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305 Zen Saying from Ralph Waldo Emerson(I)

メタデータ	言語: English 出版者: Shizuoka University. Faculty of Humanities and Social Sciences 公開日: 2015-06-04 キーワード (Ja): キーワード (En): 作成者: Shigematsu, Soiku メールアドレス: 所属:
URL	https://doi.org/10.14945/00008661

305 Zen Sayings fom Ralph Waldo Emerson (I)

Soiku Shigematsu

This piece of collection follows my earlier "100 Zen Sayings from *The Old Man and the Sea*" and "150 Zen Sayings from *The Grapes of Wrath*" as part of my research into "Zen in American Literature."

I have picked out 300 Zen expressions from Ralph Waldo Emerson's first book (*Nature*, 1836), two lectures ('The American Scholar', 1837 ; 'An Address', 1838), and two essays ('Self-Reliance' ; 'Compensation', 1841).

The number put at the end of each quotation indicates that of the page in *The Complete Works of Ralph Waldo Emerson*, Centenary Edition, 12 vols. (Houghton Mifflin, 1903—04). The first volume includes *Nature*, 'The American Scholar' and 'An Address' ; the second, 'Self-Reliance' and 'Compensation'.

I have omitted this time my capping Zen sayings to each quotation, because I wish to have as many quotations as possible printed for this collection. For further detailed information regarding Zen sayings and capping phrases, see my introduction to *A Zen Forest : Sayings of the Masters* (New York and Tokyo : Weatherhill, 1981), where I have explained these in detail.

This piece has been carried out with the assistance of a Grant-in Aid for Scientific Research from the Ministry of Education, to which I would like to express my deepest gratitude.

〈*Nature*〉

1. The foregoing generations beheld God and nature face to face ;we, through their eyes. Why should not we also enioy an original relation to the universe? (3)

2. Embosomed for a season in nature, whose floods of life stream around and through us, why should we grope among the dry bones of the past ? (3)

3. Nature is already, in its forms and tendencies, describing its own design. (4)

4. The integrity of impression made by manifold natural objects. (8)

5. Miller owns this field, Locke that, and Manning the woodland beyond. But none of them owns the landscape. (8)

6. There is a property in the horizon which no man has but he whose eye can integrate all the parts, that is, the poet. (8)

7. The sun illuminates only the eye of the man, but shines into the eye and the heart of the child. (8)

8. The lover of nature is he whose inward and outward senses are still truly adjusted to each other ; who has retained the spirit of infancy even into the era of manhood. (9)

9. His intercourse with heaven and earth becomes part of his daily food. (9)

10. In the presence of nature a wild delight runs through the man, in spite of real sorrows. (9)

11. In the woods, too, a man casts off his years, as the snake his slough, and at what period soever of life is always a child. (9)

12. Standing on the bare ground,——my head bathed by the blithe air and uplifted into infinite space,——all mean egotism vanishes. I become a transparent eyeball ; I am nothing ; I see all ; the currents of the Universal Being circulate through me ; I am part or parcel of God. (10)

13. The name of the nearest friend sounds then foreign and accidental : to be brothers, to be acquaintances, master or servant, is then a trifle and a disturbance. (10)

14. An occult relation between man and the vegetable. I am not alone and unacknowledged. They nod to me, and I to them. (10)

15. The waving of the boughs in the storm is new to me and old. It takes me by surprise, and yet is not unknown. (10)

16. The power to produce this delight does not reside in nature, but in man, or in a harmony of both. (11)

17. The misery of man appears like childish petulance, when we explore the steady and prodigal provision that has been made for his support and delight on this green ball which floats him through the heavens. (12)

18. What angels invented these splendid ornaments, these rich conveniences, this ocean of air above, this ocean of water beneath, this firmament of earth between? this zodiac of lights, this tent of dropping clouds, this striped coat of climates, this fourfold year? (12—13)

19. The wind sows the seed ; the sun evaporates the sea ; the wind

blows the vapor to the field ; the ice, on the other side of the planet, condenses rain on this ; the rain feeds the plant ; the plant feeds the animal ; and thus the endless circulations of the divine charity nourish man. (13)

