Washington News Letter

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One Dollar a Year

Oliver C. Sabin, Editor.
Washington. D.C.
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Vol. XVII. OCTOBER, 1911. No. 1

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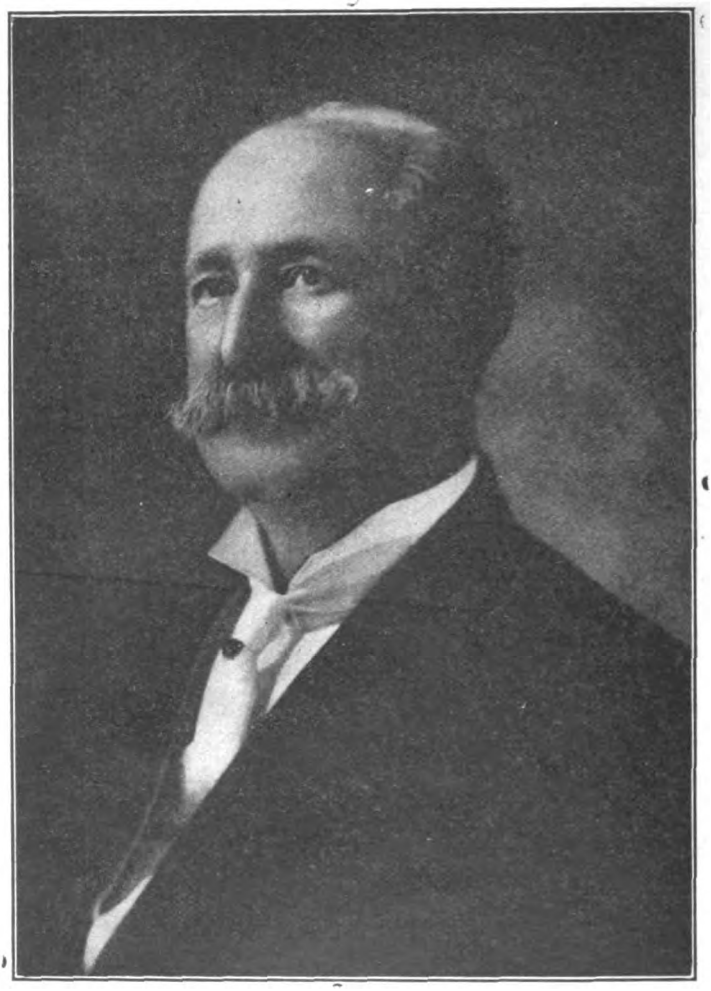

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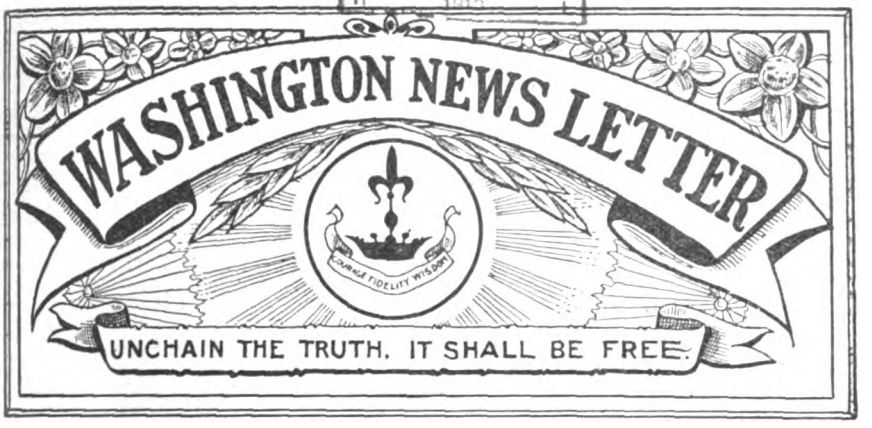

VOLUME XVII. WASHINGTON, D. C., OCTOBER, 1911. NUMBER 1.

Washington News Letter

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

1329 M Street Northwest, Washington, D. C., U. S. A.

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ANNUAL LECTURE COURSE

Our annual lecture course will commence on Wednesday evening, November 4th, and will continue during the calendar month of November. These lectures are for the teaching of those only who wish to make the Science their life work and are fitting themselves as lecturers, teachers and church organizers.

Those intending to take the course should send and get our books, unless they already have them, and study them as closely as they can before the lectures commence, as it will give them that advantage in the finishing work. It would not be deemed possible to teach a person in twenty-two lectures the entire system of metaphysics and fit a person for work as a healer, teacher and lecturer. The more advanced the student is to com-

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mence with the more pronounced will be his growth in proficiency.

These lectures will cost each student $100, payable in advance. If any different terms are sought, satisfactory arrangements can be made with the Bishop. Those who wish to take the course should write as soon as possible, so that arrangements can be made accordingly.

Address Bishop Oliver C. Sabin, Lock Box 324, Washington, D. C.

BEGINNING OF CHURCH YEAR

Initial Lecture of Course of Twelve Absolutely Free Discourses, Sunday, October 1.

The first service of the church year of the Evangelical Christian Church will be held at Rauscher's Hall, corner Connecticut Avenue and L Street N. W. beginning at 11 a. m., Sunday, October 1. At this time Bishop Sabin will deliver the first of a series of twelve lectures, teaching how to heal the sick. One lecture will be delivered on each following Sunday until the course has been completed. These lectures will be absolutely free, and a cordial invitation is extended to all to attend them. They will constitute the only course of free lectures which Bishop Sabin will deliver during the church year.

Rauscher's Hall in point of location, environment, appointments and accommodations is all that could be desired. Every person who attends these services will be cordially welcomed.

The New Age

When navies are forgotten
  And fleets are useless things,
When the dove shall warm her bosom
  Beneath the eagle's wings;

When memory of battles
  At last is strange and old,
When Nations have one banner
  And creeds have found one fold;

When the Hand that sprinkles midnight
  With its powdered drift of suns
Has hushed this tiny tumult
  Of sets and swords and guns;

Then Hate's last note of discord
  In all God's words shall cease,
In the conquest which is service,
  In the victory which is peace!

—Frederick Lawrence Knowles.

"Certain thoughts are prayers. There are moments when the soul is kneeling, no matter what the attitude of the body may be."—*Victor Hugo.*

All outward wisdom yields to the within,
Whereto no creed nor canon holds the key. —*Bayard Taylor.*

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Chain of Golden Thoughts

October

PAULINA B. SABIN

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.—*Matt.* 6, 28-29.

Rest your soul by remembering that One who feeds the birds and clothes the lilies is around you, close as the air, warm as the sunlight, with His careful cherishing ministries. * * * Learn from the birds and the lilies to rest on the loving care which enfolds you.—*James Baldwin Brown.*

We consider the lilies, how they grow. They toil not, neither do they spin. We may, too, consider the heavens, the moon and the stars. There, just there, like the lily, they have come into existence without effort, without weariness. The Great Law, with life in it, made up of life, just moves on, creating as it goes. The stars and moon are changing, being transformed. Nothing is still. The earth is changing in climate and character. The human being is changing. All are being created, transformed. The transformation that is taking place in us is culminating in a new awakening of consciousness. Some of us do not dream that it is coming. With some of us it is break of day—a little light on the horizon of a possible perfect life.—*Abbey Vance Cheney.*

God's goodness and tender care are not confined to only the birds of the air and the flowers of the field, but are for all who will ask, seek and knock.

We need not be fearful and anxious for anything, for we are cared for as are the lilies of the field. We have perfect peace and harmony, and all blessings of God are showered upon us while we walk in the light of Infinite Good.—*Harriet Black Welton.*

The parable of our Saviour teaches us that those who trust in Infinite Love cannot want for any of the good things of life. We, the children of the Infinite Father, have all, and all is ours now to enjoy; but in order to obtain the full expression of this enjoyment we must come as little children, or, if you please, as the birds of the air, with trust and confidence. When we do this the fullness of good is ours.—*Bishop Sabin.*

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Prayer and Its Simplicity

LECTURE—BISHOP OLIVER C. SABIN

THE world wants mystery, and unless your religion can be surrounded by mystery, something bordering on what is termed the miraculous, carnal mind will have nothing of it.

When the Assyrian general came to the Jewish prophet to be healed of leprosy, he came with a great retinue, with his chariots and horsemen and guards. The prophet sent word to him, when told of his request, to go and bathe himself seven times in the river Jordan. The general was displeased; remarked that they had better rivers than the Jordan in his country and refused for a while to obey the command, but ultimately he did obey it and was healed.

There has been since the earliest history of man, in the human race, a desire to mystify and surround all religious ceremonies with caste, with form, with so-called mysterious surroundings, until a mockery has been made of religion from the earliest times, five or six thousand years prior to the days of Jesus Christ, until today. The images and all of these things that we see in the modern churches were placed in them by Constantine the Great, for the purpose of making the heathens more readily support the religion of Jesus Christ, which he had declared the religion of the empire.

Religion, to be perfect and in accordance with God Almighty's teaching, to be effective and truthful, must be so plain that the wayfaring man though a fool may not err therein. It must be plain and simple.

When I first came to the realization of this Truth, the first thought that dawned upon my consciousness was that I actually laughed because of its perfect simplicity. And the second thought was, Why haven't I known this all my life; it is so plain and so simple?

In taking up the subject of PRAYER, which is our subject today, I want to show you, if possible, the simplicity of prayer, the perfect simplicity. Many of those who wish to get this Truth are held back by the prejudices that have been planted within them years before. A little girl is going through one of my classes at this time who, upon her second lesson, obtained sufficient knowledge of the Truth to heal the sick, and has been doing so ever since, and is healing now. She hadn't read much, she hadn't belonged to any church and had been taught no false theology.

This morning I want to try and show each one of you, in as simple a way as possible, what we mean by the realization. The realization is the gift of the Holy Spirit, it is the new birth, it is the baptism of fire, it is the perfect understanding. Now, what is it? I have taught you in two lectures enough for you to commence to understand first that God is Spirit, not that God has a spirit, but that God is Spirit, omnipresent. That means that God is not only here in this room and fills every person in this room, and that He is in every niche and space in this room, but that in all this world and in all the infinite worlds without end, as far as the worlds without end, forever and aye, God Almighty spirit is

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there, filling all space, every star, every world. God's spirit is there.

Of course, in our finite minds we cannot fully comprehend this, but you can know that what I tell you and what the Bible tells you is true because we prove it by the works. You are told when you pray to pray in the Spirit and with the understanding. Now, what does that mean? Can any of you tell me how you can pray and not pray in the spirit, if you live, move and have your being in God Almighty, and He is spirit? Can you tell me how you could get out of that spirit? You do pray in the spirit and you cannot pray any other way. Now, what is the understanding? The understanding is that that is true. That doesn't look difficult to understand, does it? God is omnipresent Spirit, filling all space, and you live in it, move and have your being in it, and the understanding is that you know this to be true. Then the healing of the sick is easy sailing.

Before going into the details of this prayer, I am going to make an illustration. I hold in my hand here two knives. The silver knife we will call the spiritual man, and the other knife is what we term the physical man. Now, mark you, we do not recognize this division, but this is a division that is recognized and taught by all theologians in all the world outside of the new Truth, so-called—that man has a dual character, which, as a matter of fact, is not true, because we prove its falsity in every healing we make. Now, suppose that this person's name is John Smith, and John Smith comes to me and wants me to heal him of the headache through mental realization. What do I do? Why I at once recognize that the spiritual part of John Smith could never have a headache. If anybody in this audience thinks that a spiritual being can have a headache I wish he would raise his hand, for I will give him a few moments to explain. I do not see any hands up. I think all are agreed upon one thing then, that the spiritual part of man can have no headache. Now, I am going to metaphysically treat John Smith against headache. I do so by laying aside the physical part of him, so-called, and eliminating it from the equation entirely. What is John Smith? John Smith is the spiritual image and likeness of God, living, moving and having his being in God who is universal, omnipresent Spirit. That being true, John Smith can not have headache because a spiritual being can not have headache. It is impossible, and the belief that the so-called physical part of John Smith can have a headache is false, for the reason that there is no physical part of John Smith. Now, mark you, get this understanding, don't set up your Ebenezers and tell me that that is not true. Throw your prejudices out of your mind right here, and you will be healers every one of you. John Smith has no physical body. "Oh," you say, "don't tell me that, because I have a body and isn't this body real?" Certainly it is real; it is not physical a particle. Isn't it composed of matter? Not an atom of matter in it. Then what is it? It is the spiritual manifestation.

All is spirit and spiritual manifestation. Mark you, if my body would be matter that would be a real substance which would be the opposite of spirit and, therefore, I would be composed of two parts, of God and His opposite. It would be a house divided against itself and could not stand; in other words, it is not true. This body is a spiritual manifestation. Not a person in this room has the

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same body that he had when he came into this room. You have part of it, but you are being made over new all the time. With every breath you draw, you draw in new life, new body, new substance, spiritual manifestation, and you become stronger all the time, or weaker as you direct that incoming inflow. Dust thou art and to dust thou shalt return—passing off with every breath you exhaust.

Go to the river and you see it coming on down. It looks beautiful. Go to-morrow and you think you see the same river, but you do not see it at all. The river you see to-day is on its way to the Chesapeake. From the Chesapeake it goes into the broad ocean, and it circulates around the world forever and forever onward. In the beginning creation is making a new river to-day and all the time, every instant; and so with the body, in the beginning creation is going on. This spiritual manifestation is being created every day; all that is is spirit and spiritual manifestation.

It is impossible for God to make His opposite, it is impossible. It would be impossible to drag a streak of darkness out of a sunbeam. It would be impossible to convert the truth into a lie, or white into black—impossible. All that is is infinite Life, infinite Spirit, infinite Love, infinite Good, God Almighty and God Almighty manifest. Everything that is created in all the earth and all the world is created in the image and likeness of God. It could not have been created in any other way and it was not. We know this to be true because the treatment that I give in the spiritual John Smith destroys this belief, so-called, on this so-called matter, for I realize that John Smith lives, moves and has his being in God Almighty's spirit, is perfect and must be perfect, and that realization destroys all so-called inharmonies, and the so-called headache in the material body is destroyed by that realization.

Isn't that simple? It is as easy as you could have it, as plain as a, b, c. You do not have to go back to your Bible or on your church, or on anything else, do you? Haven't you always been taught that God is Spirit and that God is All, that God is omnipresent everywhere? Haven't you always been taught that? If you haven't, you haven't been taught rightly. The realization that you live, move and have your being in God is the understanding that heals the sick and that is the beginning and the ending of the whole business, just as simple as a, b, c.

I am going on somewhat in detail to teach you how to pray. Millions of prayers go up to God Almighty to-day, or are attempted to be sent there, which will not go any higher than the roof of the church in which they are uttered, because the people do not know how to pray. The ministers in the city of Washington are true, honest, upright men, but they do not know how to pray because they haven't the understanding. It is utterly impossible for me to pray to God, believing that God is a God of justice, as they call Him, for ordaining one part of the world to utter damnation and the other to happiness, holding up the thought that God is only one part of the factor, that there is an opposite believing that God controls in Heaven and the devil in hell. A person that believes in a doctrine like that can pray until the hair drops out of his head and his prayer will never go any higher than the roof. Such prayers are not made to be answered, and they cannot be answered, because they are false, and the reason the ministers of churches to-day cannot heal the sick is because they do not know how to pray.

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I do not care who believes me or who does not; I challenge the world on this thought. If they know how to heal the sick, they come to God Almighty in spiritual manifestation, and in no other way, with the realization of the perfection and the allness of spiritual God.

Now, we will commence the first part of prayer. We have divided prayer into what we term four parts. Mark you, this prayer is divided only for the purpose of convenience, that I may impress upon your minds more perfectly the prayer in all its ramifications. There is no division in reality in prayer. I gave you all there was in a nutshell a few moments ago, in that first realization, but we have to go along these lines of detail in order to convince all intelligences. A good lawyer in trying a lawsuit before a jury fits his arguments to the lowest intelligence of the jury, and if he convinces them the others can readily understand it.

The chapter, or portion of chapters of the Lord's sermon on the Mount, that was read to you to-day, teaching you how to pray, is a most excellent thought for you to study. It tells you not to do as the hypocrites do. That is, don't come to God Almighty with the understanding of a big I, that I am great and my neighbor is not in it. That is not the way to pray.

I do not mean you must debase yourself. That is abhorrent. You are God Almighty's child, you are His image and likeness, you are His heir, and you must not debase yourself, because you are, so to speak, discrediting the very image and likeness of God, and that is wrong. Realize what you are and thank God Almighty for the realization, but you must not do as did Nebuchadnezzar. You remember he was in the city of Babylon, and he said, "Behold this Babylon that I have built. I am ruler of the world." And very soon, if not that night, his enemies took him and banished him and he was forced to eat grass with the oxen for seven years until he came to the realization that God Almighty was All. God Almighty was the maker of Babylon, and God Almighty had given him all this.

We have to go to God Almighty in the realization of our greatness, recognizing Him, and when we do our heavenly Father blesses us with perfect honesty and perfect integrity. We go to Him asking that which we want. We go to Him asking it with the realization and the understanding, and when we do that, in that way, the affirmative answer is certain.

Jesus says, when you pray go into your closet and there in your closet ask God, and whatsoever you ask in secret thy Father in Heaven will give you openly. Where is your closet? The man who falls upon the earth amid the burning sands of Sahara, lifting up his thoughts and realization to God Almighty in the honesty and purity of his heart, is within his closet. We go into our own self-consciousness, go to God Almighty with clean hands and a pure heart, asking, and we receive. He says when you bring your gift to the altar and there rememberest that thou hast aught against thy brother, lay down thy offering and go and be reconciled to him. In another place the question is asked, Unless a man loves his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love the Lord whom he hath not seen? You must absolutely go to God Almighty with a heart filled with perfect love, pure, honest, upright desire to do unto your brother as you would have him do unto you, with reverence and love for God the Father, who gives you all, and realizing that everything comes from Him. When

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you have your mind prepared in that way you have fulfilled, somewhat, the first part of our division of prayer which is what we call the preliminary division.

The second part of the prayer is what we term the denials; the third part the affirmations and the fourth the praise. These will not all be treated to-day, but they will be before we leave this subject because prayer and its proper understanding is the language, and the only language, you have with which to converse with God, your Father. Our religion brings us so much closer to God than any other religion I ever knew. You do not have to look away off somewhere expecting a blessing when you pass into the sweet by and by, but God, our Father, is with us now. He directs our every action to-day. He fills my mouth and assists me in uttering every word I say; He covers my table with the food that comes into my body and feeds my family; He gives me all the comforts of life, and it is a constant inflow of good from God the Father Almighty. He gives us absolutely all. You do not have to manage, as they term it; you do not have to scheme, you do not have to lie and cheat and steal in order to get the best of your brother in a deal. That part of the religion is eliminated entirely here, and we just simply trust God and ask God to lead us, and He leads us and we do that which is set before us and do it to the very best of our ability.

Once a man made objection to our religion because he said it made us slothful and took away all ambition. Now, when you place yourself in the condition that I say you should, you have placed yourself in position where you are in line of God Almighty Truth. Suppose this aisle in the center of this church was the only part of this house that was filled with sunshine, and you would sit down upon the right and upon the left of this sunshine, and I would tell you it was necessary for you if you wanted a blessing to come in this aisle and get this sunshine, and you would say, "I won't do it; we have rivers in Syria much better than Jordan. I am not going to Jordan to be baptized." Don't you see you would not get the blessing, but the ones of us who walked in the sunshine we would be in line of promotion and in the line of the blessings?

I might illustrate it in another way. Say here is a body of water that is confined. I destroy the confinement and let the water loose. I do not have to pray after I have let the water loose that it will seek its level in the sea. Of course not; it is governed by universal law, and when you release it you have placed it where it is under the influence of this law we call gravitation, and it goes on to the sea without your having anything further to do with it.

It is so in this. When you place your consciousness, your mind, your thoughts, in this tramway of the sunshine, God does the rest, and you will work as you never worked before, and you will be blessed as you never were blessed before, and everything that comes your way will be from God Almighty, and it will be good. You don't have to worry; you have no time to worry. Sorrow, sickness, death, everything will be banished as soon as the family of man trust God Almighty and walk in the sunshine of His perfect love. Then all will be harmony.

There is our thought, and that is our religion, and that is what we call the realization. We go into the consciousness of God Almighty's giving law, and, mind you, God does not change. You can get

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down and pray God to forgive your sins until the very skin is worn off your knees, and yet there will be no response through any change in God. The only change will come because you have changed. When you have gotten yourself into the position here the sunshine can strike you. God changes not. His laws are unchangeable, and you have to walk in the sunshine of His love if you would have it. You are absolutely the maker or unmaker of what you should be, absolutely. You cannot blame circumstances, you cannot blame God, you cannot blame your neighbors, you cannot blame anybody but your own self for every particle of sorrow and heartache and misfortune that overtakes you. You are the architect of your own fortune, of your own condition, and if you will accept of the Truth God Almighty's power is strong enough to redeem you from every thought of inharmony, every thought of trouble, and nothing but beautiful eternal good can come near you, round you, or about you.

Therefore, when you come to pray bring to the altar a pure heart, a heart filled with love, and with an honest purpose, and drive out every dishonest thought that you may have in your consciousness. If you have bad habits destroy them; if you are dishonest, mean, a scoundrel, reform; change and get yourself into the line where you can go to God Almighty with a pure heart and as a pure being, and you will receive your answer, and you will never receive it until you do.

The next part of this prayer that I will discuss is what we term the denials. We always go back to the same thought; realize to whom we are praying and why we pray; realize that God is all, God is Good and that everything that is is good, and that there can be no evil, because God fills all space and all so-called evil is nothing but the mist that is driven away; that God Almighty's Truth covers all; that God Almighty's good is all, and there can be no opposite but good. We realize that, and then we come up to our prayer, the denials. Now, come back to the illustration that we gave of John Smith. The thought was that he had no body except a spiritual body, a spiritual manifestation, which is the real body, that spirit is reality and matter is nothing. Then we come to the realization that John Smith is the real body, the spiritual body. Now, I am going to cure John Smith in another way. I am going to say there is no headache and there can be none. Here is a point that we meet from those who do not know. They are not confined to the unlettered, but they are confined more, I might term it, to the ministry than to any other class of people in the world. Only a few days ago some one sent me an article written by a minister denouncing this religion because we do not believe in the reality of evil, do not believe in the reality of pain. I was talking with a member of Congress from Virginia not long ago, and he said, "Colonel, I read your book until I came to the part in it where you said that there is no reality in pain, and I knew you were off there, so I stopped reading."

That is the thought we have to combat more than any other. Here comes a man or woman before you racked by what they term pain. Do I pretend he hasn't got it? I don't say he hasn't got it, but I say that pain, so-called, is nothing but a manifestation of carnal mind, and that carnal mind itself is a lie, and it is nothing but the manifestation of a lie of a lie. It is a double negative, that is what it is. How do I know? I prove it by realiz-

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ing that John Smith is the spiritual image and likeness of God, and cannot have pain, and I deny it. "You, John Smith, are the image and likeness of God. You cannot have any pain. This belief of pain that you have is unreal and untrue and cannot exist with you, and I denounce it and deny it, and tell it in the name of the Scriptures, 'Satin, get behind me, for it is written you shall worship the Lord thy God and Him only shalt thou serve.'" What is the result? The pain is gone. It wasn't anything. It was nothing but a lie.

When I had my hand literally mashed, the bones ground and crushed, I felt for a moment as though I had pain. Carnal mind was a little too strong for me. I went to my wife and two or three friends, told them I had my hand mashed and to treat against the belief. They all treated, and in the course of thirty minutes every particle of pain had left it and it did not hurt. One of my students who was there at the time had studied osteopathy, and she said, "Oh, let me treat your hand according to the osteopathic way." I did not know how they treated it; it was a matter of utter indifference to me, and I said all right, the hand was getting along all right. She took it, and manipulated it with her fingers, I think, perhaps, for a couple of hours, a long time. In her mind she had made pain real. It was a real true pain in her mind according to osteopathy, and by the time she got through and went out of the room there was suffering, and Mrs. Sabin and I had to work on that pain half the night before we killed it. I had no more osteopathy or any other kind of pathy. We do not recognize evil. What was the result? My hand grew perfect. It is just as perfect as the other one, and it would have been impossible for any surgeon to have set the bones because they were crushed. There is the theory demonstrated.

We can demonstrate this theory in a thousand ways. A woman came to me with a cancerous growth in her side, a malignant tumor. It had been cut twice, and with the treatment of ten minutes of the realization of the allness and perfection of good that thing was killed; it was gone. That woman is in this house today.

We prove our religion by the works. If anybody does not believe this or the evidence—I know how hard it is for the human mind to believe—let him come to me with an honest purpose and honest heart, and I will furnish the testimony. The doctors told this woman that she would have to go to the hospital and have the cancer cut, and that every day she was staying away she was committing suicide. We treated her and she was healed.

In the name of God will you take evidence or will you blindly shut your eyes and go over the vortex of death and everything that goes with it, or will you come back and go with us and live with God Almighty, recognizing and believing only in the allness and perfection of good? Jesus Christ said, "If you do not believe Me, believe Me for the very work's sake." Here is evidence, and we prove it, prove it day and night, year in and year out, all the time, that all that is is good, that all that is is God and God manifest, that all there is is spirit and spiritual manifestation, that all that is is infinite mind and its infinite manifestations, that everything is God and God manifest. That is our religion.

We cannot afford to be anything but good because for being good we get paid. I used to have children whom I paid for

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being good, and I remember my father used to pay me to take medicine or to be good. I think my father used to pile the quarters on my stand in my room sometimes when he wanted me to do something. That is the way with us; we are hired to be good; we cannot afford to be mean. There is nothing but misery, trouble, sorrow, if you follow in the road of evil, but in the other road where God Almighty reigns there is happiness, prosperity, love, joy, peace, contentment, eternal harmony and perfect love in your heart and you have no worry, you are not getting ready to die, but you get yourself into condition where you begin to prepare to live. Any fool can die, but it takes a smart man to live, and I tell you you have to come into this Truth or you will go over this dam of death. I am not preparing to go over the dam; I am preparing to live. I am not preparing to do something that God never ordered.

My friends, I have used up my time for to-day, but this subject of prayer will take two or three lectures to finish. When you thoroughly understand prayer you will be as good a healer as anybody else, because God loves us all alike. He has no pets one above the other. But you must learn. Send all of us to a blackboard and give us an example in the higher mathematics, and the one who hasn't studied, of course, fails; but the other goes on, and does his work because he has been taught. You have to know this Truth. It does not come down through the roof. You have to get it into your intelligence, into your mind; you have to know it. Jesus Christ says you have to know the Truth, and when you do it makes you free.

The Path of Duty

There are times in life when the path of duty, which sometimes was spangled with flowers of beauty and exquisite perfume, seems arid, dark and desolate; the senses find therein no more pleasure; all is severe and cold, discouraging. It seems to our blinded eyes that our steps carry us no more forward, and that we tread upon the same ground. In such times it is wise to look neither to the right nor to the left, but firmly, with persistence, to pursue our way by concentrating all our thought upon our work, so as to make it advance with all the power, even though a night without stars, a day without a sun, so that when the clouds dissipate, we may still be found in the path of duty without having strayed one iota from it; thus ready in calmness and quietude to relish the joys of the solar brightness, and of the soft, starry night of peace.—*The Morning Star.*

In vain will the foolish, vain and purse-proud look for Divine Power to come with a great noise and the blare of trumpets. Divine Power comes like the sunshine—a silent, deep-felt influence that fills the whole being with light and joy, and is only perceived and received by those who have dissipated the sensual clouds of being by soul growth and spiritual unfoldment.—*The World's Advance Thought.*

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Affirmation and Denial

LECTURE—BISHOP OLIVER C. SABIN

MY LECTURE to-day will be intensely practical. I will try if possible to speak so that each of you can leave this house to-day a healer of the sick. You will have to watch me very closely unless you have already gotten this realization.

We have been talking about prayer during the last two services, and we continue to consider prayer to-day. We take up prayer as a whole, take the affirmations, the denials, the praise and the preliminary thought together as one.

As I have told you before, it is within the power of each human being to be what he wants to be absolutely. It is not for you to come here with preconceived ideas and say, "I don't believe." You come here to be taught. I am here to teach you that which demonstrates itself, as I told you in the commencement of these lectures. I do not wish anybody to believe me in anything except in that which demonstrates itself. When this occurs you know it is true as well as I know it is true, because I have proved it by its own demonstration. What I have done you can do.

A gentleman called me up by telephone last night, and took exception to some things that I said. He made the expression that I, because of superior knowledge, and, as he believed, superior gift from God Almighty, could do things that others could not do. Now, my friends, I want to say to you that that is error, absolutely wrong. There is no truth in it. God Almighty loves each one of His children alike. Each one of us has the same powers and the same privileges and t same rights and the same dominion t all the others have, and the only reas why we do not all demonstrate alike because some one or the other will de to himself these God-given rights, and r fuse to accept of the good that is giv to them. That is the only reason w that friend of mine, a lovely man, w denying to himself the very powers t God Almighty had given him. I tell y it is self-destructive; it is mental a spiritual suicide, so to speak; it destro your powers here on earth, and only t you to be followers in the lead of carn mind that follows the road to death. is the one who says in his heart, "G Almighty is my Father; I love Him a He loves me, and I live, move and h my being in Him, and I will trust Hi and He will bring it to pass," to wh God Almighty gives just what you wa

Remember, you can divide the wo that is thrown before you into two gr divisions. One the great cry goes f from, and on the other side here is supply.

You want health, you cry for hea You look to God Almighty for hea and supply comes. If you want sickn and cry for sickness and hold up sickness and condemn yourself for si ness, the supply comes. You can dest yourself as well as build yourself up.

Now, mark you, you are the arbi tor of your own condition absolutely perfectly, and do not mistake it; do lay it upon Providence, and say that punishes you; you punish yourself

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your own stiff-necked determination to destroy yourselves.

A man told me not long ago, "You drive people away by being so dogmatic; you drive them away because you deny the existence of matter." Well, suppose I do. What am I here for? Am I here to pander to carnal mind, to draw big crowds, or to speak beautiful things that are not true? Not at all. God Almighty has told me to unchain this Truth, and I am unchaining it without any gloss to it, giving you the perfect and simple Truth, and the Truth destroys error. If error gets mad and leaves, it is error. The children of God will be brought back, some time, somewhere, under some conditions; for the time will come when all will bow the knee and acknowledge that Jesus Christ is the Son of the living God. It must come to that sooner or later, somewhere. When it does, you will have this Truth which makes you free. Just a moment on thought of error, then we will continue here.

This thought of matter, mark you, if you understand it as I understand it, won't drive you away, but it will make you love God all the more. Matter, if it is what the world claims it to be, is the opposite of spirit—matter, spirit; Truth, falsehood; light, darkness, and so on and so forth. It is one of the couplets; spirit, matter manifest.

Mark you, don't ever think that there is an opposite of God. There never was and never can be. There never was anything opposite to the Truth. Truth is all. There is a manifestation of error that you call a lie, and when you touch it, what is it? It is nothing. All the lies in all the world, when they are squeezed together, are nothing. They are nothing when touched with the Truth; the Truth annihilates them. They do not go anywhere, because there is nothing to go.

Take a person with fever, for instance. Make the realization perfect; hold right on to the God Truth that all is good and all is spirit and spiritual manifestation and that there can be no manifestation of evil. Hold that thought for half an hour, and in nine cases out of ten the fever is gone, apparently annihilated. It did not go anywhere. It is annihilated; it is destroyed; the Truth has destroyed it.

I have used the following illustration a number of times, and I will use it again. Suppose a telegram comes to me, right now, saying that some very dear friend of mine has been killed by the cars somewhere. Well, that telegram has the appearance of truth and I believe in it, and in its first effect it strikes me in my mentality and goes through my body like a shot. It has all the force and effect of Truth because I believe it. But in an hour's time comes another telegram from this very friend, and says he is not hurt; that they got his name mixed with somebody else's, and that he was all right. What is the effect? The second telegram destroys the first; it shows that the first never was anything at all. It was a lie, but as long as I believed it it had all the force and effect of Truth, and the very minute that it was annihilated, the error destroyed by the Truth, it was nothing; it had no power or effect on me. It is so with all kinds of diseases. There is no reality in disease. Everything called disease is a lie. There is no truth in it, but as long as you believe in it, and the world believes in it, the result is that it carries you out, carries you over the dam to death.

A man told me the other day that he could not listen to me when I talked

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about there being no death. He told me that he thought I was a pure man, and was trying to do good, but that I was absolutely doing wrong in teaching that there is no such thing as death. See how carnal mind goes out to you in every way. What did Jesus say? He said the last enemy to be overcome was death; that it was an enemy. Death is the opposite of God. God is eternal life. We are God's image and likeness, and I tell you that death is a lie. So long as the world says that there is a time once appointed for man to die, everybody believes it; it has all the force and effect of Truth and it kills them. That is what it does. As far as I am concerned, I do not believe in it. This carnal mind surrounding me may down me some time, but I tell you I will never believe in it until they have got the box on me. Then I will know that God Almighty is life eternal, and I will get out of it.

I will never believe in error, never surrender to it, and as long as we hold to that thought we are holding to the thought of perfection, the thought of eternal life. We are the image and likeness of God; and we are, like Him, deathless.

Jesus Christ told us that He that believeth on Him shall not die, but shall pass from death unto life and shall never see death [illegible] they say that means the hereaf[illegible]hen was the time that spirit eve[illegible]sed from death unto life? When was the time that the immortal spirit of Go[illegible]hat dwells within us ever died? W[illegible]re [illegible] the philosopher that does not deny such a monstrous belief or proposition? The trouble with the world is they won't believe the Bible. They won't believe the statements of Jesus Christ, and the result is that they reap as they sow.

Now, you can be sick if you want to be. There is no trouble abou[illegible]ng sick.

I happened to be in a room [illegible] a trained nurse one day where she [illegible]d some medicine, and I sneeze[illegible] "Oh," she said, "you must get out of draught; you are catching cold." I [illegible] "I am not catching cold, madam, please; I could not catch cold. [illegible]'s your vile medicine that has got [illegible] nose that made me sneeze." You [illegible] catch cold unless you have the fear o[illegible] and in that case you will. There w[illegible] time when I would not sit down with m[illegible] back to a draught, in such a da[illegible] for thirty minutes for thirty t[illegible] dollars. I would have been sure th[illegible] old saying would come true, "Back [illegible] draught, face to the coffin." Th[illegible] thought, but this Truth manum[illegible] makes you free. You recognize t[illegible] nothing but eternal God, eterne[illegible] Spirit manifest; and this so-call[illegible] in matter is a lie, it is unreal, un[illegible] false, and exists only in the [illegible] those that have it. That is the [illegible] Hold to that thought and yo[illegible] catch cold; it is impossible. [illegible] hold that thought and walk thro[illegible] the contagious diseases in the wo[illegible] they cannot touch you; you ca[illegible] wherever you choose, and you[illegible] harmed unless you believe in[illegible]

While we are on this sub[illegible] tagion, let me give one oth[illegible] Suppose, for instance, that [illegible] should call upon me to b[illegible] smallpox, as a great ma[illegible] first thing I would do in th[illegible] be to say, "Have you a doctor?" person said, "No," I would' one instantly, before I touch[illegible] Why would I say that? I wo[illegible] for two reasons. In the first pla[illegible] law says that all s[illegible]

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ported to the proper health authority, and if we are building up a church society here that advocates the breaking of the law, the sooner this church society is knocked in the head the better. That is the way I think about it. Obey the laws of your country. I would say, "Get a doctor." Then if it were necessary I would treat against the doctor. I would hold the thought that his medicine could not do any harm, if I thought it was going to hurt him. Doctors' medicines very seldom hurt. Often they do good, but wherever I find that cases are such that they should not have medicine we always treat that the medicine cannot hurt, and God Almighty protects the patient.

I had a case of that kind in New Jersey. They had a consultation of three doctors. The woman the night before was dying. They telephoned for treatment. She had been raised in a very few hours, through God Almighty's power, to where she was almost convalescent. They still continued to have the doctors, but we treated that the doctors' medicine would not be necessary; that they would not give her any more medicine. In such a disease as hers medicine would not avail. They held another consultation, and decided that medicine would not do any further good.

God Almighty controls. Trust in Him. He will bring it to pass. God Almighty is omnipotent. If you only trust, "Whatsoever you ask in My name, believing, you shall receive." That is the thought all the way along the line. Ask whatever you want in the name of Jesus Christ, believing, and you will get it.

Here is another great thought from which the world needs emancipation, this thought of want. The whole world is a struggle from the cradle to the grave, for the almighty dollar. It seems that the dollar is what the world is after. The individuals that make the world are after the dollar. All classes of society are measured more or less along the thought of the dollar. Now, you want to be free from that. I do not know whether I am free from it or not. I believe I am. If I thought that there was any of it lingering about me, the first opportunity I would have I would go to work and treat myself against the belief of that in my mind. The last time I have ever had any fear of such things was a number of months ago. I was informed by my son that we had not enough money to pay off. It would take a great many hundred dollars, and it was only a short time until pay day. I said to him, "Don't worry; God Almighty will give you the money." After he went away it commenced to run in my mind. Suppose I should not get that money, what am I going to do? I took hold of my mental self by the back of the neck, and I just asked God Almighty to destroy that cowardice in me and annihilate every symptom of fear in my surroundings. I affirmed that He gave me money, and abundance of money, and that I trusted in Him for everything, and that I would denounce that cowardice; declare it was a liar and it had no force, and could not have any force, if you trusted God Almighty implicitly for everything; that I trusted Him for breath, trusted Him to fill my lungs with air, and trusted Him to supply me everything, and affirmed that there was no fear and could be none. I treated myself for half an hour, and I had no fear when I got through, and have had none since. The money was there to pay the bills and the healers. Of my creditors, of our workers, absolutely none have ever missed a minute on their payment, never one, and it takes a great

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many thousand dollars every month. One time we ran down as low as to sixty-five cents, but it was on our side. We had abundance, and before the bank knew our account was so low there was other money there.

God harmonizes and builds you up and fills you with perfect trust, but it is for you. Now, if I would take cases to treat on financial lines, I would not have time to treat anything else, and I simply do not take them at all. I simply won't take them. I will teach you the Truth, and tell you how to go to God Almighty and get what you please, but you have to do it. No one need come to me for help along that line. I would not give it. I simply trust God for everything. There is not a person on the face of the earth that I would ask for a cent under any circumstances or conditions. I go to God Almighty; He is the best banker in the world. He never fails.

I am giving you this straight, and every one of you can have it and everything you want. But remember you have to do it along these lines of prayer the same as you do along every other line; you have to bring a pure heart, an honest purpose. Some people can pray until their hairs drop out of their heads and never get anything, because to these people hunger might appeal in vain, suffering broadcast would cause no twinges in their consciousness, but they would squeeze, squeeze. Those people never get anything; they cannot. Why? Because they reap as they sow. God Almighty gives you the same crop of the harvest that you sow in the spring time, so that you must let your heart go out to the world, love your brother as you do yourself, and have the desire to do good and to do right. Follow along those lines, because it is the proper thing to do, because you love to do it, not because you are going to receive a reward. Then commit your ways unto the Lord, and He will bring it to pass. There can be no failure. The law is as imperative and as unchangeable as the eternal God Himself; there can be no failure unless the failure comes from you or your surroundings. There can be none.

