
MAN AND HIS MOTHER

sleeps. The world-man goes forth to tell his story, to be crucified for his story, to die every day if need be. For the death of the body is as nothing, if through martyrdom, others may be brought to see. . . . The greater the service, the greater the replenishment; the greater the replenishment the greater the service again.

In-breathing and outpouring—that is the eternal plan. Everything is for the individual; and yet the law is so glorious, for it reads: You cannot achieve the larger consciousness of the individual, except that you live for others. . . . Just a little while, the peril of the Crossing. Quickly there comes the balance of spiritual power, by which the avoidance of evil becomes automatic and instinctive. The sense of well-being comes alone in service for others, the right hand of the soul's life. Through inspiration and service, the rhythm of world-manhood is attained, its vision and accomplishment. Apart from this rhythm, having once touched it, is a sense of moral illness that is insupportable.

Ahead on the road are the world-men. . . . The conscious, intensive cultivation of the human spirit is just beginning. Obedience to exterior voices is the way of falseness and disorder. The perfect beginning is the mastery of the self, its most obvious errors and perversions. First the mastery of the body; then to still the voice of the