

JUNE, 1903.

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PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE AND RELIGION

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ADELAIDE A. CHENBY, Associate Editor.

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## *Editorial Paragraphs.*

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*2016 O Street N. W., Washington, D. C.*

Back again in dear old Washington, and although it bears the reputation of being the hottest place on Earth or in Hades, the weather just now is perfectly delightful. Washington has been my home for years, and I am strongly attached to it, partly because of the many dear friends here, and partly because of its natural attractiveness, its numerous advantages, and its being the centre of government, although of the latter fact I am not always proud. Sometimes I blush with shame instead, but on the whole I am a loyal American citizen, and, like a wife with a bad husband or a child with a dissolute parent, I am always hoping for better things, trusting that I shall some day behold an ideal republic.

But, withal, my love for Niagara-on-the-Lake has not lessened, and it is as dear to me today as when I stood on the shore of beautiful Lake Ontario and looked out over its broad waters. In fact I should be there this very moment, did not a special work hold me in Washington, for a time.

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My friends, the Misses Jutte of Pittsburg, very charming ladies by the way, are summering at Niagara-on-the-Lake, and they say I have not overdrawn the attractiveness of the place.

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It makes such a vivid impression upon one. Why, I can close my eyes now and fill my soul with its quiet beauty. I can even breathe again its ozone-laden air, and hear the waves plashing on the shore.

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And it stands out large in memory because it was there I learned the beauty and joy of simple living. It was there I experienced the pure enjoyment of open-air life to the full. It was there I divested myself of every luxury, and found to my surprise how few accessories one really needs in order to be happy. All this and more I learned at Niagara-on-the-Lake, so it is small wonder I love the place and desire to return. You would love it too, dear friends, and when the time is ripe I hope to meet you there.

And the Canadian people are delightful, so genuine, so earnest, and so friendly; many of them cultivated, intelligent, and just ready for the New Thought. I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. William Kirby, an old resident of the town, who wrote that celebrated novel "Le Chien d'Or" and the beautiful "Canadian Idylls." I also met Mr. Charles Thonger, who is a man of deep thought, and a reformer with ideas ahead of the age in which he is living. Mr. Thonger is also alive to affairs of the present, and wrote several strong articles on the Alaska Boundary which were published in the *Toronto Mail and Empire*.

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Some time ago Mrs. Edna Vance Cheney, a brilliant club woman of Chicago, gave a series of lessons on Mental Poise in New York City. Sitting at her feet she had Havemeyer, Russell Sage, and a few other multi-millionaires, who paid her each twenty dollars a lesson. That is good. They could afford it, and I am sure her instruction was worth many times that amount to them. She is just the woman to present the subject attractively to that class of men, and the truth is spreading, by one way or another, don't you see?

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And what a good thing it is for some of our millionaires to discover that with all their dollars there is something lacking, and then to be taught where to find it.

Eventually I think dollars must go down in their estimation, while something better goes up. Dollars are all right in their place, but that place is not paramount. When men are so mistaken as to think it is, they find out through pain and suffering that it is not, and then they go about hunting for the thing of real value. That is the way in which the Universe looks after its children and rectifies their blunders.

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From the window of my study I look out upon a vacant lot, where there is growing a profusion of weeds. Some of them are six feet high, stalwart and strong, but pliant, and as the wind sweeps over them they move in a billowy mass of soft living green. They are a delight to me, and I wonder who first set the fashion of calling a weed noxious. I will not hear a word against my hardy neighbors. Weeds are barbaric. They are the savages in plant history, and I would not be surprised if every refined and cultured plant has evolved from the common weed, because the evolution of man and plant is very similar.

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I half suspect that those weeds delight me because of their spontaneous growth, because they are strong-willed, simple, plain, honest things, pushing up out of the earth in native freedom, without an earmark of culture upon them. The subtlety and refinement of a florist-bred



plant may charm my senses, but the appeal of free, untrammelled things goes deeper, touching the inner source of power, and calling it into expression.