When you have surroundings that are unfavorable you have to ask God to remove them. Here, for instance, is a person living in a family who do not know anything about this Truth, and to those who do not know anything about it the first thought when you mention is, "How perfectly foolish." As a rule, they do not believe in it, and they cannot until they are convinced; their thought is against you. In the first place, realize who you are and what you are, and who God is, what He is. Then affirm that God Almighty's Truth does protect you and radiate from you into the hearts of those surrounding you, and that their minds cannot hold you down or hold you back. Ask God for whatever you want, believing you are going to get it. If you want evil you would not get it, and I do not think there are very many people in the world who want evil bad enough to ask for it anyway. They would not get it in any event, because God gives nothing but good. Everything that is good belongs to you, but evil, of course, is nothing, only the realization and belief in error. Believe in the good, realize for the good, and you will have everything you want.

There is another great source of destruction to the human family, and that is this fear and anxiety that cause nervousness, cause insomnia and cause various other so-called errors. It is all a lack of perfect trust in God. You who

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have read my little book, which, by the way, you all should have if you haven't, called "Divine Healing," will find in it a little prayer which if you will utter when you go to sleep or if you wake during the night will give you sleep. Here comes carnal mind filling you with thoughts. Say to them, "Get behind me, satan," and then repeat the little prayer, "God gives me sleep, beautiful, healthful, happy sleep, and He gives it to me now, and I thank Him and praise Him for all in the name of Jesus Christ."

Remember, my dears, in all these prayers, if I haven't emphasized it enough, to ask everything in the name of Jesus Christ. Now, there are a great many scientists, so-called, who do not believe in that. I have had them write to me and say, "I would just as lief ask anything in the name of Colonel Sabin or any Tom, Dick or Harry." These people by a system of suggestion can heal the sick in a way, but I never knew any that could heal the sick as Jesus did or as our students do, in His name, that do not use His name. We have power infinite in the name of Jesus Christ, power that we would not have in any other way. When the Apostles Peter and John were going up to the temple a poor man was there asking for alms. He held out his hand asking for something. Peter saw him and said, "Look on us; silver and gold have we none, but such as we have give we unto thee; in the name of Jesus Christ I command you to rise up and walk." That healed him. When Peter said those words he sent with it the realization of the allness and perfection of good. The man leaped for joy, and the healing was done in the name of Jesus Christ.

Our Savior, when He was giving His disciples his last talk, while He was going up the mountain, said, "Preach the gospel to all the world; wherever you go, teach it, and these signs shall follow those who believe your teachings, in My name they shall do," etc. There is no name in heaven or earth, above or below, whereby we can go to God Almighty, except through the name of Jesus Christ. Mark you, hold to this thought; let it be your sheet anchor. By and by we will speak the Word as Peter did, and in every instance we will heal the sick. Now, there is this about speaking the Word which I will say along this thought of prayer, that I have never yet been able to speak the Word but that there was an instantaneous healing. I have done it in many hundreds of cases of healing, and why I cannot do it at all times I cannot say. I haven't yet found out, but the time will come when we will speak the Word, and we will heal everything by the spoken Word. We are in the formative state, so to speak, but we are progressing. Whenever emergency occurs I have always been able to speak the Word and get the Truth, and there always have instantaneous healings. My experience is the experience of many of my students. They are enabled at times to speak the Word. It is getting more frequent, and my constant affirmation is, God Almighty gives me power to speak the Word. I have it, and I thank Him for it in the name of Jesus Christ. You shall be able to do as Jesus said, "You shall do the works that I do and even greater, because I go to My Father." Jesus is our Advocate. He is the One through whom we get the power, in Whose name we exercise it, and God Almighty responds when you make the proper affirmation.

Along these lines there is another thought that has been cursing the world all these centuries, and that is eternal

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damnation, the damnation hereafter of a changeable God. All these things must be overcome by the Truth and understanding that God Almighty is good, that God Almighty is Love; not that He has love, but that He is Love; that He is Good and that He is Life. We are His image and likeness, and you cannot bring hatred out of good, you cannot bring darkness out of sunshine, you cannot form a lie out of the Truth, you cannot make God go back on Himself; therefore, all that thought of future evil is false, unreal and untrue.

The condition is as you make it. I do not mean to say by any means that a person who passes out of this existence red-handed in crime and filled with iniquity goes into Heaven, into harmony, not by any means; but the time will come when by his own exercise, through Jesus Christ, God Almighty will redeem him. He will be redeemed some time, somewhere, but that we have to pay the penalty for every sin that has ever been committed there is no question. You must come to God Almighty repenting your sins, in the name of Jesus Christ asking that you be relieved. If you do, you come within the promise; but when you are mourning about your friends know this, that life is deathless, that God Almighty is Life and that God Almighty cannot die; that your friend is His image and likeness, whether he is here or elsewhere. You cannot see him with your so-called physical eyes, but whether he is within the veil or not he is still living to you and to God, and there is no such thing as death. He is going on with his work, is working out his own salvation as you and I have to do either here or hereafter.

When they were discussing this subject of the kingdom of God, the Pharisees asked Jesus, "Where is this kingdom of Heaven?" He answered, "It does not come by observation; you cannot say, 'Lo, here it is, or lo, there it is,' but it is within." The kingdom of God is within you, the mind of God Almighty that permeates you; if you have accepted of it and appropriated it, it is the kingdom of Heaven. It gives you harmony; it gives you love, fills you full of happiness and joy and contentment, and destroys all fear of want and makes you happy from the morning until the night, and from the night until the morning. God Almighty throws over you His beautiful garment of eternal and beautiful love and we dwell under it, and we accept of the sweet. We enjoy the flowers, we enjoy the happiness and we enjoy the fruits; we love our God, our beautiful Father, and we love one another, because we are all of the same family, living, moving and having our existence in eternal love.

Holding the thought of abundance is the first step toward its manifestation. Being alert in doing whatever comes to you to do, cheerfully and completely, is the second step—very essential and necessary to the fulfillment of the law.—*Power.*

Wisdom is the lamp of love, and love is the oil of the lamp. Love, sinking deeper grows wiser; and wisdom that springs up aloft comes ever the nearer to love. If you love, you must needs become wise; be wise, and you surely shall love.—*Maurice Macterlinck.*

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The Story of a Lawyer's Conversion to Evangelical Christian Science

LECTURE—BISHOP OLIVER C. SABIN

THE story of the lecture this morning might almost be termed the history of my coming into this New Thought. My reasons for giving these experiences occasionally is that the experience of one has a tendency to help others. I receive more or less letters every year and every month, asking me how I happened to come into the Christian Science thought, and with my multifarious and multitudinous correspondence it is impossible for me to answer those communications. Therefore, I take this opportunity to tell not only you, but all our readers throughout the world, the story of my conversion to Evangelical Christian Science.

In the Spring of 1897, early in March, a gentleman who was working for the corporation of which I was the president, had been healed of what was called the morphine habit. He was taking morphine in quantities sufficient to have killed twenty well persons every day. He was healed by divine power in answer to prayer, through the methods of Christian Science. There were seven of us lawyers in this corporation, each of us having his own room. Occasionally I would hear this man talking of some kind of religion to this one or that one. Personally, with the exceptions of funerals and weddings, I had given up going to church. I had been inside of a church, with these exceptions, but once in ten years.

The doctrines that Jesus Christ taught us, that God is Love, on the one hand, and this black night of eternal damnation and punishment held up to you on the other to me were inharmonious. I did not believe it, and I did not know what I did believe; but I knew that it gave me no satisfaction and no comfort, and the best thing and the only thing that I could do was to stay away, which I did. But I made this a rule absolutely in my life, that I would never permit myself to discuss with anybody or to say anything against religion for fear that I might be doing somebody some harm.

This young gentleman one day came into my room. I was dictating letters, and at a moment of respite from my work he spoke to me about religion. He had the enthusiasm of a new convert. I spoke to him, calling him by name, and said, "Don't you see that I have too much work to do to listen to you? All I have to say is that if you have a religion that does you any good stay by it, and don't permit any person to tear you away from it. I can't listen to you, and I wish you to go out," and I drove him out of the room.

A month or six weeks after that, one Saturday afternoon, after we had dismissed all of our clerks, as we did at one o'clock, I had been delayed in my work, and I had to keep my helper until about three o'clock. After she had gone and I had closed up my desk I looked around. This young man was in my room, sitting with his feet out at the window. It was a warm day in May. I lit a cigar and

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sat down and commenced to talk to him. Directly he said, "Did you ever see my arm?" "No, what is the matter with your arm?" He pulled up his sleeve, and wherever a hypodermic needle could go, apparently, it had been there with its load of deadly poison. Being the son of a physician, I knew thoroughly well what his ailment had been, and I knew what a hell he had passed through.

"How did you get rid of it?" I asked. "Some Christian Scientists cured me," he said. So far as I know that was the first time I had ever heard the name Christian Scientist. If I had ever heard it before I had placed it with the fortune tellers, mountebanks, spiritualists, seances, here and there. I had nothing to do with any of them, whom, I believed, it were a good thing to stay away from; and I stayed away, as though they were the plague. "Who are these people," I asked. He said, "They are a lot of people that meet down here at the Scottish Rite Hall." "How did they heal you?" "They claimed that God did it."

That was the only thought that had come into my mind that was harmonious and attractive since boyhood. I remember asking my father one day why men did not heal the sick now as the Savior and the apostles did, and he gave me the answer that Jesus and His apostles healed the sick simply to prove the divine mission of Jesus Christ, and that we had the history of their work, and that was sufficient for us. That had to be satisfactory to me, whether it was or not, and I do not know that I ever thought of it again until this young man told me that they claimed that God did heal the sick.

The next morning was Sunday morning, and this young man invited myself and another friend to come and attend services. I came. There was something about it that was attractive; the thought was attractive. I thought, "Is it possible that God Almighty does heal the sick? Is it true that during all these centuries we have been laboring in darkness and ignorance and superstition, and have lost the vital spark of Christianity?" To make a long story short, I attended their meetings for perhaps five or six weeks; became more or less interested, until I sat down to study in my library regularly every night, unless something unusual happened. I always went to my library about half-past six and left it at two in the morning. This course of study I kept up for nine months.

After I had studied for six months I became possessed of the knowledge that God did heal the sick in answer to prayer. I proved it in hundreds and hundreds of cases; put my hand upon a person who had a pain or an ache, or something the matter with him, and asked God Almighty to destroy it in the plain, simple way, and the prayer was always answered instantaneously. My own son had a case of erysipelas. One eye was closed. It was as bad a case perhaps as any I ever saw; it was a very bad case. I kneeled down and put my hand upon him, and asked God Almighty to heal him in a prayer of perhaps two or three minutes or less; I got up and said, "Will, you will be all right; you are all right; you do not have to stay here unless you want to; I am going upstairs to take a nap." In about an hour I woke up and heard somebody in the bathroom. I went in there, and Will was washing. "What are you doing, Will?" I said. "I am washing this grease off." "All right; wash it off; it has no business there." I went down into the library and went to reading. He stayed up all that after-

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noon for perhaps two hours before dinner, ran around the house, played with his boy with his left eye still shut. He sat down and ate dinner with the family, and sat up until about eight or nine o'clock that night, and when he went to bed he was not one particle sick. Before he went to bed I could see his left eye begin to open a little. By morning the swelling was all gone, except here and there a red speck; and by the next morning, which was Monday morning, he went to work in the navy yard at his usual vocation.

God answered the simple petition of prayer, and that was the result. I thought that I had made the discovery that all of this to-do about the realization and second sight and all that was nothing more or less than humbuggery put upon the people either through ignorance or intentionally, and that that was all there was in Christian Science, so-called, and that the system of God healing was simply prayer and God's answer to it.

I studied on, and in about nine months after I commenced the study, I think it was in February, after I had closed my books and lit my last cigar for the night before going to bed, I was sitting thinking, and here came the realization, so to speak. I felt as though it had come tripping along like a little girl ten or twelve years old. "Here I am; look at me." My first thought was, "How beautiful it is!" because it was so simple. My second thought was, "Why have I not known it all my life?"

Now that realization, if I could tell you in one word, or in one sentence, or in one paragraph, the plain understanding that came to me that God is All, and All that is is God; that therefore there is no opposite, and there can be no opposite; that consequently all that is is good. You may put it in a hundred different ways, but it will always bring itself around to this cardinal principle. You may call it the One Life, Unity, the Universal Unity; but every time it is the understanding, what we term the realization.

The next session of Congress a gentleman in Congress in making a speech spoke of the Christian Science Church to illustrate some point he was making on the subject of politics. I happened to be in the gallery of the House with some ladies who had come from Boston, just as this came on. I paid no attention to it. One of the ladies turned to me and said, "He is talking about Christian Science."

A few days after that the young man who had led me to Christian Science came to me and said, "I wish you would write that man up." We had a magazine, the Washington News Letter. He said, "Write him up; he has made fun of Christian Science." We as an association wrote men up or wrote them down, just as we chose. That was part of our business. I told him to look up his record. He looked up his record. It was such a record as was open to attack from several standpoints of a very serious character. I told him, "All right, I will write him up." Sunday afternoon, perhaps the next one after that, I was sitting in my library, and I thought, "I will write this man up." I pulled out a little table that I have when I want to write in the middle of the room, got a tablet and sat down to write the man up, as we called it, or to destroy him. That was the way we wrote men up in politics.

The idea came to me, "This is the first article that I ever attempted to write on the subject of religion. Why not ask God to help me?" I bowed my head, and

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asked God to direct my thoughts and give me words, so that the article might redound to the benefit not only of the man who was being written up but to those who should read the article. After I wrote it I was very much displeased with it, and the first impulse was to tear it up and throw it into the waste basket. My wife was sitting at the other end of the library, and I concluded that I would ask her what she thought about it. She thought it was good. I concluded to ask Mr. Dulin, and he said it was very fine. I took it down to the two Eddyites in charge of the church here, and read it to them at their home, and they were very much pleased and delighted. They said publish, and I did publish it.

Now, there was not one word in the article against that man. There was no vindictiveness, no harshness in it; nothing but perfect love, so much so that it converted him and his family to the thought of Christian Science. The man wrote me a letter saying that we should not think that he was charging or saying anything disrespectful of Christian Science, and that he respected Christian Scientists very much, and I published his letter. The article that I wrote revolutionized my life. It was sent out to a number of Eddyites throughout the world, and they commenced to buy the paper. Soon the supply was exhausted, and a supplement had to come out. It killed the paper politically so dead that if a politician would see one of our men, as they would tell me, he would almost run from them. They were afraid to have us for them and afraid to have us against them, and they were in a perfect quandary. About the worst thing that we could do was to say anything for a man in a paper that was given to Christian Science. But the most wonderful thing, I think, was that the partners got together and voted to give me the Washington News Letter, take it out of the corporation and make me a present of it, which they did. And this very man Dulin, who had got me to write the article, was so much opposed to us mixing politics with religion that he withdrew as associate editor, and I had a paper that was free; and I was converted and it was converted, without a clientele; then I thought, "If you do not want politics any more I will give you religion, and I commenced writing on religion. By June of that year the leader of the Christian Science Church told all of her people throughout the world to take my magazine. It went by skips and bounds until we had almost half a hundred thousand subscribers, a wonderful advancement, and my paper was almost idolized by them.

But as I came to know more of the so-called Christian Science Church and their methods I felt that I could not stay with them. It was the elimination of Jesus Christ from the equation. The Christ Truth had come the second time and was personified in a book known as "Science and Health," written by Mr. Eddy. I did not believe it. I believed then, and I believe now, that Jesus Christ will come in person. I believe that the words of the angel, spoken to the Israelites as they were looking at Jesus Christ as He went up, will be fulfilled. They were promised then and there that this same Jesus would come again in like manner; and I believe the time is coming when this universal thought of Universal Love will go over all the earth, and the Jesus Christ Truth will harmonize all the evils of humanity, and He himself will come again, and we will live and dwell together forever and for aye.

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That is my belief. I could not stand for that other. Notwithstanding my money was averaging me from three to four hundred dollars a day, I could not stay there. I had to go away; I had to go. It was a subject of prayer with me and my wife for months, and one night I received the command as much as if I had heard it from a cannon, "Unchain the Truth; it shall be free." I heard no voice, and yet I heard a voice the same as Moses did when he saw the burning bush and heard the voice. I have no doubt that I have heard the same kind of voice that he heard, and have at several different times. And yet I heard no voice. And when that voice or that command came to me I never hesitated, and from that day to this I have given my life to unchaining this Truth or scattering it to all the world. I am not seeking the plaudits or the money of humanity. All I ask for humanity is to love me so long as I am worthy of love, and I hope to merit it by my conduct; and I ask nobody for any favors; nothing. God Almighty alone is the source from which I draw all, and my whole work is to unchain the Truth.

We came out in this Evangelical Church and we started it, and the dissemination of the Truth from this one center has been the greatest of every other combination in all the world. I speak from a knoweldge of the facts. There is no other center that gives it out free. I have been giving it out free for the last fourteen years, and I expect to continue it until the time shall come when it will not be necessary to keep on in that way.

Now, this is the story of a lawyer's conversion. I have not tried a lawsuit; I have not engaged in politics, had no part or parcel in it since, except the writing of three or four articles, and I have no desire to mix up with anything of that kind.

The only thing for humanity is this great Truth. It is a Truth that will not only make your life successful, but it will harmonize your thoughts and give you health, strength and vigor. It will give you intelligence. It will give you honesty, and, above all, it will fill your heart with love for God and love for your brother. It will teach you to get yourself in the place where you can love your brother as you love yourself; and when you do want anything you will be enabled to go on his side from his standpoint and judge what should be given him from that viewpoint. It is the only religion. It is the all and in all. It is the gift that God Almighty has given to man. It is what brings us in close contact with God, giving us a Father and a God who leads us. It does not belong to any church. You can practice it as well in one church as another, but it is the great, broad, universal Truth that links the unity of God and the unity of man with the One Life. The One Mind centers all, and all must and does come through this great channel of Universal Infinity.

I see that my time has closed. I trust that the few words I have said upon this subject will lead some one or many to study. Wherever a person takes up this thought with the understanding that he wants to know what this Truth is, all he has to do is to study, give to the consideration of the subject an honest endeavor to know the Truth; ask God for wisdom and spiritual understanding, and He will guide him; and these demonstrations that you have heard us speak of will come to him, and he can demonstrate and he can prove the Truth of everything I

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have told you by his own efforts in answer to his own prayers. It depends upon no one man; it depends upon nothing but the God Almighty Truth. Bring to your work an honest desire, and be ready with a heart filled with love, and you will be mighty in the kingdom of Universal Good.

The Purpose of Existence

C. D. LARSON In "Unity"

THE great purpose of existence everywhere is to move upward and onward. We all live for the purpose of living more, and we have no right to say that we are going to live less after a while, or do less after a while. That is contrary to the law of human existence for this reason. All our thinking, all our feelings, all our aspirations, all our ambitions and desires, must harmonize themselves with the upward and onward tendency. I have accomplished so much; then I will aspire to accomplish more. When I have realized my ideal, then I will aspire to still greater ideals, and when I have realized them I will aspire to one that is greater still. I will inspire every atom in my entire being to have that beautiful picture before me, and will think of that. I will make it a part of my life to such an extent that I will never forget that it is a heart thought; in this way it becomes second nature. Examine our mental states through the day. How do they compare with that beautiful conception of life? When I recognize loss and defects everywhere and impress them upon my mind I am turning my mind toward lesser things. I will look for the good and beautiful in every one, and if I see something that is not good and beautiful, I will say, "This shall pass away, what of it?" It does not make any difference how much a man or woman may know, how unlearned and unrefined, the good is ten and twenty times greater than the bad in its worst form. Why should we recognize such an insignificant thing. People say, "I cannot recognize the good in everybody because I see so much that is bad." It is not so. If you are looking at everything squarely in life, mind and soul, you will not see much that is bad. You will see more that is good than you dream of. So do not pay any attention to the weakness that you see here and there. People tell us, "This is a beautiful theory, but what are you going to do with it right here in this world of sin and wrong?" We are simply going to do this: Use common sense, and common sense declares that no individual can justly call the minority greater than the majority. Take the life of any person, take any environment and investigate closely and see if you do not find ten times as much good as there is anything else. When one is looking for the good and beautiful and lets the other pass by because it is contrary, and must soon pass away, he is simply using good sense. He is counting that which is in the majority.

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The Chastisement of the Lord

CHESTER EDGAR PRATHER, In "Power"

WHAT is meant by the chastisement of the Lord? This may give us a new view of many things contained in the Bible, because throughout all ages concerning the dealings of God with man we have simply the portrayal of man's opinion of God.

We have these words as an historical fact, as well as a spiritual fact, that man was created in the image and likeness of God; that he is in his nature just like God, which is reasonable from the standpoint that like produces like. Jesus said grapes could not be gathered from thistles, or pure, sweet water be got from bitter fountains, because as you are so will your expression be. As God is, so must all His creations be. I do not care what sins or troubles may be bothering the world, if we get right down to the basis and remember that God is the Source and that God is good, then all these expressions must be good. It is simply our idea of separation that makes them not seem to be good.

We look at external things and think they are something of themselves, outside of God, and as they seem to live and move by some power, we attribute that power as belonging to the thing; and in that way we get the idea of two powers—one good and one bad. In this originated the thought of the devil, and it has been carried all the way down. It is recorded in the Bible as though it were a reality. If there is a devil, a being, a personality, an entity, it must have come from the One Source, from God; and if God created a devil, the devil must be good. God, being good, could not produce anything which is not good. Like produces like. When you reason thus, you simply smash your old thoughts about the devil all to pieces.

The devil is simply the adverse state of mind. If we see all sorts of powers and troubles, we have just that many devils. When Jesus was tempted, it was simply this adverse state of mind which came up in him and said, "Here I am trying to uplift humanity. The people have been lost in things of sense, and I am trying to bring them out of that; but I have no place to sleep, no home, none of these things. Still, if I wanted to, if I would use my powers that way, I could have the wealth of the world. I could be ruler over all the kingdoms." That was the devil, and that is what the Bible characterizes as the devil. It is simply that adverse state of mind where we turn to externals instead of staying with God. It took Jesus forty days and forty nights, without eating, to overcome it.

So many people yield to temptation—this adverse state of mind. Jesus said that if we stick to it long enough these things will drop away. So many people want to be healed instantaneously. They have their own opinion about the way God should heal them. Still they do not let God heal them at once. They do not really expect it. They expect the healing to be slow. Some people say they want a month's treatment. They are placing a limitation on God.

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They expect a slow, gradual unfoldment, and it will not come any faster, because they have put on the brakes.

When man was created in the image and likeness of God he was absolutely perfect; and if he ever was perfect, he is perfect to-day. We have simply put aside the fact and have formulated our own opinions. I do not know how it came that people in the early Biblical times, when they lived six or seven hundred years and more, began to think that the earth-life should be only so long. The average life now is thirty-three years. We have been putting on limitations all the time, and almost every day we are having new diseases. They are not discovered; they are just made, formulated or pictured in some mentality, and the symptoms and effects published in the newspaper. People read about it and think they have the same disease.

After man became conscious of himself he began to formulate God, to picture Him, to imagine Him, with certain limitations. Man, being limited or finite in his consciousness, could not picture a Being who was limitless. We have our boundaries set, and that is as far as we can see. Anything beyond that we cannot see or comprehend. So man has been making God all the time after his own thought.

A rule for the interpretation of the Bible. Sometimes you will find conflicting statements, and where this occurs all lesser truths must give way to the larger truth. If there is seeming conflict between any passages in the Bible, the one which is most limited must give way to the more universal truth.

"God is angry with the wicked every day." If God is angry, He cannot be always good, so what must be the conclusion concerning this? Why, that it is man's conception of God. Moses looked out upon the world and saw that the people were living in the things of sense, that they had forgotten God, and were simply trying to enjoy themselves as fleshly bodies, and when sorrows and troubles would come upon them they would bemoan them and live in them. They were not following after the higher things, and it provoked Moses. His idea was that if he were God he would be sorry he ever made man, and then, being what we call religious, aspiring to the highest, he concluded that that would be God's opinion, and so attributed it to God to be sorry he ever made man. Another verse says, "God repented that he ever made man," which contradicts the infinite love and wisdom and intelligence of God.

These passages have been stumbling-blocks to many a Christian, reading the letter only, but when you know that all you have to do is to go back to the very first and see God as *All-Good*, as all Presence, all Love and Wisdom, as the Source of all expression, then you know that everything must be right and good, and these verses are simply man's conception of God.

They said God "said" these things just as to-day we say that God speaks through us; but if we make a misstatement and say something which is not literally true, and tell people that God said it, it would not make it true.

Another verse says, "Then I will walk contrary unto you also in fury." That is, if you do wrong. "I, even I, will chastise you seven times for your sins."

Second Samuel, 7: 14: "I will be his father and he shall be my son." There is a truth perceived. I will be the Father because I am the Source. You shall

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be my heir, my son. You shall have all I have because you are just like me. "If he commit iniquity I will chastise him with the rod of men and with the stripes of the children of men." This is man's conception. In the sixth and seventh chapters of Second Chronicles there is quite a history of man's opinion of what God would do to Israel if they committed sins. He would send plagues upon them and droughts, but "if they will turn and pray unto God he will open the heavens and send rain and redeem the land." Job says, "Happy is the man whom God correcteth. Therefore, despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty."

What is it that brings this chastening? Is it God? No. There is a fundamental law underlying all these expressions, but it is not clearly expressed. There is a way of righteousness which, if we tread in it, will bring joy, peace, harmony; but if we get out of that way, which is the Lord's way, the way of harmony with Spirit, then we get among the snags and briars which grow along the outside, in the external. If we go out of the path, no one puts us out, but we get pricked by the briars. These experiences simply show us that we are off the track. If you put your hand against the hot stove the pain teaches you that you are out of relation, out of proper adjustment with that stove; and so when experiences come they contain a lesson.

There is a law which underlies all action. If you violate any law of life you simply get the result of that violation, but *you* are responsible and not God. If you get sick, it is because *you* have placed yourself out of harmony with Divine Law; it is not God punishing you. The old idea was to rule with a rod, and until recently parents have thought that was the way to bring up a child—that the more they whipped the better they would be. We are finding out that that is not the best way. A child has ideas of right as well as grown people. If a child is reasoned with, it will catch the true idea quickly.

Now the statement that if the people would turn unto the Lord he would send rain, etc., is simply a recognition of the *law* that if you are out of harmony, if you are sick or in poverty, if you will turn to the Lord, get into harmony with the very essence of life, your outer conditions will begin to correspond. While they understand from the external, we now see the law *within*.

David said, "Oh, rebuke me not in thine anger." It was simply David's opinion that when he did wrong and got the results of that wrong-doing, it was God punishing him. "Neither chastise me in thy displeasure." Think of God being mad, vindictive! "Before I was afflicted I went astray," That means that by going astray there came afflictions, and that it was himself that brought them. It was not God at all. It was simply the natural result of a cause. "But now I have kept thy words." Therefore I have harmony again. "I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me."

Solomon said, "My son, despise not the chastisements of the Lord." That is, do not condemn these experiences when they come, because you have put yourself out of harmony with the Lord. "Neither be wearied of his correction." Take all that comes and stand it. It comes because of your own doing, your own thinking.

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So do not blame your mistakes or shortcomings or sickness on God. It is simply to teach you that through your own shortcomings, first through thinking and then through acting, you have been plunging into experiences which are unpleasant, but which contain a lesson; the lesson that harmony, health, comes in being in perfect accord with God. Therefore, get right. When we come to the realization that we, individually, are responsible, then will we correct ourselves. We have nothing to do with other people or even conditions. Get right with God, and then all these things will simply fall into line.

THE HILL O' DREAMS

My grief! for the days by an' done,
When I was a young girl, straight an' tall,
Comin' alone at set o' sun
Up the high hill-road from Cushendall,
I thought the miles no hardship then,
Nor the long road weary to my feet—
For the thrushes sang in the cool deep glen
An' the evenin' air was cool an' sweet.

My head with many a thought was throng
An' many a dream as I never told;
My heart would lift at a wee bird's song
Or at seein' a whin-bush covered with gold.
An' always I'd look back at the say
Or the turn o' the road that shut out the sight
Of the long waves curlin' into the bay,
An' breakin' in foam where the sands is white.

I was married young on a dacent man,
As many would call a prudent choice,
But he never could hear how the river ran
Singin' a song in a changin' voice.
Nor thought to see on the bay's blue wather
A ship with yellow sails unfurled,
Bearin' away a king's young daughter
Over the brim of the heavin' world.

The hills seem weary now to my feet,
The miles be's many, and dreams be's few,
The evenin' air's not near so sweet,
The birds don't sing as they used to do.
An' I'm that tired at the top of the hill
That I haven't the heart to turn at all
To watch the curlin' breakers fill
The wee round bay at Cushendall.

—*Helen Lanyon, in the New Ireland Review.*

GOD IS LOVE

Oh, tell the story;
Do not keep it hid away.
It was given to you to scatter.
Sing, oh, sing, God's love to-day.

Live God's love; 'twill make life brighter,
Out of you let love flow free;
Vibrate love, so shall your brother
Every day God's likeness see.

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IF ONLY YOU WILL

M. Evalyn Davis

It is sunshine and laughter the old World needs,
Happy thoughts, loving words and true.
If you'll give to her freely of noble deeds,
She will flash back her best to you.

There's no "standing in line" to reserve your seat,
That you may enjoy her song;
Throw off your mourning, stand on your feet,
And help push the good along.

Extend the glad hand to all that you meet
On the pathway up Life's rugged hill;
Look love in the eyes of those that you greet.
You can do it, if only you will.

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The White Horse

IN a town across the seas, which bordered on a forest, the people were frightened one night by seeing a very large white horse, with flying tail and mane, dash through the streets and across the fields and gardens, trampling the vegetables or whatever grew in his path.

He only appeared on moonlight nights, and while many people thought he did not want to wet his beautiful white tail and mane, that was not true, for if they had watched they would have seen him swimming across the river and making a beautiful picture in the moonlight, with his tail and mane floating on the water.

Then he would dash up the hill on the other side of the town, but the people were afraid, and at the first appearance of the white horse they would all close their doors and keep out of sight.

After a while some of the young men in town decided to put an end to his visits by catching him, but he was no sooner caught and mounted than he dashed away with the rider into the forest, until seven young men had been carried into the forest and never returned.

At last the people were filled with terror, and the burgomaster of the town offered a large bag of gold to the one that should capture the white horse and hold him.

But this did not tempt the men, for they had no wish to share the fate of the other seven, and the white horse kept up his nightly visits until all the gardens were ruined and there was danger of a famine.

One day a horseman rode through on a beautiful black horse, and, hearing the story of the white horse, he volunteered his services.

The people warned him of the fate of the seven young men, but when night came he rode to the edge of the forest and waited.

The white horse came out, and he let him go on his wild dash and waited for his return, and when he entered the forest he caught at the flowing mane and

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mounted him. The white horse plunged and pranced, but the stranger held him, and taking the bridle from his black horse he threw it over the head of the white horse and rode into the forest.

The white horse knew that a master hand held him now, and he walked along quietly until he came to a very large tree, and there he stopped and knocked three times with his hoof.

From the top of the tree came a voice, saying "Enter," and the tree opened and the horse and rider entered. White horse carried his rider along a dark road, and after riding a long distance the stranger found himself in front of a castle, and out of the tower came a voice, asking, "Have you brought another?"

The stranger looked up and saw a large head looking at him with fiery eyes. "Run with him, white horse," commanded the voice, but the stranger held the reins tight, and the white horse did not move.

The castle door opened and out came a giant so tall that he reached the top of the castle.

"Who are you that holds my white horse in check?" he asked.

The giant laughed and the horse trembled, but the rider patted him, and he grew quiet.

"I will put you with them," said the giant. "Away, away," he said to the horse, and struck him with his big hand.

But the stranger raised his sword and struck at the giant's arm and it fell limp at his side. The giant raised his other arm and the stranger struck at that.

"Now show me where the seven youths are kept," he said to the white horse. The horse walked back of the castle and there the stranger saw seven rocks in a row and a dragon watching them.

The stranger drew his sword and after a hard battle he slew the dragon.

The rocks began to move, and from a cave under each rock came a youth. They were very fat and could hardly walk.

"You have saved us," they said to the stranger; "the giant was fattening us for his feast. We were given all kinds of nice things to eat that we might grow fat and then he intended to eat us."

"Why did you not hold the horse?" asked the stranger. "Why did you let him carry you into the forest?"

"We could not hold him," replied one of the youths, "and we did not think to take a bridle as you did. He dashed away with us, and when he reached the castle he obeyed the giant and brought us here behind the castle and threw us into a hole which had been made to receive us. The giant sends his horse through the country to gather youths from each place that he visits."

"He will not send him again," said the stranger. "Come," he said, "we will see what has become of him."

When they went to the front of the castle the giant had disappeared. "He has run away," said the stranger, "but his power is gone, for I have killed the dragon and I have tamed the white horse. It was as you thought. If you had thrown a bridle over his head you could have tamed him as I have."

It was several days before they reached the town, for the seven youths were so fat they had to travel slowly.

Everyone in the town had given up the stranger, and thought he had fared as the others, but when they saw him and with him the seven youths, they could not say enough in his praise.

The burgomaster gave him the bag of gold, but he gave it to the poor, and told

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the people that he was the son of a king and did not need the money.

"All I ask is the white horse," he said. "I have been looking for one to drive with my black horse."

When the horses were side by side they were of the same height, and the town people were glad to have him take the horse that had caused so much trouble.

Good Advice for the Boy

DR. FRANK CRANE, In "Woman'e World"

IF a man is going to run a race, said a great teacher many years ago, he will lay aside all useless weight, and if he is to fight for his life he wants everything in his favor.

The boy will find that life is both a race and a fight. Whatever prize he wins he will have to run for. Whatever victory he gains he will have to fight for.

Naturally then he is a fool to load up with unnecessary burdens.

Yet there are boys deliberately taking big loads upon their shoulders, strapping big packs on their backs, and doing their best to hold armfuls of waste stuff, while they are running their race.

Then when some fellow comes along, stripped and clean-limbed, and passes by them, and wins easily, these fools blame their "luck," and say they had no chance!

Let me give a few hints therefore how a boy may strip down. I am not going to talk of bad boys and their sins, but of fool boys and their folly: of the useless, unnecessary and senseless burdens boys sometimes carry, when they might as well drop them.

The habit of using any sort of stimulant is a useless handicap. If you have ambition put away tobacco and alcohol. The simplest and easiest way with these two things is to cut them entirely out. If you have got in the way of using them, either just a little or a great deal, there is but one sensible thing to do—stop.

I used to think it might be dangerous for any one to suddenly cease the use of stimulant if he had been accustomed to it; but having served for some years on the prison board, I became acquainted with the cases of many perverted men, not a few of whom had been habitual drunkards, so much so that they had come to prison suffering from occasional fits of delirium tremens; and I discovered that all these persons were compelled to do without any alcohol at all, from the moment they entered confinement, and that not one of them ever died or was seriously injured by the deprivation.

There is but on thing, therefore, to do with the use of tobacco or alcohol: quit. Just Q-U-I-T. Any other advice is ignorant and vicious.

There never was a career in which drinking and smoking ever did any good; and never one in which they did not do much harm.

Impurity of any kind, in habits or in

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speech, is another thing that will work against you.

There is no man or woman on earth that will think more of you for using vulgar and coarse words.

As for unclean habits, if you have anything to do with them you are playing with the poisonest snakes that any human fool ever amused himself with.

Habits of idleness are so much against you.

Nothing is easier than to fall into the way of drifting and trifling. Then, before you know it, your chance is gone.

Of all things that lose positions for boys, that set their employers against them, that keeps them down in the wage scale, that makes them mediocre, underpaid beasts of burden, laziness is the chief.

You will hear a great deal of complaint among workers about the injustice of employers; some of it is true; but idleness and triflingness cause a hundred times more sorrow than greed and tyranny.

Keep away from idle people; associate only with people who work. "Dolessness" is catching.

This brings me to another thing that will be like a millstone around any boy's neck, and that is—bad company.

Quietly withdraw yourself from the society of boys or girls, men or women, who are low.

You don't have to be a prig, nor to assume an air that you think you are better than they; just go away; it's a wide world.

Form no associates to whom you cannot look up.

To be known as the chum of a low or trifling person is against you.

CLIMB UP, LITTLE FELLOWS

Climb up, little fellows, to the saddle of the free;
Climb up on the prancing steed that prances on my knee;
Climb up, little fellows, with the weary eyes that blink,
The little lips of crimson and the little toes of pink;
Climb up for the journey to the land beyond the blue
Where all the fairy playmates come to play and dream with you!

Forget mightily all unpleasant things; never bring them up in conversation, even though they happened only yesterday. Don't let them become memories. Remember only the pleasant things.—*Power.*

By oneself evil is done; by oneself one suffers; by oneself evil is left undone; by oneself one is purified. Purity and impurity belong to oneself; no one can purify another.

It is only those who do not know how to work who do not love it; to those who do, it is better than play—it is religion.—*Power.*

Remember that the class teaching for healers and teachers will begin at the home of Bishop Sabin, No. 1329 M Street N. W., on November 1. Those desiring to attend this special course of lectures should, if possible, make full arrangements to that end before the date of the opening of the lecture course.

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The Fine Art of Forgetting

GLENVILLE ATKINS, In "Nautilus"

ONE of the most valuable assets you can possess is a well trained memory. This does not mean one that retains everything, good and bad. It often happens that the memory retains too much, and one is hampered by the continual flashing on the mental screen of undesirable pictures.

If the day brings you a disagreeable incident, ponder it long enough to extract therefrom its lessons; all experiences have lessons attached to them. See if you have been in fault in any way for what happened, through passion, weakness, indecision, carelessness, or any other wrong attribute. Lay to heart the lesson, whatever it may be, as a safeguard against future mistakes; then resolutely shut the incident itself out of your mind, that its shadows may not obscure the path before you. Constant dwelling on past blunders will so sap your strength and confuse your judgment that you will constantly find yourself falling into error. In avoiding Scylla, you will run on Charybdis, and then, frightened by what you have done, you will rush so far the other way as to collide with Scylla again.

It is only when you are calm that you can exercise your judgment as you should, and if the mind is continually disturbed by discordant voices from the Hall of Memory any unexpected situation will have power to trip you up.

One of the best methods of training yourself to forget an unpleasant thing quickly is to turn your thoughts immediately to some subject of a totally different nature, so that no chance association of ideas may usher in again the unwelcome guest you are trying to bar out. Think of something so interesting that only an invitation is needed to make it rest content in your mind. This will discourage the intrusive thought, and its next attempt at gaining an entrance will be feebler, and the next feebler still, until at last it slinks away into the shadows to return no more.

The method of postponement is an excellent one also. When you feel that you simply must brood over some unpleasantness that has wrought up your feelings, forbid yourself to entertain the thought for a specified length of time—say half an hour. The idea that in a little while you be free to fret yourself as much as you like will quiet your impatience. (This hint is for those who are just beginning to discipline their thoughts, and find the task a difficult one.) When the half hour is up you will probably be so interested in something else that the desire to think of the unpleasant incident will be less keen; then postpone doing so for, say, an hour. Keep this up, lengthening the time of of prohibition, and by and by the bugaboo will die a natural death, or else you will see that you were wrong, and not it, and that consequently all the trouble was a shadow cast by your own perturbed mind.

Keep a sieve over your memory, that it may allow only the finer things to find a resting place there, while the coarse dross is cast aside.

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"Ask, and It Shall Be Given You"

By WM. E. GIBSON

THE first step towards acquiring a thing as laid down by Jesus is to ask.

