confusing alwort fauic strikens seems om lives, as we flung about amid the under brush and diswol frest into which we have been allwed by some mill of the wist, some god.

The fa disagnized imagin: Since the revelation of the truth of the worth of man

and the noblever of life, and its eternal divine hearty, found this way into the hearts of men, the forfle of this new world, with to say have been giving a new inter= feetohin to life, and its furretiers. The glooning fersionistic any of other worldlivers has reased. We have no longer sing thouther godler songs, or frey thre boller fragers, or believe thre godlers ideas in which this world, this life, this three some years and ten ufon the earth, are looked you as gloony day of sarrow fair, sin, which by the grace of god we lofe to exerte from as som at forsible, relying ofur the directoribility of a sweeting blis of another undel. The luworistic were went of who sweeping

which has been coming trils priting show and is establishing itself among us with with temendous reficity, has we flace for this ineligious, goeller materialistic interfectations of this world, and this life, or a sort of a frisen from which the spirit world flee to the molloyed flisof the other world, took way waget. The tendency has been there? Jove, to the flace greater emphasis upon this watchlife in all its arfects, du stead of whining about the seat of frager flowshing for delinerance from a world of fair and sin, was have gove to work cleaning uf some of the senfools in which stear, and fain have had their geowth. Instead of fenying to god, to forgine, and some the outcest, and the durlinkler whom the selfishness of won had cast wito the outer danhucu of this world, there has been a marked tendency, which is every vour developing a terrible wo: wenter for future activity. to extend the hand of fellowshif to those who have in their degredolin asked alius, Instead of singing, ruy fother is sich in fourer and land", the men of this humanistic wovement have said to themselves. that we should impluve the flair material enclitures of life, better bruses. were ease were confort right here and vow, Larfortota, inclustral developement, inventions of every description have within the last 40 years woole a better

a cleaner, a sofer world to here Starting with the fremise that this world is good, and may he: come better, that wan is not totally defensed, but only inf unconferted, that this life is not a necessary evil, bit is eventilly good, me have heen rebuilding our whole fobric of society, and the ideas upon which it serts. That we might some newer to the ideals towards which me mere guidning om fothwy, me have built an echicational system, which is the one of the greatest ackein: wents of history. That we wight clean away since of the certools of our social life, and sewere from the books yard of our folotiol residence some of the fore and direase giving

debris, me have reformed, or tried to reform, educate, uflift and are commonly salled the lime clauses. the leve Johnvote, That we might have were time to devote to eveline, refine went and a higher social intercome we have built ufan inclustrial system such on the world has nener seen, Efficient, fevoluting string and formerful, it has become at once the admiration and the terror of our nation. Our school system which wor devloped to give shilchen such aid, in such irright with life as to enable them to befine hovel deef. voble, werly and wowenly lives, has became a great sochine

therhing working, into whoe feeder are turned throwands upen thousand of children at fine years of age. Then begins the frocer of wohing the thousand inclinidate, whom inclinidat ir the wort fierin gen, of the four though our overage the in which there is no officiently for individually Some are sushed. some one british, some one muned for life! some one loft by the worpide, some are boken in health, some are broken in afirit, and finally out of the diving enfusion of the woodlay there offen, a few mediums who for hear squeezeel through the doles that separate one fortunal of the washine from the other. The first is that this

which we fore continueted to assist in developing the, and heefing our young ferfle to line, has become our absolute worter. and ofen the other of mochine like further we are sacreficing yearly the individuality, and the very life and health even of wony of our hert youths This great industrial flant into which were have fut voble work, voble thought, volle souefin, thetitor, has become a double headed wouster who is devouring men by the thrisand, vot olive working and but as well the work work in pluenting the west theirs, which dwarfs destroys the joy of lober, mins the individuality of won. woher him a were ang in a wheel of a great

machine, that institution for ceased to be servent, and became on the some way men seek as They must seek relogation from work, in fleasure, dorid intercoure lightheauted, carefue enjoyment of ferticity is as essential to rows life, as with, or meditation, or frager. But when our relaxations for flearme forz become a feut of a simplete system of social formality, so that the life of fue fleasure hecomes ating exhausting bruden, from which one would free him self as from the moth to come, mes are again ins: frismed in the trof four our constructions. I delight in education, I am out blind to the haufilt of

ou existing system. I vener cease to wonder of the great ferducts of our inclustrial system; I evipy with the joy of a child the fleasures of social festivity and good fellowship, But of infinitely were fellowship, But of infinitely were worth this a ferfect school system. or young men and young women in whom individuality bound been weafed by the mercilers love of conformity, in whom the desire and thirt after Hvoruledge for vot heen infaired or the former of elizartin destroyed by intellectual one-feeling, and stoffing. But of infinitely wors with this the great incluster of flant with its won sterbying conformily, is the free workers who are toke some joy in the