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I am interested in the recently discovered polonium, which is said to be finer and more powerful than radium. If, as is anticipated, it will ultimately perform all the present functions of the Roentgen-ray far more powerfully, and without the cumbrous apparatus essential to the latter, then it is certainly a great discovery. Strange to say, this polonium is obtained from pitch-blende, supposed to be a worthless residue dumped from a Bohemian mine which the Austrian government has been working for uranium. This shows what a superficial judgment it is to pronounce anything worthless, and it is a very helpful suggestion to us who believe in the evolution of the valuable and desirable from the apparently worthless and undesirable. Apply this suggestion to character, for instance, and what a light of hope it throws over the so-called useless beings whose life record we deplore. I'll venture to say that nothing exists but has its own special value in the universal economy, and would yield that value at the touch of Divine Alchemy.

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Polonium interests me also because its radiations are so much finer and more penetrating than the X-ray, for

does not that bring us in our scientific investigations one degree nearer the vibration of thought, helping us to understand how it is that thought can pass through matter on its mission of healing.

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It often happens that students, just as they are beginning to feel that they have a grasp on the law of success and opulence, or that of health and happiness, are suddenly dashed to the ground and their hopes shattered. From out of the depths of my own experience let me say to all such students—Your fall does not invalidate the law. It only shows that your grasp was not firm enough. Pull yourself together, brush the dust out of your eyes, laugh at your bruises, and take another hold. No high attainment was ever reached without pull-back, fall or disaster, and it is your mental attitude during such an experience which measures you future success.



# *How to Renew Your Youth.*

## LESSON FIVE

### *The Simple Life an Essential.*

There is nothing that so tends to weary the mind and make it feel old as the confusion resulting from an attempt to reconcile and comprehend many conflicting details or multitudinous demands. The mind is distracted, diffused and torn asunder by them, losing its central poise, its sense of oneness, or unity, and in consequence its soundness or wholeness; for on the rounded unit of consciousness depends the health of the mind and body.

As the brain evolves it increases the number of its convolutions, and is able to give its attention to more details in proportion to its evolution; but when it attempts to compass details in excess of its convolutions, then the wear upon its tissue begins, with discord, unrest and inharmony throughout the entire organism as a result. Its state may then be compared to that of the "Old woman who lived in a shoe, who had so many children she didn't know what to do."

The old woman's environment was limited, being confined to a shoe, and there were far too many children in that shoe for her comfort and freedom, so that she was at her wits' end, and "didn't know what to do."

The analogy is good, and the curious part of it is that the more details the mind has to which it must give heed, the more pent in it becomes, so that it is actually living in a shoe.

And it is just astonishing how many cares and responsibilities you can crowd into that shoe, while, of course, the more you crowd in the smaller becomes the shoe and the more it pinches.

But the old woman was wise, in a way, for when her charges became too riotous she put them all to bed, and no doubt went out for a quiet stroll, where the world looked wide and the heavens high compared with the close, stuffy old shoe.

But, mind you, she was an *old* woman, for an occasional ramble in the open would not renew her youth, though it might retard the process of grizzling somewhat.

By the way, I have seen one of the women, and they are many, who live in a shoe. She used to be just across the way from me, and her shoe was made of brick, three stories high. Large enough, to be sure; but the woman looked cramped, pinched and wan. I was told that she busied herself from early morn until night with the momentous concerns within that shoe. She kept it spick and span. Neither moth nor rust came in to corrupt, dust never found lodgment, shades were never pulled awry, windows were clear and shining, but *the face* which looked out through them was white and sad. I could

actually see it ageing from month to month. It all ended in nervous prostration, and the doctor advised giving up the house and spending some time in travel—anything to get out of the shoe, of course. The house was sold, and the poor woman started away on a trip, accompanied by her unhappy looking husband ; but I am almost sure that she merely stepped out of one shoe into another, for some people build shoes about themselves, and carry them when they travel, as the turtle does his shell.