If you want a thing, you ask for that thing, and if the asking is sufficiently intense that thing "shall be given you," it matters not what the object sought may be or whether it be for or against our best interest. Asking creates conditions favorable for acquisition.

The desire to know about things, to handle them or to possess them is that something back of and prompting every question. The mother recognizes it in the emotions of the baby upon her bosom, in its querying glances, its anxious movements and its eager cries. When the child begins to articulate it fairly bubbles over with questions. Every day, nay, every hour, brings new objects to notice or new phases of those already noted, and the little hungry soul ever asks, asks, asks, and blessed is that parent who has the patience and wisdom to ever answer those little queries. A like desire that prompts the infant queries fills the schools and colleges with youths of every social station, and wise is that master or teacher who is able to keep alive in his pupils the asking spirit.

The experiments of the scientist are but forms of questions asking nature, so called, about her conduct, her laws and secrets, or asking licenses in the acquisition and use of those laws and secrets.

Thus when Jesus says, "Ask and it shall be given you," he expresses an old, well-established truth. Why, then, advise a thing that is ever being done? The reason, it seems to me, is in the fact that answers which satisfy the child's desire fail to satisfy the youth. That which suffices the youth fails to calm maturer thinkers. That which is orthodox to-day becomes heterodox to-morrow. The fad of this season is out of date next.

Life, as far as we are able to grasp its mystery, seems to manifest, primarily, in progress and development. It is a flower of constant unfoldment, whose beauties are always new and fragrance ever fresh. Each era brings new conditions and requirements. Each generation has its peculiar problem to solve, and each stage of individual development presents new aspects of life to be met and mastered. This progress and development stimulate the desire for more knowledge and light upon questions. Then, some questions seem stubborn and refuse to be settled, notwithstanding master minds of all times, nations and generations have grappled with them.

The questions of Life, Love and Truth, their real meaning, application and ultimate end, are as old as the history of man and yet very new to each individual of every succeeding generation. If we go to the physical universe, to the book of nature, so called, concerning such questions, before we have comprehended her preface page, we find ourselves in a wilderness of thought, with no path to follow, no chart to direct. If we turn to intellect and calmly apply cold, hard reasoning, when he have accumulated a reservoir of information and knowledge, behold, the mass congeals, and before we are aware all is an iceberg, over which intellect cannot go, through which reason cannot penetrate.

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Still the desire to know does not abate, because the answers are not given, and so we must ask. But who or what must we ask? To whom shall we go? In our bewilderment we take up the thing that has prompted the search. We begin to retrace, to find from whence came Desire, desire to know the seeming unknowable. We find the first traces of it coming out of our inmost selves. Reasoning, we conclude that if the stream of desire has led from within, then the source of the stream must be either within or back of the within.

We are now face to face with and must ask our inmost selves the questions we want to be answered. We must get acquainted with our real selves, and so must knock at the door persistently, yet patiently, and ask for entrance to the inner chamber, where resides the real self. The door will surely open if we "faint not." Jesus tells us that the Kingdom of Heaven is within; therefore, when the door of the inner self opens we enter the Kingdom. Once consciously within that Kingdom—the Kingdom within—all knowledge is open to us, all questions will be answered, all problems will be solved.

We may now seek out such as we have need of and use for. Once in, we are prepared to knock at the door of universal supply and know it will open. "In my Father's House are many mansions," and the door to every mansion will open to the right knock. But until the door to the Father's House opens we must content ourselves to ask. When, therefore, we ask, if it be with the understanding that we have that for which we ask before we ask, then we ask in faith and in truth, and must receive an answer. We have the "Kingdom of Heaven within us," the source both of demand and supply. This truth fully realized unlocks the door to the so-called mystery of life. But until that realization or spiritual understanding is experienced we must ask. We must learn to seek good within ourselves, seek God in his Kingdom, not in the stars, not from the physical world, not from the intellect, for while He is in all of these we must pass through the door of our inner selves and look out upon these with awakened eyes to discern Him.

In closing, I say to all who seek for light and truth, "Ask and it shall be given." Is life to you, dear reader, in any of its phases at all perplexing? Then lift up your heads and thank God that you have the solution.

Do you have a longing for that satisfying something called peace? Then ask God for it, ask and don't doubt. Know that God is in His Kingdom and that His Kingdom is in you.

Does there seem to be an aching void within which pleasure and society, study and travel have failed to fill? Then take courage, my sister, my brother, for you have need of being filled. Ask, affirming that you do receive, and you shall receive that for which you seek.

Has sickness overtaken you and medicine failed you? Ask. "The prayer of faith shall save the sick." Do the clouds of poverty lower about you? Claim prosperity as your due. Affirm that you have it and it will manifest itself in due time, if you believe and don't doubt.

Whatever you have need of, whether health, happiness, prosperity, money, prestige; harmony in home, family circles and social surroundings or whether it be knowledge of ordinary matters and affairs or insight into the deeper and higher meaning of life and things, for all ask. Ask God, the source of all that is, and you shall receive.

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Peace Universal

By DR. JOHN D. MILES

AGREE with thine adversary quickly while thou art in the way with him. St. Matthew, 5:25. "Resist not evil. If any man sue thee at law and take thy coat, let him have thy cloak also."

We cannot expect peace to prevail and be universal until we have established perfect peace within our own minds. We cannot say to our brother, "Let me pull out the mote of thine eye" until we first remove the beam from our own. There is a universal thought or desire for peace. It is Christ being made manifest. Nations as well as individuals are seeking the Truth, endeavoring to obey the injunction of Jesus Christ, "Make friends with your adversary."

As an evidence of this Spirit of Peace there has been erected on the border of the two Republics of South America, Chile and Argentine, a great peace monument. This monument is surmounted by the statue of Our Redeemer as an emblem of Eternal Peace and Love. This Peace Monument was dedicated to all the world as an emblem of Christian Love. These two warlike nations, which have been antagonists for nearly a century, have made peace and have symbolically beaten the sword into the ploughshare. On the granite base are inscribed the words, "Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than Argentines and Chileans break the peace to which they have pledged themselves at the feet of Christ, the Redeemer."

This expression of Love and Unity on the part of those warlike nations is a precedent for other nations. Already there is a world-wide movement on foot among the most civilized nations of the world to abolish war and settle all national differences by arbitration, Peace, Love and Harmony being more earnestly preached by the ministers of all creeds. Thus they are fulfilling the Scripture, "Depart from evil and do good. Seek peace and pursue it—Psalm 34:14. "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." John 8:32.

To know the Truth is to know that evil cannot be destroyed or overcome by antagonizing it with evil. Love (God) is the only power that can destroy it. To know the Truth is to cleanse our hearts and minds of evil, and when this is done we are at peace with all the world, but it is impossible with nations as well as individuals to be at peace while combating evil with evil. To overcome an adversary, though his hand is raised to strike you, know that God (Love) is your protector, and his hand will fall helpless at his side and he cannot harm you; neither will he desire to do so. Our hearts must be filled with Love. Christ said, "Watch and pray;" overcome all thought of wrongdoing. "The words of the Lord are pure words, as silver tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times"—Psalm 12:6.

Peace Universal is all the world living the higher and better life. Love your neighbor, love your fellow-man, by seeking for Good (God) in them, and realize that in Spirit all is Love, and that so-called evil is nothing, therefore does not

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exist, except in the corrupt material mind of man. We must not talk about or see evil in others. "I judge no man, was the word of Christ"—John, 8:15. To be at peace with all the world is to conquer selfishness and know there is but one Self, God.

All health, harmony, happiness and possessions are God's; therefore, logically ours, as we live, move and have our being in Him.

In working and praying for universal peace we are not looking to our material senses for Truth, but to the Divine Light within, "That light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

Never join in conversation that dwells upon the dark side of life. He who holds the thought of love and denies the reality of matter and believes that Spirit is the only true substance finds himself no longer burdened by materiality.

Many persons worry about the future life to be lived in Heaven. Just drop that thought out of your mind, and devote your talent, time and prayers to an effort to live the higher life right here on earth in this beautiful world where God in the beginning created and placed you, and if you succeed and live in God's beautiful sunshine and fill others with Happiness, Love, Peace and Harmony you will then inherit and dwell in Heaven whether it be a place or condition.

BELIEVE IN THY CREATOR AND THYSELF

"Trust in thine own untried capacity,
As thou wouldst trust in God himself.
Thy soul is but an emanation from the Whole.
Thou dost not dream what forces lie in thee,
Vast and unfathomed as the mighty sea,
Thy silent mind o'er diamond caves may roll.
Go seek them and let pilot Will control
Those passions which thy favoring wind may be.

"No man can place a limit on thy strength.
Such triumphs as no mortal ever gained
May yet be thine, if thou wilt but believe
In thy Creator and thyself. At length
Some feet must tread some heights now unattained;
Why not thine own? Press on, achieve, achieve!"

SONG

The more of love, which thou hast gleaned,
The more of God in thee,
The more of life, the more of light,
Love gives abundantly.

Know love, for love alone can break
The chains, which bind to earth,
Love comes and lo! the soul awakes
Unto a glad new-birth.

—*Lura Brower.*

Remember that the class teaching for healers and teachers will begin at the home of Bishop Sabin, No. 1329 M Street N. W., on November 1. Those desiring to attend this special course of lectures should, if possible, make full arrangements to that end before the date of the opening of the lecture course.

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Thou Shalt Not

By JANE W. YARNELL

IN the Commandments given by Moses, it will be noticed that he always used the negative "Thou shalt not." And why? Simply because he had not grown or unfolded to the point of knowing a better way. Moses represents a certain degree of unfoldment. He knew that to lie or steal, or bear false witness, were not Godly, and he made the Ten Commandments to agree with his unfoldment. He did not understand the laws of Mind, nor did he appreciate the tendency of the words upon the human nature, and especially upon the people he was leading to the promised land.

In these days people have learned that it is human nature to want to do whatever is forbidden, and it is reasonable to suppose that the children of Israel were not so different from the human family of the present day. Moses was a good man and a Godly man as he understood Godliness, but he had not reached the period of unfoldment that would have insured peace and prosperity among his people. They were always in trouble, in war, and in discord as long as Moses lived, and during their journeying they were a great source of discouragement and distress to their leader, and yet they relied upon him for help in every emergency. They found fault with his leadership. They reproached him for what they suffered, and really seemed to lack understanding of his trials. Shall we say that his trials and his efforts to satisfy the people were due to the negative character of those commandments? No. We must realize the circumstances, and realize that the history or allegory of the Pentateuch is a portrayal of the unfoldment of the human intellect. It was true so far as it went, but it was not the whole Truth, and Moses was faithful so far as he knew. He served the people through all their fault-finding and their unreasonable criticisms to the end.

Let us turn to the New Testament, and see how the testimony of Jesus and His followers opens up a new conception for those who read between the lines and realize the unfoldment of the soul.

In the advent of Jesus "The Christ" He never said "Thou shalt not," but instead He said, "Do thus and so." He said, "Love one another," and "Love your neighbor as yourself;" not better than yourself, but as yourself, and the Love was to be the sign of a true believer. He said, "By this ye may know that ye have passed from death unto life, if ye Love the brethren."

We are left to judge whether our Love for the brethren is genuine or otherwise. If genuine, it will be free from condemnation and free from unkind criticism, censure or blame. Such is the Christian character that attracts. No one is attracted by the condemnation or criticism of those who are so ready to censure every apparent act, while by forbearance and patience they may attract the souls that have never yet found a true basis for their hopes.

What is it to "pass from death unto life?" It is to have reached a consistent

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understanding of our spiritual nature and its relation to the mortal nature. When such understanding is reached there is no tendency to censure or blame, and those who have been under such influence will feel like one liberated under the influence of the genuine Christianity which is free from anything Pharisaical or forbidding, because there is no tendency to want to indulge in what is forbidden. All is good, and the ability to see it so is the evidence of a pure heart.

ONE WOMAN'S STORY

Glendale, Cal., Aug. 15, 1911.

Dear Bishop Sabin:

I have been waiting almost a year to write you. I wanted to be sure that it was the reading of your Christology that was making a new woman of me.

Three years ago I had a severe attack of poisoning, so bad that my hands and arms, feet and legs bloated so badly that my physician and husband thought as a last resort to send me to the hot mud baths. I do not believe that either of them thought I would ever get well.

As I was taking the car a friend of my husband handed me Christology, the first one I had ever seen; in fact, the first time I had ever heard of you. I took the book, not thinking to read it, for I did not believe in it. But there was very little reading matter to be had out in that desert waste, so I picked up your book and began to read it. I opened it at the chapter wherein you said, "To know the truth was to know that you are not only God Almighty's image and likeness, but that you were living, moving and having your being in God, He in you and you in Him. Not only in you, but in everything, the trees, the flowers, the air, the sunshine; you were in His love and life, as the fishes are in the waters of the sea."

That gave me meat to eat, and it increased until I had a feast for the gods. I began to get better, and in ten days I came home apparently well.

I did not know whether it was reading the book or change of altitude and the mud baths, so I returned the book to its owner.

Well, in one year's time I was back at the old starting point—an invalid.

I then took treatment from Christian Science practitioners, but could not get relief; I could not catch their meaning of the Truth. At last I gathered up your Washington News Letters and read them over and over and got Christology, and read it; in fact, I kept it by me day and night, and to-day I am well.

I go with my husband to Christian Science Church, and listen with patience to their mistaken kindness in trying to persuade me to drop your teachings. But I can understand you, and do not understand them. I only say we are both striving for the same thing, health and happiness, but will not argue the question with them.

I thank you every day for your plain definition of the Truth. If it is not asking too much, I would be glad to have you include me in your prayer and love of all life.

Would be glad to know if you have other students here in Los Angeles with whom I might meet and compare notes.

Herewith I send you $1 P. O. Order for the Washington News Letters for the coming year. Thanking you again for all past help, I am most cordially yours, M. K. CHAMBERLIN.

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HARRIET DOANE PRENTISS

REALIZATION

Why pity self, in darkness lurk,
Or spend one's time bemoaning fate?
Through every atom God doth work
To mould his universe of state,

The discipline he gives to man,
The burnishing of heart and soul,
Is but the unfolding of a plan
That we may reach a higher goal.

The buoyant heart may realize,
There's nothing real, to stifle fate;
To find one's path to Paradise
He must the royal road create.

A vital power doth through us steal,
By which we recognize our worth;
When friction grinds through Nature's wheel,
'Tis urging on to larger growth.

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Very Singular

OLIVER C. SABIN

WHEN the editor of the News Letter first heard of Christian Science healing, and became convinced of its truth, and knew from actual experience that God did through man heal the sick, it was such a wonderful truth and so pregnant of good for the human family that his first thought was a desire to give it to all the world, and at various prayer meetings in the city of Washington he talked it and talked it to the ministry, but to his consternation he found that where he preached it he was met with unbelief, skepticism and apathy, a sort of hidebound desire to stick up for the thought that God did not do such things rather than to accept of the truth which was being demonstrated by fact.

One instance comes to our mind of a minister who now lives in the city of Washington, who at that time had a young son wintering in Los Angeles, Cal., for his health. I had known this minister ever since before the war, perhaps three or four years before the war, and regarded him as an honest, upright man and a good Christian. I was so pleased with the new thing that I had found that I called on him and talked with him for about two hours. I told him of several healings which were susceptible of proof, and I had not a doubt that he would be pleased, as I was, to know that God did heal the sick for us. After I had finished talking he made this remark: "Oh, you know you and I were raised not to believe any such things as you have mentioned, and I cannot believe it. I do not believe that God does heal the sick any more." Now, for eight years this man has lived here in Washington, but he sticks right by his old doctrine, his old faith, and he is growing decrepit and old, but still he sticks by his guns of disbelief.

A sister of the writer, who, by the way, belongs to the same church as this minister, is so thoroughly outraged that her brother should think that God heals the sick that she has washed her hands of him entirely, does not write and has not written since she learned that he came into this monstrous doctrine that God, through man, heals the sick. It does not make any difference what Jesus Christ said; it does not make any difference what He promises, all such promises by these ultra good Christians are transferred to that time after death when man does not need any healing or anything else.

Take our big men and women throughout the country; it is especially true of the men. They are dying all around us for the lack of this Truth. They could be saved, yet they do not believe.

A prominent jurist in this city, occupying one of the prominent Federal Judgeships in a U. S. Court, located here, a man the editor of the News Letter has known for forty years, a high-toned, sensible, honest, upright man, living within gunshot and less of the editor of the News Letter, was taken with pneumonia. It had its usual run, and ended in his death, without his even so much as giving Christian Science a thought. My asso-

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ciation with that man was one of great familiarity and a long standing friendship of over forty years. The truth is, they do not believe in this God healing and they go down to death without it.

If we could produce one-hundredth part of the testimony to establish any given point or fact along the lines of materia medica, or the ordinary affairs of life, as could be produced that God did heal the sick, by evidence living in the city of Washington, there is not a jury on earth that would have a doubt, but would consider the fact irrefutably established; yet when you bring the fact of God healing before them, show them by physical demonstrations, they will not believe it.

There was a man came to my house that took three men to get him upstairs; in fact, the noise was so great that I thought the servants must be moving a large piece of furniture from a lower room to a higher, but to my surprise they brought a man into my room and set him down on a chair. They had carried him from a buggy up one flight of stairs into my room. I looked at the man and he looked frightened, as though he had come to the place where he was going to be executed, and it was only a question apparently in his mind whether he would be permitted time to confess his sins before he would go through that dark, dismal shadow called death. His consternation was so very plainly depicted upon his countenance that I was really amused. This man had been in bed for weeks with what the doctors call rheumatic gout. His feet were wrapped up in clothes, making a bundle the size of a small elephant's foot out of each one of his feet, and, to belief, he was unable to put his feet on the ground; he could not use them a particle. I put my hands on his feet, and asked God Almighty to destroy the demon that was manifesting itself therein. I may have treated him ten minutes in that way, and then I told him to get up and walk across the room. He looked scared, looked at me as though I had asked him to do some monstrous thing. I said, "You can walk," and he got up, without his crutches, walked across the room; it was a large room, too. He turned around and walked back to the center of it and told his friends, who were sitting in the room, that it did not hurt a bit. He then walked downstairs by himself, got into his carriage and was driven off with his friends. The next day he came back alone. He had a shoe on one foot, but said the other foot was swollen too much. I gave him another treatment, and have never seen him since. Something like two months after that I saw one of the friends who had been with him, and he told me that he was perfectly cured and had been well ever since.

Now, that fact could be proven by evidence enough to send any man to the penitentiary for the commission of a crime. If a man had as much evidence against him that he had murdered a man as could be brought to bear that that man was healed in that way, the man would be hung all right, but people will not believe that God heals them. They won't take evidence of that kind.

There was a lady in the city of Washington who had an abdominal hernia which she had had for over twenty years. It was growing larger all the time as she grew older, and one of the doctors told her it was dangerous to her life unless she would have an operation and have it sewed; that it was liable to turn into strangulated hernia. She came for treatment. After two weeks' treatment

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the hernia was entirely cured. She said that the hernia was cured in three days' time. All of her other ailments were cured during the two weeks, and yet, notwithstanding the fact that this woman is of good character, keeping at that time one of the first-class large boarding houses in this city, a German lady, people cannot believe that she was healed.

I can conceive of some excuse for not believing in the healing of some obscure disease, where it cannot be seen. Mortal mind will say it would get well anyway, and how are you going to prove it? But where the disease or complaint is something of the character that objectively it can be seen, where decided testimony can be brought to bear and sustain our contention, it seems to me that that class of evidence ought to be convincing; it ought to be convincing to all.

In this connection I am going to mention a case of a lady who lives in this town, who had what the doctors call a cancerous tumor in her left side. It was removed at one time; she did not go to the hospital. The operation was successful, and the woman was up and went around again, apparently all right, but the tumor came back. It was bigger the second time than it was the first. She went to Garfield Hospital, in this city; was there a number of weeks; an operation was performed, and she was discharged from the hospital very much of a wreck to what she had been. The operation was successful in this, that the tumor was taken away. It commenced to grow again, however, and kept on growing. Finally it got so large that her family physician told her she was committing suicide every day that she stayed away from the operating table. The tumor had grown and was larger the last time than it was before she came for treatment. To the sense of touch it was very tender, as tender as a boil, and she almost screamed when it was touched. She was given treatment of perhaps ten or fifteen minutes by the laying on of hands and prayer, and then she went home. When she came back the second day after treatment the tumor had disappeared, all tenderness had left her side and everything was perfectly harmonious. She was perfectly well and has been ever since. That was a year ago last October.

Now, if some physician could by evidence establish that he had discovered a cure for cancerous tumor, and could prove it by as strong evidence as this that the tumor was genuine, the medical world would go wild over it, but when it is claimed that God did this work, that it is simply done in answer to prayer, people will not believe it, and they do not believe it and apparently cannot believe it.

I say, to me this condition of affairs is very singular. I cannot understand why sensible men and women will go down to death rather than try God-healing.

A gay, serene temper is the source of all that is noble and good. Whatever is accomplished of the greatest and noblest sort, flows from such a disposition. —*Power.*

The more harmonious men are, the greater the good force they generate which discarnate spirits can use to cooperate with them to bring the world into harmony.

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The New Religion

A RELIGIOUS EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION MADE BEFORE THE HARVARD SUMMER SCHOOL OF DIVINITY

By President CHARLES W. ELIOT

THE NEW RELIGION will not be based upon authority. The future generation is ready to be led, not driven.

In the New Religion there will be no personification of natural objects; there will be no deification of remarkable human beings, and the faith will not be racial or tribal.

The Christian Church has substituted for human sacrifices the burning of incense. The New Religion will get rid of these things, for they give a wrong conception of God.

The New Religion will not think of God as a large and glorified man or a king or a patriarch. It will not deal chiefly with sorrow and death, but with joy and life. It will believe in no malignant powers.

God will be so immanent that no intermediary will be needed. For every man God will be a multiplication of infinites. This religion rejects the idea that man is an alien or fallen being who is hopelessly wicked.

It will be a religion of "All Saints." It will respect all lovely human beings. It will have no place for obscure dogmas or mystery. It will include and comprehend all persons of good will, for, after all, they alone are civilized.

The New Religion will not attempt to reconcile people to present ills by the promise of future compensations. The advent of just freedom for mankind has been delayed for centuries by such promises.

Prevention will be the watchword of the New Religion. It cannot supply consolation as offered by old religions, but it will reduce the need of consolation.

Pain formerly was considered a just punishment, but now human suffering will be attacked surely and quickly. The New Religion will not even imagine the justice of God.

Based on the two great commandments of loving God and one's neighbor, the New Religion will teach that he is best who loves best and serves best, and the greatest service will be to increase the stock of good will.

One of the greatest evils of to-day is that people work with hearts full of ill-will to the work and the employer.

The New Religion will foster the new virtue—the love of truth. The true end of all religions and philosophy is to teach man to serve his fellow-man, and this religion will do this increasingly. It will not be bound by dogma or creeds; its workings will be simple, but its field limitless. Its discipline will be the training in the development of co-operation, kindness and good will.

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Depends on the Personality

HAVE you ever noticed that when you meet a certain person you usually begin to tell something funny, to another you are pretty sure to speak about the bad weather, to a third you are most likely to recite the various stages of the diseases of your relatives, while to still another you begin at once to tell of the book you have read or the good thought you heard in the lecture?

Now, have you ever asked yourself this question: "Why did I tell the joke to Mr. Smith, mention the weather to Mrs. Doyle, tell my trouble to Uncle Thomas and my thoughts to Emma?"

Notice, too, that you do this to a certain degree every time. Notice again, and you will see everyone else doing about the same thing.

Mr. Smith is hearing all the jokes, Mrs. Doyle is constantly in care of the weather, and Uncle Thomas hears all the neighborhood trouble. Why?

Simply this: There is in the personality of each of us an unconscious voice which tells the mind of the one we meet what to say, and even to a certain degree what to think. This personal atmosphere affects every one who meets you, who comes into your home. It stills certain thoughts and awakens others. It hushes certain speeches and sets the tuneful tongue to others.

Does my atmosphere, my unconscious voice, dwarf the baser and inspire the better part of the soul I meet?

If one tiptoes across the street to tell me a bit of scandal, there is something wrong with my atmosphere. No matter how loudly I denounce gossip, no matter if I never repeat a word of it, if people love to tell it to me, there is something wrong; for I know there are people in whose presence no one ever gossips—does not even want to gossip.

If people come to me continually with tales of woe, there is something in me not so bright and hopeful as it should be. It is a kind of sympathy to listen to people's troubles, but it is a better sympathy to be so strong, cheery and confident that in our presence people forget their troubles and remember their blessings.

If neighbors come constantly to me to pour out a story of anger at the way they have been wronged, if people stop me on the street to tell me how mean some one has treated them, then I am not so generous and forgiving as I should be. There are those in whose presence we feel it would be mean to mention our little difficulties, and directly we begin to think maybe, after all, the wrong was not intended—anyway, it does not amount to much.

If people never express a thought in my presence, if they constantly labor to dig up some form of joke or nonsense, then, too, I am not just what I ought to be. I should inspire the best thoughts of which my guest or companion is capable.

This unconscious voice is of vital importance to the mother. It is she more than all others that makes the atmosphere of home. And this voice is far louder than her commands. It is not so much what mother says they must do or not do that influences the children as what mother wants done.

It is this unconscious voice that gives the child its lifelong bent. It is this at-

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mosphere that sours its temper, stunts its mind or quickens its thoughts, fills its soul with aspiration and sweetens its whole personality.

In this mother presence the child, the husband, the guest should feel a sweet, restful stimulus to be his best. He should unconsciously forget to say the mean, hot-tempered words, forget his disappointments and frets, should banish the soiled thought, the irreverent jest, and with a renewed sense of the sureness of things, of faith and justice and charity, his best self should bloom like a flower in a tender, warm light.

That is the kind of atmosphere one may shed who dwells continually in the secret of His presence.—William H. Hamby, in "Magazine of Mysteries."

The Mighty Four

Students who are in earnest cannot too soon break away from the idea that unloving thoughts are the only untrue or wicked thoughts there are.

Let the word "wicked" be dropped out of thought altogether, and "untrue" substituted. Then it will be easy to understand that thoughts of illness, sorrow, disease, ignorance and weakness are as untrue as thoughts of dislike, aversion, antipathy and hate, and that one kind is no more wicked than the others.

Being has four attributes.

Thought must be guided by these four equally.

Thoughts of aversion and hate are in opposition to the attribute of Love.

Thoughts of weakness are a denial of the attribute of Power.

Thoughts of illness, decay and death are not in harmony with the attribute of Life.

Thoughts of ignorance and incapability are contrary to the attributes of Wisdom.

Therefore, any deviation from one is a deviation from all. Missing the mark with one attribute is made manifest equally with the others.

One cannot bring forth his thoughts of Love and bury his thoughts of weakness, nor will his thoughts of hate be shaped more surely than his thoughts of ignorance. The results of unselfish thoughts cannot be hidden, nor can those of doubt and fear.

One has kindly thoughts of his neighbors, and tries to keep them in every way. At the same time he doubts his own mental powers. One set of thoughts does not nullify the other. Both have results equally, and equally like themselves.

The most loving of people can have thought of illness and expect disease. The most self-sacrificing of people can be convinced of their incapacity, and the expressions will be as the thoughts which caused them to be.

The students who are convinced that I am has four attributes, equally important, will not find it difficult to read the cause of any condition or manifestation.

An unswerving loyalty to the I am will one day reveal to the faithful soul the Mind of the Creator in its full glory; its wonder of Infinite Love, its marvel of limitless Wisdom, its miraculous Life that can never end, its beautiful Power, which is equal to all that an Infinite Mind can place before it for accomplishment.—Alma Gillen in "Expression."

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Just for Today

BISHOP OLIVER C. SABIN

WHAT a change would come over our lives if we could be made to feel the truth that Life is only the gift of a day, that each evening time we might lay aside all that had fretted us so and open the book on a clean page for a record of the uncertain to-morrow. If every day that comes to us from out the treasury of time were looked after carefully, its needs met faithfully and its opportunities given full play so that we could feel we had lived it at our best, it would be all we could do successfully.

It was well that God broke our years to hours and days, for we were not given power of mind or body to grasp greater portions of time and make out of them the steps that lead to a well-rounded and successful life.

Is it not strange that no matter how sorely our present necessities may press us, we find ourselves projecting our thoughts into the years that may never come, and wondering how we are to go out and meet them?

There is no road that is lighted farther than to the end of our present day; no bridge that will carry us over into the misty future where we can get a glimpse of what we will need when we get there. God knew that there was enough of labor, enough of care, bound like a fagot on the back of each day, and it may be enough of joy many times to keep the heart from failing. So He closed the door on the morrow with the words, "The morrow shall take care for the things of itself."

It is this fruitless endeavor to look over into the forbidden future, and because we cannot see it clearly, magnify its sorrows and minify its happiness that makes life become a wearisome, hopeless beating of souls' wings against the bars that God has wisely put between the present and the time to come.

If we were sure to see the sunny spots ahead of us, instead of the shadowed ones, and if our ears could catch the tones of the joy bells as surely as they hear the echo of the dirges, it may be that the Father would have thrown open the door of the future, but knowing how anticipated sorrow magnifies itself, while anticipated joys sometimes lose their attraction by long waiting for fulfillment, it was ordered that life by the day or hour was to be our widest horizon of vision.

We have a right to ask God for our present supplies. When He brings us to a new day we can feel that the strength to meet it will be born of its necessities. God cannot forget how much we need to help us go safely over just one little day.

A whole eternity of joy or grief may result from one day of life, and so we are given present supplies for present needs, with the assurance that we come to them one by one. The Father will understand and open up the storehouse of infinite love in an answer to our prayer for the "Now."

When the Father enjoined upon us the wisdom of asking only for present necessities He did not say that we were

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to wholly ignore what might be ours in the future, only that we were not to be "anxious" about it; that we were to learn the lesson of trust, considering that the love that had brought us thus far on the journey is able to shield us to the end.

Like the children of Israel, we are on our way through a wilderness. There are dangers to be guarded against, and so the pillar of love that shelters us as a cloud by day, guides us as by fire in the darkness, hovers near us.

The manna may be found in our pathway for each new period that God marks off for us—but just enough for that period. Fresh and pure and sustaining, we may gather it when we are hungered, and there is no need of anxious care for fear the Father will forget to send it.

God's world is not a world of chance, nor an undiscovered country, where we are in danger of being lost in some wilderness. God and the angels are familiar with every route that is trodden by human feet from the cradle to the grave, and we cannot reach a point beyond the power of love to come to our rescue.

Why should we be so anxious about the dim future that is still in the Master's keeping? If the years of our life were not his, if we could fold our tents and wander into regions far removed from His domains, we might, as did the children of Israel, fear the results, but while "the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof" we can be content with our daily supplies, not troubling the Master in advance for that which we may not need.

Remember this: Yesterday is dead. To-morrow is yet unborn. To-day only is ours. And when we are called upon to give a final account of our stewardship may we be able to say:

"We have put forth our best effort, 'Just for to-day.'"

AFFIRM SUCCESS

A persistent affirmation that you do possess the qualities which are necessary for your higher success, that you will develop them to their utmost strength, aids wonderfully in acquiring the desired possession. If you lack courage, if you are a coward in some part of your nature, gradually brace up your weak point by daily exercise. Like an actor, assume the part you would play with all the strength of your being, surrounded by his atmosphere. Experienced actors tell us that they feel the characters which they impersonate; that if they are playing noble, heroic characters they actually feel the noble impulses, the strong tonic of heroism assumed. On the other hand, when they are playing mean, contemptible parts they feel mean and debased. There is everything in assuming, firmly and persistently, the part you wish to play in life. Resolve and believe that you are manly or womanly, noble, vigorous and strong. Never for an instant allow yourself to think that you are weak and mean and contemptible. After a while you will retain permanently the character which you assume.—*Success.*

Change yourself and fortune will change with you—*A Portuguese Proverb.*

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Wit and Humor

SMART SAYINGS AND FLASHES OF FUN FROM MANY SOURCES

THE PANAMA HAT

Eddie Foy, at the Lambs' Club gambol in New York, told a panama hat story

"A young clerk out my way," he said, "gave his girl a present of a panama last year. Then, the day before the Fourth, he got a couple of complimentaries for a picnic, clam bake and corn roast down the river, and he wired the girl:

"'Meet me at pier 13 tomorrow morning at 7. Picnic. Bring panama.'

"The next morning as he stood on pier 13 dreaming dreams of love, imagining a long, sweet day of billing and cooing, he saw his girl advancing with her father and mother. He was terribly annoyed, and on the boat, as soon as he could get her alone, he hissed:

"'What did you want to bring the old folks for?'

"'Why, Will, you told me to!' she said, and she showed him the telegram, which the operator had made to read:

"'Bring pa and ma.'"

POOR PAY FOR DICKENS

A man who looked like a tramp went into a Walnut street book store and started out again almost immediately. A clerk called after him, "What did you want?" "I came in here lookin' fer work," responded the seedy wayfarer, "but I see there you've got a sign 'Dickens' Works Here All This Week for $6.' I'd rather starve than work for them wages."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

AFTER THE HISTORIC FACTS

As a small boy was standing on one of the best library chairs and clawing with his grubby hands some of the choicest bindings in the bookcase, his progenitor entered suddenly and cried, rather sharply: "What are you doing at that bookcase, Wilfred?"

"Trying to find the History of the United States, father."

"What for?"

"Why, Joe Billings, at our school, says Mike Donlin played with the Giants year before last, and I say he didn't."—*Indianapolis Sun.*

SIMPLY IMPOSSIBLE

On their way out to Idora Park one night this week a couple of middle-aged women inquired of the conductor as to the nature of the entertainment in the Casino Theater.

"It's a play," replied the conductor, "and it's called 'Her Innocent Husband.'"

"Innocent husband nothing," retorted the woman, "they ain't no such thing."—*Youngstown Telegram.*

LET HER HAIR ALONE

He watched his wife doing up her hair and his face was stern. "Why do you put the hair of another woman on your head?" he asked severely.

"Why do you," she replied sweetly, "put the skin of another calf on your feet?"—*Suburban Life.*

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HOW THE QUEEN OF SHEBA TRAVELED

"How did the Queen of Sheba travel when she went to see Solomon?" asked Miss R. of her class of little girls. No one ventured an answer.

"Could she have gone by the cars?" asked Miss R.

"Yes'm," said a little girl. "She went by steam cars."

"Did she, indeed?" said Miss R. "Well, Louisa, we would like to know how you found that out?"

"In the second verse," responded the child. "It says she came with a very great train."—*Illustrated Weekly.*

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION

The new fireman was telling his wife about the fire.

"It broke out at midnight in the Von Biffer's house on the avenue," he said, "and just as we got there Miss Von Biffer came stumbling out of the flames and smoke, carrying her little niece all wrapped up in her arms. It was the bravest act I ever saw."

"What was she wearing?" inquired the fireman's wife.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

LIGHT ON THE KITTEN QUESTION

My two small sons were discussing the arrival of a baby sister and also a litter of kittens. Paul (aged four) said to Robert (aged six): "Where do you 'spose these kittens came from? Did the stork bring them just like he did baby sister?"

Robert answered in disgust: "Of course no, goosie, storks couldn't bring kittens—God made them. He said 'Let there be kittens,' and there was kittens."

HIS PECULIARLY GIFTED SON

"I don't know what I'm ever going to make of that son of mine," complained a prominent Cleveland business man the other day. The old chap is self-made, a graduate of the university of hard knocks, and all that, and it naturally grieves him to have a son who is not aggressive.

"Maybe your son hasn't found himself yet," we consoled. "Isn't he gifted in any way?"

"Gifted? I should say he is. He ain't got a darned thing that wasn't given to him."

THE GASOLINE GRAMMAR

To what extent the automobile has invaded the preparatory school may be judged from the following occurrence:

Teacher (to beginners' class in Latin): "Can any of you boys give the rules for accentuation of Latin words?"

Only one hand was raised.

"Well, Tenney, what are the rules?"

"Words of two cylinders accent the first cylinder, and words of three cylinders accent the ante-penult."

MILDLY CENSURING HIM

"My goodness!" she says, with a pretty scowl. "I think a girl would feel dreadfully foolish if she proposed to a man."

"I should think so, too," replies the diffident youth.

"But, then, I suppose there are some girls who are just simply compelled to do the proposing," she sighs.

After an hour's consideration of that remark he realizes what she really means.

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Faith in the Unseen

HARRIET DOANE PRENTISS

GOD made man in His image and likeness" and "the word was made flesh." These are statements which give the key to the principles of life.

Nothing but constructive activity of thought can built into substance the expressions which represent God, and the relation between man and his source are sustained only through the process of mind.

Through this method of development alone can we understand the science of being and our relation to the cause of existence.

We must realize what the sustaining power of life is, and get into harmony with it, in order to develop into our ideals of what it should be.

It is obvious that when pain or suffering is our companion we are straying from God and misinterpreting life. When anything interferes with the fulfillment of our divine mission as children of God we are sure to be going the wrong way.

We must understand that only when the tension on our nerves is released, when fear, apprehension, discouragement and doubt are removed are we living lives of freedom and growing in the right direction.

If we have lost the open way, we must study the unseen laws which govern and get into harmony with them.

Man is never permitted to indulge long in any form of action which does not promote growth. The primal energy back of us is steadily urging to correct expression.

Life in all its ramifications is a process of adjustment. The movement is forward, and we must go with the tide or be lashed into obedience through our experiences. The pressure of the building currents bear down upon us until we come into harmony with them.

Our source is God, "The All-Good," and, like water, we are forced by spiritual laws to find our level. We are free to reach it by circuitous routes if we choose, but our goal is inevitable, and it is for us to decide whether we will accept the stipulation of the law willingly or be goaded to righteousness through adversity and suffering.

The first and most important condition imposed upon us is faith in the unseen working of spiritual laws. We do not understand gravitation, yet we know its power. We do not know why the seed develops into a flower, but we are sure of its unfoldment. The forces which govern are silent ones, but we know their power.

The action which controls the heart and circulation of the blood is silent, and all that produces emotion belongs to the quiet, unseen realm, but how wonderful in its operation!

We feel and think inaudibly, and by intuition we know we are a part of the great dynamic energy of life, creating by the silent power of thought all that we see in the objective world, including our own temples.

Through the influence of thought everything takes form and is molded into being. It is the fundamental principle of

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life, the backbone of the world and the creator of everything which we utilize and enjoy. Thought sets the world in motion, and Love is the vitality and sustaining principle of the universe.

In order to maintain health or success we must eliminate every thought that tends to destroy; must supplant fear with confidence, depression and doubt with faith, criticism with charity, anger with peace, and unrest with trust.

We must have faith in the evidence of things not seen, and draw to us out of the world of thought only the quality that we desire. We lurk too much in the shadows; grope around in the dark places of earth; live too much in the miasma of doubt, fear and morbid despair, and are not on friendly enough terms with confidence, faith, trust and the assurance of good.

Everything comes to us by the silent power of attraction. "Like begets like," "to him who hath shall be given," are maxims to be applied.

We must cultivate happiness if we would secure it, and not wait for it to be thrust upon us, and if we would realize the bounty of all good we must ourselves be too pure to behold iniquity.

By our attitude of mind we are imposing conditions upon ourselves.

We crave sympathy when we should seek enlightenment.

The silent principles of life are constantly at work building for us that which we are, in thought. Correct thinking and faith in the unseen energy which sustains us will build for us a Kingdom of Heaven, and make our temple a fit habitation for the living God expressing in us.

OUR WONDERFUL AGE.