20. There is no object so foul that intense light will not make beautiful. And the stimulus it affords to the sense, and a sort of infinitude which it hath, like space and time, make all matter gay. (14)

21. Even the corpse has its own beauty. (16)

22. Besides this general grace diffused over nature, almost all the individual forms are agereeable to the eye. (16)

23. The tradesman, the attorney comes out of the din and craft of the street and sees the sky and the woods, and is a man again. In their eternal calm, he finds himself. (16)

24. The western clouds divided and subdivided themselves into pink flakes modulated with tints of unspeakable softness. (17)

25. Was there no meaning in the live repose of the valley behind the mill, and which Homer or Shakspeare conld not re-form for me in words ? (17—18)

26. To the attentive eye, each moment of the year has its own beauty, and in the same field, it beholds, every hour, a picture which was never seen before, and which shall never be seen again. (18)

27. The shows of day, the dewy morning, the rainbow, mountains, orchards in blossom, stars, moonlight, shadows in still water, and the like,if too eagerly hunted, become shows merely, and mock us with their. (19)

28. Go out of the house to see the moon, and 'tis mere tinsel ; it will not please as when its light shines upon your necessary journey. (19)

29. The beauty that shimmers in the yellow afternoons of October, who ever could clutch it? Go forth to find it, and is gone ; (19)

30. The sky as its temple, the sun as its candle. (21)

31. A virtuous man is in unison with her works, and makes the central figure of the visible sphere. (22)

32. Although the works of nature are innumerable and all different, the result or the expression of them all is similar and single. (23)

33. Nothing is quite beautiful alone ; nothing but is beautiful in the whole. (24)

34. Truth, and goodness, and beauty, are but different faces of the same All. (24)

35. Every appearance in nature corresponds to some state of the mind, and that state of the mind can only be described by presenting that natural appearance as its picture. (26)

36. Who looks upon a river in a meditative hour and is not reminded of the flux of all things? (26—27)

37. Throw a stone into the stream, and the circles that propagate themselves are the beautiful type of all influence. (27)

38. This universal soul…is not mine, or thine, or his, but we are its ; we are its property and men. (27)

39. He is placed in the centre of beings, and a ray of relation passes

from every other being to him. And neither can man be understood without these objects, nor these objects without man. (27—28)

40. The corruption of man is followed by the corruption of language. (29)

41. At the call of a noble sentiment, again the woods wave, the pines murmur, the river rolls and shines, and the cattle low upon the mountains, as he saw and heard them in his infancy. (31—32)

42. The universe becomes transparent, and the light of higher laws than its own shines through it. (34)

43. A life in harmony with Nature, the love of truth and of virtue, will purge the eyes to understand her text. (35)

44. Every object rightly seen, unlocks a new faculty of the soul. (35)

45. Good thoughts are no better than good dreams, unless they be executed ! (37)

46. The surface action of internal machinery, like the index on the face of a clock. (38—38)

47. A bell and a plough have each their use, and neither can do the office of the other. (38)

48. Water is good to drink, coal to burn, wool to wear ; but wool cannot be drunk, nor water spun, nor coal eaten. (38)

49. The wise man shows his wisdom in separation, in gradation, and his scale of creatures and of merits is as wide as nature. (38)

50. The foolish have no range in their scale, but suppose every man is as every other man. (38)

51. All things with which we deal, preach to us. (42)

52. What is a farm but a mute gospel? The chaff and the wheat, weeds and plants, blight, rain, insects, sun. (42)

53. Who can guess how much tranquillity has been reflected to man from the azure sky, over whose unspotted deeps the winds forevermore drive flocks of stormy clouds, and leave no wrinkle or stain? (42)

54. Each particle is a microcosm, and faithfully renders the likeness of the world. (43)

55. A leaf, a drop, a crystal, a moment of time, is related to the whole, and partakes of the perfection of the whole. (43)

56. Each creature is only a modification of the other ; the likeness in them is more than the difference, and their radical law is one and the same. (44)