For the kind of shoe I refer to can be constructed of many and varied materials, and there is one sort which, though invisible and intangible to the senses, makes the most binding and restricting shoe of all.

This material is made by the mind itself, and is made from out itself as the spider creates its web.

It is fragile, too, and as easily broken as the spider's web ; but the mind does not know this, because it weaves the web unconsciously, and fancies some external power has placed it there and made it indestructible. The web takes the form of a shoe, and in it *old* men and women, old before their time, sit and bemoan their fate, laden with burdens, hemmed in by restrictions which they feel themselves powerless to contend with.

Is it not time to learn the truth ? Is it not time to destroy the web that seems to bind—the web which is really all the weaker by virtue of its very complexity ? A strong cable which no man could break would, if separ-

ated into filaments fine enough, make a network so fragile that it could easily be severed.

Just such a network is about you, my friends. You have made it yourselves, and it is yours to destroy.

The thousand and one cares, the thousand and one burdens, the thousand and one worries that hold you, can be swept away by that subtle power within, the invincible power of your will.

If it is your will to simplify your life you can do it. You can drop the non-essentials, and give your attention only to the essentials. There are hosts of things which really do not need doing, but which your pride of appearance, your desire to emulate, or your love of luxury, lead you to feel absolutely necessary to your happiness.

As Carl Wagner says in "The Simple Life": "The sick man, wasted by fever, consumed by thirst, dreams in his sleep of a fresh stream wherein he bathes, or of a clear fountain from which he drinks in great draughts. So, amid the confused restlessness of modern life, our wearied minds dream of simplicity."

We dream, and our dreams shall be fulfilled, for there is on every hand a movement toward greater simplicity in living. The newest and best houses are less ornate, and are simpler in detail. True art rules out all superfluous accessories, leaving only that which can be unified and made one, with a central thought or design. All excrescences must be cut away. That is the trend

everywhere, and it makes for organic wholeness of mind and body.

Old age means the dissolution of the organism, therefore all that tends toward keeping the organism intact tends also toward the renewing of youth.

Begin today to see how much you can dispense with in your manner of living. Do not pause to ask what others will think of you if you live and dress more plainly. Just go ahead and do it, for when you feel an increase in your amount of happiness, through a lessening of care, it will be a matter of indifference to you what the world may think or say about you. This abnormal sensitiveness as to the world's opinion is an infirmity which you can be well rid of. If the Mentor within approves your course, never mind what Mr. Brown or Mrs. Jones may say of it. It is an illusion to suppose that your real happiness depends upon the approval of any one but your higher self. When you are blessed with that, your ways are ways of pleasantness and all your paths are peace.

No matter how poor you are, nor how many duties you have to perform, there is always a way of simplifying those duties, and of carrying less anxiety concerning them. If you will examine your life, you will find that your anxiety is not born of the present duty, but has to do with its outcome a month or a year hence. While you are darning Johnnie's sock you are worrying about

getting him through college, or some other far-away event, instead of rejoicing in the dear little vigorous heel that has worn the hole in the sock. So with each turn of your needle you weave worry into your darn, and when Johnnie wears it he feels the unwholesome vibration, for thought is a vibration, and children are sensitive to it, whether in their clothes or elsewhere. Something makes him uncomfortable; he cries and is fretful; and then you are sure Johnnie is going to be sick, and that gives you something else to worry over.

Poor, tired, loving, but mistaken, mother! That is the way in which you weave your web into a shoe, and that is the reason your children trouble you until you don't know what to do, and your troubles multiply.

But somehow the great loving Heart of the Universe takes care of you and Johnnie, bringing good out of your mistakes, or I am sure your state would be far worse than it is. It is said that God helps them who help themselves, but it is quite as true that He helps those who cannot help themselves; that is, He helps them until they get to a place where they are able to help themselves in a measure, and then He throws them largely upon their own resources.

If you try to simplify your life, you will work with the law, and when you do that God will always supplement and complete your endeavor.