The wonderful age in which we live—this twentieth century with its X-rays that enable us to see through the skin and flesh of men, and to study the working of their organs, muscles and nerves—has brought a new spirit into the world, a spirit of fidelity to fact, and with it a new and higher ideal of life and art, which must of necessity change and transform all the conditions of existence, and in time modify the almost immutable nature of man. For this new spirit, this love of the fact and of truth, this passion for reality, will do away with the foolish fears and futile hopes which have fretted the childhood of our race, and will slowly but surely establish on broad foundations the Kingdom of Man upon Earth.—*Frank Harris.*

If you form a habit of thinking kindly thoughts and saying kindly words, in a short time your mind becomes related to all kindly natured people in the world, and it becomes much easier for you to say a kind word than an unkind one, to do a kind deed rather than an unkind one.—*Mind.*

CLASS TEACHING FOR HEALERS AND TEACHERS

Remember that the class teaching for healers and teachers will begin at the home of Bishop Sabin, No. 1329 M Street N. W., on November 1. Those desiring to attend this special course of lectures should, if possible, make full arrangements to that end before the date of the opening of the lecture course.

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Sons of God

BLANCHE B. JOBES

IN the third chapter of First John and the second verse we read these words: "Beloved now are we the Sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

John was the Beloved Disciple, the one who received "at first hand" all that Christ said and thought. John also absorbed what the others only imagined, and the boundless love of Christ is expressed in his writings as in those of no other author before or since. The chapter begins thus: "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the Sons of God."

Many people are living in the hope of "life everlasting," of the "sweet by and by," of the "crowns of glory," and miss the greatness of being a power in the world by realizing that they are Sons of God now. John says we are Sons of God now and Sons of a Father who is all-powerful, loving and kind, and as you fathers are willing to give to and bear for your children, how much more God is able and willing to do for us. We must accept Him; we must accept His Son and believe. That is all He requires of us, and His love, like the Ark, takes in the weary dove.

It is kept a little dark about what we shall be; the way is not clear to the end; so our faith must be the guide that leads us where we should go. Just believe and love and do right in God's sight, and "He shall bring it to pass." We know that if we can just realize that we are Sons of God now all will be well with us and with our children.

John gives an implied promise when he says, "We know that when He shall appear"—another reason to know that Jesus is coming again. Oh, what will it mean to see Jesus! Only the pure in heart will see Him, for others have not the spiritual vision, and Christ blessed the pure in heart and promised that they should see God.

"We shall be like Him"—like Jesus, our Friend and Brother. Beloved, do you know what it will be to be like Jesus? All those things that annoy us now will be past; all the beauty and love in the universe will hold first place in our minds.

Now, there are three things that we must consider if we are to be like Jesus.

First, what would Jesus think? "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; think on these things."

What would Jesus be? He would be loving, kind, long-suffering and true. He would be true to God, be true to His friend and neighbor, would not bear false witness, would not delight in any wrong; in fact, He would be just what our ideal is and would be the best example of that ideal.

What would Jesus do? Jesus would come to you in your sorrow and your

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joy, in your pain and in your pleasure. He would be always looking for the best time to aid you and do it all for the glory of God. He would be anxious for your soul's salvation, and would often make inquiries about your condition toward God.

Oh, friend, to be like Jesus means so much. Let us try to-day to be more like Him, to do as He would have us do and as He would do if He were you and you were Jesus.

"We shall see Him as He is" in all His glory; the greatest and best of all earth and heaven; the personification of purity and love. It is something to work for every day and all day.

Jesus said: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." The goal is so high that we will never reach it. But God couldn't lower the standard, but made the mark of our high calling so perfect, so true, that as long as we live there will always be something to work for.

Now, Sons of God, awake to your positions in the world! Do something worthy of your name, and show to your fellow-men that you are another "Christian on the journey to the Promised Land." Your work may not be like my work, and your talents may lead you in strange paths; but let these paths be paths of peace and pleasantness. God never requires of us what we cannot do, and all difficult things are possible if prayer and faithfulness accompany the task. Pray and believe; live and love, and God will bring you more blessings than you can know now, for "it does not yet appear what we shall be." Leave it all with Him, have faith and He will bring it to pass.

"Finally, brethren, farewell. Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace; and the God of Love and Peace shall be with you."

HE FOUND FATHER

A barrister of considerable reputation on a northern circuit found it necessary, if he were to gain a verdict, to discredit a certain witness.

The cross-examination, therefore, suggested that the youth was a wrong 'un, and that his relatives in general, and his father in particular, were all worthless. The youth demurred.

"Don't you know," thundered the counsel, "that your father would be in jail if the police knew where to find him?"

"I don't think so," said the youth. "But you'd better ask him yourself. There he sits in the back row of the jury."—*London Opinion.*

It was Archbishop Temple who complained that when he stayed with a parson "they always give me 'The Church's One Foundation' and cold chicken, and I hate them both." A bishop of a more sentimental turn was recently staying with one of his country clergy. About the breakfast hour he heard the strains of "Rock of Ages" sounding through the house. At the breakfast table he remarked how sweetly the hymn sounded. Then said the vicar's last born, "That was cook." The bishop expressed pleasure at the melodies of cook. "She always sings 'Rock of Ages' to boil the eggs," said the child; "three verses for soft-boiled, five for hard."—*London Telegraph.*

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Throwing Out the Lifeline

A. AGNES WARRINGTON

SEVERAL years ago the lifeline was thrown out to me by one of the readers of the Washington News Letter. She said she knew if I would read it it would help me, and it has helped me very much. It was the first real lifeline to me.

This Summer while at Atlantic City I noticed that the life guards on the beach would go out in rough seas to save some one that had ventured out too far, and would throw the lifeline to him. I could not help thinking how many lifelines were thrown our from Young's Million-Dollar Pier by Bishop Sabin with his convincing arguments on Truth. Thousands of books were given away by the Bishop, all free, teaching and doing good to thousands upon thousands from all countries. I then realized more than ever the meaning of "lifeline."

We can all throw out the lifeline and save some poor souls, teaching them the Truth, the Life and the Way, and we can all be saved trusting in Him, in eternal life; for God is life, an everlasting lifeline, if we will only reach out and take it. It is ours to use ourselves and to help others.

We must understand that God is good and that God is love. With this knowledge we can help our brother and save ourselves.

God throws out the lifeline to all. God does give you strength, does give you wisdom does give you spiritual understanding to reach out and grasp the lifeline now, for God is Life and Love and God is All.

There are many times in the life of a person who does things that are worth while when he gets terribly discouraged and thinks it easier to go back than to push on. But there is no victory in retreating. We should never leave any bridges unburned behind us, any way open for retreat to tempt our weakness, indecision or discouragement. If there is anything we ever feel grateful for, it is that we have had courage and pluck enough to push on, to keep going when things looked dark and when seemingly insurmountable obstacles confronted us. —*Orison Swett Marden, in Success.*

When a man is on the plains he sees the lowly grass and the mighty pine tree, and says, "How big is the tree and how small is the grass!" But when he ascends the mountain and looks from its high peak on the plain below, the mighty pine tree and the lowly grass blend into one indistinguishable mass of green verdure. So in the sight of the worldly there are differences of rank and position—one is a king, another is a cobbler; one a father, another a son, and so on. But when the sight divine is opened, all appear as equal and one, and there remains no distinction of good and bad, high and low.—*The Brahmavadin.*

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FROM THE SILENCE LIFE

Laura Brower

LIFE, my child, is simply loving,
Loving with a soul set free
From all motives of self-seeking,
And thought of uncharity.

Life is love, and love is service
Ever giving of its best,
Ever moving toward completion
In the Infinite to rest.

Life is love, and so, eternal,
Nothing born of Love can die.
Death is vanquished, Christ is risen,
And the reign of Peace draws nigh.

Learn to realize thy oneness
With the Father, Source of All,
Consciously in Him have being,
Age and death then loose their thrall.

With pure love to overflowing,
Fill thy heart; thus shall the dawn
Likewise find the new-created,
Prove a resurrection morn.

REQUIREMENT

We live by Faith, but Faith is not the slave
Of Text and Legend. Reason's voice and God's,
Nature's and Duty's, never are at odds.
What asks our Father of his children save
Justice and mercy and humility.
A reasonable service of good deeds,
Pure living, tenderness to human needs;
Reverence and trust, and prayer for light to see
The Master's footprints in our daily ways?
No knotted scourge or sacrificial knife,
But the calm beauty of an ordered life
Whose very breathing is unworded praise!
A life that stands as all true lives have stood,
Firm-rooted in the faith—that God is good.

—*Whittier.*

TO——

Thou wast made beautiful exceedingly,
Fashioned to show how human clay may take
Impresses of its Maker's artistry
For Beauty's simple sake.

Some vessels doth the Potter shape, it seems,
For use alone and service, homely ware
Of every day, and then He sudden dreams
To make one solely fair.
Working in color, curve and line of grace,
Touching with skill supreme, until the whole,
Beautiful body, still more beauteous face,
Shrine woman's soul.

—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

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Imagination in Your Work

THE use of imagination in your work is a great help in the building of a greater business. For instance, I am conducting a certain kind of a business. My mind is moving around this business. It may be small, but my mind does not go outside of that. When I think into the future I see that same business, about the same size and going along in about the same way, and, of course, it would be a miracle if it ever did increase. But here is a man with imagination, ambition and aspiration. He sees this small business to-day. He sees this is the beginning, and his ambition gets to work and he sees the business becoming larger. He pictures business in the future becoming an extensive one. That is a very natural thing for a man to do. Possibly most business men have done that, but have they carried out the plan with system? Suppose, now, that you begin to picture that business as larger, a great deal larger than it is now. What happens to your mind? That larger picture will tend to draw out your business faculties into new fields of action. If you imagine something larger and continue to imagine it, your mental activities will be drawn out into new fields, and your mind, business ability, are drawn out in the same way. It is understanding and knowledge. Your imagination goes upon an exploring expedition, and every single time you do that you get new ideas about your business. Your mind goes out along new lines, and you will find something that you did not have before. When you apply these methods, your business begins to grow, and as you continue to apply them they continue to grow. After a while you look back and you remember the picture that you saw. Now it is real.

The same method is applicable in every field of action, in every vocation, in every work, and it is in full harmony with this subconscious study. In fact, it is the subconscious mind that is the larger mental field into which the imagination goes.

It is because men are prone to be partial towards those they love, unjust towards those they hate, servile towards those above them, and either harsh or over-indulgent to those in poverty and distress, that it is so difficult to find anyone capable of exercising sound judgment with respect to the qualities of others. Therefore it is the part of wisdom to withhold judgment, and immerse ourselves in our own affairs, in order that others may attend to theirs.—*Confucius.*

Truly did our Savior say that a tree is known by its fruits, and if we are allowed to be judged in accordance with the fruit that is brought forth as the evidence of the divinity of our cause, we ask for nothing plainer, nothing stronger, nothing more convincing. The love of God is our balm in Gilead; it is the leading thought which guides our feet and protects along the pathway of life; and leads to center all in two great fundamental principles—the love of God and the love of your fellow.—*Bishop Sabin.*

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"GENTLENESS"

Mrs. B. M. Baum

"And the servant of the Lord must not strive, but be gentle unto all men."

"Speak evil of no man, to be no brawlers, but gentle, showing all meekness unto all men."

"The wisdom from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle and easy to be intreated."

"Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Have you ever thought of that gentleness and peace which dwells within each one? We often hear people say, "Oh, if I could but be a child again!" and yet if you will stop to think a moment, you will suddenly know that the child nature still lives within you, covered over by the hard crust of worldly experience and selfishness—yet there it is, young, pure, innocent, trusting, gentle and loving, patiently biding its time to be recognized and made manifest.

There is no greater ruler in the world than gentleness. Witness the tiny baby who rules simply through its helplessness and innocence. All from least to greatest in the family bow down and kiss its little hands and worship at its shrine.

Trust the child-spirit, the Christ-child born in each, and you will draw down a blessing upon yourself and that little gentle spirit will make itself manifest in your midst and bring peace to your life.

Next best to natural, spontaneous cheerfulness is deliberate, intended and persistent cheeriness, which we can create, can cultivate and can so foster and cherish that after a few years the world will never suspect it was not a hereditary gift.—*Power.*

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Three of repose and peace; of conscience
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Should be gathered as much as the hand can hold:
Of pleasant memory and of hope three good drachms
There must be at least. But they should moistened be
With a liquor made from true pleasures which rejoice the heart.
Then of love's magic drops a few—
But use them sparingly, for they may bring a flame
Which naught but tears can drown.
Grind the whole and mix therewith of merriment an ounce
To even. Yet all this may not bring happiness
Except in your orisons you lift your voice
To Him Who holds the gift of health.
—*Written early in the sixteenth century.*

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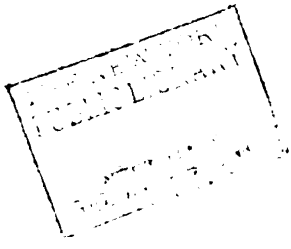

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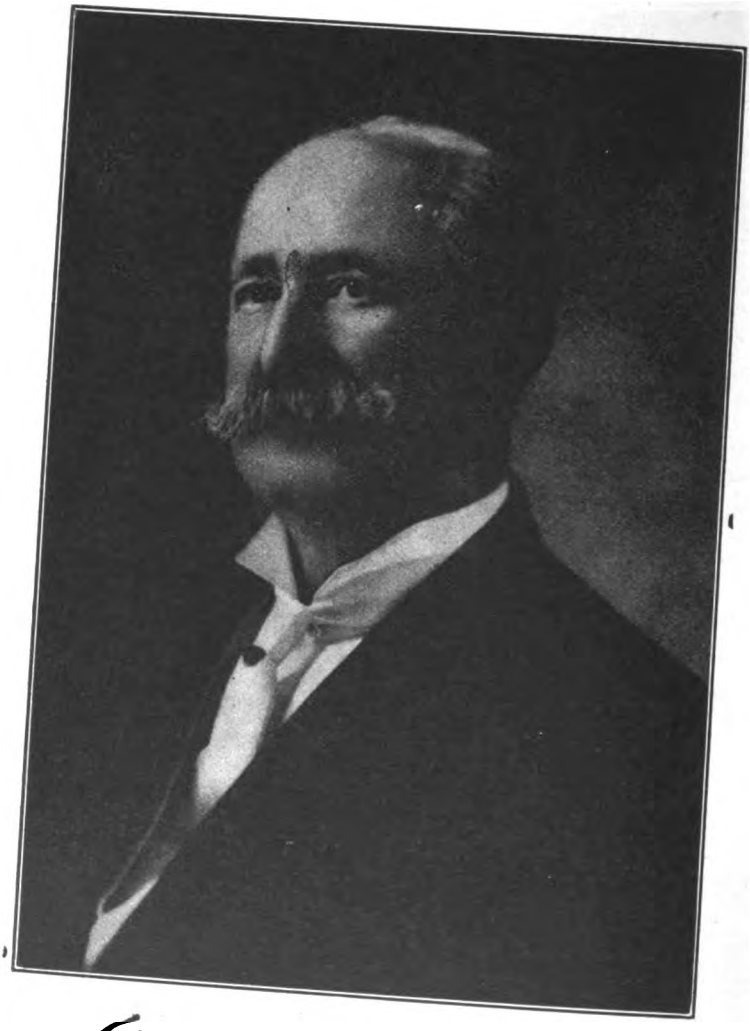

Oliver C. Sabin

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Our words are words of cheer. The good work of spreading the Truth is going on more rapidly than it has ever before, more inquiries, more results and more healers being established everywhere; and everything is very satisfactory and very encouraging. Our church in Washington bids fair to be a leader in its line and the societies that are formed everywhere are doing well.

What is most satisfactory is that the good word comes from everywhere that they are receiving the knowledge of the Truth through the plain teachings of our church. God Almighty is blessing us

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and God Almighty will bless all who ask, seek and knock.

Let us each one determine to be diligent, fervent, earnest, and industrious and God Almighty will give the increase.

Lovingly yours.

Olivier C. Sabin

Bishop.

ALONE WITH GOD

John Fleming Pogue

Alone with God!—to this thy shrine
O Christ! O Father! would I come,
Whate'er the place, that place divine,
If seeking Thee I find my home.

Thy spirit hath the Earth prevailed
Mid forests dense, mid meadows fair;
'Neath skies serene or storm assailed,
Or far or near Thou dwellest there!

Be it some vast cathedral fane,
Man's semblance to the wooded wild.
Be it a shack on some lone plain,
Or hermit's cell, or hut defiled—

Be it among the marts of men,
Or crowded halls, or scenes of crime,
Or haunts of commerce, bank and den
Where Mammon's god is steeped in slime.

Nor matters where the search is prest,
For Thee my God I find in all—
The street, the mart by sin possest,
The church, the cell, the garish hall.

All, all are filled with Presence thine;
To man alone is God not known;
All nature shapes a form Divine,
While I but pray, aspire and groan!

—*Bible Review.*

DREAM

When your heart is heavy, heavy,
Comrade, when your heart is sad,
Dream the sun is shining—
Hopeless pain you've never had.
Dream you dwell amid the roses,
In a garden sweetly fair—
Taking happy leave forever
From the phantoms of despair!

When your heart is heavy, heavy,
Comrade, when your heart is sad,
Dream the luck will mend tomorrow
And the world will make you glad.
Dream you hear enchanted music
Drowning sorrow's hollow sigh,
And the troubles that oppress you
Will grow lighter, by and by!

—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

DON'T WAIT UNTIL TO-MORROW

Frank C. Bliss

If you have an ache, or pain, or sorrow,
Don't put off until tomorrow
God's ever ready help to borrow:
For He has a never-failing cure.
It is always swift and sure;
It will make you whole and pure:
Don't wait until tomorrow.

—*Power.*

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Chain of Golden Thoughts

November

PAULINA B. SABIN

If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and His love is perfected in us.—1 John 4:12.

Put together all the tenderest love you know of, the deepest you have ever felt, and the strongest that has ever been poured out upon you, and heap upon it all the love of all the loving human hearts in the world, and then multiply it by infinity, and you will begin, perhaps, to have some faint glimpse of what the love of God is.—*H. W. S.*

What is meant by our neighbor, we cannot doubt; it is every one, he or she, whosoever it be, whom we have any means of helping.—*Dean Stanley.*

All good is of God. * * * If a man love his brother, whom he hath seen, the love of God, whom he hath not seen, is not very far off. * * * God be praised by those who know religion to be the truth of humanity—its own truth that sets it free—not binds and lops and mutilates it!—*George MacDonald.*

To know that we belong to God, that He loves us, that He is our father and friends—this is the sunshine within. * * * Let us live, as we may, in the sunshine without; also, as we can, in the sunshine within.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

Love God and love your brother is the all and in all of metaphysical advancement. He who loves with power is mighty with God and the power and dominion given by the Great Father is his to utilize, to demonstrate, to perfect. With this love all is possible, without it all is failure; therefore love because it is right, love because you love to live. Live in the thought that Universal Omnipresent love leads you, covers you, prospers you and blesses you.—*Bishop Sabin.*

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How to Heal the Sick---I.

LECTURE—BISHOP OLIVER C. SABIN

Before the Evangelical Christian Science Church.

THE last command which our Savior gave to his disciples was to go into all the world and preach this gospel—this good news that he had been teaching for three preceding years—to all the world's people. That command is binding today upon you and upon me. It is binding upon all those who are following that teaching which our Savior taught.

In all this world and its history that which we term religion has been shrouded in mystery, either controlled by a combination of priests, or ministers, or synods and different ecclesiastical bodies, many of them in their history showing conclusively that these mysterious coverings have been used as a shield in committing iniquities and deviltries, so that wickedness and scoundrelism could be practiced and the perpetrators be immune from the consequences of their conduct.

It is not necessary for me to go into history in detail to prove this proposition, because you have only to read the ecclesiastical record of the world, as presented in any of the great histories of the church, to know that all these things are true.

Our Savior came teaching what today we term the New Thought. He came teaching the Truth, the Truth which sets the world at liberty. He first went to the doctors, as we have the record of it, in his tender years, about the age of twelve, and they were astonished at his understanding. At various other times we find him discussing with the scribes and Pharisees, tearing away the blanket that was found over the whole lot of them, hypocrites as they were. But they did not follow Jesus Christ and His teachings. They would not follow Him. You take this country today, these United States of America, perhaps the freest country, and perhaps the most enlightened, taking all the grades of society, of any of the nations of the earth, and I say to you now that there is not a statesman, one in a thousand, or public man, less perhaps than that percentage, that would not be a moral coward and be afraid to espouse this cause of God Almighty healing the sick. One senator, a senator from California, during the last few days of the session that has just adjourned, got up in the Senate and declared for the Truth, and expressed his determination to defend it.

Take my experience. When I came into this Truth I had been hobnobbing with politicians a great deal of my life, was on intimate terms with many of them, had been in political and business associations with them, and I say to you that there never has been one of them, to my knowledge, that ever followed me sufficiently far to take up a rational study of this Truth. One of the commissioners of pensions had been acquainted with me for perhaps forty-five years. We had practiced law together, and had been friends, and

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are friends today. He sent for me and wanted me to describe this great Truth. I did this for perhaps two hours, and he said, "Well, Colonel, I will say this, that I know that you are honest and believe what you say, but I say for the life of me I can't believe one word of it."

Now that is what we are up against here now in the teaching of this Truth. If I were to say to the people of Washington that each one of those who would come here would receive a deed to a lot that was worth ten thousand dollars, on some one or other of the corners of the streets of this city, there would not be a building big enough to hold them. We would simply have to roof over the earth. They would come from the farthermost parts of this country, like the rush to Oklahoma a few years ago. But we are giving them something that is much better. We are giving them a Truth, which, if they will study, they can demonstrate themselves without one particle of expense, and which is worth more to them than all the money on the face of the earth.

In the first place it gives you all the money you want. In the next place it gives you all the health you want, and again, it covers you with all the happiness you want, embraces your environments and makes everything harmonious, and all you have to do is to raise up your eyes to Omnipotent Love and thank God Almighty that you have been permitted to know this Truth, which our Savior said, as was read in your presence here this morning, shall make you free.

Now that is what we are attempting to teach, and yet, though I tell these people, and though I write and I send out my books by the tens of thousands, it hits but one here and one there, but the great body of humanity go on this broad road, filled with sickness, filled with sorrow, filled with pain, filled with death, filled with broken hearts and ruined fortunes, pellmell over the billows of death, and down into oblivion, and the great waves go over them and the world knows them no more.

That is the road that the world in general is following. There are only a few who are broad enough, who are brave enough, who have God Love enough in their hearts to stop and investigate this great thought, which will make them masters in the world's transactions and manumit them from all the so-called servitudes that carnal mind has built up around and about them. It is the poor man's refuge, it is the rich man's pleasure, it is to all of us our all in all, for God Almighty loves us all, takes us in His arms and carries us along with perfect harmony and perfect happiness, if we but do our part.

Now, I might stand here a thousand years and point out the road, but unless you follow, you will never receive the blessing. You must work out your own salvation. Nobody can pull you up, nobody can carry you on his back; you have simply to do for yourself or be damned.

Now, in discussing this great proposition, which I propose to continue for perhaps twelve or fifteen weeks, in teaching how to heal the sick and how to demonstrate along the lines of metaphysics, we have to commence with the rudimentary, fundamental principles and take them up as you would if you were going to study any other

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science. If you were going to learn mathematics you would have to learn to count, then to add, then to subtract, then to multiply, and then to divide. You have to work yourself up from the bottom until you can calculate the movements of the heavenly bodies in their orbits and become a master; but you can't go to the blackboard and do those things until you have learned, and the only way you can learn is through your intelligence, and the only way you can obtain it is by being taught. Christ taught His disciples for three years before He permitted them to go forth and do the work. Paul, when he was stricken highhanded in his road of crime, was driven into Arabia and there was taught for three years before he was permitted to go and do the work.

This kind of religion that comes down through the emotions, that a fellow can get in a little country schoolhouse on a wintry night in a hot room, is not the kind of religion we are teaching. The fellow gets that in his heart. It is animal magnetism, and he gets full of it. Everybody that knows him knows that he is the child of the Devil, as they call it; he is told of it, and he gets to believe after a while that it is true. They have a mourners' bench, and when he gets a chance he rushes to it, and as soon as he gets there everybody's mind is rejoiced. They say, "Thank God, Bill Smith has got religion," and they feel glad, and it is not more than five or ten minutes until he will get up and say, "I know I am converted; I feel it right here." There is no more conversion to it; there is no more knowledge of the truth that makes him free—perhaps not as much as there is in this Hagerstown almanac.

It is cold blooded, solid facts that alone demonstrate themselves, that prove any science. You can't through emotion become a great chemist. You can't through emotion become a great mathematician. Neither can you be a metaphysician unless you study—commence at the bottom and give your best efforts to it—have an honest, sincere desire to know the Truth—desire the teachings in your own mind so far as you can learn, and let the facts, let the Truth govern you; and if you will do that, follow where the Truth leads, that is all we ask of you. I do not ask anybody to believe anything that I say that I am not willing to demonstrate for myself. Something like ten years ago, when I left that other organization and came out with a determination to give this Truth to the world, there were only two of us who could understand what we were doing. Now look at the result from that little commencement. There is not a civilized nation on the face of the earth that has not numbers and numbers of healers of the Evangelical Church at work today. I receive letters from all parts of the earth, almost daily, from every clime and everywhere, and they all tell the same doctrine of universal love, and testify to the work they are doing by the signs that follow.

Any so-called Truth that is not susceptible of self-demonstration is no truth at all. It is simply a false coin. If I give you a rule in mathematics that is not susceptible of proof in every way, back, front and sidewise, it is a worthless rule. And it is so with every other truth in the world.

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There never was a truth created, mind you. Truths are as old as God Almighty, worlds without end. Of the great principles that were taught by Jesus Christ and which we are going to teach you, one is Infinite Love and Infinite Life, without beginning and without ending; there never can be an end. All truths, remember, run in parallel lines. You never had a crossing of a truth—one across the other—never. Of course we will demonstrate these things in our lecture course, and demonstrate that these so-called criss-cross truths are absurd and can't be true.

The idea that God Almighty, the Creator of all and the Controller of all, and the Father of all, who is in and through all, ever created a devil who is opposed to Him, is an absurd falsehood that does not bear a logical investigation for one moment. If He created all, who created the Devil? If He created the Devil, is the Devil good? Don't you see the absurdity? You must remember that the philosopher of the present day has a panorama of the whole past history of this world as his guide, and as his dial, you may term it, of our condition. He knows that fables used to be the only mode, almost, for the transmission of information. Our Savior taught largely by parables. The whole history of Moses, and the creation, etc., etc., is a fable. According to the Jewish chronology it was some six thousand years ago when this earth was created, and if I am not mistaken the Chinaman has a history of reigning kings that goes back farther than when Moses had the earth created.

We know by geological experiments and surveys and the reading of the rocks that this earth has been here for millions of years. We know by the principle of what we term gravitation and attraction that there never was a time in all the endless ages that this world did not exist in every particle as it does today. It may have changed in its form, but there never was a scruple less; there never can be a scruple less, nor a scruple more. If there were but the slightest variation the whole universe would be in a jangle, and the more destruction the more jangling, and finally chaos. But of course that can't be. The unchangeable laws of infinite Mind control the universe, control the worlds. These laws are unchangeable and will so continue through all the endless eons of eternity. There never can be any change.

Therefore, get broad; come up in your intelligence to the point where you can follow the teachings of Jesus Christ, and when He tells you that God is Love, understand what he means. Life is God. We know that God is Life, and everywhere that we see these manifestations called life, it is God. God-Life is what animates you and me. God-Life animates every living thing in the entire universe, and there can be no change, but always the same, forever and forever.

Now, in commencing these lectures, as I said a moment ago, we will on next Sunday take up the rudimentary and fundamental principles, and will start in on that regular teaching, and I hope that you good people will get your friends who want further information to come each Sunday. In the meantime we will send out our teachings to the world through the press, and we will try to follow the command of our Savior when He said, "Preach

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the gospel to every creature; preach it to all the world." We can do that nowadays by the power of the press; by the power of money we are enabled to preach the gospel throughout all the world, and that is what we are doing, and we are meeting with great success under God Almighty's direction.

Now, in these closing remarks let me say to you this: Remember that infinite Life and infinite Love, infinite Wisdom, infinite Power and infinite Good, are in and through you; that you are its image and likeness, and you live, move and have your being in it; and the realization of that great Truth, and knowing who you are and what you are gives you the key that opens the gates of Paradise, and you can walk in and enjoy the good of the land, if you so choose.

Now, let all of you that are here today resolve to take every lesson in the course if you want to learn the Science. So far as I am concerned you can come or you can stay away. I have been blamed a great many times for telling people that I do not care whether they come to hear me or not. I mean to say this, and I say it again, that I am here to teach, I am not here to coerce. If anybody wants this Truth he can be taught it, and he can demonstrate it as well as I can. If one does not want it, God bless him he is free, and if he prefers that broad road it is there and he has a right to travel it if he wants to. He is not responsible to me or anybody else, only to himself. We are absolutely the architects of our own fortunes and our own conditions. If we ask God, if we desire to be masters, we can be masters; but, on the contrary, if we would sooner stay on the outside and be whipped, Carnal Mind will pat us with his hand, and say "God bless you," and he does it. "Choose ye this day whom you will serve," said the old prophet. If you want to choose this road it is free. Remember, you do not have to leave your church. You can be a better Methodist. I know what Methodists are. I used to be with them. You can be a better Methodist and know what I know. You can be a better Episcopalian. The Episcopal Church is almost on the point of stepping into it, and inside of ten years they will every one be healing the sick; the time is coming, it is right here. You can be a better Baptist if you know this Truth.

I have thought sometimes that of worst denominations hardest for me to handle, one is the one that I was raised in, The Campbellite they called it. In that faith there was one simple point. If we were baptized we were all right. But the Baptists are hardshells, and I tell you it is hard work to get anything into them. That is a fact. However, I have a great many Baptist students. I have more Presbyterians, perhaps, than any others, and have next, perhaps, more Episcopalians. I have had a great many students who are prominent Episcopalians. Some of them used to attend my lectures up in Maine. The opening wedge has entered; it is opening this great denomination, and it grows broader as you go forth. If it was a fake it would die out—don't you see? You remember what Gamaliel told the Jews when they had the disciples up there. He said, "Remember you may be fighting against God. If this religion be of God you can't destroy it, but if it be of men it will destroy itself."

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No fake will be permanent. You may have brilliancy to start in on, but it will not stay. As Lincoln said, "You can fool all the people some of the time, you can fool some of the people all the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time." I think that is the substance of what he said. You can fool people occasionally, and sometimes it will last a good while, but the Truth will ultimately come out.

Now, if we were here teaching a doctrine that is false, untrue, unscientific, there are plenty of men, and women, too, in this country who are smart enough to dig the truth out, and they will dig it out and expose everything. But in this work the fellow that does the digging usually comes out the best worker we have. I remember when I went into this Truth first I did not go into it with any view of healing. One of my men had been cured of a disease, and he said they claimed that God healed him. I did not believe it. I knew they could not cover up what I could not dig out, and I started in to digging at the fraud that had been imposed on him, as I thought. The result was that after I had been studying for about eight months I learned that their contention was true and that I could do the same thing which they said they did, as I believed, and afterwards I could do even greater, because this is an upward road.

You remember the saying, "They came to scoff, but remained to pray." And that is so with this thought. If you come with an honest desire to know the Truth and be led by the Truth, you are a winner, and that is the only way you can succeed.

Not Work, but Worry

It is not the work, but the worry
That wrinkles the smooth, fair face,
That blends grey hair with the dusky,
And robs the form of its grace;
That dims the lustre and sparkle
Of eyes that were once so bright,
But now are heavy and troubled
With the weary, despondent light.

It is not the work, but the worry
That drives all sleep away,
As we toss and turn and wonder
About the cares of the day.
Do we think of the hands' hard labor,
Or the steps of the tired feet?
Ah, no, but we plan and ponder
How both ends can be made to meet!

It is not the work, but the worry
That makes us sober and sad,
That makes us narrow and sordid
When we should be merry and glad.
There's a shadow before the sunlight,
And even a cloud in the blue,
The scent of the roses is tainted,
The notes of the song are untrue.

It is not the work, but the worry
That makes the world grow old,
That numbers the years of its children
Ere half the story is told;
That weakens their faith in Heaven
And the wisdom of God's great plan.
Ah, 'tis not the work, but the worry
That breaks the heart of man!

—*The Suggester and Thinker.*

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The Problem of Supply

Rev. NONA L. BROOKS

THE problem of supply is, perhaps, the subtlest of all problems to meet from Principle. We have been taught by people and experience to fear "hard times," financial stress, more than any other negative condition; we have been in the habit of seeing, thinking and talking lack, until it has become a fixed attitude with us; we have thought that the only way to avoid poverty was through strenuous physical or mental activity. And the strain of the great struggle is written all over men and women. Thank God for the revelation of His Truth, for it is lifting this burden from human kind.

Here is a prophecy—and you and I shall see it fulfilled: The time is coming when man shall work, but not for money; shall accomplish, but not for personal gain; shall achieve, but with no self exaltation; shall rejoice in opportunity and fulfill it powerfully—and all for Love. Shall he lack therein? When man has attained the large, impersonal attitude where he loves to do without thought of return, to give without measuring the gift, he will be so close to the Universal Consciousness of Abundance that its realization will become his and he will abound in the richest treasures of Life.

In the meantime, while the race is on its way there? How shall we meet the needs of each day? How shall we live in order to help bring about as quickly as possible the fulfillment of this prophecy?

These are important questions, because the problem of supply is closely related to every phase of the daily living. It is closely related to health and spirituality, as the worry and strenuousness indulged in by many, on account of the fear of poverty, obscure their vision of truth, retard their growth in understanding and result in confusion and inharmony.

We need not feel limited even with a small income, and many feel poor with a large bank account at their command. What is the true attitude and how shall we establish within us the consciousness of supply?

A FEW SIMPLE SUGGESTIONS.

1. Do we believe in abundance? Are we certain that the universe abounds in infinite riches and that these treasures are for all; that we are sharers therein and may realize this Truth? If we believe this, then let us in our silent times and in our activities give attention to it until it becomes our realization.

2. Let us be careful not to resist poverty; we give attention to what we resist, and, as we centre thought upon limitation, the condition becomes more and more real to us, until we forget the higher vision.

3. Very few people are poor, nearly every one has enough to get the necessities, but nearly every one is struggling to get luxuries and this struggle brings the strenuous times.

Some one may ask: "Are we not en-

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titled to what is beautiful and comfortable?"

We are now inheritors and possessors of **all,** but we shall never realize this so long as we struggle and resist and fear and worry, for these keep us from the kingdom of God-Consciousness, and in this consciousness alone is the realization of limitless and abiding supply. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added."

Let us adapt ourselves to our present realization of supply, spending no more than that, rejoicing in it and thankful for it. Let us spend, however, with a generous attitude, let us never pull back on anything we have decided to expend, let us let it go with an open, lordly feeling, giving it our fullest blessing as it goes on its way.

4. We should not limit our supply to one channel, to one person; the Infinite Intelligence has millions of avenues for expressing its abundance, and we are in touch with many of these.

5. Again some one may say, "Shall we not work then for a living?"

Let us work, gladly work, because the world needs our service, because self-expression is necessary to growth —soul unfoldment. Let us receive compensation for our work, full compensation, it is better so, but let us never forget that in the final analysis all supply comes from the One Source and by keeping close in consciousness to the Giver of every gift our realization of abundance shall be established.

* * * * * * *

In conclusion let me summarize: Poverty is a mental condition, as health is. It will never be outgrown by our dreading or fighting it, for centering thought upon any condition enlarges it in our estimation and makes it seem real to us.

We should give our attention to the Truth of Life, which is that the Universe abounds in all that is beautiful and good; and we are included in this abundance.

We should work, but not "for a living"; loving to serve should be our motive.

We should have a Divine indifference to seeming limitation, knowing it as temporal, and the abundant supply as eternal.

We should spend for necessities and in helpfulness to others—not beyond our present means, but with joy that we have it to spend and with the blessing of our highest realization upon it.

Our thoughts should abound in abundance as full and free as the Universe abounds. And when such Truth thinking becomes our established realization the word poverty will be forgotten and the thought of limitation will be unknown.

Behold, I fill heaven and earth, saith the Lord.
I am and beside me is none else.
The earth is the Lord's and the **fullness** thereof.
In Him we live, move and have our being.

We build temples and we forget God. We forget that the whole living choir of worshipers is the church of God—the temple not made with hands, but whose foundations are living stones. This is the temple of which we are all members, each bound by ties of affinity and communion as common brethren and bound by nature's laws, which are unchangeable.—*N. A. Staples.*

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How to Heal the Sick- -II

LECTURE—BISHOP OLIVER C. SABIN

Before the Evangelical Ghristian Science Church.

IN THE acquirement of any science you have to learn the fundamental principles upon which it is based. This Science of metaphysics is not, as the world, at least a large part of it, think, a jumble of haphazard based on about nineteen-twentieths humbuggery. On the contrary it is an exact Science, as exact as any other, and just as precise in its results as are mathematics, chemistry, or any other of the liberal sciences. You know when you go to demonstrate along these lines exactly what the result will be. If conditions or environment are right there can be no failure. But if the environment is not right we oftentimes run up against error in the equation. We can't figure out that three and two make four, and if you get the wrong figure in, there it stays and you cannot solve the problem until the error is found and eliminated. Do this and the demonstration is perfect. And it is so with this Science.

Our Savior taught it, and He taught it simply and plainly. The church became grounded in error, grounded in ignorance, and their age in which He lived and the subsequent ages, being dominated by priestcraft for the interest of the craft, learning and all such sciences were tabooed, so to speak, and for hundreds of years it was considered a disgrace for a man to be able to write his own name. The idea of the church was that all learning belonged to the priesthood. Those great men who lived by war and rapine were not required to come down to the labor of study. They were to develop their great muscles and the best that was in them physically, and that development was considered the highest type of manhood. One of the greatest men in the ancient history of England, Richard Coeur de Leon, could neither read nor write, but his name has been heralded down the ages. He was famous as the best fighter, we might term it the strongest and most scientific brute, of the age in which he lived.

But this condition gradually grew better, and in a few centuries we find a gradual evolvement. In Fox's Book of Martyrs there is related an instance of a man who was overheard teaching his little daughter the Lord's prayer. He had gotten hold of a Bible somewhere. His wife and servant overheard it, and as good church people and to save their own souls from everlasting damnation, they had to tell the priest, and the husband and father was taken out and burned at the stake. Only a little over a hundred years from that time they were burning people at the stake who would not read and teach their children the Bible. It shows that this subject called religion has been pulled up out of the dark ages, and out of the environments of ignorance, superstition, cruelty and brutality and gradually is coming up and up.

I was talking with a woman not twenty years ago in the city of Wash-

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ington, who was a very devout member of a certain church. She had the old fire in her eye, and she would have burned me at the stake if she had had the power. The spirit of the devil is not entirely killed, so to speak, if we could express it in that way, but it is gradually being destroyed by the knowledge of the truth, which Jesus Christ said would make us free.

Now there is no more mystery in learning how to demonstrate along metaphysical lines and to get in touch, we might term it in tune, with the Infinite than there is in taking the simple proposition in mathematics of two and two making four. But you have to throw off this glamour, we might term it of the past ages, of superstition, of prejudice and of ignorance. It ought not to be difficult, if you are students of history, to learn that it is all bad, to know that the fruits that the tree brings forth are only human misery and destruction. That being true, our Savior says the tree is bad. Therefore, cast it out and come to worship in a religion that is true, that demonstrates itself. Then you will know where you are.