57. Every such truth is the absolute Ens seen from one side. But it has innumerable sides. (44)

58. Words are finite organs of the infinite mind. (44—5)

59. The wise man, in doing one thing, does all ; or, in the one thing he does rightly, he sees the likeness of all which is done rightly. (45)

60. The animal eye sees, with wonderful accuracy, sharp outlines and colored surfaces.... If the Reason be stimulated to more earnest vision, outlines and surfaces become transparent, and are no longer seen. (49—50)

61. A man who seldom rides, needs only to get into a coach and traverse his own town, to turn the street into a puppet-show. (50)

62. The men, the women,——talking, running, bartering, fighting,——the earnest mechanic, the lounger, the beggar, the boys, the dogs, are unrealized at once. (50)

63. The most wonted objects, (make a very slight change in the point of vision,) please us most. (51)

64. Turn the eyes upside down, by looking at the landscape through your legs, and how agreeable is the picture, though you have seen it any time these twenty years! (51)

65. The remotest spaces of nature are visited, and the farthest sundered things are brought together, by a subtile spiritual connection. (52)

66. These are they who were set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was. (56)

67. When he prepared the heavens, they were there ; when he established the clouds above, when he strengthened the fountains of the deep. (56—57)

68. We become physically nimble and lightsome ; we tread on air ; life is no longer irksome. (57)

69. No man fears age or misfortune or death in their serene company, for he is transported out of the district of change. (57)

70. The things that are seen, are temporal ; the things that are unseen, are eternal. (58)

71. Contemn the unsubstantial shows of the world ; they are vanities, dreams, shadows, unrealities ; seek the realities of religion. (58)

72. I expand and live in the warm day like corn and melons. (59)

73. The whole circle of persons and things, of actions and events, of country and religion, not as painfully accumulated, atom after atom, act after act, in an aged creeping Past, but as one vast picture which God paints on the instant eternity for the contemplation of the soul. (60)

74. It accepts whatsoever befalls, as part of its lesson. (60)

75. This brave lodging wherein man is harbored, and wherein all his faculties find appropriate and endless exercise. (61)

76. Through all its kingdoms, to the suburbs and outskirts of things, it is faithful to the cause whence it had its origin. (61)

77. It is a great shadow pointing always to the sun behind us. (61)

78. The happiest man is he who learns from nature the lesson of worship. (61)

79. We can foresee God in the coarse, and, as it were, distant phenomena of matter. (61—62)

80. When we try to define and describe himself, both language and thought desert us, and we are as helpless as fools and savages. (62)

81. The noblest ministry of nature is to stand as the apparition of God. It is the organ through which the universal spirit speaks to the individual, and strives to lead back the individual to it. (62)

82. As a plant upon the earth, so a man rests upon the bosom of God ; he is nourished by unfailing fountains, and draws at his need inexhaustible power. (64)

83. By untaught sallies of the spirit, by a continual self-recovery, and

by entire humility. (66)

84. Know whence and whereto is this tyrannizing unity in his constitution, which evermore separates and classifies things, endeavoring to reduce the most diverse to one form. (67)

85. In a cabinet of natural history, we become sensible of a certain occult recognition and sympathy in regard to the most unwieldy and eccentric forms of beast, fish, and insect. (68)

86. He is its head and heart, and finds something of himself in every great and small thing, in every mountain stratum, in every new law of color, fact of astronomy, or atmospheric influence. (68)

87. When men are innocent, life shall be longer, and shall pass into the immortal as gently as we awake from dreams. (71)

88. Infancy is the perpetual Messiah. (71)

89. Out from him sprang the sun and moon ; from man the sun, from woman the moon. (71)

90. A power which exists not in time or space, but an instantaneous in-streaming causing power. (73)

91. The ruin or the blank that we see when we look at nature, is in our own eye. (73)

92. The reason why the world lacks unity, and lies broken and in heaps, is because man is disunited with himself. (73—74)

93. No man ever prayed heartily without learning something. (74)

94. The invariable mark of wisdom is to see the miraculous in the

common. (74)