Mrs. Edna Vance Cheney, who has recently been



giving a course of lessons in Mental Poise to New Yorkers, among them Mr. Havemeyer and Mr. Russell Sage, is said to have given one of these financiers a rose to concentrate his attention upon as a cure for nervous insomnia. It worked like a charm, and why?

Well, the rose is a living thing. It is alive, and it holds life. It also radiates life. Financial schemes and calculations are dead things. They have no life in themselves, and the mind may wear itself to a frazzle over them without getting anything in return. It goes out, spreading and diffusing itself over these dead things, and it suffers from the contact, is worn by the friction, and its only redemption is in turning to one of God's living things. The rose, being a form or symbol of God's own heart, is alive with love, and its aura is filled with heavenly vibrations. These vibrations entered the worn, tired soul of the financier, and brought him peace. That is the whole story. A simple, beautiful rose is nearer the Heart of God than is a matter of finance, and in God alone there is peace.

We are all rays proceeding from the Centre of Being, and our end is to truly express that which really is in Being. Each is a child of the Father, as the ray is a child of the sun.

Whatever Being holds in its entirety, it rounds up all and comprehends all in the Unit of Being. We must do this in our own lives, patterning our being from the

Being whence we proceed, simplifying and unifying until discord and inharmony are at an end, until wearing friction ceases, and life is eternally renewed.

And with the eternal renewing of life, how can there be anything but Eternal Youth?

*(To be continued)*

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### *Dance the Trouble Down.*

Here's a worl' er trouble—  
 Cross widout de crown ;  
 But tune us up de fiddle  
 En dance de trouble down !

Trouble in de sunshine,  
 Wrinkled wid a frown,  
 But git out in de blossoms  
 En dance de trouble down !

Fare you well, my sorrer,  
 Joy is come ter town !  
 Take yo' place, believers,  
 En dance de trouble down !

—*Atlanta Constitution*

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“Dey tells me,” said Uncle Eben, “dat contentment is better dan riches, but I 'spicions dat wif de proper facilities I could hab bof of dem at once.”

## *Special Notices*

Communicate with Mr. J. Edmund Searing regarding those fine Lessons in Correspondence which you will find mentioned elsewhere in this journal.

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Please do not forget that we are back again at our home in Washington, and address us at 2016 O Street N.W., Washington, D.C.

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THE RADIANT CENTRE for June is a trifle late owing to the delay occasioned by our move.

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If any of our friends purpose visiting Niagara-on-the-Lake this summer, they will find excellent board at the Niagara House at seven dollars per week, or if they wish more expensive accommodations there is the Oban at ten dollars per week and the Queen's Royal at twenty and upward. Those who wish cottages for the season will do well to address Mr. J. C. Clarke, who handles real estate, and who is just in his dealings as well as courteous and obliging. Cottages on the Chautauqua grounds can be obtained for one hundred dollars the season.

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Those of our readers who have not read "Easy Lessons in Realization," by the editor, should do so, for it is replete with helpfulness. Diagrams at the head of each lesson make the subject particularly clear. No student

of the New Thought should be without this valuable book. Price \$1.

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We are always pleased with "Unity" as it comes to our table. Like its editors, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fillmore, it is dignified, scientific and beautiful in spirit, being entirely free from the caustic comment which would sear the good fame of another.

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### *Take a Look at Venus.*

Young man, when you have finished your dinner tonight, go up on the roof, or out in the street or yard by your home, and take a good, long look at the Star of the Evening. She will do you much good. In the first place, the mere fact of your having thought enough to spend the time to do this will aid your mental development. In the second place, you will have to lift your eyes and chin from the mire of the street about you to the clean Glory of Omnipotence. In the third place, you cannot look for five minutes at Venus or any other planet or star without absorbing into yourself some of the calm, silent power which wheels this universe along its unbroken track, with never a slip of the tire or jostling of the axle.

—From the *New York News*.

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There is nothing so hygienic as friendship—to love and be loved means an even pulse, clear eyes, good digestion, sound sleep—success, says *The Philistine*.