My lecture on last Sunday was preliminary to the teaching of this Science. I come now to the fundamental rules. If it were in mathematics, it would be called enumeration. Then I would take up addition and subtraction, multiplication, division, etc. We will take up the topics in proper order, one by one, and show you how easy it is.

All you have to do is to bring to this study an honest desire to know the Truth. You may come here with the idea, "Oh, I can't believe you, because I am a church member, and I am afraid you will get me out of the church." Now know this, that you are a good deal better Methodist when you know this Truth than you were before. You are a better Catholic, you are better Presbyterian, because you are able to cast out error and let the Truth lead you. Don't be afraid that you are going to be stolen, so to speak, from your church. But let the Truth take you, let the Truth lead you, and wherever the Truth leads you, follow. Then you are on the safe side.

Now coming down to these fundamental principles, the A, B, C, we divide the whole subject into three general propositions. A lady told a friend of mine not long ago in Buffalo that she liked my lectures very much, but she said I repeated so much. When I was going to school I would have had just as much sense if I had said to my teacher, "I like your teaching very much, but you keep repeating all the time." Do you know of any way that I can lecture and teach addition except by making two and two four? Is not two and two four in all languages, under all skies, under all environments? And is it not just the same here? If I take this class through, teaching them how to heal, I have to teach the fundamental principles, and it does not make any difference how often I have taught the same things before.

My experience is this, and it happened to be the experience of the friend who was telling me about this conversation at Buffalo, that these people who complain in that way, usually do not understand the first principles themselves and can't heal the sick. I have never known one good healer to complain that he knew his lesson too well,

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and you who are not good healers do not understand, certainly you do not, these fundamental lessons.

Now, coming back again, we divide this subject into three general divisions:

First. God, who and what is God, His relations to us and the universe?

Second. Man, who is man, how was he created, by whom; what were his rights, and what are his rights now; what are his relations to God, and to all surrounding things?

Now, those are easy, and the next is still better:

The language between God, the Father, and man, the child.

That is all there is of it. If you can become so that you can understand these things you have the science of metaphysics at the end of your fingers, and you can demonstrate anything you wish. The reason the world can't heal the sick is because they do not know how to pray. They do not know to whom to pray.

I remember once, away back yonder, I was talking with one of these people, when he said, "Why, you do not know what God is." That looked to me an absurd proposition. But he belonged to a school that did not dare to tell me unless I whacked up a hundred dollars in advance, and that year there were no classes taught; consequently, I had to scrape along the best I could and find out what God is. But the fact is that the trouble with the whole world, the church world, is that they do not understand what God is. I can remember in my youthful days I got down on my knees, and in my mentality I looked up and I saw God on a throne, a great, big golden throne, and there I asked Him what I wanted Him to do for me, rounding it up in the name of Jesus Christ.

Now, that prayer was error in two respects. One is that I was not praying to God. That image I had there was simply nothing but a relic of idolatry; the petition I made was error, because I had everything for which I asked before I asked, but did not know it.

Now let us look a minute and discuss this subject of what God is. We are told that God is Spirit, in all and through all; that He created all, and is all Himself. What is Spirit? It is surely the opposite of matter, isn't it, if there was any such thing as matter, which there is not? Spirit is all, matter there is no such thing as, but all that is is Spirit and Spiritual manifestation.

A lady was telling me in Boston that she was treated against the effects of poison on her body. She said she just treated that she had no body to poison. Now that was not right. It healed her all right because it brought her out, but she had a body. You have a body within you, but it is the temple of the indwelling Spirit, a Spiritual manifestation.

Now, this body is not a fixture. There is not a person in this room who has the same body identically through and through that he had when he came in a few minutes ago. It is a constantly passing panorama. We go here to the beautiful heights of the Potomac, we look at the grand river as it goes on toward Chesapeake Bay, and we exclaim, "How beautiful the river is, how beautiful everything is!" We go back tomorrow. We think, without thinking, that we are looking at the same river that we saw yesterday. But there is not one drop of water there that we saw on yesterday, unless it has been confined by artificial forces. The water has been going on, on, on. In the beginning creation has been creating

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river every instant. In the beginning creation all things are being created, and the universal law, "Dust thou art, to dust shalt thou return," is fulfilling all the time.

Today is creation; today is in the beginning. There never was a beginning, only now, and there never can be an ending. There never was a time when there was an ounce less, or a scruple less, of this earth than there is now, and in all the endless eons of eternity there will not be. There will be change of form, but in the eternal, inexorable and unchangeable laws of God Almighty Truth there can be no change, and there is no change. And when we hear people talking about end of the world, as I saw in a paper, I think on yesterday, you can see the absurdity of such trashy talk, a relic of heathenism, barbarism and ignorance. There never will be an end of the world. The earth is undergoing constant changes. The granite rock has within it the vibrations that ultimately bring it to dust; the diamond ultimately crumbles, there will be another form created of something else, but it is a continuous onward creation forever and forever.

Infinite Spirit is all, in all, through all, and all that is is Infinite Spirit and its Infinite manifestation. Mark you, don't get scared. I am not going to destroy your God at all. You have a more beautiful, sweeter God than you ever had, one that is worth knowing. We do not uphold that paragon of justice that roasts a fellow for all eternity because he happened to be born for that end. We do not believe in any such Deity as that.

The next character of our Heavenly Father which we will discuss is that He is Life. It does not mean that God has Life. If that were so, that picture on the throne that I mentioned, we recognize in our minds without saying a word of course that he is alive. Well, if life could be taken from Him He would be a dead God, would not He? Therefore, Life would be greater than the image we have in our minds, wouldn't it? Now God goes beyond that. God is Life; and wherever you see Life manifest it is God manifest. There is but one Life; it is all in all, through all, and permeates all, and is everywhere, omnipresent. You can't imagine any place in the world but that Life is there. It floats in the air; it is in the ocean's currents; it is in the vibrations of the earth; it is in the flora of the universe and involves all; and the life that is in you is the same life that is in me. We live, move and have our beings in Him, because His Life animates us. He is in us and we are in Him. St. Paul told the Athenians that they did not understand this God whom they were ignorantly worshiping, but, said he, You live, move and have your beings in this Infinite God to whom you have erected an altar. It is so with you and with me, and with all the universe, worlds ad infinitum, forever; the same omnipresent Life forever and forever. That is God, and that lives in you and you in it, and there is no divorcing ourselves from it.

Now that is something of what God is in the way of Life, just a scratch at the edges.

Another characteristic of what God is. He is Love, omnipresent Love. It is this Love characteristic that takes us by the hand and leads us along the pathway of life; teaches us what to do and how to do it, makes our lives a success, fills our paths with happiness,

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drives out all fear, fills us with perfect trust and perfect confidence, destroys all the wants of the earth, and fills us with plenty and happiness and contentment. In other words it is the beautiful character that takes you in its arms and carries you along, making everything you do a success; fills you with wisdom and teaches you how to climb this ladder of knowledge. That is a beautiful God. Could not you love such a being as that? You could not do anything less. There is the God we have. It is not the avenging nemesis that takes a fellow by the nape of the neck, thrusts him into a burning pit and roasts him because he stole a watermelon. That is not the kind of God we worship. It is a God of Love that covers us, and stands ready to forgive, leads us, blesses us and comforts us.

But this does not come without something on your part. You have to ask, seek and knock. You have to go to this Father, realizing, affirming, "I am the child of Infinite Love, Infinite Love does fill me, and Infinite Love does prosper me, and Infinite Love does carry me along this pathway of Life and makes me a success and fills my incomings and outgoings with happiness, joy and contentment."

You have to ask, seek and knock. Do this and all is yours. If you fail, nothing is yours. The one that stays back and says, "You can do this but I can't," is building up a stone wall in front of himself he can't get over. It is the fellow that dares to do that wins, and the fellow that blackballs himself and says that he can't is putting a stone around his neck that will sink him. Therefore, be careful and don't entangle yourself with these lines of infidelity. If you do, you are gone, that is all, and neither Science nor anything else will bring you out until you reform.

Now I see that my time has expired. Next Sunday we will take this subject up right where we leave it today and go on. I hope that those who are here today may be blessed and that the thousands who read my words may be taught.

More Abundant Life

God is "able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think according to the power that worketh in us."

Our Father is not niggardly in His giving, but pours out his blessings in abundance, according to the power that worketh in us, and that is according to the degree of our receptivity.

In the New Testament record is given of many who by faith opened themselves to the Divine Life and Substance, and received an outpouring of health or supply or whatever they needed. These same blessings are coming every day in abundance to all who will receive them, and the present manifestations of God's quickening, freeing, healing, prospering, renewing power are just as worthy of men's attention, consideration and thanksgiving as are those of centuries past.

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HARRIET DOANE PRENTISS

A MASCOT

Would you grow in grace and understand
How best to win your heart's demand;
To draw from Heaven's wealthy dower,
Comfort, wisdom, strength and power;
To find a substance that endures?
Love, and the world is yours.

Would you learn the secret of success—
Feel a charm that comes to bless,
Know a joy that is worth while,
Meet each problem with a smile,
Rest in the arms that peace secures?
Love, and the world is yours.

Love, love, love, and the world is yours.
It has a magic that endures,
Gives a passport to the heart
You fain would pierce with Cupid's dart,
It is a MASCOT that allures;
Love, and the world is yours.

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Testimonial Meeting

WM. E. GIBSON: This brings to my mind an incident that occurred last night. My wife was suffering with toothache just before she retired. I treated her and it went away. While I worked it came back again. So she came down to get an iron to put to it; she did not feel quite like trusting to Science. I treated it again and it went away, and I told her to go to sleep and she would have no more toothache. She did so, and there has been no toothache since.

MRS. O. E. THORNILEY: Not a day passes over me that I do not have some demonstration, something to illustrate this beautiful Truth. Last Thursday a lady who lived in the house where I live was threatened with pneumonia, a very severe case. She was comparatively a stranger to me, but she had heard through others in the house that I was a Christian Scientist, and asked if I would not come up to see her. Of course I went. I gave her a treatment, and it was not more than two hours until she was down stairs and told me that she was better. God did that. God did heal her and she realized it for herself.

MISS BESSIE DAVIS: A few days ago I met a friend who said she had such a pain in her back, and asked if I would not treat her. I treated her. I saw her yesterday and she told me the pain had gone, but to keep on with the treatment for fear it might come back. I have not seen her since.

MRS. RHODA S. EATON: A lady friend of mine fell and broke her arm near the shoulder. She was alone in the house. She became unconscious for a time. When she came to she realized that she must get out and get assistance. She kept declaring she was not hurt. There was a personal treatment published in the December number of the News Letter, in which she had taken a great deal of interest. She got that and read it and applied it to herself. She then went to her next door neighbor, and they declared there that her arm was broken and she must have a doctor. They finally called the name of a surgeon friend of hers and they sent for him. He came and set the arm and she said she had no pain in it during the time. She is now getting along beautifully.

WINFIELD S. WHITMAN: I am reminded of what a fellow told me about the book, Christology. He said they had one down in his home. He did not know where they got it—picked it up some place. The way our conversation came up, he asked me if I was acquainted with a man by the name of Sabin, who wrote a book called Christology. I told him I was. He said he was down in the country some time ago; the old man was running around, he said, looking for that book. The old woman was sick. Just as soon as they get sick, or get anything the matter with them, they always resurrect that book and find page 150 and go to work with the formulas given there for treatment. That book appears to be the only physician they have in the country there. They read over the first treatment and then turn on until they get to one that

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hits, and then they are all right. The one that helps is the one that will be used the next time.

If you read a book on Science and give it as much attention as you would an ordinary volume of fiction, you will find when you get through the book that you will be better in some way. There may be something that you have stored up in your memory that will be gone, you may love God a little bit more and better, the world may seem brighter, but one thing is sure, you will be better in some way for having read the book. Giving such a book to any one is the best favor that you can do for him. He may lay it away on the shelf and not look at it, or read it, but if he reads it with ordinary attention it will make him better. I feel that what few facts I have learned in Science have made me a thousand times better—better to myself, to my family and to the community, than the man who will not have any of it. This is not personal flattery, but it is what anybody else can do who will give Science attention.

I do not want to give any testimony of healings. I have been healing for some time, and I will sum it up by saying this: It will cure; all you have to do is to try, and give it as much attention as you do anything else in which you expect to succeed. It will bring you good results. But if you don't try, snap your fingers and go away, it will do you but little good.

I am reminded of a story that was told of a woman who had the asthma. She went to a healer; the healer cured her asthma for her. She went to the healer the next week, and asked: "Do you think I am all right?" "You are all right," said the healer; "your asthma is gone. If you will just let it be gone, it will never come back." She went outside and met a friend, who asked: "Where have you been?" I have been up here to see a healer that has been treating me against asthma. He says it is gone, I don't have any more asthma. He thinks I will never have it again, but I know I will—I know I will have it." It goes without saying that she did have it. That kind of application does not go in Science. You have to hold to the same thing right straight through. You can't be master one minute and deny your power the next. We have to be kings all the time or not at all.

I say without fear of successful contradiction that all the ills that flesh is heir to can be healed by Christian Science. I do not think there is anything in the way of disease that can't be cured. If there is, I do not know what it can be. I think some cases of every disease that has been discovered have been healed, unless it is some new disease recently created that we haven't had a try at yet.

LUCY MARLOW'S MAXIMS

Time clears away all the debris of the soul.

Man is Fructifier, and Woman is the Producer.

Man rules by Divine Right when he becomes Divine.

Time does not "scar us, maim and mar us." It is improper living that does it.

War is the natural outcome of the "right of might;" peace, of the might of right.

To know oneself is to "know God." In no other way can that which we call "God" be known.—*Fellowship Messenger.*

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Thought Force

HARRIET DOANE PRENTISS

THE influence of climate, diet, drugs, etc., has long been conceded as playing vital part in the working equation of life, but it is of comparatively recent date that we have realized the power mind has exercised in the moulding of health by correct living.

We are beginning to understand the meaning of the great truths taught by the master minds of history and to accept literally the teachings which have heretofore been regarded in the light of miracles and special dispensations.

Mind in its different forms of expression is a note of vibration which controls the atoms that comprise the human body. Motion in its varying degrees is responsible for every sound, color and shape that is brought into expression.

Experiments have been made showing the influence of different rates of vibration on particles of matter, and the result has proven that every form of life is governed by a certain quality of motion, which controls its activity and produces shape.

Particles of sand have been placed on a smooth surface of glass and have been known to arrange themselves in a variety of forms, in response to the notes of a violin; with different tones in the scale, they have changed their positions, forming special shapes, showing that the different rates of vibration in the notes have influenced their appearance, the higher tones bringing them more solidly together than the lower ones.

From an observation of different states of mind by which people have been influenced, it has been proven that joy and contentment register harmony in bodily conditions, and that the high rate of vibration it produces renders the quality which is necessary to produce health and vigor, whereas fear, depression and worry, being a low order of motion, produce a relaxed condition known as disease.

Every propelling power must have a high rate of vibration in order to accomplish its purpose, and we should know how to account for our physical states by an understanding of the law from which life receives its impetus.

The primal energy which sets things in motion is mind and its activity, which are ceaseless and indestructible.

The blessing of health will be realized only when a right adjustment is made as to the orderly process which governs life.

We must study the law of production in order to increase our capacity for expression.

To be slaves of depression, worry, anger, or criticism, will hold us down below concert pitch. Every instrument requires constant tuning, and as the body is an instrument of the soul, it also must come under the influence of continual adjustment.

There must be eternal vigilance on the part of every one who would achieve his highest ideals. We must furnish a proper supply in order to accomplish desired results in correct building. Every

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thought we think or permit to influence us is making its impress on the plastic body, and the conditions we experience are a response to our ideas and beliefs.

We are moulding the circumstances by which we are surrounded; every attitude of mind has its reflex influence in all we experience.

The equation is solved through the ideas and suggestions we attract to us from our own point of view. No one can worry himself into health or opulence, or build up his body through a belief in sickness and adversity.

Influences of various kinds are playing upon us constantly, and we must ever be on guard to ward off the undesirable ones. There are myriads of cross vibrations running through the ether, with which we are coming in contact, and it is necessary to have our minds insulated against these adverse currents of thought.

One should not permit other minds to cloud his horizon with doubts, fears or apprehension. Neither should he pollute the atmosphere with his own morbidness, anxiety and depression.

Good citizenship depends upon one's influence in the home, in society, in the community in which he lives and his dominion over himself.

Peace on earth would soon be established if every one would begin now to shed a benign influence over his surroundings and learn to "Resist not evil, but overcome evil with good."

Faith

H. E. CRANDALL

Faith is the key that unlocks the treasure-house of the universe. The path to the end is through the gateway of faith.

Faith cures disease, causes energy, clears the understanding, conquers men—gives the losing cause its final triumph.

Life is won only by ceaseless faith, and the good of yesterday is made stronger if you achieve it anew today.

You can keep faith only as you can keep a plant, by rooting it into your life and making it grow there.

Cultivate faith and trust in the wisdom and power of God, which a constant fear and anxiety contradict.

Let us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us dare to do our duty as we understand it.—*A. Lincoln.*

Faith is like the Wizard's flask—the more you pour in the more you pour out.

Take a mental position toward what you desire and employ language of faith and not of fear.

The larger our faith in the unseen the more we shall see in the seen. Let us draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith.

There seems to be a consensus of opinion of the best thought of the age that faith has a most decided substance.

Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.

When in any undertaking we put our main dependence and trust in an individual and not in faith in the Supreme Power, we are off the main track of the most perfect success.

Religion is absolute faith, boundless hope, unlimited love.

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Healing

Dr. JOHN DAVID MILES

"AND as the lame man which was healed held Peter and John, all the people ran together unto them in the porch that is called Solomon's, greatly wondering."—Acts 3:11.

Peter and John being Apostles of Jesus Christ, were exhorting the people to repentance, and in the name of Jesus Christ healing the sick and casting out devils (so called). These disciples, Peter and John, were poor in material things, but rich in spiritual knowledge.

Peter said to the poor lame man at the gate of the Temple, "Look on us. Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I to thee. In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk."

Here was a demonstration of instantaneous Spiritual, or Divine, healing through man; and we have numerous like examples of healing, both by absent and present treatment. Paul did absent healing by sending aprons and handkerchiefs to the afflicted, who were immediately made whole. Acts 19:12.

Jesus taught His disciples the philosophy of Christian healing, the basis and cornerstone of which was Love.

"We are of God—he that knoweth God heareth us; he that is not of God heareth not us. Hereby know we the Spirit of Truth, and the spirit of error."

"Beloved let us love one another: for Love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God."

"He that loveth not, knoweth not God: for God is Love." First John 4:6, 7, 8.

The Bible is full of unimpeachable facts showing that God is Love. He sent His only begotten Son into the world, that man might live through Him. He assures us a resurrection in glory of the dying body and an eternal heaven to the sainted soul.

Was it not Love that caused God to create this beautiful world as a temporary home for material man, and said "Let us make man in our own image after our likeness; and let them have dominion over all the earth."

Jesus in compliance with the Divine plan sent His disciples out to preach the Kingdom of God and instructed them to heal the sick. Luke 9:12.

He knew that man was in need of Divine knowledge.

When sending out the seventy did He not say to them, "The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few."

The Bible is a record of God's Love for man. It was God that spread the beautiful rainbow across the dark cloud, promising a day of emancipation to the sin-burdened earth It was God that decorated the earth with beautiful flowers. It was God that gave to man music, beauty and love. It was God that sent His beloved Son to redeem fallen man and to teach him

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the Science of Health and Harmony, and to fill our lives with sunshine, health and happiness.

Christ was, and is, the expression of God, and is All, as there can be but One Mind, One Life, One Power, we being created in the image of God, with Power and Dominion with the Command of Jesus Christ, through His disciples, to "heal the sick." Mat. 10:8.

God accepted the crucifixion of our Redeemer as an atonement for man's sins, and in order that we may retain His love and not lapse back into sin and death. Christ bids us to follow Him. His instruction was, heal the sick.

When comforting His disciples He said:

"Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me; or else believe me for the very words sake."

"Verily, verily I say unto you, he that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also: * * * because I go unto my Father."

These teachings of our Redeemer to His disciples were also intended for future generations, and are as much in force today as in the past. Therefore the metaphysician in healing the sorrows and afflictions of the human race is obeying the command of Jesus, who said:

"Behold I give unto you power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy; and nothing shall by any means hurt you."

Many similar quotations are to be found in the Scriptures. There cannot be any doubt as to the Divine instruction to heal the sick. The Divine laws are the only ones that are to govern Spiritual man. The Bible is the expression of God. It tells us that God is Love and gradually unfolds the coming of Christ who, through His disciples, taught man the Science of Divine Healing, and assures us that there is a Divine Power which is ever willing and waiting to aid man in time of need. It is the same Power that clothes the lily of the fields, and, when rightly invoked by man in the name of Jesus Christ, will heal the sick and give to man peace, health, harmony and prosperity.

The Power to heal is a Divine gift to man and is a part of our inheritance.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."

Before we can heal ourselves or others we must first manifest the Truth, and realize that we are the children of the Living God, who guides us into All Truth. With this realization we can deny every material thing that we do not want, and affirm that we have that which we most desire.

"Therefore I say unto you, what things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." Mark 11:24.

When you go to sleep the conscious mind goes into this deeper subconscious feeling. That is the reason that you take everything into the subconscious when you go to sleep; and this being true, it is quite important that you cleanse the objective mind before you sleep. If you are out of sorts, feel disturbed, out of harmony, it is a good plan to root that all out before sleeping, because there are some weeds there that are going down into deep soil where they will take root.

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Thoughts

THOMAS TRAHERNE

This poet lived about the middle of the 17th Century and though a rare genius of the same "group of religious poets which includes Herbert, Vaughan and Crashaw," his fine writings were buried in centuries of non-recognition, and it belongs to our times and to the fine insight of Bertram Dobell, the honor of discovering him and putting into worthy volumes, Traherne's exquisite poetry and prose. Mr. Dobell is a poet himself, of whose "Rosemary and Pansies" one reviewer says "Mr. Dobell's poems reach a high level of accomplishment and reveal a very attractive and strenuous personality."

Little is known of Traherne's history but enough to bring forth this appreciation in Mr. Dobell's introduction, "That he was a person of great sweetness of disposition, of most happy temperament and of a singularly attractive character, is certain; and to know so much of a man is to know everything we really need to know."

Thoughts are the Angels which we
send abroad,
To visit all the parts of God's abode.
Thoughts are the things wherein we
all confess
The quintessence of sin and holiness
Is laid. All wisdom in a thought doth
shine,
By thoughts alone the soul is made
divine.
Thoughts are the springs of all our actions here
On earth, tho' they themselves do not
appear.
They are the springs of beauty, order,
peace,
The city's gallantries, the field's increase.
Rule, government and kingdoms flow
from them,
And so doth all the New Jerusalem.
At least the glory, splendor, and delight,
For 'tis by thoughts that even she is
bright.
Thoughts are the things wherewith
even God is crown'd,
And as the soul without them's useless found,
So are all other creatures too. A
thought
Is even the very cream of all He
wrought.
All holy fear and love and reverence,
With honor, joy, and praise, as well
as sense,
Are hidden in our thoughts. Thoughts
are the things
That us affect: The honey and the
stings
Of all that is are seated in a thought,
Even while it seemeth weak, and next
to nought.
The matter of all pleasure, virtue,
worth,
Grief, anger, hate, revenge, which
words set forth,
Are thoughts alone. Thoughts are the
highest things
The very offspring of the King of
Kings.
Thoughts are a kind of strange celestial creature

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That when they're good, they're such in every feature.
They bear the image of their Father's face,
And beautify even all His dwelling-place.

* * * * * * *

A thought can clothe itself with all the treasures
Of God, and be the greatest of His pleasures.
It all His laws, and glorious works and ways.
And attributes and counsels, all His praise
It can conceive, and imitate, and give.
It is the only being that doth live.
'Tis capable of all perfection here,
Of all His love and joy and glory there.
It is the only beauty that doth shine.
Most great, transcendant, heavenly, divine,
The very best or worst of things it is,
The basis of all misery or bliss.
It's measures and capacities are such
Their utmost measure we can never touch.
Here ornament on ornament may still
Be laid; beauty on beauty, skill on skill,
Strength still on strength, and life itself on life,
'Tis Queen of all things and its Maker's wife.
The best of thoughts is yet a thing unknown,
But when 'tis perfect it is like His own:
Intelligible, endless, yet a sphere
Substantial too. In which all things appear
All worlds, all excellencies, senses, graces,
Joys, pleasures, creatures, and the angels' faces,
It shall be married even unto all
And all embrace, tho' now it seemeth small.
A thought my soul may omnipresent be
For all it toucheth which a thought can see.
O that mysterious Being! Thoughts are things
Which rightly used make His creatures Kings.

—Master Mind.

HELPFUL PARAGRAPHS

Temperance—Eat not to dullness; drink not to elevation.

Silence—Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself.

Order—Let all your things have their places; let each part of your business have its time.

Resolution—Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.

Sincerity—Use no deception, indulge no illusive beliefs. Think innocently and justly, according to the principle of unity.

Truth—Think, speak and act according to the Truth of what Being is. Do loving deeds.

Politeness—Never forget what manner of being you are, and what all others are, and you will never forget what is due to all concerned in what you think, speak or do.—*Harmony.*

The true dignity and significance of life—that which quickens the blood and fires the soul—is something more than ordinary bread earning. It is that which stands in high relation to society around us, and to the ultimate needs of our spiritual powers.—*O. S. Marden.*

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Turning a New Leaf

ANNA W. MILLS

IT is an old and time-worn saying, this of "turning over a new leaf;" because when we were children at school we were sometimes kept on one page of arithmetic or geography, and later on in some Latin or even English declension, until the lesson was conquered, and the page was decidedly "dog-earned" and worn. It was something of an event to be able to turn over a new leaf, even of a spelling-book, after such a long and tedious effort, and it was really an epoch in school life.

The saying has past into an aphorism, and "turning a new leaf" is used to express good resolutions and making changes for betterment, and is very expressive.

We ought to turn over new leaves in our lives continually. It is natural for us to turn away from the yesterdays, the old things of the past, to the fresh and new of today.

It is not a sign of fickleness nor lack of appreciation that makes us desire the new, and lose interest in the old, but is only normal, and in accord with God's and nature's plan. The hand of nature is busy renewing and restoring everything that it touches. Even if the thing crumbles and falls to the ground, the chemical process of renewment overtakes and converts it into new material in another form. Nature, which is acting in accordance with the established laws of God, has her own methods of renewing the earth, air and water, every moment. It is also renewing every atom of our bodies every moment, and by so doing is offering us the opportunity, if we will, to remain youthful, to attain and to retain the beauty and strength of youth, by cooperation with renewing Power.

Our work is to renew our minds. We cannot add a cubit to our stature by trying to work on the material plane; and it is not necessary, for that is done for us by the established laws of nature, so that the anatomist and the physiologist tell us that the entire body is made new for us every eleven or twelve months.

No matter how diligently nature works for us, if we do not cooperate we will still see the marks of "age" pictured upon our bodies, for in the incarnating process all respect is paid to our own beliefs regarding ourselves, and the thoughts, our ancient and modern beliefs, are carefully pictured out upon our bodies just as an historian chronicles events, or a servant obeys orders.

In order to cooperate with nature in what she is doing for us, we should every day and moment form newer and truer images of life. We should "renew the mind" daily with higher ideals and a closer intimacy with the grandeur of the creative principle, and the laws of life. Demand new unfoldment of the Knowledge Power behind the mind, so that the meaning of life and the things about us may be made plainer.

We should hold new pictures of the

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body, as "the temple of the living God," and know that the "Lord is in his holy temple," creating and renewing it every moment.

Every being with the stamp of divine creation upon him is capable of infinite possibilities; he can by the effort of his own mind and will bring out the latent power into manifestation and realization.

Begin today to "turn over a new leaf."

THERE IS NOTHING TO FEAR

Selected by H. E. Crandell

Say to them that are of a fearful heart, be strong, fear not, God is your strength.—Isaiah 35:4.

For God has not given us the Spirit of fear, but of love and of power and of a sound mind.—II. Timothy 1:7.

Be strong and of good courage, be not afraid, for the Lord thy God is with thee whither thou goest.—Joshua 1:9.

The Lord is my light and salvation; whom shall I fear?—Psalm 27:1.

He giveth power to the faint: and to them that have no might, he increaseth strength.—Isaiah 40:29.

I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.—Psalm 23:4.

The eternal God is thy refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms.—Deut. 33:27.

Be strong: fear not, for the Lord thy God will not fail thee nor forsake thee.—Deut. 31:6.

I will trust and not be afraid, for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my salvation.—Isaiah 12:2.

My peace I give unto you, let not your heart be troubled.—John 14:27.

God is our refuge and strength: a very present help in trouble.—Psalm 46:1.

Rejoice in the Lord always! And again I say rejoice.—Phil. 4:4.

So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.—Isaiah 55:11.

I create the fruit of the lips, * * * saith the Lord: and I will heal him.—Isaiah 57:19.

GIVE ALL TO LOVE

Give all to love. Burn your ships behind you. Dismiss "if" and "but" from your vocabulary. Offer no compromises. Admit no doubts. Take love by the hand. Introduce it to your heart. Let it run as blood in your veins. They will tell you it is not worth while. But if love is not worth while, nothing is worth while. You have often thought you have loved. But if you once love you will see that you never loved. Love is not a meal set for two, but a feast providing a universal providence. Give all to Love. Not the love that at home is called patriotism and abroad called treason. Not the love which legislates favors into individual treasuries. Not the love which sends armies to subdue. But such love as recognizes the human principle.—*Conservator.*

"God speaks to every man in his own tongue. He is a Hottentot to a Hottentot, a German to a German, a Methodist to a Methodist, a Scientist to a Scientist, a Wise Man to a Wise Man, a Fool to a Fool. He is all these—and more. And yet God never changes a hair's breadth."—*Bible Review.*

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TO THEE

M. Evalyn Davis

All the world is abloom for thee—
Roses, violets, anemone
Shed their bright beauty o'er thy path,
As softly glows the aftermath,
And angels croon thee lullabys.

Drink deep, fond heart, of Life's sweet song;
Quaff her delights all thy days long,
Nor touch the world of doubt and gloom.
Lave thou in heaven's rare perfume.
God's angels croon thee lullabys.

Thy soul, a gleam of pearly white,
Revels in realms of pure delight.
Awake, and know! List thou, and hear!
Christ speaks for thee eternal cheer,
While angels croon thee lullabys.

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The Source of Power

WAKE up now, drop the burden of feelings, symptoms and responsibilities and get interested heart and soul in the thing you decide is the work of now—the best thing to do under existing conditions. Do it as a child does things—with no thought beyond, or before either. See how much fun and freedom you can put into it! Then do the next thing you want to do, and do it with a will. Put your imagination into your work and play at it! Ditto when you rest. Relax your body definitely and all over and rise into the realm of imagination. See what wild and happy flights you can take. Picture yourself as you desire to be—stretch your imagination in this direction! Then affirm all those happy things for yourself, in the present tense—say "I am all those things!—and by thunder I'll prove it!" Then go in to win some more—to prove some more—to work out some more of the delightful things that are within you. Don't you know your imagination is within you? And whatever you see in imagination is within you. And anything that is within you can be worked out. And I'll whisper something else to you, dearie—imagination is the only source of power or not-power. An imagination filled with desirable things is inspiration—the real thing that enables you to do anything. And an imagination filled with undesirable things is a paralyzer. Think about it now and see if it is not so. And imagination is the one place where you can do anything. You can imagine good things or bad things at will. So be sensible, dearie, and imagine good things and then work them out. It is fun to work out good things! If you find working is not fun, just stop short and see how far you can stretch your imagination again, in desirable directions. That's where the power comes from. Go often into your power-house. —*The Nautilus.*

AS A MAN THINKETH

"It is a great truth that the world has been very slow in grasping that mental conditions have power to create physical conditions. Never was a truer axiom given to the world than the ancient Biblical one: 'As a man thinketh so is he.' If we think ourselves poor or unlucky, or diseased, we bring ourselves at once into sympathy with all the unlucky, poverty-stricken, unhealthy thought of the world."

TODAY

"Just let tomorrows stand waiting I say,
And deal with each one when its name is today;
The best preparation the future can ask
Is doing one's best with to lay and its task.
Life's highest and best, that's the peak we must climb
By faithfulest footsteps one day at a time."

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Jack Rabbit Is Tricked

ONE day about dinner time Jack Rabbit was hurrying home along the road, thinking how much he was going to enjoy his good dinner that was waiting, for that morning he had gotten Mrs. Rabbit a whole lot of nice lettuce and peas and green corn that rabbits just love. "My, but how I am going to enjoy that dinner!" he said to himself, and trotted on faster at the very thought of it.

Now, old Billie 'Possum, who is just as lazy as he can be, was lying behind a stump wondering how he was going to get a dinner without working for it, and he heard what Jack Rabbit said to himself. He winked his eye and laughed, and then he went scurrying through the bushes to get down the road ahead of Jack Rabbit.

Soon Jack Rabbit came along and he heard somebody groaning over in the bushes.

"That sounds just like Billie 'Possum," said good-natured Jack Rabbit. "I'll go and see what I can do for him." With that he went over, and there was Billie 'Possum lying on the ground rolling over and moaning like he was in terrible suffering.

"What's the matter?" asked Jack Rabbit. "Are you suffering?"

"I'm just starving to death," moaned Billie 'Possum. "And I know I'll die if I don't get some nice, fresh lettuce and some peas and green corn right away. Oh, oh, oh!" and his groans were awful to hear.

"Why, I can make you well right away," cried Jack Rabbit, forgetting all about his own hunger in his wish to help some one else. Just wait a minute." And with that he hurried home just as fast as his four legs would carry him, and put all his nice hot dinner in a basket and carried it down to Billie 'Possum. And Billie ate up nearly all the nice dinner Jack Rabbit had brought, and what he didn't eat he stuffed in his pockets when Jack Rabbit wasn't looking, for 'Possums have pockets in their skins just like you have pockets in your dress. Then the lazy fellow felt too stuffed to walk home, so he said:

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"Jack Rabbit, I'm too weak to get home. Won't you carry me?"

"Indeed, I will," said kind-hearted Jack Rabbit. "I will go and get Mr. Fox to help me." And he ran off to Mr. Fox's house, and told him about how sick and weak Billie 'Possum was, and to come and help carry him home. Now, Mr. Fox was just as smart as Billie 'Possum, and when Jack Rabbit told him how he had given up all his dinner he told Mrs. Fox to cook enough dinner for Jack Rabbit and all the little rabbits. Then they started off to carry Billie 'Possum home. But when they got there there wasn't a sign of Billie 'Possum. For he knew, you see, that the Fox would know he had been playing a trick and spank him for it, so he had run off just as soon as Jack Rabbit left. But Jack Rabbit was very much distressed, and commenced to cry because something had eaten poor little Billie 'Possum. And he was very much shocked when he saw Mr. Fox standing there laughing just as hard as he could.

"Why, Mr. Fox," he said, "how can you laugh at something eating up poor Billie 'Possum?"

"Did you ever hear of 'playing' 'possum?" asked Mr. Fox.

"No, I never did," replied Jack Rabbit. "What is that?"

"Well, it's pretending to be sick when you want to get something you are not willing to work for, or to keep from doing something you don't want to do. Little children, when they don't want to learn their lessons or go to school, often play 'possum by pretending to be sick, so that their mothers will let them stay home and play. Now, Billie 'Possum was not really sick; he was just too lazy to go and get his own dinner, so he pretended to be sick and got you to bring him yours. Now hereafter, when you are going to do a kind thing for somebody, look first and see that they are not playing 'possum in order to fool you. But you have a good heart, Jack Rabbit, and you shall not go hungry, so get your wife and little rabbits and come over to my house, where there is plenty of dinner for all. It is better to make a mistake trying to do good than it is not to try to do good at all."

So they got the little rabbits and went over to Mr. Fox's and had a fine dinner. And while the little foxes and little rabbits were romping after dinner Dr. Goose came flying by in a great hurry.

"I'm just on my way over to see Billie 'Possum," he said, as he stopped to get a drink of water. "He ate too much dinner to-day, and has just awful cramps. I'll have to give him some nasty medicine and make him stay in bed a week for eating too much."

Then Jack Rabbit and Mr. Fox laughed, because Billie 'Possum was getting punished for the bad trick he had played on Jack Rabbit.

CAREFUL CHILD

"Is your little boy sick with anything?" asks the lad of the lady who had just moved in next door and who had asked him to come over and play with her little boy.

"No, indeed," she smiles. "Why?"

" 'Cause I've had my tonsils taken out an' my adenoids removed an' my appendix cut out an' I been vaccinated an' serumized for typhoid an' spinal meningitis, an' I've had anti-toxin injected, an' I do hope I won't have to have anything done to me this year, so I can have a little bit o' fun for a while."

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Baby Buntin'

BABY BUNTIN' was a doll, and her little mother, whose name was Catherine, used to sing to her:

"My little Baby Buntin',
Your father's gone a-huntin',
To get a little rabbit skin
To wrap my Baby Buntin' in."

Her grandmother had taught it to her, and when Santa Claus brought this baby doll Catherine at once thought of the name Baby Buntin'.

Baby Buntin' was undressed and put to bed like any live baby and dressed each morning with great care.

Then Catherine would put her in her carriage and wheel her through the park.

When Catherine went away for the summer to visit her grandmother in the country, Baby Buntin's clothes were packed in the trunk with Catherine's, and Baby Buntin' was carried all the way in her little mother's arms.

But a terrible fate befell Baby Buntin' while she was visiting at the farm, which nearly broke the heart of her little mother.

Catherine's grandfather had a dog named Ned. He was a good dog excepting for one fault.

If he found anything lying around the yard, and he could manage to carry it, or even drag it, he would take it to the woods and bury it.

One day Catherine had been having a picnic for her dolls under a tree near the house. Ned had been a very appreciative guest, as he was given all the crackers and candy that were left by the other guests.

After the picnic was over Catherine carried her dolls and dishes into the house, all but Baby Buntin'. She was left sitting under the tree, because Catherine intended to take her in the hammock with her.

But no sooner was Catherine out of sight than Ned took Baby Buntin' in his mouth and ran toward the woods.

Catherine came back just in time to see him disappearing, although she had no idea that he had her precious Baby Buntin' in his mouth until she reached the tree and found her gone.

Catherine ran after Ned, calling to him to stop, but Ned only ran faster, and poor Catherine had to return for help, crying as if her heart would break.

Her grandfather told her he would go with her, and on the way to the woods he tried to comfort her by saying, "You shall have another doll nicer than Baby Buntin' if Ned spoils her."

"But there is no nicer doll than Baby Buntin'," sobbed Catherine; "she is the nicest doll in the whole world," and her grandfather, never having been a little girl, did not understand such reasoning.

When they came to the woods her grandfather whistled for Ned, and in a few minutes he came bounding toward them.

"Where is it?" she asked Ned. Ned wagged his tail and went back through the woods, Catherine and her grandfather following him.

When Ned came to a place where he had been digging he stopped, and there, with her head and one arm showing, was Baby Buntin'.

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Ned had not dug the hole overdeep, and she was not covered. Catherine's grandfather rescued her, and, although she was covered with dirt, Catherine hugged her close in her arms.

Baby Buntin's face was scratched and her clothes torn by the bushes where Ned had carried her, and one arm was nearly off, too.

"He almost killed you," said Catherine as she took off the torn clothes and washed away the dirt from her little face.

