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The Sanctum.

SOMEbody has likened life to a sea, of which the flow is birth and the ebb death. When old Mother Earth is so bundled up in snow drifts and flurries there is little tendency to take on any but a dormant and stagnant nature. With the awakening of Spring, however, the same force that unlocks the river permeates the man himself. As his environment changes he changes. The blood may run a little warmer in his veins, the heart may beat a little quicker with expectancy but those are mere animal manifestations, and the main transformation is in the spirit. The highest conception of man is to think of him as a *mood*. Harmony with nature, as the old Greeks had it, probably led to this conclusion. The comprehension of the phenomenal world implies all this. Unless one feels the force that changes the seed to the flower as well as knows it he is not great in the greatness of God. Sensibility is after all the guiding principle in human conduct. If the heart of your neighbor was as spotless as any of the lilies that sprinkle yonder dell you would have no need of prisons or penitentiaries. If the passions of Self ran as pure as those mountain streams they would be pinions of Soul. As it is the criminal is consistent with his life. He kills his fellow man because his surroundings are killing him. Did he but partake of the freshness of the May morning he would probably build temples and shrines where he now sows squalor and vice. Did he know that of all the musicians of Time he was alone the musician of Eternity, he would not strike so many wrong notes and sing so utterly out of tune. One remembers well the reply of the boy Lucius in his sleep to the conscience stricken Brutus,—

The strings, My Lord, are false.

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