95. What is a day? What is a year? What is summer? What is woman? What is a child? What is sleep? To our blindness, these things seem unaffecting. (74—75)

96. To the wise, therefore, a fact is true poetry, and the most beautiful of fables. These wonders are brought to our own door. (75)

97. Nature is not fixed but fluid. Spirit alters, moulds, makes it. (76)

98. Know then that the world exists for you. For you is the phenomenon perfect. What we are, that only can we see. (76)

99. All that Adam had, all that Cæsar could, you have and can do. (76)

100. Adam called his house, heaven and eath ; Cæsar called his house, Rome. (76)

101. Build therefore your own world. As fast as you conform your life to the pure idea in your mind, that will unfold its great proportions. (76)

102. When the summer comes from the south the snow-banks melt and the face of the earth becomes green before it. (77)

〈The American Scholar〉

103. A good finger, a neck, a stomach, an elbow, but never a man. (83)

104. He sees his bushel and his cart, and nothing beyond, anp sinks into the farmer, instead of Man on the farm. (83)

105. There is never a beginning, there is never an end, to the inexplicable continuity of this web of God, but always circular power returning into itself. (85)

106. His own spirit, whose beginning, whose ending, he never can find,—— so entire, so boundless. (85)

107. By and by, it finds how to join two things and see in them one nature ; then three, then three thousand. (85)

108. Thus to him, to this schoolboy under the bending dome of day, is suggested that he and it proceed from one root ; one is leaf and one is flower ; relation, sympathy, stirring in every vein. (86)

109. Nature is the opposite of the soul, answering to it part for part. One is seal and one is print. Its beauty is the beauty of his own mind. Its laws are the laws of his own mind. (87)

110. Nature then becomes to him the measure of his attainments. So much of nature as he is ignorant of, so much of his own mind does he not yet possess. (87)

111. It can stand, and it can go. It now endures, it now flies, it now inspires. (87—88)

112. Books are the best of things, well used ; abused, among the worst. (89)

113. The one thing in the world, of value, is the active soul. This every man is entitled to ; this every man contains within him, althouth in almost all men obstructed and as yet unborn. (90)

114. The soul active sees absolute truth and utters truth, or creates. In this action it is genius ; not the privilege of here and there a favorite, but the sound estate of every man. (90)

115. This good, say they,——let us hold by this. They pin me down. (90)

116. Genius looks forward : the eyes of man are set in his forehead, not in his hindhead. (90)

117. There are creative manners, there are creative actions, and creative words ; manners, actions, words, that is, indicative of no custom or authority, but springing spontaneous from the the mind's own sense of good and fair. (90)

118. Man Thinking must not be subdued by his instruments. Books are for the scholar's idle times. (91)

119. When he can read God directly, the hour is too precious to be wasted in other men's transcripts of their readings. (91)

120. When the sun is hid and the stars withdraw their shining,——we repair to the lamps which were kindled by their ray, to guide our steps to the East again, where the dawn is. (91)

121. It is remarkable, the character of the pleasure we derive from the best books. They impress us with the conviction that one nature wrote and the same reads. (91)

122. There is some awe mixed with the joy of our surprise, when this poet, who lived in some past world, two or three hundred years ago, says that which lies close to my own soul, that which I also had well-nigh thought and said. (92)

123. Like the fact observed in insects, who lay up food before death for the young grub they shall never see. (92)

124. When the mind is braced by labor and invention, the page of whatever book we read becomes luminous with manifold allusion. (93)

125. Action is with the scholar subordinate, but it is essential. Without it he is not yet man. Without it thought can never ripen into truth. (94)

126. The world,——this shadow of the soul, or *other me*,——lies wide around. Its attractions are the keys which unlock my thoughts and make me acquainted with myself. (95)

127. I run eagerly into this resounding tumult. I grasp the hands of those next me, and take my place in the ring to suffer and to work. (95)

128. Drudgery, calamity, exasperation, want, are instructors in eloquence and wisdom. (95)

129. In its grub state, it cannot fly, it cannot shine, it is a dull grub. But suddenly, without observation, the selfsame thing unfurls beautiful wings, and is an angel of wisdom. (96)