Jucolom of his work, and the expression of his individuality. Pleasure as a relocation from the dutie, of life, is segrestion essentil fotor of life, but when flearing tecume worter, and me are cought in the clutches of its harfy like slows, then it is goodby to fleame and all where life as well. The fact is that there very institutions which was one time developed that we might have the greater freedom to line, and to do the work, and become the men, and the wernen that me should become, Ine become ru onewhol. In their lifeten inference, worster the form they have become not our

presence of his work, and the experiment his indivinobily. Observe on a religation from the plain brash, from the course photos, of letter, is suggestion essented Joter of life, wit when flearing end we are The are ariels, too fine in Africt to obey the conword of for converted laithly Lyerox, and yet sufferstilin whom we things from us with a stong and me fermit to inferlion in the fine trees of our our construction, and there remains the coving greene Borslev to fee

working tool, and voluble ossistants in living the volle life, but they have become our fole gods, when we workilf upon infore alters une sacrefice all that is worth while in life. Wickshay upon the wool of life we find our schon in a dock word, for the right way has been ruined. The lives wheef which me tore raved for and wowished and wotched over, is now getting the first toste of blood now lies by our side gently liching, the hand by which me caress it. The first toste of blood than her is changing the the docide and offertunate wheel entr maddened and ferocions him, with whom

me munt contend for life and death. There are but illustrations of the way in which me infrism ouselves in the bouse which me bilde for sheller, box chose some line of work wherein to do on shere in the worlds work, to exper our investinghts rfun the work that we show and in return to receive sufficient return for suffort. Homener roble that work way he, when it so claims us as to choose our very being, and drag us in the filth of correftin, and distoror helich its wer chariot, as gr example a minister being chagged be hired the wor chariot of Sularianism, me Ine forfeited our freedom

and heave embedded in some dead the truck from which in our clisters we conflain, and white about the influence of our immon: whit right has won to soy that he is for a slave to his lobin, to his fleasure, to. his farring He way he in the forest of trees, but he is not entruhed in any one of there trees, lor are vot here to be chagged along the genuel by the wisheriot of any thing or any ferrow, he that thing businer, stole, church, school or noting but me are here to work you the general with our heads erect, doing

the work of life with the wogesty of the olding, toking sest, relaxation and fleasure with the imoceine and fruity of childhood. Folking with each other or me formey, asserting each as me tolk and work. The world war not resteel by on Divine first, Two wo not evadred in a huny. hothing in good gods uninere is himsel or rushed through, Every thing weres with the some stotely wogestie swing. Every thing to hes time to live, even the meanent of creatures ufon whom we sty withit thought.

Why shold not we then tohe our time to live our life. Why should the child he humid and unkel and crammed though solved, witht ever having thought that he should take time to live, to where! and to radiate the very otwors there of volility of life. Why should the business won mean out his body and wind. define himself of the source festivity, and family life, just for the some of Ling a slere to business. How Cruel it is that we comfel a wahum to spend his life floodding meanly dang

for the roke of getting everyle to keep life in his body, med beef the door closed upon the wolf of huge, How disquiting, and humil = isting it is to be confelled to weet with and he decent to feofle who were she any Nivel of farchective work, total who weren to be the time to line, but crawl along on houds and kneer to get me sif of mine from the turgh out of which the slaves of flearure seek to solisty their thingly, sives. Toke the time to line, Dovot be drogged through life by the combolling former of any

system. Do vot herme were and extrusted flugging about after some fine pay of the frest. If you are bort in the confusion and discoverement of work. if you are being crushed and trampled under feet by the several, if your one the frisoner of any institution that clevius you work, sym how, you integrity, the only thing to do is to leave the cound, is to cut free from the custitution, is to there the world from you sholders, lie down ufen the grain, look of at the

heavens, collect your self together, and find again the star, or the sun by which you were directing your sirve, before you become enguefect in the will strufede after some goelfly. Dane tobe a voucon. format, and defy the absolutevere of every untitulion er ferim who world elainym slevesh soburion. Dare to be a voncon= fourt, and work with you head event

of my the earth. Dare to toke time to live the vollet and the grandet lift of which you ene rofoble. Dare in shot to be a wore, thoing you work writshoved to done fugues at the subseque turn of of the fruity of heavis