## Answers to Correspondents

*Question*—Surely you do not hold the idea of mortal immortality? Surely God's method during these millions of years, the normal method of the universe of growth, is by *death*. He made the universe for *death*. All the millions of years before we came, everything died, because God wanted it to die, because it had answered its end. He puts in physical life, and in connection with it conditions which are not suited to immortality. They are suited to time, and their functions belong to time. They belong to the propogative functions (growth.) *Death naturally belongs to things temporary and mortal.* God's order seems to be that when a body has answered its ends it should lapse, and go back to the dust out of which it was taken. *We belong to the Eternal and Immortal,* but I read "eternal and immortal" as *Spirit*.

*Answer*—My friend—Granted thai it be God's method, as you say, that all things should die, are you quite sure that we can compass *the entire method*. God's method is no method at all unless founded on reason, and it is of course reasonable to suppose that when a thing has answered its purpose it should cease to be, but the ever present question to my mind is this—*Has* the physical body so far answered its purpose or fulfilled its end? Looking about me, I should say it had not. Have you ever seen a human organism that anywhere near came up to your ideal of what a perfect human body should be? Can you not see mentally your ideal, or that which you *would* be if you *could*? I can see *my*

ideal, and I know that I am very far from expressing it bodily. I have accomplished much in that way during the ten years in which I have had a glimpse of the law, and so far as I understood it have worked with it earnestly and faithfully, but I am not nearly through with my physical body, and have not yet made of it all that I might, or all that I feel it is capable of becoming. I also find that with the passage of the years my ideal presents itself more fully, more beautifully, and if this presentation of the ideal is to continually evolve into something higher and finer, why, I cannot tell where it will end. In fact, there seems no end to it, and it begins to look like eternal progression. If that be the case, at what point in my progression has my physical body answered its purpose, or fulfilled its end? Nowhere, nor will it at any point along the shining pathway of the future, that I can discover. All along that beautiful way before me I see the light, and I follow, saying ever "Lead Thou me on." It is not a will-o-the-wisp, for it has never lead me into morass or deadly miasma, but always into health and joy. Therefore I go on hopefully, trustingly, like a little child, one step at a time, with my hand clasped firmly by the unfailing hand of Infinite Intelligence. In my happy pilgrimage perchance this heavy, inert body of mine will spiritualize insensibly, a little at a time, until I find it a spiritual body.

What do we know of a vast estate by turning a camera here and there upon it? And that is all history gives us of our tremendous Past—just a few little pictures—while it gives us absolutely nothing of the Future. Then how can we compass with our vision the fulness of God's Estate.

How do we know but that the Divine Method may be to always express itself through form, and consequently through bodies as eternal as Divinity itself? And if, as I believe, our bodies are the temples of God, certainly God is here on the earth now, in his *living* temples, filling them to their uttermost with His Immortality, until the Finite is one with the Infinite, and the Mortal one with the Immortal.

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### *Great Thoughts from Emerson's Writings*

"Nothing can bring you peace but yourself. Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles."

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"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 an erect position, commands his limbs, works miracles; just as the man who stands on his feet is stronger than a man who stands on his head."

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"The soul *is*. Under all this running sea of circumstance, whose waters ebb and flow with perfect balance, lies the aboriginal abyss of real Being. Essence, or God, is not a relation or a part, but the whole. Being is the vast affirmative, excluding negation, self-balanced, and swallowing up all relations, parts and times within itself. Nature, truth, virtue, are the influx from thence. Vice is

the absence or departure of the same. Nothing, Falsehood, may indeed stand as the great Night or shade on which as a background the living universe paints itself forth, but no fact is begotten by it ; it cannot work, for it is not. It cannot work any good ; it cannot work any harm. It is harm, inasmuch as it is worse not to be than to be.

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“ God screens us evermore from premature ideas. Our eyes are holden. that we cannot see things that stare us in the face until the hour arrives when the mind is ripened ; then we behold them, and the time when we saw them not is like a dream.