130. There is virtue yet in the hoe and the spade, for learned as well as for unlearned hands. And labor is everywhere welcome ; always we are invited to work. (100)

131. He then learns that in going down into the secrets of his own mind he has descended into the secrets of all minds. (103)

132. The deeper he dives into his privatest, secretest presentiment, to his wonder he finds this is the most acceptable, most public, and universally true.... This is my music ; this is myself. (103)

133. Manlike let him turn and face it. Let him look into its eye and search its nature, inspect its origin. (104)

134. As the world was plastic and fluid in the hands of God, so it is ever to so much of his attributes as we bring to it. (104)

135. In proportion as a man has any thing in him divine, the firmament flows before him and takes his signet and form. (104)

136. Not he is great who can alter matter, but he who can alter my state of mind. (105)

137. Wherever Macdonald sits, there is the head of the table. (105)

138. Man has been wronged ; he has wronged himself. He has almost lost the light that can lead him back to his prerogatives. (106)

139. It is one central fire, which, flaming now out of the lips of Etna, lightens the capes of Sicily, and now out of the throat of Vesuvius, illuminates the towers and vineyards of Naples. (108)

140. It is one light which beams out of a thousand stars. It is one soul which animates all men. (108)

141. That which had been negligently trodden under foot by those who were harnessing and provisioning themselves for long journeys into far countries, is suddenly found to be richer than all foreign parts. (110—11)

142. I embrace the common, I explore and sit at the feet of the familiar, the low. (111)

143. The meal in the firkin ; the milk in the pan ; the ballad in the street ; the news of the boat ; the glance of the eye ; the form and the gait of the body. (111)

144. The world lies no longer a dull miscellany and lumber-room, but has form and order ; there is no trifle, there is no puzzle. (111—12)

145. Things near are not less beautiful and wondrous than things remote.

The near explains the far. (112)

146. The drop is a small ocean. (112)

147. A man is related to all nature. (112)

148. Man shall treat with man as a sovereign state with a sovereign state. (113)

149. Each believes himself inspired by the Divine Soul which also inspires all men. (115)

〈Divinity School Address〉

150. The grass grows, the buds burst, the meadow is spotted with fire and gold in the tint of flowers. The air is full of birds, and sweet with the breath of the pine, the balm-of-Gilead, and the new hay. (119)

151. One is constrained to respect the perfection of this world in which our senses converse. (119)

152. Behold these infinite relations, so like, so unlike ; many, yet one. (120)

153. He learns that his being is without bound ; that to the good, to the perfect, he is born. (120)

154. This homely game of life we play, covers, under what seem foolish details, principles that astonish. (121)

155. These laws refuse to be adequately stated. They will not be written out on paper, or spoken by the tongue. They elude our persevering thought. (121)

156. They are out of time, out of space, and not subject to circum-

stance. (122)

157. He who does a good deed is instantly ennobled. He who does a mean deed is by the action itself contracted. (122)

158. A man in the view of absolute goodness, adores, with total humility. (122)

159. Every step so downward, is a step upward. (122)

160. The man who renounces himself, comes to himself. (122)

161. As we are, so we associate. The good, by affinity, seek the good ; the vile, by affinity, the vile. (123)

162. The world is not the product of manifold power, but of one will, of one mind ; and that one mind is everywhere active, in each ray of the star, in each wavelet of the pool. (123—24)

163. All things proceed out of this same spirit, which is differently named love, justce, temperance, in its different applications. (124)

164. All things proceed out of the same spirit, and all things conspire with it. (124)

165. The worlds, time, space, eternity, do seem to break out into joy. (125)

166. In that, all of us have had our birth and nurture. (128)

167. He saw with open eye the mystery of the soul. Drawn by its severe harmony, ravished with its beauty, he lived in it, and had his being there. (128)

168. I am divine. Through me, God acts ; through me, speaks. Would

you see God, see me. (129)

