

On a certain morning, a man found an insect drama enacting at the edge of his garden. His eyes and brain were occupied in the drawing mystery of it, while his fuller, deeper faculties sank into a trance of contemplation. That was his hour. The very road to Damascus, it proved for him. There and then he realised: All life is One. . . . This sense of oneness is the beginning of the world-man's consciousness. This sense of oneness is the first deep breath of the soul; this is the in-breathing, the inspiration. Realising this, one regards the stranger with awe and tenderness, and with compassion he regards the deepest-down man. From this thrilling sense of the Fatherhood of God and the Motherhood of Earth—and only from this—can come the Brotherhood of Man.

Earth seen at a glance, moonlit on one side, sunlit on the other; trees and oceans, mountains, animals and men, all breathed upon by the great refining spirit of God; at a glance, the perception that the difference between the saint and the saurian is just in receptivity to spiritual vibration; the instant knowledge that earth is a far sweet garden of God, eternity its season, its fruits the spiritual sons of God—this is the illumination of the world-men.

After this first deep breath of the soul comes the gloom and the storm, for the awakened spiritual consciousness perceives that his brother