Take Time to Live

Earl C. Davis

Pittsfield, MA

1906

"Midway upon the road of life I found myself within a dark wood, for the right way had been missed." In these words Dante opens the "Divine Comedy" and I fancy that in these words he does what Walt Whitman always tried to do, he strikes a note which causes sympathetic vibrations to be felt in almost every person's life. To become entangled in the underbrush of life, to forget to look up for the light which shines through the enveloping forest, to wander about in a circle, to become confused, to lose self-control, and permit confusion to be transformed into a panic, and the panic to terminate in gloomy despair, this is the tragic ending of many a well-intended, and devoted life. It is also but a dramatic picture, a magnified 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 pay for our thoughtlessness by finding ourselves at length flat against a stone wall, with no alternative but to about-face and go back, this comes not only to individuals, but to communities, nations, ages, and races. The wages 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 firefly of fancy, instead of directing its course by the guiding star of its ideals, a remedy is sought on the one hand, and thousands are suggested on the other, by the all too willing blind guides of the blind. Some man like Carlyle looks with one eye shut and the other blurred back over the road that has

¹ Dante Alighieri (1265-1321), Inferno, Canto I

been travelled, composes the Past and Present 2 much to the discredit of the present, and sends out the gloomy announcement that our only hope is to turn our back upon the visions of a future land flowing with milk and honey, and retrace our steps on the once travelled road of the past, to encamp again upon the arid spot from whose soil the fertility has long since been exhausted. Another, out of his lack of experience, dreams a dream, or sees a vision of serene utopian land or utopian life, which is just over the crest of the hill which shuts from our view the joys of a perfect world. If we could by some superhuman effort or by some magic device leap over the space which separates us from that world of "labor-less joy," and uninterrupted bliss, how delightful it would be to dwell therein, how all the shadows would vanish! How refreshing and transcendently habitable would be that land bathed always in the sunshine of pure happiness!

But methinks that neither the one nor the other of these alluring programs would be completely satisfactory in relieving an individual from the pressure of present confusion, or the age or the nation from evils and limitations of its imperfect present. It is doubtless true that there is something of good in the past. Of course there is, and more 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 Carlyle's reaching from here to [the] Garden of Eden, as there is, and each one pointing to the past as a place of safety, still we would not, and could not, heed their warning, or stop to listen to their dismal cry. The past has been glorious, but the past was made glorious by men who, while they lived, lived in the spirit of their own times and faced their future. However perilous, and distressing may be our situation, no relief is to come by attempting [to] rekindle the fires upon an old camping ground.

But hardly have we disposed of our *Past and Present* signposts, when we come face-to-face with some Edward

 $^{^2}$ Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881) published <code>Past</code> and <code>Present</code> in 1843. It combines medieval history with criticism of $19^{\rm th}$ century <code>British</code> society.

Bellamy³ who is making ready to leap from the footstool of the present far into the distant future, and slow down to enjoy things in placid sort of contentment such as the cow reveals to us as she is ruminating in some cool nook when man and heart are called from labor to refreshment. But however inviting, however alluring might the life of the future bliss into which the dreamer of modern apocalyptic literature would have us leap, and however long he may stand there on the threshold, measuring his distance, getting his balance, making trial springs, yet the fact remains that he remains. Even if it be only a hair's breadth that distinguishes the present from the future, yet the hair's breadth is sufficient to prove an insurmountable obstacle to any discontented one who has lost the right way within the dark wood. Neither in the past, nor in the future do we, or can we, live, but in the present, and the present in which we are living has presented all the good that has been garnered 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 live.

Now the fact is that our communities as a whole, and many individuals in particular, not to say you and I, find ourselves in this midday of our national and individual prosperity, lost in a dark wood, for we have missed our way. Turbulent, confusing, almost panic-stricken, seems our lives, as we fling about amid the underbrush and dismal forest into which we have been allured by some will-of-thewisp, some gadfly of a disorganized imagination.

Since the revelation of the truth of the worth of man and the nobleness of life, and its eternal divine beauty, found its way into the hearts of men, the people of this new world have been giving a new interpretation to life, and its functions. The gloomy pessimistic cry of otherworldliness has ceased. We no longer sing those godless songs, or prey those godless prayers, or believe those godless ideas in which this world, this life, this

 $^{^3}$ Edward Bellamy (1850-1898), American author and journalist, most famous for his utopian novel *Looking Backward 2000-1887*, published in 1888.

threescore years and ten upon the earth are looked upon as gloomy days of sorrow, pain, sin, which by the grace of God we hope to escape from as soon as possible relying upon the divine possibility of a unending bliss of another world. The humanistic movement which has been coming to its fruition, and is establishing itself among us with tremendous rapidity, has no place for this irreligious, godless, materialistic interpretation of this world, and this life, as a sort of prison from which the spirit would flee to the unalloyed bliss of the other world.

The tendency has been therefore to place greater emphasis upon this life in all its aspects. Instead of whining about the seat of prayer pleading for deliverance from a world of pain and sin, we have gone to work clearing up some of the cesspools in which sin and pain have had their growth. Instead of praying to God to forgive, and save the outcast, and the downtrodden whom the selfishness of man had cast into the outer darkness of this world, there has been a marked tendency, which is even now developing a terrible momentum, for future activity to extend the hand of fellowship to those who have in their degradation asked alms.