169. Man's life was a miracle, and all that man doth. (129)

170. It invites every man to expand to the full circle of the univerese. (130)

171. That which shows God in me, fortifies me. That which shows God out of me, makes me a wart and a wen. (132)

172. It is a low benefit to give me something ; it is a high benefit to enable me to do somewhat of myself. (132—33)

173. It is the effect of conversation with the beauty of the soul, to beget a desire and need to impart to others the same knowledge and love. (134)

174. Is man made sensible that he is an infinite Soul ; that the earth and heavens are passing into his mind ; that he is drinking forever the soul of God? (136)

175. Where shall I hear words such as in elder ages drew men to leave all and follow, —— father and mother, house and land, wife and child ? (136)

176. The faith should blend with the light of rising and of setting suns, with the flying cloud, the singing bird, and the breath of flowers. (137)

177. Convert life into truth. (138)

178. There is a good ear, in some men, that draws supplies to virtue out of very indifferent nutriment. There is poetic truth concealed in all the commonplaces of prayer and of sermons. (139)

179. Though foolishly spoken, they may be wisely heard. (139)

180. There are resources in us on which we have not drawn. (149)

181. It is in rugged crises, in unweariable endurance, and in aims which put sympaty out of question, that the angel is shown.

〈Self Reliance〉

182. Speak your latent conviction, and it shall be the universal sense. (45)

183. The inmost in due time becomes the outmost. (45)

184. A man shold lern to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within. (45)

185. Though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given to him to till. (46)

186. A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best. (47)

187. Trust thyself : every heart vibrates to that iron string. (47)

188. The absolutely trustworthy was seated at their heart, working through their hands, predominating in all their being. (48)

189. What pretty oracles nature yields us on this text in the face and behavior of children, babes, and even brutes! (48)

190. He cumbers himself never about consequences, about interests ; he gives an independent, genuine verdict. (49)

191. The man is as it were clapped into jail by his consciousness. (49)

192. Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind. (50)

193. If I am the Devil's child, I will live then from the Devil. (50)

194. No law can be sacred to me but that of my nature. (50)

195. Good and bad are but names very readily transferable to that or this. (50)

196. The only right is what is after my constitution ; the only wrong what is against it. (50)

197. I shun father and mother and wife and brother when my genius calls me. (51)

198. It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion ; it is easy in solitude to live after our own. (53)

199. The great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude. (54)

200. Live ever in a new day. (57)

201. Leave your theory, as Joseph his coat in the hand of the harlot, and flee. (57)

202. A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds. (57)

203. Speak what you think now in hard words and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again. (57)

204. To be great is to be misunderstood. (58)

205. The inequalities of Andes and Himmaleh are insignificant in the curve of the sphre. (58)

206. Read it foward, backward, or across, it still spells the same thing. (58)

207. Let me record day by day my honest thought without prospect or retrospect, and ... it will be found symmetrical, though I mean it not and see it not. (58)

208. My book should smell of pines and resound with the hum of insects. (58)

209. These varieties are lost sight of at a little distance, at a little height of thought. (59)

210. The voyage of the best ship is a zigzag line of a hundred tacks. See the line from a sufficient distance, and it straightens itself to the average tendency. (59)

211. The force of character is cumulative. All the foregone days of virtue work their health into this. (59)

212. There is a great responsible Thinker and Actor working wherever a man works. (60)

213. A true man belongs to no other time or place, but is the centre of things. (60)

214. Every true man is a cause, a country, and an age ; requires infinite spaces and numbers and time fully to accomplish his design. (61)

215. Let a man then know his worth, and keep things under his feet. (61)

216. What is the aboriginal Self, on which a universal reliance may be

grounded ? (63)

217. In that deep force, the last fact behind which analysis cannot go, all things find their common origin. (64)

218. For the sense of being which in calm hours rises, we know not how, in the soul, is not diverse from things, from space, from light, from time, from man, but one with them and proceeds obviously from the same source whence their life and being also proceed. (64)

219. We first share the life by which things exist and afterwards see them as appearances in nature and forget that we have shared their cause. (64)

220. When we discern justice, when we discern truth, we do nothing of ourselves, but allow a passage to its beams. (64)

221. All things are dissolved to their centre by their cause, and in the universal miracle petty and particular miracles disappear. (66)

