

I did so and lo, the years came back with silent feet and whispered, and I heard each generation telling the next of a world of light within the shadows, of a sphere of music more intimate than the senses. And the voices of the years rang clear thru my soul, albeit the noises of time were thundering across the world.

Then I knew that the voice of Love and the word of Wisdom are the same, all the music of the silence, the whispers of eternity, the voice of God one symphony of life. I pierced the shadows and semblances, the masks and wrappings of life, for clear vision had come and self-realization. And now I see that the purpose of life is not the achievement of a destiny, nor the doing of things that we may rest when they are done, but life is altogether for life's sake, for the joy of living as children who play together and are glad. All true life is an arrival and there is no end. Death is not a terminal, but a door to a new house of life. Every moral crisis is a judgment day and the present is eternity.

We are alive that we may live. Love is no