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

Starting with the premise that this world is good, and may become better, that man is not totally depraved, but only uncompleted, 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 finding our pathway, we have built an educational system, which is one of the greatest achievements of history. That we might clear way some of the cesspools of our social life, and remove from the back yard of our palatial residence some of the foul and disease-giving debris, we have reformed, or tried to reform, educate, uplift what are

commonly called the less 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, such insight into life as to enable them to live broad deep noble manly and womanly lives, has become a great threshing machine, into whose feeder are turned thousands upon thousands of children at five years of age. Then begins the process of making the thousand individuals, whose individuality is the most precious germ, pass 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 broken in health, some are broken in spirit, and finally out of the driving confusion of the medley there appear a few mediums who have been squeezed through the holes that separate one department 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 alter of its machinelike perfection we are sacrificing yearly the individuality, the very life and health even, of many of our best youths.

This great industrial plant into which men have put noble works, noble thought, noble sacrifice, that, too, has become a double-headed monster who is devouring men by the thousand, not alone workmen, but as well the most influential and masterful minds. The institution which dwarfs, destroys the joy of labor, ruins 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, lighthearted, carefree enjoyment of festivity is an essential to man's life, as work, or meditation, or prayer. But when our relaxations for pleasure have become a part of a complete system of social formality, so that the life of pure

pleasure become a tiring exhausting burden from which one would free himself as from the wrath 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, is a strong healthy group of young men, and young women in whom individuality has not been warped by the merciless lovers of conformity, in whom the desire and thirst after knowledge has not been impaired, or the power of digestion destroyed by intellectual one-feeding, and stuffing.

But of infinitely more worth than the great industrial plant with its man-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 plain level, from the common duties of life, is an essential factor of life, but when pleasure becomes master, and we are caught in the clutches of its harpy-like claws, then it is goodbye to pleasure, and all wholesome life as well.

The fact is that these very institutions which we have 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 lifeless impersonal, monster-like power they have become not our working tools, and valuable assistants in living the noble life, but they have become our false gods, whom we worship upon whose alters we sacrifice all that is worthwhile in life. Midday upon the road of life we find ourselves in a dark wood, for the right way has been missed.

The lion's whelp which we have cared for and nourished and watched over, now lies by our side gently licking the hand by which we caress it. The first taste of blood is changing the docile and affectionate whelp into [a]

maddened and ferocious lion, with whom we must contend for life and death.

These are but illustrations of the way in which we imprison ourselves in the house which we built for shelter. We chose 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 develop our very being, and drag us in the filth of corruption, and dishonor behind its war chariot, as for example a minister being dragged behind the war chariot of sectarianism, we have forfeited our freedom and become embedded in some dead tree trunk from which in our distress we complain, and whine about the influence of our environment.

What right has man to say that he is 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 these trees. We are not here to be dragged along the ground by the war chariot of anything or any person, be that thing business, state, church, school or nation or priest, but we are here to walk upon the ground with our heads erect, doing the work of life with the majesty of a King, taking rest, relaxation and pleasure with the innocence and purity of childhood. Talking with each other as we journey, assisting each as we talk and work. The world was not created by a Divine fiat, man was not evolved in a hurry. Nothing in God's universe is hurried or rushed through. Everything moves with the same stately majestic swing. Everything takes time to live, even the meanest of creatures upon whom we step 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 absorb and to radiate the very atmosphere of nobility of life?

Why should the businessman wear out his body and mind, deprive himself of the social festivity, and family life, just for the sake of being a slave to business? How cruel it is that we compel a workman to spend his life plodding

wearily 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 humiliating it is to be compelled to meet with and be decent to people who never do any kind of productive work, 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 and famished 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 plunging about after some firefly of the forest. If you are lost in the confusion and discouragement of work, if you are being crushed and trampled underfoot by the crowd, if you are the prisoner of any institution that claims your work, 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 yourself together, and find again the star, or the sun by which you were directing your course before you became engulfed in the wild stampede after some gadfly.

Dare to be a non-conformist, and defy the absoluteness of every institution or person who would claim your slavish submission. Dare to be a non-conformist, and walk with your head erect and your feet firm upon the earth.

Dare to take time to live the noblest and grandest life of which you are capable. Dare in short to be a man, doing your work as it should be done, meditating as your need, praying as your soul's eye turns up, and taking your pleasure and relaxation in the purity of Man's natural holy life.

END OF SERMON

On the back of page 21 were a few sentences, not connected, I don't believe, with this sermon. The references here are to Shakespeare's Tempest:

We are Ariels, too fine in spirit to obey the commands of our commonplace earthly Sycorax, and yet this same sorceress of superstition whom we thrust from us with a strong arm, we permit to imprison in the fine trees of our construction and there we await the coming of some Prospero to free us from our bondage.