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Take Time to Live [String-Bound Sermons]

Earl Clement Davis

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"Lose Time to Live,"

"Midway upon the woad of life
I found myself in within a dark
wood, for the right way had been
missed," In these words Dante
opens to 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~~ almost every in-
ferious ^{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 ²
into a form, and, ^{the form} terminated
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 presentment 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-
lessness by finching ourselves
at length flat of against a
stone wall, with no alternative
but to submit ^{fall} and go back, this
comes not only to individuals
but to communities, nations,
ages, and races. The voices

of error as well as of sin is ³
death: When people find
themselves in such a state
of confusion, and fanatic, 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~~
~~it~~, 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
search 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 fact.} to encamp
again upon the arid spot
from whose soil the fertility has
long since been exhausted.

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

perfect woe. If we could⁵
by some supernatural effort
or by some magic device
leaf over the space which
separates us from that world
of "lovelier joy," and sininter-
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, both
always in the sunshine of
fine happiness!

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

From the pressure of present ⁶
confusion, or the age or the
nature of our 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
was 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 step to better

to their dismal cry. The fact
has been glorious, but the fact
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 sleeping 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 leaf from the foot
stool of the present far into
the distant future, and still
down to enjoy things in

glacial sort of contentment ^{such} ~~just~~
as the cow reveals to us as
she stands, ~~she~~ ~~is~~ ~~ruminating~~
his ruminating in some cool
nook when war 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 woeless
apocalyptic literature would
have us leap, and however
long he may stand there
on the threshold, measuring
his distance, getting his
balance, working trial of things,
yet the foot remains, ~~that~~ ~~that~~
he remains. Even if it be
only a hair's breadth that distin-
guishes the present from the
future, yet that hair's breadth

is sufficient to form an 9
insurmountable obstacle to
any discontented ^{fit} one who has
lost the way 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 has
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
favours, and get out of your
furgatory.

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
midddy of our national and
individual prosperity, lost in
a dark wood, for we have
missed our way. Subtlest
confusing, almost fanatic strikers
seems our lives, as we flung
about amid the underbrush
and dismal forest into which
we have been allowed by some
will of the misf, some god-
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 succeeding bliss of another
world. The humanistic
movement, ~~of~~ ~~what~~ ~~sweeping~~

which has been coming to its
fruit, ~~down~~ and is establishing
itself among us with
tremendous rapidity, has no place
for ~~the~~ this ineligious, godless
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, ~~God~~
~~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, ~~which~~
have gone to work clearing up
some of the scumfools in which
~~we~~ live, and pain have had their
growth. Instead of fearing
to God, 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 share in their degra:
dation, as well as ours.

Instead of singing, "my father
is rich in horses 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 fathery, we have built
an educational system, which
is ~~the~~ one of the greatest achiev-
ments of history. That we might
clean away some of the scurf
of our social life, and remove
from the back yard of our
folatrol 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 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, in such insight into life
as to enable them to ~~be~~ live
nobel deep, noble, worthy
and womanly lives, has
become a great machine

the rushing machine, into whose
feeder are tumbled thousands
upon thousands of children at
five years of age. Then begins
the process of working the thousand
individuals, whose individuality
is the most precious gem, of
fate 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 their
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 winter, 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,
lighthearted, carefree enjoyment
of fertility is as 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
free pleasure becomes a thing
exhausting burden, from
which one would free him-
self as from the moth to
come, men are again im-
prisoned 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,
there 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 attention 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 level, from the common
duties of life, is ~~a~~ great an essential
factor of life, but when pleasure
become work, and we are
caught in the clutch 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 here
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
impersonal, we enter the form
they have become not our

We are Greeks, too fine in
spirit to obey the command
of our common place
earthly Sycorax, 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 cowering
of some Porphyro to free
us from our bondage.

working tools, and valuable
assistants in living the noble
life, but they have become our
false gods, 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
ferocious 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
dragged behind the war
chariot of Secularism, we
have forfeited our freedom

and become embedded in
some dead tree trunk grow
which in our clutches we
enflame, and which about
the influence of our insurrec-
tion.

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~~ olding, 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. 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
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 observe,
and to radiate the very atmosphere
of vitality of life.

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

define 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 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 mine 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 gears, 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 noncon-
formist, and defy the
absolute will of every
institution or person
who would claim your
shameful submission.

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

and you feel firmly floated
of^m you 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,
hoping as your soul's eye turns of,
and taking your pleasure
and relaxation in ~~the~~ ^{its} ~~fruity~~
~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~fruity~~ of man's
natural holy life.

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."¹ 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 *Past and Present* in 1843. It combines medieval history with criticism of 19th century British 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-the-wisp, 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 other-worldliness 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 altar 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.