222. These roses under my window make no reference to former roses or to better ones ; they are for what they are ; they exist with God to-day. There is no time to them. (67)

223. There is simply the rose ; it is perfect in every moment of its existence. (67)

224. Before a leaf-bud has burst, its whole life acts ; in the full-blown flower there is no more ; in the leafless root there is no less. (67)

225. Its nature is satisfied and it satisfies nature in all moments alike. (67)

226. Man does not live in the present, but with reverted eye laments the past, or, heedless of the riches that surround him, stands on tiptoe

to foresee the future. (67)

227. He cannot be happy and strong until he too lives with nature in the present, above time. (67)

228. When a man lives with God, his voice shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the corn. (68)

229. Let us not rove ; let us sit at home with the cause. (71)

230. Nor is his genius admonished to stay at home, to put itself in communication with the internal ocean, but it goes abroad to beg a cup of water of the urns of other men. (71)

231. I like the silent church before the service begins, better than any preaching. (71)

232. All men have my blood and I all men's. (71)

233. Your isolation must not be mechanical, but spiritual, that is, must be elevation. (72)

234. Prayer is the contemplation of the facts of life from the highest point of view. (77)

235. As soon as the man is at one with God, he will not beg. (77)

236. The prayer of the farmer kneeling in his field to weed it, the prayer of the rower kneeling with the stroke of his oar, are true prayers heard throughout nature. (78—79)

237. The immortal light, all young and joyful, millionorbed, million-colored, will beam over the universe as on the first morning. (80)

238. He who travels to be amused, or to get somewhat which he does not carry, travels away from himself. (81)

239. Travelling is a fool's paradise. (81)

240. I pack my trunk, embrace my friends, embark on the sea and at last wake up in Naples, and there beside me is the stern fact, the sad self, unrelenting, identical, that I fled from. (81—82)

241. The Scipionism of Scipio is precisely that part he could not borrow. (83)

242. Shakspeare will never be made by the study of Shakspeare. (83)

243. Abide in the simple and noble regions of thy life, obey thy heart. (84)

244. Society...recedes as fast on one side as it gains on the other. (84)

245. For every thing that is given something is taken. Society acquires new arts and loses old instincts. (84)

246. The civilized man has built a coach, but has lost the use of his feet. He is supported on crutches, but lacks so much supported of muscle. He has a fine Geneva watch, but he fails of the skill to tell the hour by the sun. (85)

247. His note-books impair his memory ; his libraries overload his wit ; the insurance-office increases the number of accidents. (85)

248. The harm of the improved machinery may compensate its good. (86)

249. The wave moves onwad, but the water of which it is composed does not. (87)

250. The persons who make up a nation to-day, next year die, and their experience dies with them. (87)

251. Property...is not having ; it does not belong to him, has no root in him and merely lies there because no revoultion or no robber takes it away. (88)

252. In the endless mutation, thou only firm column must presently appear the upholder of all that surrounds thee. (89)

253. He who knows that power is inborn, that he is weak because he has looked for good out of him and elsewhere, and, so perceiving, throws himself unhesitatingly on his thought, instantly rights himself, stands in the erect position, commands his limbs, works miracles. (89)

254. A man who stands on his feet is stronger than a man who stands on his head. (89)

255. Use all that is called Fortune. (89)

256. Most men gamble with her (fortune), and gain all, and lose all, as her wheel rolls. (89)

257. In the Will work and acquire, and thou hast chained the wheel of Chance, and shall sit hereafter out of fear from her rotations. (89)

258. Nothing can bring you peace but yonrself. (90)

〈Compensation〉

259. A star in many dark hours and crooked passages in our journey. (93-94)

260. Each thing is a half, and suggests another thing to make it whole ; as, spirit, matter ; man, woman ; odd, even ; subjective, objective ;

in, out ; upper, under ; motion, rest ; yea, nay. (97)

261. The ebb and flow of the sea, day and night, man and woman, in a single needle of the pine, in a kernel of corn, in each individual of every animal tribe. (97)

