

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HOPE

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The philosophy of hope by David Starr Jordan

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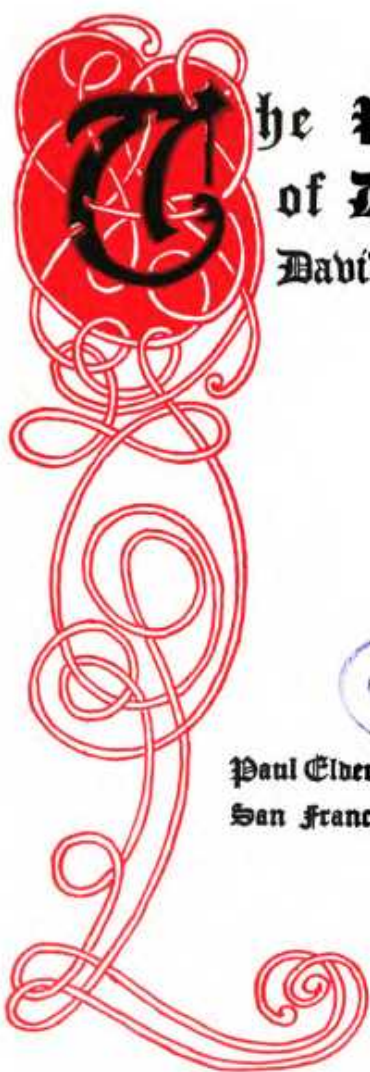
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DAVID STARR JORDAN

**THE PHILOSOPHY
OF HOPE**



**The Philosophy
of Despair : By
David Starr Jordan**



**Paul Elder and Morgan Shepard
San Francisco : : : 1911**

GENERAL

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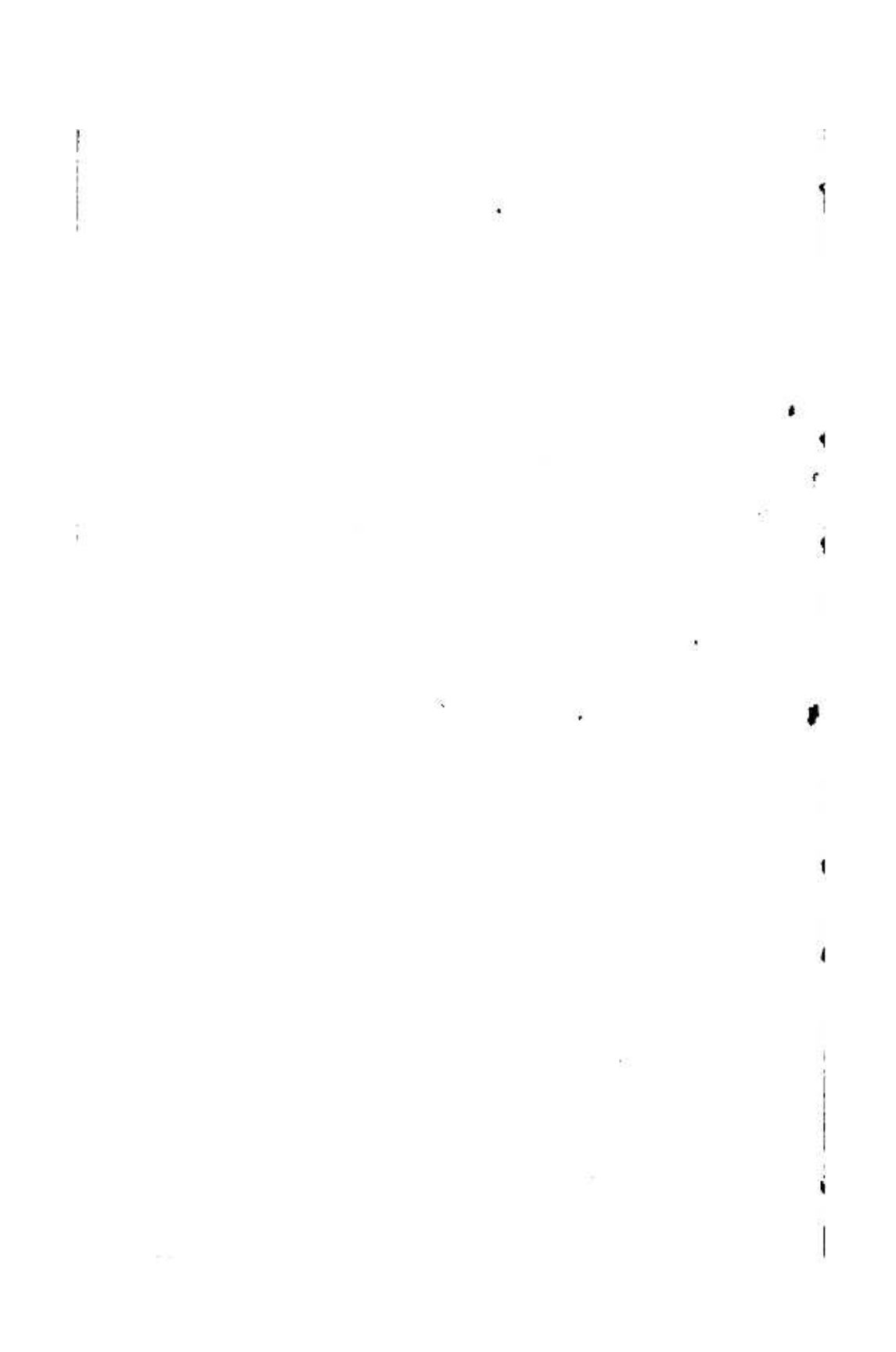
Entered at Stationer's Hall

London

TO
JOHN MAXSON STILLMAN
IN TOKEN OF GOOD CHEER

A darkening sky and a whitening sea,
And the wind in the palm trees tall;
Soon or late comes a call for me,
Down from the mountain or up from the sea,
Then let me lie where I fall.

And a friend may write — for friends there be,
On a stone from the gray sea wall,
"Jungle and town and reef and sea —
I loved God's Earth and His Earth loved me,
Taken for all in all."



Today is your day and mine, the only day we have, the day in which we play our part. What our part may signify in the great whole, we may not understand, but we are here to play it, and now is our time. This we know, it is a part of action, not of whining. It is a part of love, not cynicism. It is for us to express love in terms of human helpfulness. This we know, for we have learned from sad experience that any other course of life leads toward decay and waste.



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:: The Philosophy of Despair ::

THE BUBBLES OF SÁKI.

From Fitzgerald's exquisite version of the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám, I take the following quatrains which may serve as a text for what I have to say:

So when the angel of the darker Drink
At last shall find you by the river-brink,
And offering you his cup, invite your Soul
Forth to your lips to quaff, you shall not
shrink.

Why, if the soul can fling the Dust aside,
And naked on the air of Heaven ride,
Wert not a shame—wert not a shame for him
In this clay carcase crippled to abide?

'Tis but a tent where takes his one-day's rest
A Sultan to the realm of Death address;
The Sultan rises, and the dark Ferrásh
Strikes, and prepares it for another guest.

And fear not lest Existence, closing your
Account, and mine, shall know the like no
more;

The Eternal Sáki from that bowl hath pour'd
Millions of bubbles like us, and will pour.