

The Quest For Happiness



A Color Allegory

By

Alice Powell Strong

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A YOUTH started out to hunt for Happiness. He garbed himself in Eagerness. Over his shoulder he carried the gun of Desire and his ammunition was Expectations.

At the beginning of his quest he met the God of Illusions who showed to him the picture of a bright red bird. "How beautiful!" exclaimed the youth. "It surely is the picture of what I am seeking; nothing shall satisfy me until I have captured this bird of Love." So he wandered on, and on, catching glimpses occasionally of the flaming bird, but it was always just beyond his range.

As he approached the Valley of Sorrow he picked up a bright red feather dropped from the wing of the Bird of Love. He sat down to rest and ponder upon the fruitlessness of his search, when Experience said to him, "He who finds Love but has ignored Truth can

never find happiness." Then he remembered that in his search for Love he had not even seen the other birds as they hovered near him, so eager had he been to capture Love. "Tell me," he asked Experience, "why did I not capture Love when I searched so diligently for her? All I found was a feather dropped from her wing." "The Love Bird is never captured," said Experience, "it is Universal and belongs to All. He who finds one feather is favored. Go Thou forth again and hunt."

Once more illusion came along and showed him a picture. This time it was Truth, with wings outstretched, and of a deep blue shade, and ignoring all other birds he sought only for Truth, and fared forth into the land of Middle-age. At the end of the wood of Despair he picked up a blue feather. He placed it with the first and found that the bright red had changed to a softer, rosier hue.

This time he met Reality, and said to him, "I have found all of Love and Truth it is given any man to enjoy, yet I have not found Happiness. Canst Thou tell me why?" Reality answered, "Love and Truth are not enough,

they need to be blended with Wisdom." Then he beheld the picture of a large yellow bird.

Again he started out, this time armored with Love and Truth, across the country of Old Age. As he came to the end of the trail he found a yellow feather. Then he sat down to rest.

When the world passed by he saw them not. On his face was the smile of happiness, and in his cap were three pure white feathers.

The Quest

By John Willis Ring.

I SOUGHT for happiness and rest
With crowds that surged in anxious quest;
Alone and eager, sought their balm—
Evasive they, in stress or calm.

I thought to ease the lonely pain
Of those who sought, like me, in vain.
When mind and heart combined to
 bless,

I found both rest and happiness.

—Federation.