

the elect, must crown themselves with the crown of soul-consciousness. Only they who wear this crown are of the Brotherhood of Life.

THE GROWTH OF LOVE.

SONNET 23.

O weary pilgrims, chanting of your woe,
That turn your eyes to all the peaks that
shine,
Hailing in each the citadel divine, [ago;
The which ye thought to have entered long

Until at length your feeble steps and slow,
Falter upon the threshold of the shrine,
And your hearts overburdened, doubt in fine,
Whether it be Jerusalem or no.

Disheartened pilgrims, I am one of you;
For, having worshipped many a barren face,
I scarce now greet the goal I journeyed to.
I stand a pagan in the holy place;
Beneath the lamp of truth I am found untrue,
And question with the God that I embrace.

SONNET 62.

I will be what God made me, nor protest
Against the bent of genius in my time,
That seizure of my friends robs all the best,
While I love beauty and was born to rhyme.

Be they our mighty men, and let me dwell
In shadow among the mighty shades of old,
With love's forsaken palace for my cell;
Whence I look forth and all the world behold.

And say, These better days, in best things
worst.

This bastardy of time's magnificence,
Will mend in fashion and throw off the curse,
To crown new love with higher excellence.
Curs'd though I be to live my life alone,
My toil is for man's joy, his joy my own.

Robert Bridges.

"THE SET OF THE SOUL."

'Tis the set of a soul that decides its goal,
And not the calm or the strife.

The world to-day needs men and women of large ideas, who will represent that genuine humanity that compasses all flags and all countries. The great are always universal.

The planet is covered with humanitarian organizations, large and small, but identity of ideas does not seem to soften the conflicting feelings existing between them, and the medley of men in the actual world remains to a large extent unaffected by a policy which is suited only to a picked membership.

The narrow spirit of dogmatism dies hard. Only a firm faith in the eternal verities will see us through with joy at the centre of our hearts.

The most intelligent men change their methods often, as the great wheel of life turns ceaselessly. The twentieth century will see the beginning of the greatest change that has yet come about. The best of our literature supports this idea. It is about the first time in history when men have been able to draw the horoscope for a coming century, to predict and frame an ideal for it.

What is the ideal? The welfare of each the concern of all, expresses it as well as any other phrase. There are everywhere phases of unchecked control, but this does not last. Organizations are stepping stones to the next development when every man shall worship in his own way, in his own heart.

We are breaking our way towards a broader tolerance and more kindly co-operation than the world has seen for many a long day. All obstacles will be gradually overcome by the larger knowledge and sympathy which is dawning. The links of love are real and golden, uniting many still unknown to each other in a silent bond of brotherhood which shall inaugurate a new era in the history of humanity.

We want a stronger hold upon our mighty hopes. We need them touched by the consecrating light of the imagination, and by the eternal splendour of poetry. Then our faith will not need constant stimulus, but we shall

Stand like a tower firm, that never bows
Its head, for all the blowing of the winds.

It seems hard to get the necessary tolerance aroused in the hearts of men. Among the most select, bitter suspicions arise, and the most eloquent plea for better conditions is too often a tirade against those who do not accept every plan of action suggested. This only goes to show that the earnest, self-sacrificing and sincere, are not always pleasant to live with.

The message of brotherhood has always been plain, and ever the same. It may be formulated in such a way that all men can accept it, but if ever it