"But I love you just the same if your face is scratched," she said.

But the torn arm brought forth fresh tears from Catherine, for her grandmother had to sew the arm and Catherine was sure it must hurt Baby Buntin'.

She held her hand all the time her grandmother was sewing, and told Baby Buntin' to be brave and not cry.

Although Baby Buntin' never looked the same after her adventure, to Catherine she was the same Baby Buntin', and her little mother heart told her eyes there was no flaw in her beauty.

Ned was punished for doing such a wicked thing, and her grandfather told Catherine he was sure Ned would never bother Baby Buntin' again.

Catherine, however, never gave him a chance to prove he could be trusted, and Baby Buntin' was always safe in her little mother's room with the door closed or where the careful eyes of Catherine could watch over her.

Mrs. Harriet Doane Prentiss, No. 4607 Spruce street, Philadelphia, keeps on hand for sale a supply of Bishop Sabin's works, and will also receive subscriptions for the News Letter.

LOVE

A. Agnes Warrington

Love is the only force—the only and sure weapon to hold God's goodness and power. Love heals all disease, all inharmony. It is easy to Love those who Love us, but you must Love those you think wrong you. Throw out Love. We should act for ourselves, be our own selves, not do what someone has told us to do, or be what someone has told us to be. We should be our own true selves to Love everything. If we Love to do for others God's Love will do for us. Talk Love, Health, Happiness and Prosperity to every person you meet. Love and live in the faith that the whole world is on your side so long as you are true to the best that is in you. Judge not and you shall not be judged; Love and all the world will Love you.

BENEFICIAL "IFFS"

If Love fills our hearts, our hands will do for ourselves.

If we dwell in Peace, contentment and joy is our portion.

If we guard our tongues, our thoughts will be of good only.

If we live in Sunshine, our souls will be filled with the light of Eternal things.

If we live in Harmony, discord, strife and discouragement will vanish.

If we live in activity, success is a continuation.

If we are Truthful, we are of God.

If we rest in the All Power, we are Perfection.

If we want to know the Truth of our Being—at-one-ment with God—we must rise from our slumbers, and accept the "Ifs" of the now.

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Spiritualize Your Thoughts

IT IS a difficult matter to give specific causes for physical conditions, because the mind is so complex; it combines so many ideas. We do know, however, that thoughts make things, and that the character of the thought decides the character of the thing. Much thought about material things must necessarily produce fruit in materialized conditions. Physical scientists say that we get old because we precipitate lime and chemicals which harden us. These scientists do not tell us why we precipitate these hardening things, but spiritual science does. It says that any thought in the mind, of the reality of the material world, a material body, or material food, will harden into material forms in the arteries, and in fact all of the tissues of the body.

Powerful affectional emotions would throw increased blood pressure into the heart and enlarge it. Worry, anxiety, fear—in fact, any thought that impedes or interferes with digestion, assimilation, or elimination—will produce uric acid in the blood, which is the cause of rheumatism.

The remedy for all these conditions, as well as all others, is, spiritualize your thoughts. Instead of identifying your thinking with matter, or the material conditions of the world without, in any of its phases, cultivate thinking about Spirit. Through the inspiration which comes to every one of us when we think about God, we shall realize the quickening of the Spirit. Then proceed in all your thinking to identify yourself with Spirit through I Am affirmations, and apply thoughts of spiritual relations to everything that you think and do.

If you are given to worry and anxiety, think about the fearless confidence and trust of the Spirit. This will at once relieve your mind of the thoughts that have stirred you, and the power of the Spirit will begin its work in straightening out your affairs. If you are overwhelmed with material work, and the calls of the outer world, stop and concentrate in the I Am, and say, "I am Spirit. I do not believe in matter or material conditions. I have power, because I know that all power is in Divine Mind. Divine Mind now sets all my thoughts and all my affairs in Divine order, and I rest in the confidence and peace of the kingdom within."

The human race has no destiny through death, but through life. Death is the negative side of existence, and never leads to anything good. Jesus said, "Let the dead bury their dead." Do not study death, nor think about it, but strive in every way to overcome that condition and live. Dead people have dismembered soul and body, and are in ruins to that extent. They can work out their salvation only through reincarnating and again taking up the lesson of light in spirit, soul and body in one place working as a unit. In this relation all of man's powers are at his command, while in the dead state he is a weakling, because the machinery has been separated.—*Unity*.

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HELPFUL THOUGHTS

What the world needs is the resolute step, the look of cheer, the smiling countenance, and the kindly word.

The prophets needed by the world are those who encourage all efforts, and talk little about what cannot be done. See that you are one of these.

It is not work that kills men or women, it is worry. Work is healthful; you can hardly have more of it than you can bear, always if you bring to it a happy, willing heart.

The central idea of the New Thought is that which the Master gave us centuries ago—God in us, and with us every one, working now to will and to do of His own good pleasure.

To live in the great eternal now is, therefore, the only scientific mode of living, whatever the individual viewpoint of life may be; and it is one of the fundamental essentials in the art of staying young.

Let us recognize the divine truth that grants unto all the freedom of the Sons of God; not a license to commit error in the name of truth; not doing evil that good may come; but a limitless existence of purity, knowledge and power.

Finish every day and be done with it. You have done what you could; some blunders and absurdities crept in—forget them as soon as you can. Tomorrow is a new day. You shall begin it well and serenely, with too high a spirit to be encumbered with your old nonsense. —*Power.*

The narrow minded ask: "Is this one of our tribe, or is he a stranger?" But to those who are of a noble disposition the whole world is but one family.—*Hindu.*

THE MOUTH THE REVEALER OF CHARACTER

The mouth is the one feature of the face that most reveals character. It is that by which we are most strikingly impressed with a person, pleasantly or otherwise.

The first care a boy should have is to keep a clean-looking mouth. Marry a tooth-brush early in life, and never forsake one, till death do you part. The part of one's person he should be fastidious about, even to the verge of crankiness, is the teeth.

Learn how to smile. Get the habit of looking pleasant.

Take a piece of paper: draw on it a circle for a face: put in two dots and a perpendicular dash for eyes and nose; and now add an up-curving mouth line. Draw another face and put in it a down-curving mouth line. And mark the difference! Just that little turn of the mouth-corners means so much in the effect you produce upon those who see you!

Keep the mouth curved upward. If by nature you are glum and sour looking, break yourself of it, by force of will. Look pleasant! The more you are beaten and discouraged the more you need to appear bright. The world loves a smiler. It loves to get away from a pouter.

The first and last business of every human being whatever his station, party, creed, capacities, tastes, duties is morality; virtue, always virtue. Nothing that man will invent will absolve him from the universal necessity of being good as God is good, righteous as God is righteous, holy as God is holy.—*Kingsley.*

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Love, Faith, Will

WM. E. TOWNE in "Nautilus."

IF YOU will to do your work and withhold your love, you are doing yourself an injury.

Will without love creates tension and hardness, while life is fluid and pliant.

Will becomes the letter that killeth. Love is the spirit which giveth life.

Will and love should always work side by side. One balances the other. Together they make for harmony. When divorced, life becomes a barren, cold, severe, hard, unendurable thing, or else is buried in a fire so fierce that it soon destroys.

Let your will and your love find a point of agreement, and then drive them side by side.

If you have some stern work ahead that you feel like shrinking from, try letting a little love go out to it along with your will. Are you not strengthened by the obstacles you encounter? Is it not true that only by using all your faculties can you preserve their natural strength? Why, then, shrink from the ordeal? Rather meet it with love as well as will.

The strength, calmness, security of the Universal Life Principle are yours to draw upon. You are living in a sea of life and strength. You need not tense your nerves and harden your muscles so desperately by the action of your personal will. By doing so you choke the currents of life, even as they spring within you. But relax, love, trust the life that lives in you, and the work ahead becomes easier.

Will is sustained by faith. Don't allow your faith to become swamped and crowded in the fierce rush of life.

As a child you had faith—all children do. That is why they are happy, lighthearted, free from care.

If you would be healthy and happy, cultivate the child attitude of faith. Cherish it rather than doubt. Draw apart, occasionally, from the seething currents of objective life and breathe and relax and commune with the silence until your faith springs anew.

Faith is born in the silence. It is renewed by relaxation and rest, accompanied by the proper mental attitude.

Keep the worries from your mind and cultivate only such thoughts as you desire to see manifested. It is because the mind is allowed to become obsessed by fear, by doubt, by a thousand groundless apprehensions, that the love goes out of life and is replaced by will, and the child life departs and the years bind instead of freeing.

Life ought to be a delightful journey towards freedom.

Taken as a whole, I believe it is; but we have vast ups and downs; we have so much needless pain and friction and unhappiness along the journey. And we create it all ourselves.

If your love is open to the Universal Life Principle it will flow unto you. You will not doubt life. You will show forth health and harmony. You will not shrink back with fear, nor curl up and grow bitter with doubt so long as you love the Spirit of Life. It would be absurd to doubt in the presence of Life. You can come into the presence

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of Life through faith, love and will. Do not seek it primarily outside yourself.

You are the one who is to decide whether you will love, or whether you will entertain doubt or faith. And you must act on your decision. No one can do this for you.

Don't try to feel your progress toward the realization of life. When you try to feel results you create tension, and this keeps away just what you want to induce.

Elbert Hubbard's advice to "quit feeling of your feelings" is exceptionally apt. Try it.

It Rests With You

THE nerves of your body know only the ideas that you send over them in the nature of thoughts. When you make your mental messages to be those of peace and harmony, health and wholeness, your nerves take up those ideas, and the thought of weakness or disorder is banished. Back of all nerves is free, unhampered, harmonious Spirit. When you become centered in this idea your messages to your body are changed from sickness into health, and your nerves are made new by the new state of consciousness that you have come into.

Your mental attitude, now that you have done all that seems best for you to do, is to be still and witness the salvation of the Lord. You doubtless fully know that this stillness in the place of the Most High is not mental torpor, but a quiet intensity that neither affirms nor denies in words, but holds itself in an equipoise of spiritual security. You have done your part; your true word has gone forth. Now rest at the center, and say, "It is well; thy work is sure; I am satisfied." Do not argue with any one, nor discuss the matters which you have submitted to the Spirit; simply say, "All is well; it is finished."

Do not for a moment doubt but what all will be done for the best, even if appearances belie it. The Father is always with you and fully conscious of all that is going on in your mind and affairs. Your attitude toward him decides whether or not his power will be made manifest. Then make yourself his outlet into your world and all the world about you, by trusting him utterly, and looking to him only for assistance.

Many faithful people struggle very much more than is necessary, because they think that the work devolves upon them in demonstration. This is a hard, limited way to look at it, and brings meager results. After one has faithfully invoked the aid of the Father, either in prayer or silent affirmations, and feels that there has been a movement of the mental waters, the soul should rest in the consciousness that so far as it is concerned the thing desired is at hand. In every case the Father does the work; we simply give form and direction to the Spirit power by our word or mental attitude. Be assured of this—that the Omnipresent Light knows every detail of your troubles, but is powerless to help you unless you make the proper spiritual connection. It rests with you!—*Unity*.

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Keeping Young

BARBARA BOYD in "Washington Post"

A HURDY-GURDY was playing a popular air. Children were clustered about it; some dancing on the sidewalk. But the older people hurried by, intent on the business in hand.

The seductive tune rose on the quiet summer night, and the children's voices and laughter and the trip of their little feet blended with it to make a harmony that set visions to dancing through the brain. But the older people hurried by with never a thought or a look.

Why shouldn't the lilt of that music have set the feet of 80 to dancing as well as the feet of 8—or if not exactly to dancing, for that might have caused a mob, so hard and fast are our ideas of what becomes 80, brought them, at any rate, to a pause, their blood thrilling to the music and the night and the children's laughter? To be sure, a hurdy-gurdy is not an orchestra. But it isn't only the music itself that sets the children to dancing. It's the heart of youth that finds joy in it. Why can't we have the heart of youth that joys simply in life and motion, that feels the lilt of the melody even though it may be slightly flatter, into whose blood like wine enters the intoxicating softness of the summer night? Why can't we keep this, and add to it the memories and experiences that come with years?

This little street scene, for instance, brings to mind Tolstoi's account of a night in Lucerne, with all his wonderful description of snowy mountains and sapphire lake and the wondrous music of a wandering minstrel. Children have no such memories as these. They live only in the moment. But the older person watching them can thrill to the music and their laughter, yet bring to memory this other picture, different and yet alike, and so double his pleasure in the present.

The trouble is we fail to keep young. We close our hearts to these impressions. We hurry by music and children and flowers and sky, our minds absorbed in wondering what the stock market will be tomorrow, or whether our new gown will be done in time for the dance at the club, or if Mrs. So and So is going to invite us for a week-end. The spirit of youth is driven out, and if it tries to return, it finds closed doors. It may be necessary occasionally to think upon these things, but we needn't close our mind and heart to all else.

We have all eternity to live, so why begin to grow old yet? Why grow old at all? Why not keep the heart of youth that rejoices in life and motion and color and all that is beautiful and joyous, and add to it the riper experiences of the years as they pass. Let them interpret youth, but do not let them drive it away.

Youth is a state of mind. It isn't a matter of white hair and stiff joints. It will stay with us if we bid it welcome. So why not open our hearts to it, enjoy life to its full, and forget the record in the family Bible?

And if we open our heart to youth and keep young mentally, it will help us physically. Our bodies will keep young longer. When the blood courses

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buoyantly through it, joints do not get stiff, nor the system clogged with the impurities that bring languor, inertia, and dullness. So, aside from the greater richness keeping young mentally gives life, it adds ot the physical joy in living.

TRUE LIGHT

Bessie L. Davis

Light! How much this one word means!

Light was the very first thing created. In Genesis, first chapter, third verse, we read, "And God said let there be light and there was light," this meaning the physical light, the light of day. But the light that lighteth the soul is the light of life, spirit, wisdom, power, knowledge, love, truth, all that pertains to God, to Good.

The opening of the soul to the light of truth is the moment when perception awakens. It is there. Look for it first in yourself. You may find at first only discord. But look deeper. Know that it is certainly within each child of God, and, once having found it in yourself, you will more readily recognize it in your fellow-man.

There is a spiritual melody, an obscure fount in every human heart. It may be hidden, covered over and silenced, but it is there. At the very base of your nature you will find faith, hope and love; and he that chooses evil (so called) refuses to look within himself, and stops his ears to the melody of his heart as well as shuts his eyes to the light of his soul.

But underneath all life is the strong current that cannot be checked—the light of truth. It is there in reality. Find it and you will perceive that even the most wretched of creatures is part and parcel of the Divine. Therefore do not fancy you can stand aside from the bad or foolish man. They are yourself, though in a less degree than your friend or your master; and before you can attain knowledge you must have passed through all places, foul and clean alike.

Remember that the soiled garment you shrink from touching may have been yours yesterday. The self-righteous man makes for himself a bed of mire. Abstain because it is right to abstain, not that you yourself may be kept clean.

GRATITUDE

When night-time comes, remember to be grateful. Gratitude makes sure the connection between you and the one spirit of wisdom and power, love and joy. Be grateful for the power that enabled you to live a successful day. Commend yourself in peace to the one spirit, to work within you its good will, while you sleep. Tell yourself that you are giving up soul, mind and body to the workings of love and wisdom, and that you will wake up in the morning bright and interested and ready to advance.

Live one day at a time, live a successful day, and you will find each day a preparation in full for a better one coming. This is to live the life satisfying, the life useful and advancing.

I learned these things in the most expensive school—experience. Much trouble of soul, great effort and thought and practice gave me the secret. I glory in it more every day of my life, and I pass the secret on to him who will use it.

None other can take it!—*E. Towne in Nautilus.*

It is a kingly spirit that can return good deeds for reproaches.—Cyrus the Syrian (40 B. C.)

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The Power of Love

ESTELLE HODSKINE MORSE

A WOMAN who had been arrested many times was brought before the judge again. He knew her well from the oaths and curses which usually proceeded from her lips on her departure from the court room.

Today this young woman was changed. Her hard face was wonderfully softened. A light illuminated her once darkened countenance, as she earnestly pleaded for release, telling about the small child at home whom she had taken in from the street to love. Had she known what love meant before she would not have fallen so low.

The judge was touched with pity as he listened to her earnest pleading. The mother love was so wonderfully demonstrated that it brought tears to his eyes. As he realized the change love had wrought in the life of this young woman through the tender touch of two tiny soft white hands with a few kind words he released her.

Without love we cannot be at peace, for God is love. He has implanted within every individual a desire which cannot be satisfied until love has entered the life. To meet Him we must be still and enter the inner sanctuary. He, the I am, whom we will meet there will teach us all things and bring all things to our remembrance. He will direct us if we will listen and obey.

Many times the way to God's love has been opened by our needs, by our great desire in times of despair. Not only in the educated, the intellectual and the refined but in the lowest classes this want of love and sympathy is discerned.

We find man in an unsettled state, with a great longing in his heart which nothing can gratify; until the love of God enters his soul, then, and not until then, is his soul satisfied. The Peace that passeth understanding has come to him.

Those of the world who have not undergone this transformation cannot conceive what it is to possess it. Until we realize what love is and the power that we may utilize when we have the love of God in our hearts we have not come into our inheritance. When God dwells within then we are not overcome of evil but are able to overcome evil with good. Realizing the power of love we think only those thoughts which we desire to see realized and thus we become magnets drawing all that is good toward us. As we love so are we loved; the more we give of our love the more we have to give, for the love of God within is like an everlasting fountain springing up unto eternal life. We become dispensers of divine force, the only force which will overcome the evil in the world.

Love is a stronger force than hatred, therefore if we love all, even those who apparently are disturbing our peace, we will eventually overcome even the bitterest enemy. The Buddhist says, "If any man foolishly does me wrong, I will return him the protection of my un-

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grudging love. The more evil comes from him, the more good shall go from me." That is what Christ meant by loving one's neighbor.

It is true that there are many roads to travel, many quests for our pilgrimage, but where the light of Love illuminates the pathway the road is not long nor weary. Were this light shining for all there would be many more prodigals returning home, and more sons and daughters on the road to God today.

Fools

ENOCH PENN

WE read in the Bible that "Anger dwelleth in the bosom of fools." And in pondering this statement one is inclined to wonder why one is termed a fool for such a simple thing as being angry. Sometimes one becomes angry at some inanimate thing, as a stone, and in his anger kicks it, and the question arises, what harm has been done. Certainly the stone is not injured by one's anger, but the real question is, is one injured by his own anger?

We have heard, and believe it, that sometimes after a woman that has a nursing child has experienced a severe spasm of anger the child will be sickened and even die from nursing, the mother's anger having so charged the milk with an evil life-quality. If the milk is impregnated with poison by the mother's anger, is not the whole body so poisoned also? Let one who gives way to anger observe carefully his feelings later and see if the brain and the whole consciousness is not benumbed by it.

When one turns toward God and in a measure enters into that peace that comes from being in touch with his Spirit, if he has conserved the life and is at all sensitive, the presence of a very angry person will cause pain in the head, a feeling of suffocation at the heart and a general heaviness. Why? Because not only does the angry one poison his own body, but he sends out that poison as an aura, an evil magnetism, that poisons even the locality in which he lives—the effect lasting sometimes even for years.

This is one of the means by which the earth is being corrupted, and we read of the time when those that corrupt the earth will be destroyed.

We read that the time will come when a great number will turn toward God and through being purified will enter into God's rest, and even as the presence of the Christ among men stirred up the evil in wicked men to frightful extremes of action, so will the presence of these anointed ones turn back upon men the evils of their own creation, thus causing them to destroy themselves.

Even if a youth can never exceed the limits set in the germ of his life, he can prevent his being dwarfed, one-sided or half-developed.—*O. S. Marden.*

Your feelings are the race horse upon whose swiftness and right handling depend the races of your life.—*Elizabeth Towne.*

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Belief; or, The Power of Thought

L. L. HARPER in "Bible Review"

"As a man thinketh in his heart,
so is he."

WE PRESUME it to be the experience of each and every individual to assert at times, "Oh, I cannot do this," or, "I cannot do that." The statement is not uncommon, but it is seldom that one stops to think what the consequences are arising from such assertions.

If I say, "I cannot do this," or, "I cannot do that," with a firm belief that I am incapable of performing the required demand placed upon me, the fact of such affirmation will preclude me from doing so. If I believe I cannot lift a weight of one hundred pounds, and make no effort to do so, surely I live in the belief that I am incapable of lifting the weight. And the fact that I do not make an effort to lift the weight is proof positive of my belief in my inability to lift it. And so long as I am under this mental impression, I live in a consciousness that is as vivid and real as though it were founded upon absolute facts. Truly, the law applies here, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

What are we to understand by this? Simply this: Man can rise no higher in accomplishment than his belief and determination will permit. If the mind is fixed, limiting our powers and possibilities, just to that extent will our powers and possibilities be limited. We cannot go beyond the bounds we ourselves have placed upon our possibilities. Or, it is man himself who limits his possibilities. In Job we find that Yahveh Elohim set bounds to the sea: "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further: and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." The compass of the waters of the sea is fixed by law: but who shall limit the powers of the will? Speaking of God, can we limit His powers? Man is not always apprised of God's purposes, yet the promise is, "I will be your power." As power is in his name, and as power is derived from him, Yahveh, "I will be what I will to be," it would appear that the source from which our power may be derived is limitless.

The Master declared, "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove: and nothing shall be impossible unto you." If this is true, then it follows that we can either limit or expand our powers. If there is but one power or force in the universe and that power or force is God, then to align ourselves with that power is to accomplish and to do.

We have all been subjected to what is denominated "race-thought." We have been influenced by it, it being a part of our mentality. From the time of Adam a law has been in operation that calls for birth, growth, maturity, decline and death. Man comes into the world through the door called birth, and again makes his exit through the other door called death. This has been the order of life upon the earth-plane, and the race has not questioned the justness of such law, neither has it considered possible an infraction of it. The belief is fixed that man's days upon earth are to be approximately threescore years and ten. This is the race-thought. And if I be-

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lieve that I am destined to live but threescore years and ten, and do not will to change or to defeat that belief, the creative forces (the subconscious mind) will cause the bodily functions to meet this particular demand in order to cope with the powers of death until the time is consummated.

It has been the experience of many when upon their death-beds to defer death for hours, yes, even days, in order that they might speak to a child, or a loved one that was absent at the time, and when the loved one arrived and the message was delivered, then the individual would pass out of the body. What enabled the dying person to keep in the body until his wish was granted? Simply his willing to do so. Now if this is true, then there is a power in man that can even defer death for a time. This being possible, then should it be unreasonable to suppose that man may prolong his existence indefinitely?

When we say to people that there is another law, a law of life, "immortal life" to be attained in the flesh here and now, the old race-thought, "in life we are in death," asserts itself, and we are met with the remark, "Impossible." The objection raised, though, only confirms the words of our text, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Here "Belief, or, The Power of Thought," holds sway.

When we speak of the "eternal life" promised by the Master, and of the fact that the age has come when man may continue in the body during the millennium, the thousand years according to Revelation, then we are confronted with the old school argument of comparison. We are asked to look out upon nature and to behold her laws: that the animals, plants and trees are subject to growth, maturity, decay and death; and we are asked, "Is man an exception to this law, when it has been the order that he too has followed its mandates?" The argument would seem to be conclusive, but we would ask: What is there in nature, namely, animal, tree, or plant-life, that may be compared to man?

What analogy, then, may be drawn paralleling man with other life-manifestation in nature as we behold it? Practically none. From choice man may change his attitude of thinking and reasoning; yes, he may change his environment. What animal, tree or plant may do this? For this reason man is but a little lower (for a short time) than the angels. The fact that man has the capacity to shape his own destiny, that is, he may act from choice, makes him different from anything we may observe in nature; therefore man cannot logically be compared with any life-manifestation found on the earth-plane. This being true, then why should man be necessitated to conform to the law governing the lower orders of life. Nothing but his thinking and willing to do so makes it necessary.

A man's early training, that which has been instilled into his mind in childhood, holds him as in a vice, and it matters not whether such teaching is based on truth or not; in either case that which has been taught him has become a fixed belief with him—a reality. And it is only as man can subject his beliefs and conceptions of life, as transmitted by others and the race-thought, to the open light of God-given reason, that he may become emancipated, learn the truth, and enjoy that freedom that the Master promised when he said, "And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

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Understanding Faith

Mrs. G. B. LESTER in "Power."

BELIEVING in the many beautiful promises of God to His children, and knowing that God is ever faithful to His promises, many ask the question within themselves, "Why do I not have these promises of health, happiness, love and prosperity fulfilled in my life and in my environment?" We are told that knowledge is power, and in order to have the fulfillment of these promises we must first have a correct knowledge or understanding of God and man's relation to God. The orthodox conception of a great Being seated upon a great white throne is not a true understanding of God, but if we have come into the realization or knowledge that God is Omnipresent, that He is the Spirit, Life and Intelligence filling all and being all, and that man is one with this Omnipresence, then we have the true knowledge which is the power that brings the manifestation of these many beautiful promises to us. This is the Kingdom we must seek, to which all things are added.

Having attained this knowledge of the Omnipresence we are to add to our knowledge virtue and to virtue faith. To add virtue is to give a moral excellence and value to our knowledge by using it for the good of ourselves and for the good of all. Then to virtue is added faith. "According to thy faith is it unto you." When a man sits down with no faith in himself or his fellow-men or the universe, and forever says, "I can't," one can immediately observe the lack of health, happiness and prosperity in his life and in his environment.

"The fruit of the Spirit is faith." Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. There is a blind faith, to be sure, and there is an understanding faith based upon immutable principle, and according to this understanding faith is it unto you.

Our first step in "understanding faith" is to know the difference between mere wishing and true desire. True desire or aspiration is from the soul, and "He satisfieth the longing soul and filleth the hungry soul with goodness." "When ye ask believe that you have received, and ye shall have." There is already provided a lavish abundance for every human need, but the demand must be made before the supply can come forth to fill it; in other words, use the talents that God has given you.

To recognize these two statements as truth and to affirm them in faith and by work is the whole secret of "understanding faith." "For verily I say unto you, that whosoever shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed and be thou cast into the sea; and shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe that these things which he saith shall come to pass he shall have whatsoever he saith." (Mark 11:23.) Giving up all doubt and having the true knowledge and understanding faith, we shall know every promise fulfilled.

"Let him ask in faith, nothing wavering, for he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed. Let not that man think that the shall receive anything of the Lord."

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LOYALTY TO PURPOSE

Nature helps the loyal man. If you are careless, slip-shod or indifferent, nature assumes you wish to be a nobody and grants your desire.—*The Mahin Messenger.*

There is another bit of wisdom in the little essay from which the above quotation is made. It is this: "Loyalty makes the thing to which you are loyal yours. Disloyalty removes it from you."

If you are loyal to life, life will be loyal to you.

If you blight your loyalty with a withering pessimism, the results will not be according to your liking.

The spirit of man grows strong in its manifestation only when faith is free and active. Doubt and pessimism act like a dry rot upon the creative and attractive powers of man. They dry up the very fountains of life.

Inspiration is the fruit of loyalty. Love for and loyalty to your work invite ideas for its improvement. Hence success follows loyalty to your work. Improved work means success in the truest sense, whether you are a good enough business man to make it mean more money or not.

We have about reached the limit of measuring success by money alone. It is true that the acquirement of money usually means great and unusual ability. It is also true that the person who does his work well and constantly improves it is a success, no matter where nor under what circumstances he works.

It is a great and fine thing to be loyal, even in small matters.

The highest form of loyalty is loyalty to your own highest ideals. Under our present-day system of living there are many bribers waiting on all sides to test this loyalty. The temptation to compromise for the sake of gain here and there will assail you at every turn.

Blessed are you if you live according to the words of Shakespeare: "This above all, to thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man."

THE INDWELLING DIVINE LIFE

When we declare that man is the child of God, this is what we declare—that the ultimate fact of man's existence is the divine life that dwells within him; that the divine life is echoed in him; that it is essential to man's nature that he should be good and true and brave, and, in fact, that it is an invasion of man's nature, something foreign to him, that he should be base and mean and low and sordid and foul; that man is distinctively man—when you come to his ultimate definition, man—when you try to tell yourself what man is—is all nobility and purity and strength, the utterance in this especial life, of that divine life, which is behind all being everywhere. * * *

To err is human, wrote our copy books, and we deny it. To err is inhuman. To be holy, to live in the straight line of duty, to utter God's life in every intrinsic existence, and in all our related existences, that, and that alone, is true humanity. And it is with this idea and nothing else than this that I find myself able to understand such an expression as "the enthusiasm of humanity." This is true optimism. An optimist is a believer in the best, and any man who believes that anything less than the best is the ultimate purpose of God, and so the ultimate possibility of God's children, does not begin to live upon God's earth.—*Phillips Brooks.*

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TODAY AND TOMORROW

The Land of Yesterday is a beauteous land if we recall only the sunshiny days. The Land of Tomorrow is a glorious mirage if we picture it with the eyes of Hope. Only the Land of Today is a reality. Why not live Today? In the turmoil and the clatter, in the dust and the dirt, men are slaving and clawing and fighting for the mirage of Tomorrow. As a nation we are working and slaving and saving for that deceitful life beyond, for the day when all of us shall be rich and supremely happy, unmindful of the fact that Today is the golden time. The morning paper tells us that Old Man Smith, the Midas of Fifth avenue, is dead. For years Smith cheated and fouled his adversary, starved and denied to live longer in the days of Tomorrow. All the beautiful things we might have seen Today were passed by. The money that would have bought him satisfaction was stored away in the cellar to be fought over, now that he is dead.

Instead of enjoying happiness Today, we are striving for a nepenthe which will banish pain and sorrow in the days to come. We seek for a vital happiness to preside over our longevity! We seek to live longer in the days of Tomorrow, forgetting to live now in the day that is given us—Today.

But there will come a time when man will have advanced enough in human enlightenment to appreciate the hour that is. He will realize that the Promethean fire is at its zenith now, not tomorrow. Euphrosyne will preside during the actual moment with influences that cheer. The heyday of our happiness will not be postponed, and the true realization of all the good and beautiful things of life will come to us in the present. The blue devils and depressions that so often hover over Today for fear of Tomorrow will be banished to Tomorrow—and there will be no Tomorrow, for every day will be but Today as we reach it in our new enlightenment.—*Women's World.*

OLD MOTHER SMILES-AT-WOE

Robert Webster Jones

"Rarely is the relation between cheerfulness and longevity better emphasized than in the life of Old Mother Smiles-at-woe, who, at the age of one hundred and seven, is the most conspicuous member of the Nebraska Indian reservation. While yet a child this woman received her optimistic name from the philosophic manner in which she met misfortune, and throughout her long life she has maintained the same cheerful spirit. Now, day after day, as she sits knitting, a smile, every now and then, lights up her copper-brown countenance. Reminiscences of the stirring times of half a century or more ago flit through her mind and her look seems to say: 'Mine has been a busy, a trying, and exciting life, full of hardships and sorrows, but I do not regret it. I am glad to have lived. A century of life has taught me the futility of worrying, and I know that everything comes out right in the end.' Few spoken or written sermons preach a more valuable lesson than is afforded by the life of Old Mother Smiles-at-woe. Throughout all the tribes her fame has extended, and her cheerfulness under adverse conditions is held up for the emulation of the younger members. Old Mother Smiles-at-woe only a savage, you say? Then may her tribe increase."—*Housekeeper.*

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SPEAK TRUTH AS IT COMES TO YOU

When I was in college I used to be quite timid. I was afraid to express my opinions before any of the professors for fear they might not be correct, and the more I though of how much they knew and how little I knew, how great they were and how little I was, the more sensitive and negative I became, but I began to find that there was something in me which, if I would let it, would spring forth into expression with perfect illumination. It might not be perfect at the beginning, through my mistaken conceptions, but the more I trusted it the more perfectly it would express. So I made up my mind that I would always tell what I thought, anyway. I began to let Truth express through me and I began to get over that timidity. Once I delivered an address before about six hundred people, including several doctors of divinity and of law, and the thought of their being there just to hear a boy talk very nearly gave me stage fright. But there I was, and I had to do something, so I began to express the truth as I saw it, and pretty soon I did not care how many preachers and doctors were there. I began to realize this truth, that the power within me is mighty. I did not try to go into the great phrases of our language; I could not if I had desired. I just gave the Truth as it came to me, and it was so received.—*Power.*

Under the magnetism of friendship the modest man becomes bold; the shy, confident; the lazy, active; or the impetuous, prudent and peaceful.—*Thackeray.*

WHEN WISDOM COMES

The first activity of God is that of wisdom. When God begins to come into the consciousness then comes wisdom. That is the first light of understanding, the first step toward it. If we will begin to use it and say, "This light of Truth now illumines my mind," we will begin to know certain things as fact. That is knowledge. We may not yet understand the fact, but we will begin to see into it, which is understanding. These are the three steps. Then you will know from these three steps that God is supply, that what you have now of money symbolizes the invisible substance. If I am not afraid to use what I have today, even to the last nickel, for that which I believe I should use it, I may be sure that more will come. Thus is the subconscious mind trained in accordance with the principles of Truth, and will bring forth like unto itself.—*Power.*

THE PHYSICIAN OF THE FUTURE

The physician of the future will bring about healing by leading his patients to the way of peace. The patient in future will not go to a doctor for a bottle of medicine, but for a charge of nerve-energy to recuperate his vital strength. The time is coming when, instead of hospitals standing in dirty and crowded cities, full of smell and noise and traffic, there will be temples of silence built away in the country, amidst the fragrance of flowers and the song of birds, attended by physicians full of sympathy and faith, who will bring life and healing to their patients by appealing to the higher energies and powers of the mind and spirit—the whole atmosphere breathing a spirit of cheerfulness and calm and peace.—*The Health Record, London.*

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A MANIFESTATION

When the Divine Self is recognized by man or woman, manifestations from within must inevitably follow.

"Have you always had that brilliant complexion and smooth skin?" I was asked a short time since.

"Not until very recently," I replied.

"Do tell me how you have made yourself over!"

"Simply by not arresting the processes of growth," I replied. "The Divine purpose is that every human being should manifest life and health more abundantly as the years go by. For my part, I expect to grow younger constantly, in feeling and appearance. The real woman that I manifest, my higher self, can never be old or careworn. It is forever young and blooming.

"Even a child can understand this matter of development. Let the Divine within you have opportunity to expand. Listen to the inner voice, and obey its lowest whisper. Realise every minute that you are now a perfect woman, nobly planned, and slowly perhaps, but surely, your real self will shine out through your physical environment. The results will at first be astonishing to you, as they were to me. Now I look for ever-increasing youth, health, vigor and freshness in every part of me, external the reflection of internal symmetry and beauty.

"But all this would be useless without the one elixir of youth—the recognition of one's true selfhood. When that has the right of way, all else falls into line and contributes toward the expected end."—*Helen Chauncey, from Eleanor Kirk's Idea.*

THAT YE MIGHT HAVE LIFE

It ought to be placed in the forefront of all Christian teaching that Christ's mission on earth was to give men life. "I am come," he said, "that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly." And that he meant literal life—literal, spiritual and eternal life—is clear from the whole course of his teaching and acting.

He himself assures me, "This is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." Do I not now discern the deeper meaning in "Jesus Christ whom thou has sent?" Do I not better understand with what vision and rapture the profoundest of the disciples exclaims, "The Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding that we might know him that is true."—*Henry Drummond.*

LEARNING AND UNLEARNING

I do not say, remember, that the Christian life to every man, or to any man, can be a bed of roses. No educational process can be this. And perhaps if some men knew how much was involved in the simple "learn" of Christ, they would not enter his school with so irresponsible a heart. For there is not only much to learn, but much to unlearn. —*Henry Drummond.*

In this fiercely competitive age, when the law of the survival of the fittest acts with seemingly merciless rigor, no one can afford to be indifferent to the smallest detail of dress, or manner, or appearance, that will add to his chance of success.—*O. S. Marden.*

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Wit and Humor

Smart Sayings and Flashes of Fun From Many Sources

NEW NAME FOR BRAYING

Small Flossie heard a mule braying for the first time. "Oh, grandpa," she exclaimed, "that horse has the whooping cough!"—*Chicago News.*

CHAOS DEFINED

"What's the meaning of 'chaos?' queried little Lola.

"Chaos," explained her 8-year-old brother, "is a great big pile of nothing, with no place to put it."

HEARING DEFECTIVE

"Willie," said the mother of a small boy, "why didn't you answer when I called you? Didn't you hear me?"

"Yes, mamma," replied Willie, "but I didn't hear you very good."

ON PAPA'S ROAD

"Where was Christ born?" asked the Sunday school teacher of a small pupil whose father was a railway engineer.

"In Hannibal," was the unexpected reply.

"No, no," said the teacher. "He was born in Bethlehem."

"Well," rejoined the little fellow, "I knew it was some station on papa's road."

BLASTED HOPE

J. Pierpont Morgan has paid $50,000 for a collection of manuscripts of Robert Burns, the plowboy poet. We hasten, for the benefit of Indiana poets, to add that Mr. Burns is dead.—*Albany Times.*

THE POLITE WAITER

"Waiter! I've waited an hour for my order to be served!"

"Thank you, sir. Allow me to compliment you on your rare patience."—*Cleveland Leader.*

CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE

Fagan (proudly)—Have ye heard thim gur-rls iv mine play th' pianny, Jawn? By gorry, but they do be wonders.

Hagan (who lives in the flat below)—They are that, Mike—when ye consider that wonders never cease!

MISTAKES WILL HAPPEN

He saw her sitting in the dark corner and knew that his chance had come.

Noiselessly he stole up behind her, and before she was aware of his presence he had kissed her.

"How dare you!" she shrieked.

"Pardon me," he bluffed readily; "I thought you were my sister."

She stepped out into the light. "You silly fool!" she giggled, "I am!"

He fainted.—*Cleveland Leader.*

NEVER KNOWN TO TELL

Hogan (with paper)—Glory be! Here's a scientific felly who says he wance ate th' flesh iv a mammoth that wuz frozen 250,000 years ago!

Brogan—Faith, he's a fibber thin!

Hogan—How kin ye prove it?

Brogan—Shure, how could he find out from th' cold storage comp'ny th' date they received that animal?

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PERHAPS

Mrs. Stravagant had just returned from divine service, whither she had taken her perfect dream of a hat—the $47.98 kind.

"You should have come along, my dear, to see the congregation rubber," she gurgled to her husband; "this milliner's masterpiece caused some talk, believe me."

"Doubtless," growled the mere man, sulkily; "talk about how I can do it on my salary!"

THE DOCTOR'S BEST

"What's the matter with the man in the second story of this house? The doctor's been coming here regularly for the past three months!"

"Oh, he's the doctor's best patient. He doesn't get well and he doesn't die." —*Journal.*

THE SETTLEMENT

Suitor—What will your father settle on the man who marries you?

The Girl—All the rest of the family, I suppose.—*St. Louis Times.*

NOT AN AGREEABLE ADVISER

"I shall never ask him for his advice again."

"What's the matter?"

"He never thinks that what I have made up my mind to do is right."—*Detroit Free Press.*

HER SACRIFICE

Madge—What is Dolly's ambition in life?

Marjorie—She hopes to marry a millionaire and save him from the disgrace of dying rich.—*Life.*

ARBITRATION

"Arbitration as a substitute for warfare will do excellently," said Gen. F. D. Grant at a banquet at West Point, "provided the contending nations don't show the spirit of Commodore Vanderbilt's tenant.

"Commodore Vanderbilt used often to arbitrate his tenants' disputes, and one day two farmers called on him in his function of arbitrator.