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“ But only that soul can be my friend which I encounter on the line of my own march, that soul to which I do not decline, and which does not decline to me, but, native of the same celestial latitude, repeats in its own all my experience.

---

“ It never troubles the sun that some of his rays fall wide and vain into ungrateful space, and only a small part on the reflecting planet.

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“ Trust men, and they will be true to you ; treat them greatly, and they will show themselves great, though they make an exception in your favor to all their rules of trade.

---

“ If he have found his centre, the Deity will shine



through him, through all the disguises of ignorance, of ungenial temperament, of unfavorable circumstance. The tone of seeking is one, and the tone of having is another.

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“Let the great soul incarnated in some woman's form, poor and sad and single, in some Dolly or Joan, go out to service and sweep chambers and scour floors, and its effulgent daybeams cannot be muffled or hid, but to sweep and scour will instantly appear supreme and beautiful actions, the top and radiance of human life, and all people will get mops and brooms ; until, lo ! suddenly the great soul has enshrined itself in some other form, and done some other deed, and that is now the flower and head of all living nature.

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“The soul gives itself, alone, original and pure, to the Lonely, Original and pure, who, on that condition, gladly inhabits, leads and speaks through it. Then is it glad, young and nimble.”

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## *JUSTICE.*

Our entire moral being, our mind no less than our character, is incapable of living and acting except in justice. Leaving that, we leave our natural element ; we are carried, as it were, into a planet of which we know nothing, where the ground slips from under our feet and all things disconcert us ; for while the humblest intellect feels itself at home in justice, and can readily foretell the consequences of every just act, the most profound and

penetrating mind loses its way hopelessly in the injustice itself has created, and can form no conception of the results that shall ensue. The man of genius who forsakes the equity that the humblest peasant has at heart will find all paths strange to him; and these will be stranger still should he overstep the limit his own sense of justice imposes; for the justice that soars aloft, keeping pace with the intellect, creates new boundaries around all it throws open, while at the same time strengthening and rendering more insurmountable still the ancient barriers of instinct. The moment we cross the primitive frontiers of equity all things seem to fail us; one falsehood gives birth to a hundred, and treachery returns to us through a thousand channels. If justice be in us we may march along boldly, for there are certain things to which the basest cannot be false; but if injustice possess us we must beware of the justest of men, for there are things to which even these cannot remain faithful. As our physical organism was devised for existence in the atmosphere of our globe, so is our moral organism devised for existence in justice. Every faculty craves for it, is more intimately bound up with it than with the laws of gravitation, of light or heat; and to throw ourselves into injustice is to plunge headlong into the hostile and the unknown.

—*Macterlinck.*

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The thirst for the Infinite proves Infinity.

—*Victor Hugo.*

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We form Ideals, and they react and form us.

—*Joseph LeConte.*

### *Laugh it Away.*

Don't put on your far-off glasses hunting lions in the way ;  
Don't go probing round for troubles—just ignore them  
day by day ;

Don't go sighing : “ Yes, 'tis pleasant just at present—  
but, ah me !

There's the sorrow of to-morrow—where will all our sun-  
shine be ? ”

If the worst is in the future, and has been there all the  
while,

We can keep it there by laughing till we make the others  
smile.

If the worst is in the future, let it stay there, for we know  
That to-morrow's always threatening to bring us so-and-so ;  
But to-morrow with its sorrow never comes within our gaze,  
For all time is just a pageant of these busy old to-days.

Let the worst stay in the future, where it has been all the  
while ;

We can keep it there by laughing till the others start to  
smile.

When we look toward the sunset, in the gorgeous after-  
glow,

Let us thank the blessed Father for the things we do not  
know ;

Let us thank Him with all fervency that He has never sent  
Any burden quite unbearable—that, while our backs have  
bent

Underneath the load, we've had His arms about us all  
the while—

Let us laugh away our troubles till the whole world wears  
a smile.

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