

world, are coloured by our own subjectivity. In one sense we create the world in which we live ; for even if it has an objective existence its beauty or deformity is rather of ourselves than of it. As to the pure in heart all things are pure ; so to the beautiful in soul all things are beautiful. Plato and some of the wisest of the ancients believed that we were once face to face with the Eternal Beauty, and it is the soul's shadowy recollections of its former glory that beget in us divine longings and discontent.

Some of you may think, that if our knowledge is purely subjective, and things are not what they seem, there is nothing real in life. But even if what we call matter does not exist apart from the mind, still it does not follow that the objects which the soul creates have no reality. "Man is the measure of all things," said Protagoras, and in a certain sense he was right ; for whatever exists in Time is but the passing thought of the Universal Soul, of which the soul of man, although an emanation, is still a part. God is in man, and man is in God, and although not harmoniously united, both are one, or, as the Scripture says, "Of him and through him and in him are all things." Had our souls, therefore, power to flow back into the great Soul, and become one with it in harmonious union, whatever we thought of would be real, and nothing would be impossible for us to do. We could remove mountains merely by the exercise of the will. This, I think, was what Jesus meant to teach, when he said that those who believed in him could do even greater works than he did. The influx of the Universal into the individual soul is the source of all inspiration, as well as of that power by which all miracles have been wrought, whether by the devotee at the shrine of the Virgin, the pilgrim at Lourdes or Saleete, the evangelistic faith-curer, or the Mahatmas of Thibet. By means of it, Jesus himself performed all his mighty deeds. The energy of the Universal Mind, of which the Universe is but the expression in Time, He could command and by power of will use to blast a fig tree, calm the sea or raise the dead to life. There was no violation of

law in the miracles He wrought, and we could do the works He did, and, as He Himself said, even greater ones, if the union between our souls and their eternal source were harmonious and complete. This is a skeptical age. Many of us now only believe that we believe. We are still like children crying for the light. As Jean Paul says, "As yet struggles the twelfth hour of the night, birds of darkness are on the wing, the dead walk, the living dream," but the day shall dawn. An age shall come, when some God-gifted son of man, more spiritual than any of his fellows, shall again show the world the latent power of the soul over what we call matter. Then the conflict between faith and reason shall cease, for one word shall be used to express both. The soul is one and has no limitations. It is our senses which deceive us. We look at the starry heavens, and our first thought is that those countless orbs of light have been there for millions of years, and are no ever-changing phantoms, but when we look within, and search the secret depths of our being, we learn that spirit can annihilate both time and space, and—

" Can crowd eternity into an hour,
Or stretch an hour into eternity,"

Experience itself teaches us that time is merely our consciousness of successive ideas in the mind. In dreams and certain abnormal states, the experiences of days or weeks may pass through our minds while the heart beats but once.

My faith too, therefore, rests in a Nirvana, but not one of unconsciousness, but of unity with the Universal Mind, so complete and absorbing, that I can truly say that I am one with the all-pervading spirit of the universe. Perhaps some of you are ready to say that I am pantheistic. If I am, so then was Paul, who when brought face to face with the metaphysical Athenians on Mars Hill, declared that we were all the offspring of God, and live, move and exist in Him.

If it is true that nature is a book that may be read and interpreted in an infinite variety of ways, what means can be taken to get translations that are not commonplace, but elevated in thought and sentiment? or how shall we ascend to those