"The Commodore, before consenting to act, put to the first tenant the necessary question:

"'Now, Henry, if I consent to arbitrate, will you abide by my decision?'

"The farmer, a hard-headed old fellow, answered thoughtfully:

"'Well, Commodore, I'd like to know what it is first.'"—*Washington Herald.*

THE REASON

"How effusively sweet that Mrs. Blondy is to you, Jonesey," said Witherell. "What's up? Any tender little romance there?"

"No, indeed. Why, that woman hates me," said Jonesey.

"She doesn't show it," said Witherell.

"No; but she knows I know how old she is. We were both born on the same day," said Jonesey, "and she's afraid I'll tell somebody."—*Harper's Weekly.*

LITTLE KNOWLEDGE

A recent school examination in England elicited the following definitions:

"Noah's wife," wrote one boy, "was called Joan of Arc." "Water," wrote another, "is composed of two gases, oxygen and cambrigen." "Lava," replied a third youth, "is what a barber puts on your face." "A blizzard," insisted another child, "is the inside of a fowl."—*Harper's Weekly.*

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SATISFACTION

Oh, why should I be lonely
When He is always here?
I'll close my eyes in silence
And feel His Presence near.

Then why should I be troubled?
I cannot be distressed;
In every single moment
I know that I am blessed.

His arms are ever round me,
His voice I plainly hear
In tones of sweetest music,
Dispelling doubt and fear.

I cannot be discouraged;
Now a grateful child I'll be,
With a heart just filled with gladness
For His loving care of me.

—*L. M. H., in Power.*

THE WISH PARAMOUNT

I fondly trust the things we see
Are shadows of the things to be;
That what we plan we build;
That every hope that hath been crossed,
And every dream that we thought was lost
In heaven shall be fulfilled.

That even the children of the brain
Have not been born and died in vain,
Though here unclothed and dumb!
But on some brighter, better shore,
They live embodied evermore,
And wait for us to come.

—*From Phoebe Cary's "Gone Before."*

"Flee from fear and still the faster
Fear comes on.
Turn, assert yourself the master,
Fear is gone."

CLOSING THE DOORS

I have closed the door on Doubt;
I will go by what light I can find,
And hold up my hands, and reach them out
To the glimmer of God in the dark, and call:
"I am Thine, though I grope and stumble and fall;
I serve, and Thy service is kind."

I have closed the door on Fear;
He has lived with me far too long.
If he were to break forth and reappear,
I should lift my eyes and look at the sky
And sing aloud, and run lightly by;
He will never follow a song.

I have closed the door on Gloom;
His house has too narrow a view.
I must seek for my soul a wider room,
With windows to open and let in the sun,
And radiant lamps when the day is done,
And the breeze of the world blowing through.

—*Irene P. McKeehan, in The Century.*

THOU MUST BE TRUE

Thou must be true thyself,
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another's soul wouldst reach;
It needs the overflowing heart
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

—*Horatius Bonar.*

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DEATH'S BLOSSOMINGS.

THE LILY.

Black the seed and black the soil,
And black death sews its seam;
But lo! the shadows overpast,
And lo! the lily's gleam.

From black defeat, from woes that wound
From black death's darkest deed,
Behold my angel splendors smile,
My soul is beauty-freed.

Death is naught; there's no defeat;
No human being ever dies;
Eternal Love sings out its yea,
And my eternal yea replies.

In stress of storm or dark of death
No end of me can ever be;
I say, I shout, I sing, "I am,"
Each change my life's new ecstasy.

THE BUTTERFLY.

A beauteous dress the little worm
Wore down among the grass;
I felt distress, such pity it seemed
That into dust it pass.

But when I saw the butterfly
Spread out its rainbow wings,
I blessed the law of bitter loss
That knew such blossomings.

—*John Milton Scott.*

DON'T WAIT

There are many ways, my own dear heart, to find the Heaven within.
There's Peace and Love for all the clan, when you leave the world and its din.
So come to the land of God and Love, before it is too late;
Leave all and come, it means so much—don't wait, and wait, and wait.

—*B. B. J.*

I AM

"I am" is the living Soul;
"I am" is the Power within;
"I am" is the One, the Whole;
"I am" is the all there is.

Now take up your work anew;
Remember the Power is yours,
And all that was hard before
Will be a pleasure to do.

You who are weary today,
Will find rest in your very work.
"Come," says the Spirit, "to me;
Come and you shall have peace."

Love is ever the Guide,
Leading us to the Truth,
Conscious of Oneness of all,
All will aid in our search.

—*Power.*

THE PRINCE OF LIFE

"From his lips truth, limpid, without error, flowed.
Disease fled from his touch. Pain heard him and was not.
Despair smiled in his presence. Devils knew, and trembled.
In the Omnipotence of faith, unintermittent, indefectible,
Leaning upon his Father's might, he bent all nature to his will.
The tempest sank, he whispering, into waveless calm.
The bread given from his hands fed thousands, and to spare.
The stormy waters, as the solid rock, were pavement for his footsteps.
Death itself, with vain reluctancies yielded its prey
To the stern mandates of the Prince of Life."

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The Real Stature of Lucretia Borgia

HOW'S your health? If you're twenty years old, sane, sound and normal—able to eat three meals a day and digest them—if you sleep naturally and can pass a life insurance examination, you're wonderfully made.

If we can believe all that we read about the "good old days" when there was no Pure Food and Drug Act—when any old poisoner could sell any old "dope" to anybody, anywhere—those of us who were on our feet survived trials and travails such as no medieval martyr ever endured.

How pitifully amateurish does Lucretia Borgia loom through the mists of history!

How overrated she seems when mentioned in the same breath with her distinguished prototypes of our day!

Lucretia was a piker! At the utmost, she didn't get away with more than a few hundred. She no longer deserves a niche in the Hall of Infamy. We knew of men who killed by the graveyardful and went down into their unknown tombs, unwept and unsung.

How can she hope to rank with the genius who stilled our infant cries (often permanently) with a baby syrup, slugged to the guards with morphine?

Does she presume to compete for place with the lovable confectioner from whom we bought our sweetened clay, roof-painted, varnish-coated chocolate creams?

And what of the philanthropist who, under pretense of curing catarrh and hay fever, taught us the cocaine habit in its place?

Of a different type was the jolly old joker who provided Aunt Eliza with her regular supply of "red-eye" under a "tonic" label, and nightly sent that innocent party to her drunken sleep. No wonder the dear old lady derived sufficient vitality therefrom to express her detestation of the "demon rum" at the Tuesday night meeting of the local Rechabites!

And the food we ate!

No fear but what we consumed the full peck of dirt which tradition allowed to each mortal—(we ate the peck all right—about once a week)—dirt of every color and condition—doped dirt—embalmed dirt—poisoned dirt, as well as the common or garden varieties of putrefaction and filth.

We're still so impregnated with benzoate of soda that we'll awake intact on judgment day, a little shrunken perhaps, but just as good mummies as Ptolemy or any other Egyptian, whose family undertaker squirted him full of the same preservative.

No, Lucretia, we can't say that you impress us. The world has sped apace, little one, since you left our midst. Your technique was coarse! You may have been a "star" in your time, but according to our standard for a first-class, self-respecting, well-organized, talented, expert, competent poisoner, you were a bungler and a fizzle.—*Woman's World.*

The fullness of the Universal Life flows through me.

I will recognize my Source of Power in everything I do.

—*Power.*

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GOD'S PROVISION FOR HEALING

God has made provision for healing all manner of sickness and diseases. Witness the works of Jesus and the Apostles and the promises to believers. He promises immunity from plagues and diseases and accidents (Psa. 91; Mark 16:18), so that "nothing shall by any means hurt you."—Luke 10:19. He promises renewal of youth (Job 33:25), and the renewed man shall be superior to the original.—Col. 3:9, 10. The climax of such promises is capped by Jesus' promise that those who believe in Him, and keep His sayings, shall never die.

As Moses led the children of Israel to the borders of the promised land which he himself was not allowed to enter, so Paul directs those of his readers who are able to receive it, to the promise of everlasting life, although he could not take advantage of it. He said, "God hath set forth us the apostles last, as it were appointed to death;" that whatever fell to his lot was for the furtherance of the gospel. He admitted that death was working in him, but life in some who would read his writings (II Cor. 4:12); that he had not attained to the resurrection, nor even to have apprehended (Phil. 3:12, 13); but he wrote to those to whom he said, "Ye are risen."—Col. 2:12. The patriarchs died, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, * * * God having provided a better thing for us.—Heb. 11:13, 39, 40. Since they have the promise of a resurrection from the grave, the better promise to us is the promise of not dying at all.—*Fred Deem in Unity.*

"Our work is not that of becoming greater than we are, but it is that of expressing the truth of what we are."

GUARD YOUR THOUGHTS

It is never wise to invite a struggle until you are poised in the knowledge of the Divine Within, avoid reading or thinking about the condition of those who are working their way through stress into the liberty of the Christ. If such matters intrude, remember that you have nothing to do in the matter except to declare freedom for others and for yourself. God will take care of the results.

Your mind is carrying a large load of thoughts about the reality of evil. This darkens your consciousness and impedes the working of the Divine Mind in you and your affairs. Evil and evil conditions have a definite cause in the individual, and although you may not see from the limited viewpoint of a single life all the causes, they are there just the same. The thoughts we are building up in consciousness will surely work themselves out somewhere unless we head them off and reconstruct them by higher and better thoughts. So you should take for granted that all those people who are apparently suffering unjust evil conditions must have set that kind of thoughts going in their field of consciousness, and they are now coming to fruition.

If you want health you must think about health instead of disease. If you want good, you must think about the Omnipotence of the Good, and drop out of your field of consciousness everything of evil character.

The dangers of knowledge are not to be compared with the dangers of ignorance. Man is more likely to miss his way in darkness than in twilight, in twilight than in the full sun.—*Whately*

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THE CUMULATIVE TREATMENT

A correspondent asks this question: "Would not the prayer of one person who is praying for the recovery of a sick person be answered just as sure and certain as would be the prayers of six different persons?" Answer: The only way that we can know anything is by our own experience or the experience of others. The experience that we have had in this line has taught us that two or more praying for the same thing have more force and effect and the answers are more uniformly good than where one alone does the praying.

In order to understand this, one must get into the realm of thought. Our Savior, when He went down into His own country, could not do many mighty works, we are told, because of their unbelief. It is the thought of unbelief that must be overcome. It is the thought and recognition of death which is the cause of every death that occurs in the world, and if that thought was destroyed and that recognition of death was destroyed, then there never would be another death. It is the thought and belief in sickness that is the cause of every kind of sickness, and if there was a universal thought that sickness could not exist, there never would be another case of sickness. The benefit of the cumulative system is that it gives a greater power and destroys this adverse thought. We believe it to be much more effective in serious cases than the ordinary system of the single prayer.

No one who is a lover of money, a lover of pleasure, or a lover of glory is likewise a lover of mankind, but only he who is a lover of virtue.—Epictetus.

LIVING IN THE PRESENCE

When the soul has once reached that union with God, nay, when it lives in the constant presence of God, evil becomes almost impossible. We know that most of the evil deeds to which human nature is prone are possible in the dark only. Before the eyes of another human being, particularly a beloved being, they become at once impossible. How much more in the real presence of a real and really beloved God, as felt by the true mystic, not merely as a phrase, but as a fact? As long as there is no veil between him and God, evil thoughts, evil words, evil deeds are simply impossible to one who feels the actual presence of God. He is satisfied with the Divine Love that embraces his soul; he has all that he can desire; his whole life is hid with Christ in God; death is swallowed up in victory; the mortal has become immortal; neither death, nor life, nor things present, nor things to come, is able to separate his soul from the love of God. —*Words of Truth.*

JOY AND GLORY ARE WITHIN US

Do right and God's recompense to you will be the power of doing more right. Give, and God's reward to you will be the spirit of giving more; a blessed spirit, for it is the spirit of God Himself, whose life is the blessedness of giving. Love, and God will pay you with the capacity of more love, for love is Heaven—love is God within you.

The source of joy and glory lies solely within us. If a man's heart be not at peace; if he does not possess his own approval; if a peaceful conscience does not shed its light upon him, then nothing can make him happy.—*Farrar.*

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Do Your Work

C. D. LARSON

Whatever happens be resolved on one thing, that you will do your work exceedingly well; in fact, as well as lies within your greatest power; and that you will do your utmost to improve upon your work every day. For though you may have failed in many respects, and many things have gone wrong, the strict adherence to this resolve will certainly change your fate, and much sooner than you may now expect. Whatever may be the present turn of fate, say to yourself every day and every hour—and say it with all the ardor of your soul—I will do my work, and do it so well that no one can do it better. Thus you place beneath your feet an irremovable foundation—a foundation that the storms of adversity can never destroy or replace; and upon such a foundation you can, through the same good work, build a structure of excellence and worth that will finally tower above the highest pinnacle of your loftiest ambition. The man who does his work exceedingly well can smile at all the vicissitudes of fate. For the time will surely come when fate will kneel in absolute obeisance to such a man. Such a man can afford to wait for the turning of the tide, if need be, though the waiting will not be long. Whatever may happen or intervene, he can depend on one thing, that his ambitions will be realized and his dreams will come true, provided he continues to do his work exceedingly well.

TOLSTOI'S LAST WORDS

Before he passed from earth the great Tolstoi left this farewell message to the world:

"Instead of returning evil with evil, try to return evil with good; to say nothing ill of men; to act kindly even with the ox and dog. Live thus one day, two days or more, and compare the state of your mind with its state in former days. Make the attempt and you will see how the dark, evil modes have passed away and how the soul's happiness has increased. Make the attempt and you will see that the gospel of love brings not merely profitable words, but the greatest and most desired of all things."

NEW THOUGHT MAXIMS

Your thoughts are the sculptors of your face and body.

Plant happy thoughts in your mind instead of small annoyances.

Open your eyes and your nightmare will vanish.

Watch the trees "letting go" of their leaves and learn what to do with your old thoughts.

The good that comes to us is oftener hidden than seen.

Listen to Confidence, never to Fear.

We underestimate our victories and exaggerate our failures.—*Ida Gatling Pentecost.*

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SIGNIFICANT WORLD VOICES

The world is echoing with new, strange voices. Sometimes it is the cry of one in the wilderness, the forerunner of a new world policy, a new social system, a new religious force. Often it is the voice of thunder that comes from the heart of the masses, speaking with no uncertain sound.

If these world voices could be blended into one grand chorus their theme would be expressed by a single word—"expansion."

Men are to-day seeking national expansion. America is bound to grow because we have all the conditions which make for permanent success.

We are demanding social and economic expansion. This will mean a larger, fuller liberty. It will mean a more abundant life. In this struggle the people are going to win. No human power can prevent it, and no Divine power will. It is part of God's plan that men should grow, and, growing, they will burst the bands that hold them.

But the world is to-day expanding religiously. Rarely has there been a time when men cried out after the noblest and best things in life. The world is not in the hands of the devil, as some are saying. It is still God's world. He rules. Let us never forget that. It is well for us to be in harmony with His plans. No sane man would think of fighting the laws of Nature. He would be a fool who tried to stop the stars in their courses. But, for some reason, some men believe that they have power to successfully oppose God in the spiritual world, forgetting that the spiritual world is God's world, as well as the physical world, and that God's laws prevail in the unseen world, just as they do in the seen.

It is only the small man who sees no power beyond himself, who recognizes nothing that is Divine.—*By Rev. Charles Stelzle, Superintendent of the Department of Church and Labor of the Presbyterian Church.*

PREJUDICE AN OBSTACLE

A person who is governed by prejudice is always at a disadvantage. His narrow-mindedness closes his mental faculties and prevents him from seeing the Truth which builds you up and makes you free. Our Savior told us that we should know the Truth, and the Truth should make us free. Now, any kind of a Truth has a tendency to give Freedom, and all kinds of error have a tendency to enslave. A person may be a slave to his passions, a slave to dishonesty, a slave to wickedness, a slave to fear. The fear of poverty and the fear of sickness are two of the tyrants which destroy more of the human family than all others that is within our knowledge. If we would be Free from these errors, we must Free ourselves from prejudice. Persons who have the opportunity to receive this so-called New Thought Truth, yet shut their eyes to it, open themselves to error, and at once become the slaves to prejudice. This should be avoided, and the only way to properly avoid it is to stop and ascertain what the Truth is, then study and obey.

No one can tell the unending power for good which each of us have in our homes, among our fellow-men by faith in them—how far we can strengthen their feeble desire for God and all good. Care, then, for the soul of people, and for the soul of what they do, as well as of what they are.—*Henry Wilder Foote.*

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Their Own Worst Enemies

ORISON SWETT MARDEN

Most people are their own worst enemies. We are all the time "queering" our life game by our vicious, tearing-down thoughts and unfortunate moods. Everything depends upon our courage, our faith in ourselves, in our holding a hopeful, optimistic outlook; and yet, whenever things go wrong with us, whenever we have a discouraging day or an unfortunate experience, a loss or any misfortune, we let the tearing-down thought, doubt, fear, despondency, like a bull in a china shop, tear through our mentalities, perhaps breaking up and destroying the work of years of building up, and we have to start all over again. We work like the frog in the well; we climb up only to fall back, and often lose all we gain.

One of the worst things that can ever happen to a person is to get it into his head that he was born unlucky and that the Fates are against him. There are no Fates, outside of our own mentality. We are our own Fates. We control our own destiny.

There is no Fate or destiny which puts one man down and another up. "It is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings." He only is beaten who admits it. The man is inferior who admits that he is inferior, who voluntarily takes an inferior position because he thinks the best things were intended for somebody else.

You will find that just in proportion as you increase your confidence in yourself by the affirmation of what you wish to be and to do, your ability will increase.

No matter what other people may think about your ability, never allow yourself to doubt that you can do or become what you long to. Increase your self-confidence in every possible way, and you can do this to a remarkable degree by the power of self-suggestion.

JUST TO BE GOOD

In the effort to appreciate various forms of greatness, let us not underestimate the value of a simple, good life. Just to be good: to keep life pure from degrading elements, to make it constantly helpful in little ways to those who are touched by it, to keep one's spirit always sweet and avoid all manner of petty anger and irritability—that is an ideal as noble as it is difficult.—*Edward Howard Griggs.*

WASTE NO TIME ON YESTERDAY

Finish every day and be done with it. You have done what you could. Some blunders and absurdities no doubt crept in; forget them as soon as you can. Tomorrow is a new day; begin it well and serenely and with too high a spirit to be cumbered with your old nonsense. This day is all that is good and fair. It is too dear, with its hopes and invitations, to waste a moment on the yesterdays.—*Emerson.*

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KEEP YOUR WINDOWS OPEN

Don't sleep in a closed room.

Fresh air is the basic requisite to good health. A sealed chamber is a breeding place of disease.

The lungs utilize all the oxygen they breathe and expel their impurities in your exhalations.

Within an hour a man consumes all the oxygen in the average room. If the windows and transom are down and the door is shut, thereafter he breathes foul poisons.

Rural communities should, by reason of natural advantages, be practically immune from the "White Plague;" but statistics show a greater percentage of consumptives among farmers than any other class of people.

Who isn't familiar with the deadly parlor with its stale atmosphere where for days at a stretch whole generations of malignant germs are permitted to incubate undisturbed! A week often passes without the admission of sunlight. As well spend an afternoon in a smoke-filled tunnel as remain in such a pest-hole.

Open the windows, even in the rain—far better to spoil a few trumpery lace curtains and spot the carpet than jeopardize your health.

OUR LITERATURE

We have never had so many books and never so many bad books. The existing standards of literature are distinctly below those of the two preceding centuries. We have so many periodicals of so many sorts—the demand for essays and fiction is so insistent, the manufacturer of books has become so commercialized, and there are so many unfit in competition with self-respecting publishers, that writers who could not have marketed their output fifty years ago, find ready acceptance of their drivel and trash. We could readily dispense with nine-tenths of our current writing. Good literature is only possible through great patience, long reflection and exquisite handicraft. It necessitates constant elimination, research and thought. Had Fleet Street set as low a standard as that of our present day editors, we should never have possessed the glorious heritage of the Addisonian period.

A group of New Thought Songs have been published by Harriet Doane Prentiss, which will be found inspiring to lovers of music.. An attractive waltz, "The Dance of the Waves," is included in the list. Others are "Let Us Pretend," "Never Let Your Countenance Sag," "Look for Me, Sweetheart, at Twilight," "A Mirror," and "Love's Ecstasy." Price of each 25 cents. Address Harriet Doane Prentiss, 4607 Spruce street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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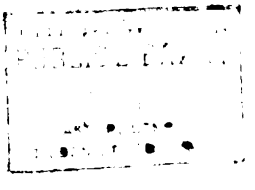

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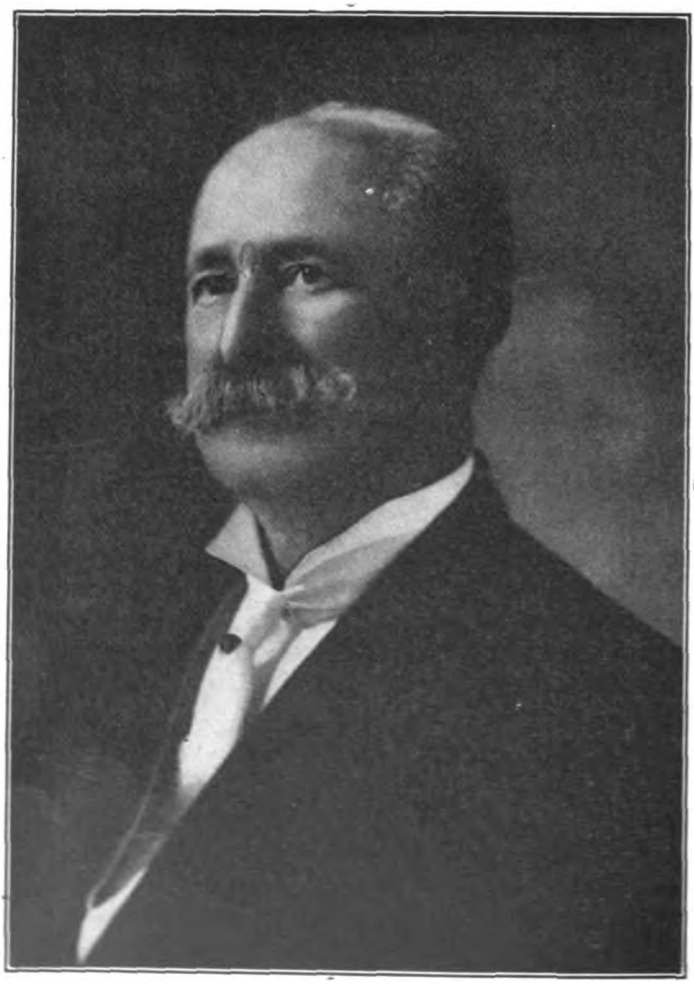

Oliver C. Sabin

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Unchain the Truth

The public press has been very much exercised during the past two weeks, as most of our readers have doubtless noticed, in regard to some public healing that was done in our church on Sunday, November 5. These healings should be no cause for surprise, but they, as all similar healings, should be the cause of rejoicing that God's Truth is becoming understood. Our Savior said that those who know the Truth should be free, and it is this Freedom-Giving Truth that we are endeavoring, by every legitimate means, to advance and to bring to the attention of more and more of the children of men.

The power to heal belongs to no one individual; it is the Truth that does the work. All healing is done by God in the name of Jesus Christ. Thousands and tens of thousands of our students throughout the world are practicing this

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divine work and receiving results more or less perfect in accordance with perfect environment and perfect understanding. Therefore, let me urge all to use every power in their means to teach and to spread this gospel of Truth throughout the world, and they will be blest in accordance with the seed they sow.

We take pleasure this month in introducing to our readers, our student Harriet B. Welton, of Hartford, Conn. Mrs. Welton belongs to the Evangelical Christian Science Church, and is a teacher and healer, and will accept invitations to go anywhere within a reasonable distance from Washington, where she now resides. Those who wish to form a class where the teaching will be at a reasonable compensation may write to Mrs. Welton in my care and she will receive the communication. The church commends her work and sends her forth with confidence that she will do it well.

Lovingly yours,

Olivier C. Sabin

Bishop.

The Christmas Rose

Long years ago, a Christmas legend tells,
A lowly maiden on the Bethlehem plains
Followed the shepherds thro' the star-lit night,
Led by the sweetness of angelic strains.

With fleeces soft they lined the stony bed.
She bowed with them in reverent amaze,
But weeping o'er the babe, she vainly tried
To join their anthems of adoring praise.

And then, 'tis said, a messenger was sent
From the angelic host who watched above.
"Why weepest thou?" he asked. "I am so poor,
I have no gift," she said, "to prove my love."

He drew her gently thro' the open door.
She saw the ground illumined at her feet,
And lo, upon the turf, unseen before,
Were flowers of starry whiteness, pure and sweet.

"Take these, my child," he said. "Their waxen bells
Shall whisper to the world each Christmas morn,
'Love needs no offering but its own sweet self.
Who giveth love, for him the Christ is born.'" —From *Woman's Tribune.*

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Chain of Golden Thoughts

December

PAULINA B. SABIN

The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make his face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee and give thee peace.

It is not the weight of jewel or plate, or fondle of silk and fur; 'tis the spirit in which the gift is rich as the gifts of the wise ones were, and we are not told whose gift was gold or whose was the gift of myrrh.—*Anon.*

Those who live on the mountain have a longer day than those who live in the valley. Sometimes all we need to brighten our day is to rise a little higher.—*Selected.*

Wouldst shape a noble life? Then cast no backward glances toward the past, and though somewhat be lost and gone, yet do thou act as one new-born; what each day needs, that shalt thou ask; each day will set its proper task.—*Goethe.*

"While for your happiness this Christmas pleading, I say, 'God bless you,' and I leave the rest. How can we tell what those we love are needing? How can we know what for each heart is best? I lift my eyes to Him who only knoweth, and pray that He will bless you in His way. For with the gifts and grace that He bestoweth thou shalt be rich indeed this Christmas day."

Christmas, the day of days when all are happy and seek to give others happiness. Our Savior gave us Christmas as a day in which the lessons of love that He taught are exemplified and man ceases to be harsh, and cruel, and brutal, and is led by the dove of peace and the lamb of love.—*Bishop Sabin.*

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How to Heal the Sick---III.

LECTURE—BISHOP OLIVER C. SABIN

Before the Evangelical Christian Science Church.

THE subject especially under discussion this morning is, The Characteristics of God, because, without a proper understanding of that subject, it is impossible for any person to demonstrate along metaphysical lines. People often term these characteristics of God attributes; and I will not say that I have not so expressed myself. Now, that is error.

We speak, for instance, of God as Life. Well, if Life were an attribute of God, Life would be an independent integer in the great appellation of being, and God would have life as we have life; but if life were to be removed from God, He would be a dead God, as we are dead when we die. God not only has Life, but God *is* Life itself, and wherever we see Life manifested that is God manfest.

Now, we can understand what the apostle meant when he told the Athenians that we live, move and have our beings in this infinite God whom ye ignorantly worship. We live, move and have our beings in this infinite God. God Life animates your body and mind. It makes the flowers bloom and the trees grow, the birds to live and the fishes to swim, and in all animate nature wherever we find this characteristic it is the manifestation of God Almighty Life.

Therefore, we can understand further when we are told that God is omnipresent. He is omnipresent. He is not only here, but he is throughout the vast eternal universe upon the right hand and upon the left, worlds without end—infinite Life is there, and that is God Almighty manifest.

Therefore, when we come to pray and affirm as we do in our Christian Science prayer that we live, move and have our beings in God, spiritual beings in infinite Spirit, a manifestation of infinite Life and infinite Good, that we are created in the image and likeness of infinite Life, infinite Love and infinite Good, and therefore we are like Him—when we make that a perfect spiritual realization, we can see the perfect child of God standing out; and we learn and know that these so-called evils that manifest themselves along our travels through this world are error.

I used to be troubled very much with what the doctors call indigestion, would have to take morphine and go to bed, and stay there two or three days to keep from dying from cramps. Of course, that was a very real sensation to me, and I do not pretend to say that I did not have a manifestation of these, because that would be an absurd statement; but I say here, and we prove this to be true, that such manifestation is unreal; that it belongs to what we term the earth, earthy, and is no part or parcel of divine Love, divine Good, divine Life and Divine Spirit,

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but belongs to what we term the trials of so-called material existence.

And when we come to the realization of that Truth, and so affirm, and throw these affirmations into the vibrations of infinite Love, our problem is solved, our proposition proven, because the pain passes away.

I have often told my students this: that a philosophy that is not susceptible of self-demonstration is false, for all truths must run in parallel lines. The truths of mathematics, of chemistry, of philosophy, of rhetoric, of logic, all run in parallel lines, and no one of them can cross the other. There never was a truth created, because every truth is as old as God Almighty, and nothing that was not true ever did exist in the carnal mind, and the application of the Truth to these carnal mind stories annihilates them.

I wonder if I can illustrate that for a moment. For instance, I have a friend, we will say, on the Lower Potomac. He gets into a storm, his ship is wrecked, and we hear he was drowned. That is the story that comes to me. That story to me is true; it has all the force and effect of Truth upon my mind. Oftentimes the news of such castrophes is very crushing and destructive of so-called life and existence here. But suppose that story was never true—was a mistake—and I get a telegram from the friend himself that his ship is all right and that he is not hurt; that he came out all right. That latter message is true, and when it confronts the first, the first is annihilated. The latter message shows the nothingness of the first, because the first never was anything—it was error, and is nothing. It is like these so-called opposites. Truth, falsehood. Falsehood is nothing. Confront it with the Truth and it is annihilated. Light, darkness. Darkness is nothing. It is simply the absence of light. The earth turns upon its axis, and it throws us in the shadow; it keeps turning, and by and by we get into the rays of the great luminary—into the light again. Yon can take light and carry it around with you in a lantern, so-called, but you cannot take a bundle of darkness and carry it around as you carry the light. I never knew but one man who said that darkness was real, who believed in the reality of darkness, and that was a minister who took me to task, and said that he believed that darkness was a reality. But it cannot be; it is impossible.

It is so with all the opposites. Health is the normal, natural condition of the perfect child of God Almighty, and every person that is not in the enjoyment of perfect health is not in the enjoyment of his rights.

Twelve years ago I was called an old man, bowed down with disease, getting ready to die. My friends used to say to me, "Now, be careful; you are not young as you used to be," helping me along, every one of them, to walk into the coffin when the time came, holding the thought that I was going down. The world does not know how much injury such sympathies do. I used to be out of patience when a person would come to me and say, "How bad you look!" I always wanted people to tell me that I looked well. It made me feel better when they told me that. That is the right kind of sowing. As we sow the seed we reap the crop.

I take a person who is always looking on the blue side, prognosticating

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evil, prognosticating disaster—now I am not figuring along the lines of health entirely, I am figuring along all lines of metaphysical demonstration. This subject, you might call it the subject of this science, is simply the means of communication between God the Father and man the child. It is a system by which you can come to the great Creator of all and receive an answer to your prayers. The means of communication is the prayer of the understanding.

The man in finance, for instance, who is optimistic, believes in himself, has no doubt, and holds as firm as a rock that Infinite Love controls and brings him out—you never saw such a man as that fail; he never loses; he never makes a mistake; he can't do it; it is as impossible as it is to turn the river and make the water run upstream. But if we stagger along and take our chances we fail.

I have a pretty good illustration of that right here to-day. I felt so strong and vigorous that I did not think it was possible for me to get sick, did not think it was possible. I heard people talk about malaria on the Potomac. I was on my yacht down the river in September, had no more thought of malaria than I had of flying, and did not treat myself against it. There is where I made my mistake. You have to keep the barriers, the defenses, up around and about you. If you do you can't be touched. But I felt strong in my inherent vigor and knowledge that there was no such thing as disease, so-called malaria could have no effect upon me, and I went down the river in my yacht, and I was hit by malaria, and hit pretty hard.

It taught me a good lesson. It does not matter how old you are, how strong you are in this thought, you have to keep Infinite Love over you, covering you, and the only way to do that is to do it in accordance with the commands of our Savior, when He said that you have to ask, seek and knock. You have to shield yourself with Infinite Love. If you do, you can walk amid the pest houses. I have walked in pest houses where was smallpox and everything else, and they never could touch me. But this time I went to sleep upon my beat and the malaria came. That is what we get for our negligence.

Mrs. Eddy made one very excellent remark in her book when she said that you must stand porter at the door of thought. Say I am porter at the door. Mr. Headache comes and knocks at my noggin. Headache comes and says: "I am hunting some place to come in." You say: "You can't have a home here." You are standing porter at the door, and you can't be sick, you can't be inharmonious if you keep your guards all right.

This subject is so vast that I can only touch upon a little of it on each Sunday. We come to the Father of Infinite Love, Infinite Good, Infinite Life, Infinite Power, and we there claim our rights as the image and likeness of these characteristics, and we obtain that for which we ask, seek and knock. Of course, when we get on to this subject of prayer you will notice that our system of asking is very much different from the system that is in vogue in all the world. The whole world is bathed in mystery, emerging from the dark centuries of the past, but gradually coming out and up.

I have a great many students to-day, members of the different churches, who

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are studying this Science through my books. I have numbers of them in treatment who are in the ministry. The ministry are being taught. The Episcopalians are ahead of the rest of them so far as their actions have gone, and it will not be five years or ten at the outside until the Episcopalians will be with us right here hand in glove in the healing thought. Now our religion does not make a person any less an Episcopalian. If he has our thought his heart is filled with love, and he loves not only God, but he loves his brother. If he is the heir of all he is honest, because he could not afford to be anything else even if he wanted to be. This is a business in which you can't afford to be dishonest. To commit a dishonest act is like a man tying a rope around his neck and jumping overboard. You are perfectly honest, you are perfectly upright, your heart is filled with love, you are a demonstrator, because you are the image and likeness of Infinite Power. God created man, and in creating him He gave him power and dominion, and that power and dominion belong to each of us by our charter rights, not only to-day, but forever.

Now, it does not matter to us whether these inherent powers given in the Bible are literally true or not. They represent a great principle. Whether man was created as Moses said in one instance he was created, or in another, as he said in the next chapter, it matters not. Each of these stories has a great lesson of Truth. It is not for us to say that either is not true. It is not necessary. When they talk about the earth being created six thousand years ago, of course geology and a great many other great principles of truth prove that to be false. But those might be periods; we do not know what they were. I think so far as the creation was concerned that there never was any creation. I think the world was always just what it is, possibly not in the same form, but if there ever was an ounce less of this earth all the worlds that are held together by the power and adhesion of attraction and gravitation would be in a jangle. That would be inharmonious. God works through unchangeable law, and there is no such thing as change. I have no doubt but that this earth is changing and will continue to change. In the beginning creation is going on to-day the same as it was, and it will continue.

We go to this beautiful Potomac River and look at the stream as it flows between these palisades, and we say what a beautiful stream it is. To-morrow we go back, and we see the same stream, or believe it to be the same, but it is not. Every drop in the river that we saw on yesterday has gone on its way unless it has been held by some artificial means. There never is any end; everything is in perpetual and continuous motion. The constant and universal law, Dust thou are, to dust shalt thou return, is going on constantly. This creation-in-the-beginning is going on all the time.

No person in this audience has the same body intact that he had when we commenced this lecture. We change; we increase or diminish as the case may be, but it is change. Philosophers—and I am not talking about people that are confined to this New Thought at all, but scientists who have made this a study—claim now that the body changes every seven or eight months. It used to be considered when

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I was in college that the body changed once in about seven years. It matters not how long; it is a constant passing on.

Now, if we fill ourselves with this thought of health, of harmony, of prosperity, of happiness, of contentment, and of peace, what is the result? Our Savior says you will reap as you sow. As you sow in your life you will reap the crop in your life, you will be full of it. There is no more necessity of a person having the blues, there is no more necessity of a person being down in the mouth, as the saying is, than there is of deliberately committing suicide. All you have to do is to keep yourself in touch, in harmony, with the beautiful Father, and He will lead you along the pathway of life, and make every step you take a success, full of happiness and of joy. A man can just as well be a success as he can be a failure, because it all depends on himself. I can tell you the way; I can perhaps treat some of you in the way, but you have to work out your own salvation. That is all you have to do. You need not think that you can come along and hang onto me or somebody else, and allow me or someone else to take you along and get you into the Kingdom of Glory. You can't get there in any such way. You have to get into line; you have to practice what you know; you have to do it yourself; and if you do not, why, you simply go along with this great throng that fills the way that leads to death.

How often am I reminded of the remarks of our Savior, "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, * * * how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate."

Now, look at the world going along in this mad rush, believing in evil, believing in disease, believing in disaster, believing in fear, making themselves absolutely the slaves of conditions. Now, I say to them—I was a pretty brave man; I was not afraid of anything except disease; I felt that that was hitting below the belt, and I am not afraid of disease any more—there is no necessity of your being afraid of anything. But you have to get your mind into the proper condition; and if you do, the result can only be one of perfect harmony in the kingdom of infinite Love. God Almighty, like the sunshine, stands ready to give each of us all we can absorb; there is no diminution.

One of my friends was a Commissioner of Pensions. We practiced law together fully forty years. I talked with him for a good while about the Science. and finally he said: "Well, Colonel, I can just say I know you believe what you say, but I can't see a word in it. Not a word." It was Greek to him.

All I regret is to see my friends—and they are getting pretty thick nowadays—passing out without even a helping hand. There was one lawyer who was one of the Pacific's great lawyers; I had been intimate with him for over fifty years; I talked with him lots of times; he believed as I did. He was taken sick and died in three days, and I never heard he was sick until he was dead. He could have been saved. But such is life. When we are attacked by the enemy we take to the woods. The first thing you will run straight for the doctor. I do not object to anyone having doctors if he wants them. Doctors do good,

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and many doctors do a great deal of good; but out of perhaps two or three thousand cases that we treat in a year, we may lose five or six patients during that time, and perhaps eighty-five per cent of those cases that we treat are those that the doctors have given up. It shows how much stronger are divine methods. When man has exhausted all of his power then comes God Almighty to the rescue. The old saying that man's extremity is God's opportunity—how often do we prove that to be true. I had a hand mashed fine; all the surgeons in the world could not have set the bones. Had it been such that a surgeon could have set the bones I would have had one attend to it. I wrapped it up and treated it, and God Almighty healed the hand. You have to simply trust God Almighty. When you get to where you can trust absolutely, then all is possible.

The command is to commit your ways unto the Lord and trust, but many commit their ways unto the Lord, and instead of trusting they watch. It does not say, "Commit your ways unto the Lord, and then watch him." That is not trusting. Go to God as a little child, believing and knowing that you are going to receive that for which you ask; and when you have asked it, throw it out of your mind, and God does His part. But if you commit your ways unto the Lord, and then watch, the chances are that you will not get what you want.

Now, of course, a person can't believe in this Science until he has evidence. You can't force your mind to believe any thing except as you are controlled by facts. The mind acts automatically. You get at facts, and the fact is registered, and the register is conversion. You can't force yourself to believe, but you can get your mind into a receptive state and be controlled by evidence. It is as our Savior said: "If you do not believe me, believe for the very works' sake."

He told His disciples and His followers just before His ascension to take this gospel that I have taught you and preach it to all the world, and that certain signs shall follow those who believe. He gave as an evidence of those who believed that certain signs should follow; and any person who cannot heal the sick and cannot demonstrate along metaphysical lines is not a believer in the full sense that his privileges entitle him to. In saying this I do not criticize the good people in the churches. It would be very cruel to do that. They are honest; they are upright; they are sincere, but they are led more or less by error. They do not come up to their full privileges. Sincerity alone is not all. The mother who throws her babe into the Ganges for the crocodiles to eat is perfectly sincere. Not only that, but her heart is wrung as she gives up her darling child for her religion. Yet her religion is a fake. Sincerity is not the rule that you must be goverened by. You must take the rule of our Savior, "You shall know the Truth, and the Truth shall make you free."