262. No creatures are favorites, but a certain compensation balances every gift and every defect. (97)

263. Every faculty which is a receiver of pleasure has an equal penalty put on its abuse. (98)

264. For every thing you have missed, you have gained something else ; and for every thing you gain, you lose something. (98)

265. The real masters who stand erect behind the throne. (99)

266. He who by force of will or ot thought is great and overlooks thousands, has the charges of that eminence. (99)

267. The universe is represented in every one of its particles. (101)

268. Every thing in nature contains all the powers of nature. Every thing is made of one hidden stuff. (101)

269. A horse as a running man, a fish as a swimming man, a bird as a flying man, a tree as a rooted man. (101)

270. The world globes itself in a drop of dew. (101)

271. God reappears with all his parts in every moss and cobweb. (101)

272. If you see smoke, there must be fire. If you see a hand or a limb, you know that the trunk to which it belongs is there behind. (102)

273. Crime and punishment grow out of one stem. (103)

274. Cause and effect, means and ends, seed and fruit, cannot be severed ; for the effect already blooms in the cause, the end preexists in the means, the fruit in the seed. (103)

275. Whilst thus the world will be whole and refuses to be disparted, we seek to act partially, to sunder, to appropriate. (103)

276. We can no more halve things and get the sensual good, by itself, than we can get an inside that shall have no outside, or a light without a shadow. (105)

277. That is the best part of each writer which has nothing private in it ; that which he does not know ; that which flowed out of his constitution and not from his too active invention. (108)

278. Who doth not work shall not eat. (109)

279. A thread-ball thrown at a mark, but the other end remains in the thrower's bag. (110)

280. The exclusionist in religion does not see that he shuts the door of heaven on himself, in striving to shut out others. (110)

281. We meet as water meets water, or as two currents of air mix, with perfect diffusion and interpenetration of nature. (111)

282. That obscene bird is not there for nothing. (112)

283. It is best to pay scot and lot as they go along. (112)

284. A man often pays dear for a small frugality. (112)

285. Beware of too much good staying in your hand. It will fast corrupt and worm worms. Pay it away quickly in some sort. (113)

286. The thief steals from himself. The swindler swindles himself. (114)

287. Disasters of all kinds, as sickness, offence, poverty, prove benefactors. (116)

288. Every man in his lifetime needs to thank his faults. (117)

289. Blame is safer than praise. (118)

290. As soon as honeyed words of praise are spoken for me I feel as one that lies unprotected before his enemies. (118)

291. Every evil to which we do not succumb is a benefactor. (118)

292. We gain the strengh of the temptation we resist. (118)

293. Every thing has two sides, a good and an evil. (120)

294. Every advantage has its tax. (120)

295. Under all this running sea of circumstance, whose waters ebb and flow with perfect balance, lies the aboriginal abyss of real Being. (120—21)

296. Being is the vast affirmative, excluding negation, self-balanced, and swallowing up all relations, parts and times within itself. (121)

297. The soul refuses limits, and always affirms an Optimism, never a Pessimism. (122)

298. See the facts nearly and these mountainous inequalities vanish....as

the sun melts the iceberg in the sea. (123—24)

299. The heart and soul of all men being one, this bitterness of *His* and *Mine* ceases. His is mine. I am my brother and my brother is me. (124)

300. Jesus and Shakspeare are fragments of the soul, and by love I conquer and incorporate them in my own conscious domain. His virtue,—— is not that mine? His wit,——if it cannot be made mine, it is not wit. (124)

301. All worldly relations hang very loosely about him, becoming as it were a transparent fluid membrane through which the living form is seen. (125)

302. A putting off of dead circumstaneces day by day, as he renews his raiment day by day. (125)

303. Our angels only go out that archangels may come in. (125)

304. A fever, a mutilation, a cruel disappointment, a loss of wealth, a loss of friends, seems at the monent unpaid loss, and unpayable. But the sure years reveal the deep remedial force that underlies all facts. (126)

305. The death of a dear friend, wife, brother, lover, which seemed nothing but privation, somewhat later assumes the aspect of a guide or genius. (126)