

*In the Fire of the Heart*

men to act always upon our own convictions; to do our duty as we see it, regardless of the opinions of others, securing gain or loss, temporary blame or praise;

To play the part of neither knave nor fool by attempting to judge another, but to give that same time to living more worthily ourselves; to get up immediately when we stumble, face again to the light, and travel on without wasting even a moment in regret;

To love all things and to stand in awe or fear of nothing save our own wrong-doing; to recognize the good lying at the heart of all people, of all things, waiting for expression, all in its own good way and time;

To love the fields and the wild flowers, the stars, the far-open sea, the soft, warm earth, and to live much with them alone, but to love struggling and weary men and women and every pulsing living creature better;

To strive always to do unto others as we would have them do unto us.

In brief — to be honest, to be fearless, to be just, to be kind. This will make our part in life's great and as yet not fully understood play truly glorious, and we need then stand in fear of nothing — life nor death; for death is life.

Or, rather, it is the quick transition to life in another form: the putting off of the old coat and the putting on of a new; a passing not from light to darkness but from light to light, according as we have lived here; a taking up of life in another form just where we leave it off here; a part in life not to be shunned or dreaded or feared, but to be welcomed with a glad and ready smile when it comes in *its own* good way and time.

THE END