From any other standpoint but Truth we feel that everything is wrong, and needs to be changed or altered. When all things are viewed from the plane of Truth, it is seen that nothing needs to be changed, and it is no effort to be and live. As one expressed it: "When I came to see things from the true basis, and knew the true basis of All, everything was changed, and was just as it should be."

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The Best Attitude

WM. E. GIBSON

DECEMBER is suggestive. People have returned from their vacations with renewed vigor and enterprise to take up their work. The schools have opened; the churches are organizing their forces; the lawmakers are preparing for the great task of steering the "Ship of State" through the tides of another year.

The cool fall weather inspires a sort of energy that seems to set the wheels of mental and physical industry humming with new life, and all lines of endeavor have caught that inspiration.

The thought uppermost in each mind must be how to get the best results for the efforts put forth.

The results will depend upon the attitude or inclination of the individual first towards his own highest good and then towards the highest good of every other individual affected by his endeavor.

The highest good of an individual is his best return for his best efforts at the present moment. We live in the present—in the NOW—never in the past; never in the future.

If a chemist had many substances to dissolve, he would select the solvent that would dissolve the greatest number at one time. In the laboratory of life, with its many problems, the great solvent is Love—applied Love.

Let us apply Love practically to the problems of this year's work. Take the schools: Let each teacher go into his class-room each morning with his heart full of love for each pupil, irrespective of social conditions, and each young heart will reflect that love to him. He will see in each pupil, not the pupil's faults, but his own love image, and the pupil will see in him a radiant guiding star.

On the other hand, let each pupil and student bring to his studies a heart full of love and honesty, cheerfulness and optimism, and he will find his studies pleasant; he will be agreeable to his classmates and teachers, and will find no fault with regulations and conditions.

This love attitude will keep your body well, your mind free, your intellect sharp, and your prospect bright. But if one finds the road rugged, let the following thoughts become the ruling passion: "I am the child of God, His image and likeness; I love God with all my heart, and all mankind as myself. God gives me power to control my mind, my passions and desires. I have the power, and I use it and thank God for it."

I defy any student to follow these suggestions one year without realizing a marked change in character, habits and even facial expression.

Take the hundred and one denominations in this and every other country with their thousands of followers; let each individual apply for one year the Law of Love as Jesus taught it, and the great walls of mistaken opinion, over which so many battles have been fought, will melt as wax before the flame. Hebrews and Gentiles will meet on a common plane; Catholics and Protestants will recognize distinction as mere names; Old Thought and New Thought will become Love Thought, and the miracle of religious harmony will be wrought.

It is the season of the year when

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farmers are planting their first crops for the next year. Let each farmer, without regard to religion, cast or creed, on rising each morning fill his heart with Love and with the spirit of justice towards his family, his servants, and his neighbors, and as he goes forth to his duties he will radiate that love, and his wife and children will reflect it around the dining table and the fireside; his servants will reflect it in faithful service; his neighbors will reflect it in helpful attitudes and expressions. Even his domestic animals (his stock) will reflect it in fatness and docility, and his fields will show it in abundance of increase.

He will then awaken to the truth that he himself is the channel through which God brings to him happiness and prosperity. Then he will know that "Peace within the walls of his heart is prosperity within the gates of his possession."

Let every doubting Thomas be fair enough to put forth the testing effort. You will venture your wheat crop with an untried fertilizer; why not venture your all with love and justice—Love to God supremely and square deal to your brother man. The venture will fill your barns with plenty, your stock with fatness, your pockets with money, and your home with happiness.

As a nation we are confronted with grave problems and propositions. The lawmakers will soon center their forces here in the Capital City—Washington. Problems of all kinds, from the most magnanimous to the most selfish must be dealt with; problems, many of which are so complex and abstruse, that the ripest minds recoil from them. Yet they must be grappled with.

What, O Congressman! you, chosen pilot of your people! what will you do? How will you play your part? Trust to chance or fate? Never! Within you is the supply of all your needs. Fill your heart with Love for Infinite Good and the spirit of justice to all alike. This attitude will unlock your chamber of wisdom and true statesmanship and give you the mastery.

Love is the one agent that will solve all problems. The great task is to bring prosperity, harmony and happiness to all classes and conditions represented in the nation. Let each individual, representative and represented, countenance and practice for one year the doctrine of Love and Justice as Jesus taught and lived it, and a mighty change will come over this nation.

Truth is universal. Hence, what applies to this nation applies equally to all nations. Let Love and Justice reign for one year, and it will lift the race to a plane now scarcely dreamed of.

These expressions are but faint echoes of the great undertone heard by the one who will calm himself long enough to listen. From every quarter of the earth and from almost every stratum of society comes a noisy unrest, incident to breaking with old forms and customs, but underneath is a quiet search for Truth, the real Truth—a discarding of the dross and digging for pure gold. This undertone has a new and peculiar music. Love, Life, Light, Universal Peace and Harmony are the songs to which it is set. Its vibration brings health, happiness and prosperity and destroys disease, despair and poverty. Sons of men, learn the music.

He that is able to say to himself, "Do this"—and does it, is not only on the road to success, but right there, sitting down, taking it comfortably, while the other fellows catch up.—*B. R. Brooker.*

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How to Heal the Sick---IV

LECTURE—BISHOP OLIVER C. SABIN

Before the Evangelical Christian Science Church.

MAN has the right to exercise what the churches call his own free will. They call it free-will agency. He has the right to exercise the power which God gives him, and he has the power to ignore it entirely. We see that illustrated in our practice so very, very much that I am filled with surprise often, often.

A man came to see me day before yesterday. I had not seen him for two or three, perahps four, years. He was healed. His mother-in-law was dying in Ohio. He got a dispatch to come on. He came to me, and I gave her one treatment, and told him that the old lady would not die and that he did not have to go, and the old lady is living to-day. Over a year ago that man was taken sick. He exhausted everything that materia medica could do for him, and he came to me a wreck financially, physically and morally.

You would not think such a thing as this possible, but it is true. The ten lepers that Jesus healed, according to the law, had to go and show themselves to the priests after they were healed. Only one returned to thank his Savior; the others went.

A case comes to my mind of a gentleman in this city. A young man, a very talented gentleman, belonging to one of the higher professions, became insane, and they thought he was dying. The mother came to me about 10 or 11 o'clock at night, just before the morning train left for New York, and said: "Save him if you can till I get there." The young man was healed, came out of the insane asylum and went back to his profession. His uncle since that was taken sick. He could have been healed easily, but the Science was not invoked at all. Not a thought of it was given to him. I could mention a number of cases held by this so-called carnal mind. Those fellows that were healed of that leprosy went their way. They did not care anything about how they were cured; they did not care anything about the methods, just so they were healed, and we are not surprised when we hear our Savior lamenting as He looked over Jerusalem, and saw the wonderful chaos of death, destruction, sickness, misery, poverty and destitution that He saw on every hand that He cried in the anguish of His heart, "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, * * * how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!"

We look out over the expanse of the world. We see it filled with disease, with human passions, with human anger, with human dishonesty, sickness, death on the right hand and on the left; they go pellmell, the blind leading the blind. They rush along the great, broad avenue of mortal mind, without giving a thought; they go over the dam, they fall into the vortex of death, and the wave comes over them. When

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and how long it will be before infinite Love will bring them forth God Almighty alone knows.

Man was created and given power and given dominion. The command was to go forth and subdue the earth and exercise this power and this dominion. Where we see the history of any people who have followed the commands of God Almighty we have found that they were universally prosperous, universally healthy and universally happy, but the moment they came over and, as the old Book says, worshipped the gods of Baal, sorrow came on with swift wings; destitution, want, sickness, misery, pain and death were their portion, and they were scattered because they knew not God and would not worship Him, and Him alone.

We should take these lessons to heart. We should know that we are the perfect children of God Almighty, that Infinite Love leads us, protects us and guides us, if we will but ask, seek and knock. And instead of our lives being a continuous struggle for an existence, our pathway will be smooth, plenty will be with us, happiness will be with us, health will rest with us, and God Almighty Good will sustain us and make us prosperous and successful in all the undertakings of life. But unless we seek, ask and knock, bring ourselves in touch, in tune with this great thought, we have no promise, there is nothing coming to us, for unless we work out our own salvation we are lost.

Some of us can point the road, but none of us can take you along with him. You must go alone and work out your own salvation, trusting in the Infinite Love, calling upon its munificence and its power. If you do that you will be prosperous and successful in all things.

Now, in discussing this subject of man's creation, God said: "Let us make man in our image and after our likeness. Let us make him male and female." And He did create man, and He created him male and female, and the evening and the morning were the sixth day, and after that He rested. He gave man power and dominion, and told him what he had, part of his charter privileges.

Then another story comes up of another creation. I know the first time that an old philosopher told me about this I was shocked. I was absolutely shocked when he was talking about that Garden of Eden story. He said that the snake was the only one that told the truth. He told them that they would not die, but that they would become as gods knowing good and evil. Now, the idea of a fable of that character! Of Infinite Love, Omnipresent Love as we now know what God is, walking around in the Garden of Eden in the valley of the Euphrates! If you will take your geography you will find it is a pretty large garden. It embraced Egypt and Syria. It went from Egypt to India, quite a large garden.

But this story says that God is walking around the garden, hollowing out: "Adam, where art thou?" Infinite knowledge, infinite Mind, so omniscient that a sparrow could not drop to the ground without His notice, asking: "Where art thou, Adam?"

Don't you see the absurdity of it? Did He know where Adam was? Of course He did, if He was there and He knew everything. And why was He asking where Adam was? Was He

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talking through His hat, as they say? It is an absurd proposition.

There are some lessons to be taught in that Garden of Eden story that have a tendency to do good. But of all the stories ever written in any book that I have ever had any knowledge of the influence of that story has been the most baleful; it has been the most destructive in some respects. It put the iron heel upon the woman, and man was placed over her. Because of the downfall of the man she was told that she was the great deceiver, and she had destroyed man and man's liberty, and therefore she was cursed and driven from the garden; and wherever that story is taught and believed woman has been the scapegoat, so called, of civilization, with the exception of possibly the last forty years. I do not think woman has been picking up her ears and claiming anything much longer than forty years. The period might have begun a little earlier. I was not born yesterday, and I remember those things. Now you have your suffragettes to make fun of and all that, but woman is being manumitted under the doctrine of Jesus Christ, which says that you shall know the Truth and the Truth shall make you free.

Woman was created as part and parcel of this thing called man. Male and female created He them. Woman is coming up, and, as Davy Crockett said in his memoirs in writing to his wife, along his daily thoughts he made use of the beautiful expression in talking to her that woman was the one that blazed the way for man to enter Heaven, and she is doing it to-day. Out of the thousands and tens of thousands of students that we have throughout the United States I presume that 80 per cent of them are women—80 per cent. They are leading, they are blazing the way, and the Truth is becoming more and more triumphant.

Our system of teaching under the old orthodox idea was very wrong in this, that it belittled man. Take the real, genuinely pious fellow the way they used to mark him up. Let him get into any of these love feasts, and let him talk about three times as loud as he ought to, and relate how he stole chickens and watermelons and everything, and was a fence for thieves, as I have heard them, and when he got through sit down exhausted from the exuberance of the overflow of righteousness. That was considered debasing yourself and being humble, that you might be raised up.

Man is the image and likeness of God Almighty. He is not a fence for thieves. There was a fellow in the Foundry Church here who used to get off his story two or three times a year how in Chicago he used to hide the stuff that the other fellows brought in, but when he was converted he never said anything about delivering back any of the goods. Dr. Talmadge told them one night when they were going into one of these love feasts, if they had ever stolen any chickens not to say anything about it, as it was not likely they would return anything for them, to just drop that out. I think that is a very good idea.

Man is the image and likeness of Infinite Knowledge, Infinite Life, Infinite Good, Infinite Power, Infinite Wisdom, and how can he be a worm of the dust? Look at these fellows that get down there and say: "I am a worm of the dust." There is no religion in that; it

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is simply this same false idea of debasing the image and likeness of God Almighty. Man has power and man has dominion, and if he is disposed to exercise what belongs to him he will command and he will conquer, and he will be the boss, whether he be man or woman, that does not make any difference. You all have the same power, and wherever you see any person belittling himself as this image and likeness of God Almighty, this temple that God has given you to dwell in, debasing it, calling the whole business a worm of the dust, as I have heard so often, it is all wrong. Man has power, and he must exercise that power, and he must exercise it himself. Nobody can exercise it for him.

Now, in taking up this subject of man, which we will do literally on next Sunday, I am going to detail as best as I can what you ought to do along certain lines, so that you can apply it practically, and we will revert all the time to this original proposition of what God is. Remember this, that all healing must be done and is done and can be done in no other way than through the understanding that God Almighty Love is omnipresent, and that man is the image and likeness of God, a spiritual being, living in spirit. It is the kernel of the corn, the life germ that heals. It is the thought that gives you freedom.

EPIGRAMS BY LUCIA B. GRIFFIN

Crowns are for conquerers—not for slaves.

Do your duty to self and you have harmed no one.

Loyalty to your picture prophecy will bring about the fulfilling.

Beauty borrows her trappings from a loving heart and a wise head.

Name that day your best when you have conquered hate and prejudice.

Argue never, nor contend. Any situation that brings strife with it hurts you.

If you look for smiles they will come to you. If out in search of frowns you will find them. That is the law.

Let your own heart say "Thank you" when you have done well. Why ask the world to stand by and cheer? Are you not sure of yourself?—*Fellowship Messenger.*

SOUND YOURSELF

You have all heard the statement that most people lose their heart under adversity and lose their heads under prosperity. Both tendencies are detrimental. No matter how prosperous a person may become, he should look upon himself as greater than his success. Then he will never become puffed up about it, because he will always realize that his success is insignificant compared with what he can do. The man who is egotistical, or becomes puffed up because he has accomplished a few things is a man with a small mind. When you begin to sound the depths of yourself you see there is so much to develop, so much to bring out, so much to achieve, so much to realize. Then you will see that this little thing you have done is not anything to put on feathers for.—*C. D. Larson.*

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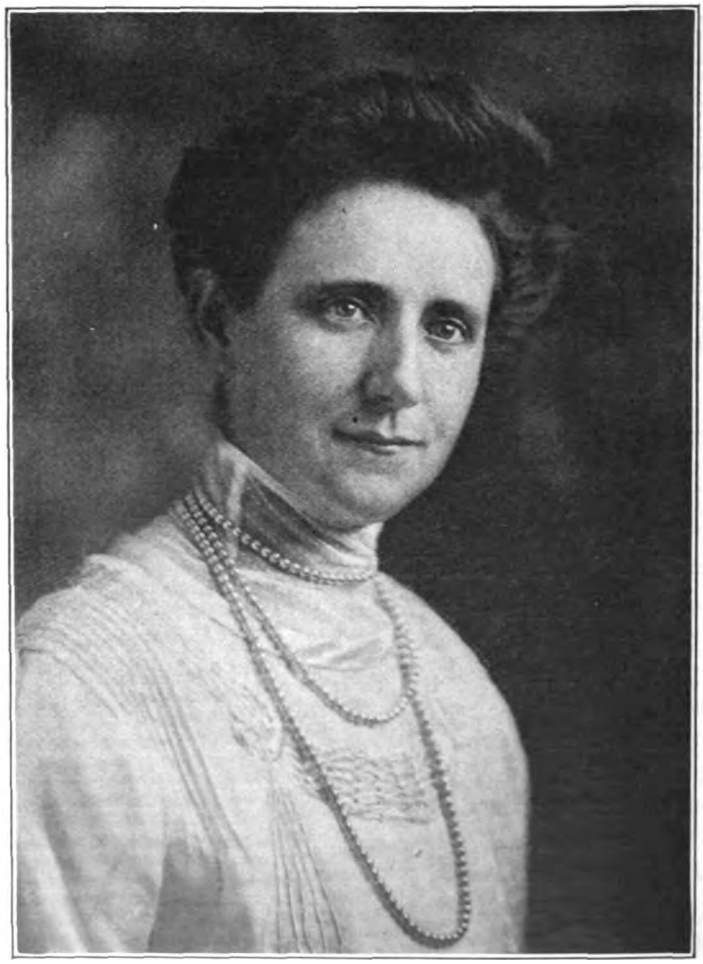

MRS. HARRIET BLACK WELTON

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Evangelical Christian Science

Lecture Before the Evangelical Christian Science Church of Washington by Mrs. Harriet Black Welton

IN discussing this subject I would like to say to all those to whom this thought will be to a greater or less extent new, that I think it well to follow this rule from the beginning and throughout the entire lecture:

Bring to the consideration of your study an honest, fearless, and sincere desire to know the Truth. Divest yourself of all prejudice; and if you find ideas advanced which are new to you, and which appear to conflict with those ideas and principles which you have, and which you thought before to be true, hold your judgment in abeyance, and ascertain all the facts on all sides of the question before you bring in a verdict of denial.

If we look in history we see that whenever a new thought has been advanced in any age, ignorance has been ready to denounce it and to persecute those who have enunciated it.

Take for instance Copernicus, the German astronomer; Galileo, the Italian astronomer; Newton, the English philosopher, and Fulton, the noted American engineer. All the truths which they taught were denounced by ignorance and prejudice.

So in all religious thought, intolerance and persecution are the reward of the thinker. Jesus Christ, the Son of God, came to earth teaching the doctrine of Love—a new doctrine—a doctrine which never had been taught to the world before—love God supremely and love your neighbor as yourself. Upon these two principles He built His universal structure of Love. What was the reward that the ignorant gave Him? They nailed Him to a cross—crucified Him.

So we find everywhere, ignorance ready to assail the Truth. It is arrogant and bigoted and will not listen to reason. The lesson to be learned from these historical incidents is this—"If you wish to learn the Truth you must throw aside prejudice."

Religion, since the earliest history of man of which we have any record, either in writing or tradition, has been a means by which the people have been held in bondage.

Note, for instance, the system which was established four or five thousand years ago in India, by which the country has been held in absolute slavery mentally, and its instrument of enforcement is reincarnation. There has always been mystery thrown around religion since the earliest period. Along all the ages, there is a mystery held up until the days of Jesus Christ. You find the people groping in ignorance, religion being the instrument by which they have been afflicted, and, with the exception of Jesus Christ and His followers, there is not a bright spot on that great desert of human life.

You will find everywhere, more or less, that this same dogma called religion has been made an instrument of man's destruction and undoing. All through the dark ages you find that religion has been the handmaiden of oppression, the instrument of tyranny and cruelty un-

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speakable; and instead being a beacon light, as it should be, and as it is to us, to lead us along the pathway of life, guaranteeing success and happiness, it has been a curse and a scourge to the world.

The methods of our church are different. We believe in the one Omnipotent Power, the Universal All in All, that controls, sustains, and upholds the whole universe; large enough to handle the worlds in their circlings, and small enough to be in the atoms that can be distinguished only by the strongest glasses.

This same great Power which controls us all and everything, gives a pathway of life and a rule of action which controls us in everything we do.

Instead of having a mysterious God that nobody knows anything about we have a Power which we realize is in us, and through us, and through all the vitalized world; and by virtue of that power we are led along the pathway of life with no mistakes, with no failures, but all with perfect harmony and perfect success.

The beauty of our religion is that the science of being is knowable. We can know—we do know.

We know that the science of being and of creation is perfect and we do not longer have to grope along in a darksome way, wondering what is in the future. We know that God Almighty is deathless, and we know that we are His image and likeness. The only Truth is the Truth taught by Jesus Christ that life is eternal and that "You shall know the Truth and the Truth shall make you free."

It is freedom that we want—freedom from fear, freedom from want, freedom from sorrow. This is the freedom which we enjoy from the Great God, Almighty Good. I want to impress upon you this thought that you must yourself be in position and must get your mind in a receptive condition where you can understand this Truth and then you will receive the blessing.

We give to you a Truth which, if you will study, you can demonstrate, yourself, without one particle of expense.

When our Savior was brought before Pontius Pilate, previous to His crucifixion, He made this statement: "To this end was I born, for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the Truth."

Pilate asked, "What is Truth?"

The same question has been asked by every philosopher, every thinker that has ever lived.

Christ tells us further of this wonderful Truth, that you shall know the Truth, and the Truth shall make you free.

The Truth is the understanding that you are the image and likeness of Infinite Mind, Infinite Life, Infinite Power, Infinite Love, and Infinite Good.

The mission of Divine Science can be stated almost in one sentence—"Spread the Truth which makes you free." One of the last things our Savior told His disciples was, "Take this gospel which I have been preaching to you, the good news, this power to reach out, and preach it to all the world, and certain signs shall follow those who believe you."

Among other things He told them they should lay hands on the sick, and they should recover.

The mission of Divine Science is to carry along the work today that Christ commanded His disciples to do—"You shall know the Truth and the Truth shall

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make you free." The knowledge of this Truth obliterates ignorance and prejudice.

We can take followers of all different religions, the Methodist, the Catholic, the Jew, or the Brahmin, and bid them welcome, for we know they are children of the Infinite God.

This Truth is not confined to any one nationality or to any one church. It brings us all in touch with the one Great Father, God. It is the exemplication of the Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of God—broad as the universe, broad as human thought, and brings us in touch one with another. It teaches us how to know God, how to approach God and receive an affirmative reply.

It gives us a perfect rule of life—how to live.

We do not have to go through the world fearing that we are going to make some mistake or other.

Commit your ways unto the Lord and trust and He will lead.

Affirm: "God Almighty does lead me and direct me in the path that I should go—and directs my action, my conduct, and in Him do I trust." "If any of you lack wisdom ask of God."

Ask, seek, and knock in the name of Jesus Christ.

This Science gives you a perfect knowledge of the Infinite Father. It destroys all touch of doubt within you. It develops love and makes that the master spirit of your life.

The word religion and the subject of religion are so wide and so ancient that it is difficult to comprehend them and say there is any truth in them.

This religion which we are teaching today is the identical religion taught by Jesus Christ as far as we know and as far as we are able to understand.

Our Savior tells us, "By the fruit of the tree we shall know whether it is good or whether it is bad."

We know the fruits of the teachings of the religions of the past. They held the people in bondage and ignorance. The church was grounded in error, and held the idea that all learning belonged to the priesthood. It was considered a disgrace for a man to know how to write his own name.

Perhaps no one thought has done as much in dragging down the human family as he thought that God is a God of vengeance. He is pictured as a God of vengeance with an avenging spirit, commonly called the devil, which he has equipped with a hell of burning fire and brimstone. This thought has been the cause of all the wars, of all the hatreds, of all the pestilences, of all fears; in fact, you can take the entire catalogue of evils and you can trace them all to the Pandora box, the thought that God is a God of vengeance.

The religion taught by Jesus Christ and the religion that Evangelical Christian Science teaches is, Love God with all your soul and your neighbor as yourself. It is a religion of Love. It is a turning away and destruction of the old doctrine, "An eye for an eye and tooth for a tooth."

The idea that God created evil is not dead by any means. It is the thought that brings man to misery, sickness, want and sorrow. However, the world is growing better. There is less mystery because the Truth is becoming known—the Truth that God is Infinite Life, permeating all space, being all substance, causing all action; that man, the child, does live, move and have his being in this Infinite, Universal, Omnipresent

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Love and Life, and the philosophy of being is better understood.

When this realization comes to the consciousness of the created child then he can ask and receive an affirmative answer to his prayer; then he can ask, seek, and knock and it shall be opened unto him. God is all good and he never created His opposite.

All beliefs in sickness, poverty, sin, sorrow, and suffering and death have no part or parcel in the kingdom of God—Good in the kingdom of God—Harmony.

The fruits of the teachings of Evangelical Christian Science are health, happiness, prosperity, peace, and contentment. We know we are created in the image and likeness of God and that we are His heirs, joint heirs with Christ, and that being His heirs we are entitled to everything good; that we have them and that we have them now. We don't have to wait, as formerly taught, until we have passed through what is termed death before we enjoy the blessings of God. We can enjoy them now if we will but reach out and claim them as Heirs of God Almighty.

We know that life is infinite, that life is omnipresent, that life exists here and now and centers in the heart of every living soul; and that life is everlasting; that there is no death, and there can be no death.

God is All, and All is Spirit and Spiritual Manifestation.

When God made man He made him in His image and likeness—perfection—with enjoyment of eternal life. He gave him power and dominion, wisdom and spiritual understanding, and the right of self-selection. In an evil hour by reason of his power of self-selection he chose the doctrine that there was life, truth, substance and intelligence in matter. "The day that thou eateth the fruit thereof thou shall surely die."

We are the architect of our conditions. We can choose the Truth and walk in the straight and narrow path with perfect happiness, or we can go on the left hand along down the road that is filled with briars and pitfalls. It is for us to decide. No one can decide for us.

God will lead us, filling our lives with joy, peace, health, happiness, and contentment, if we ask, seek, and knock in the name of Jesus Christ.

We are the image and likeness of God and can choose which path to go. Hold always to the Truth that we are His image and likeness and can have naught but perfection in us, through us, or round about us. We are a part of the All Life, All Wisdom, All Power, All Peace, All Intelligence, and as a part are able to utilize all these forces.

The world is being emancipated by the Truth, and we no longer travel the pathway of life fearing sickness, poverty, sorrow, or suffering. We look up to the Infinite supply, the Infinite Father, the Infinite Spirit, and know that this all powerful Truth makes us free, gives us health, and destroys sorrow, and fills us with prosperity, happiness and contentment.

"You shall know the Truth, and the Truth shall make you free."

When a person advances a theory of any kind which is not susceptible of self-demonstration you know that theory is not true. If we in the study of this science could not learn how to pray and receive an affirmative answer, how to accomplish that for which we ask, seek, and knock, it would be evidence that the philosophy taught is false. But there

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are now more than a million people throughout the world who have demonstrated the Truth of this great philosophy and are healing the sick, destroying error, restoring harmony, and annihilating so-called human misery.

We can be free, and become masters in all the affairs and over all the conditions of life if we will study this great Truth.

"You shall know the Truth and the Truth shall make you free."

THE HARVEST OF THE SOUL

For the moment, indeed, the judge may seem unobservant, the watchman may seem asleep; but he who yields to any deflection from honor shall find at last that God never slumbers, that his laws never sleep. Go east and go west, Nature is upon the track of the wrongdoer. The time shall come when, in the hour of reflection, reason shall read the law, conscience shall ascend into her judgment seat, memory will furnish the testimony, remorse will be the penalty, and the sowing of sin shall receive its harvest.

Could the sage of old sit down to converse with each youth who today walks on the street, perchance he would find many who, through excess, are draining away the rich forces of nerve and brain and blood. Daily they deny reason its book, taste its music, love its noble companionship. At last, when the harp of the physical senses begins to give way, and they fall back upon the mental faculties for pleasure, then these faculties that have been starved shall in turn make men suffer. In that hour reason or memory shall say, "Because I called and ye refused; because I stretched out my hand and no man regarded, therefore I will laugh at your calamity. I will mock at your desolation, when your fear cometh as destruction, and your desolation as whirlwind." In Daniel Webster's words of disappointed ambition, "I still live," we see that a statesman sows what he reaps. In Goethe's fearful cry for "More light," we see that the poet who sows darkness shall reap darkness. In Lord Byron's piteous "I must sleep now," we see that he who sows morbidness and passion reaps feverishness and shame.

The law is inexorable. He who sows foul thoughts shall reap the foul countenance of a fiend. He who sows pure thoughts shall reap the sweetness and nobility of the face of Fra Angelica. He who sows reflection shall reap wisdom. He who sows sympathy shall reap love. The Good Samaritan who sows tenderness to the man wounded by the wayside shall reap tenderness when angels stoop to bind up his broken heart. He who gives a crumb shall receive the full loaf of that eternal bread.

MIRACLES

The days of miracles never were. There never was a miracle performed. Everything God does is done in accordance with His natural law and in accordance with His eternal fixed rules and principles, and when we think things are miraculous they are only done in accordance with the natural law of God Almighty. Things seem miraculous because of our ignorance.

We try to grasp too much of life at once; since we think of it as a whole, instead of living one day at a time. Life is a mosaic, and each tiny piece must be cut and set with skill, first one piece, then another.—*O. S. Marden.*

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You

M. EVALYN DAVIS

YOU; just who you are, and whither bound? Prithee the question study well, before you answer give. Tear down the walls of fear and preconceived opinions and let the light of the Greater Intelligence flood your world-bedarkened mind.

Now, look you well to the *within* of your most *holy* self. Can you not see, upon the throne of your most earnest thought, a God-like Being, clothed in raiment pure and white as newly fallen snow? Upon his head a crown, whose jeweled lights e'er scintilate the boundless love of God? Can you not see the arms outstretched as if in benediction o'er mankind?

Is not this kingly One, whose countenance bespeaks a tender care that far surpasses aught which you have seen on earth, your GREAT IDEAL? Do you not see within the liquid depths of his illumined eyes the power to move the universe of souls to greater heights of love and peace?

Can you not sense the thrill of that sweetly divine presence of this kingly One, that bids you "Come"? That bids you lose the lesser life that you might save it in the universal One? This glorified ideal that you have gazed upon; who is this one, if he be not your greater self, your boundless soul?

Can you see greater God, than that ideal, you long to be? Can you see greater heights, illumined, glorified, than those to which you would attain? Can you conceive of greater love than that which you would give the dearest object of your life? Aye, even to your life itself?

Then you, whoe'er you are and whither bound, may answer well, "I am the ideal of my God, the Master Mind, come true." Then there is naught in heaven or earth that was not made for you.

"Every one who loves you
Loves to see you smile,
Loves to see you cheerful
And happy all the while.
Smiling comes so *easy,*
Do not wear a frown;
If you feel one rising,
Always smile it down."

—*Power.*

So men dream of a far-off heaven, of power and knowledge and endless joy,
Asleep to the moment's fine elation, dull to the day's divine employ,
Musing over a phantom image, born of fantastic hope and fear,
Of the very happiness life engenders and earth provides — our privilege here.

—*Bliss Carman.*

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HARRIET DOANE PRENTISS

The Message of a Rose

For every rose there is a thorn;
With every thorn fresh leaves are born,
Their beauty to our lives adorn.
Briars remain when roses fall,
Yet only fragrance we recall;
One ne'er remembers stem nor vine,
Naught in memory dwells but flowers,
For nothing else gives forth perfume
Nor promise gives of fragrant bowers.
When their aroma we recall
The blossoms then are all in all.
'Tis thus with love. Its thorny path
Strengthens our purpose, excites our wrath,
And, yet, through all the changing years
Remains sublime, in spite of tears.
We sing of love's glory, chant its praise,
It fills our hearts through endless days,
We're always sure, as life's course is run,
Love will triumph o'er all, with victory won.
The spirit land this message bears,
God, through his spoken word, declares
That he is all, through all, in all,
Expressing goodness at our call.
The thorns of life will pass away
As darkness melts before the day,
Leaving harmonious repose,
Symbolic of the fragrant rose.

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Why Not?

Dr. JOHN DAVID MILES

"I CALL heaven and earth to record this day against you, that I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing; therefore choose Life, that both thou and thy seed may live." Deut. 30:19.

The text quoted was a part of the promised mercy given to the children of Israel through Moses, provided they "returned unto the Lord," and obeyed His voice and kept His commandments with all their hearts and souls. What is Life? Life is Spiritual existence. What is the object of Life? With God we knoweth not; but with man it should be to obey the Law of Divine Spirit, in whom we live, move and have our being. With this Divine Spirit within we should endeavor to develop, make manifest, the highest and supreme attributes of man aided by Divine inspiration, which is always available.

With Divine Power at your command, why not be happy? Let us pause a moment and do a little thinking. Do you know what the Bible tells us about thinking? "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." To think right is the key that opens the door of success. Thus Life, Health, Happiness, Harmony and Prosperity are within the reach of man. "Why not" accept and thank God that you have them? You may not believe it, but you can very easily demonstrate the fact that your early morning thoughts are very apt to control your actions through the day.

Then, if you would be wise "Why not" think of what you most desire, which includes all that is Good? Make the affirmation that All is Good. Deny the existence of evil, discord or temptation, no matter what the seeming may be; hold to the Truth of the Allness and Goodness of God; that there can be but one Life and that you live, move and have your being in that Life which is Eternal.

"Why not" exercise your good judgment, do your own thinking? Early each morning resolve to be a better man or woman than you were yesterday; make an effort to do some kind act that will put harmony and sunshine into the life of some poor soul who may be dying as it were for the want of a kind word of sympathy. "Why not" be the Good Samaritan and hand out the "cup of water?"

Are you unhappy? If so "Why not" seek the cause? You will generally find it is your own fault, caused by your own wrong thinking. "Why not" be master and control? It is more pleasant, more agreeable and honorable to live the Higher Christ Life than to abide in darkness. "Why not" each morning clear your mind of all bitterness and depression, which can be done by filling your mind with love? Affirm Peace, Love, Harmony, until you realize in your heart that all is harmony. Then you can overcome and control all the worry, trouble and solicitude that are possible to occur in your daily life. "Why not" endeavor and resolve to get all the happiness, sunshine and pleasure that you can out of each day?

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In this material life we daily encounter worries and meet face to face with unexpected rebuffs. Do not get discouraged, exercise your power and dominion; be an optimist, look for the good and overcome the evil with love. Resolve to conquer every selfish thought, for selfishness is one of the greatest evils in the pathway of man. It is the king of devils; destroys more domestic happiness, breaks up more homes and is the cause of more poverty than whiskey or tobacco.

There is a Divine law of giving and receiving. "Why not" obey this law, for it is an established fact that no one can be happy and prosperous who neglects, infringes, or fails to obey this law?

Many times the question is asked, Can, or do, you treat for prosperity? My answer is, "Why not?" All things being possible with God, and poverty being a disease, "Why not" ask God to heal you, and affirm that you have health, happiness and prosperity?

Treating for prosperity is logical and legitimate under Divine Law. The Psalmist said "Peace be within thy walls and prosperity within thy palaces." Psalms *122:7*.

In order to have health and prosperity we must see the good in everybody, forgive and forget all malice and cleanse our hearts of all discord, remembering that the eyes are the windows of the soul, and though we may succeed for a time in deceiving our fellowman yet that "All seeing eye that never sleeps or slumbers, whom the Sun, Moon and Stars obey, and under whose watchful care even Comets perform their stupendous revolutions, will reward us according to our merits."

Then "Why not" let all wrath, anger and evil-speaking be cast out and be ye kind one to another?"

Sayings From the Book of Love

Love is a divine fire which fills the man permeated with it with the most pleasing feelings and raises him far above the average man and the miserable pursuits of the great crowd, but at the same time fills his soul with such pity for his erring fellow beings, living in darkness, that he is always willing to help, to comfort, to strengthen them.

Love purifies and glorifies man; subdues, tames and altogether annihilates his passions; purifies the sensations, enlarges the horizon and spiritualizes and inspires man to such a degree that he, most naturally, follows divine impulses.

Love is such an intense propelling power that it is able to perform the greatest acts; if we were only conscious of this advantage, we would cultivate love and perform miracles.

Why is love, notwithstanding the preachings and teachings of Buddha and Christ, so rare a thing that it is, like a costly jewel, but seldom found? —because true love is divine and human beings, though God's children, are still very far from their origin.

I do not speak of the love known to the world; for the world love does not know true love; I speak of the true, the divine love not known to the world.—*The Naturopath.*

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Live in the Now

EDITH PHELPS COLE

"TAKE no anxious thought of the morrow." The past is gone; it is in vain for us to recall it. We may think of its happiness, for happiness is life, but why repine over its sorrows. Let them be buried in oblivion. To recall them, to live over in our thought that which fills us with sadness, repining and bitterness is useless as well as harmful.

Live for this day alone. "Let the dead past bury its dead." Live every day, and each hour do your very best. If you put into it your sweetest, most loving and happiest thoughts for yourself and for others, you may risk the to-morrow will take care of itself.

We are, to-day, the result of all of our past life; and to-day we are helping build our to-morrow. Would you have it better than to-day? Then live to-day better than you lived yesterday; be more careful of your thoughts and speech; be more kind, more loving. If a harsh thought or word come to your lips for utterance, bury it before it is spoken. If your thoughts are of censure, change them for thoughts of love; for, as your thoughts are, so will your speech be, and so will be your life. Try, friends, just for one hour, to keep your thoughts as they should be; and when you have guided them for one hour, you will have tamed them a little, and it will be easier the next hour. And then bridle them for one whole day. Do not let them run away with you; hold a tight rein. If you can guide them for one whole day, how much easier to do so the next and the next.

Do not get discouraged if, sometimes, the rein gets slack and they run away with you. You will find them unruly steeds until they are tamed. This is inevitable, but controlling them will become second nature after a time, and the more you practice this the easier it will become. There will be no more vain regrets for the yesterdays or dark forebodings for the morrows. The yesterdays are gone; we cannot bring them back if we would, and we will take care of the morrows while they are to-day with us. Then see how bright and happy all of our days will become.

How many spend their time in anxious forebodings, always prognosticating something dark for the future, and by their thoughts and the dark pictures in their minds actually molding the future into these conditions.

"What I feared has come upon me," said Job. You can always tell such people when you see them. They have a look of anxiety on their faces, and can never see any good in anything. If you are filled with the joy of living, seeing the good everywhere and loving the whole world, and happen to meet one of this class, he is sure to throw a wet blanket over you and dampen your ardor, if possible. As a rule such people are of a jealous and envious disposition, always bilious. How can they be any other way, their thoughts are so full of bile? They do not understand how dark they are

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making the to-days and to-morrows for themselves and their friends by their pessimism.

Then live for the NOW, doing every day, and each hour of the day, the best you can. If you do that not only with your thoughts, but with whatever task is set before you, putting into that task your best endeavor, by so doing, something better is sure to come your way, and you must be ready to grasp it when it comes.

And be sure whatever comes into your life, you have invited it by your to-day's attitude through thought and action, althongh it may be you have done so unconsciously.

Live for the now. It is the accepted time. If you go about your tasks in a half-hearted manner, regretting and rebelling against them, you are paving the way for others to outstrip you in the race. So do not blame Providence, for you have brought this condition upon yourself by not fitting yourself for something higher.

Live every day your level best, holding the thought that all is well, and ever keeping before you a high ideal, and some day you will find yourseif approaching that high ideal. Then others for higher will be ahead of you, and some time in the future, when it is to-day with you, you will have attained them, ever advancing nearer the Infinite by living just one day at a time and living your highest for that day; for we cannot conceive, nor can tongue tell, of the beauties and grandeur that lie within our inner consciousness.

"Beloved, now are ye the sons of God, and it doth appear what ye shall be."

Strew the Roses Now

E. H. RANDSELL in "New York Magazine of Mysteries"

Don't wait until the grasses grow
  Upon the loved one's grave,
To speak the words of comfort
  That make the heart grow brave;
But strew the fragrant roses now
  And say the kind words every day
That joy, peace, and comfort
  May cheer life's weary way.

One little deed of kindness
  May cheer a heavy heart,
So wait not 'til the hand of death
  Shall sever friends apart;
But scatter deeds and roses now
  And make life's pathway glad,
That rays of light and sunshine
  May flood some heart that's sad.

When loved ones have been taken,
  When they sleep beneath the sod,
When they've gone to join the angels
  In the palace of our God,
They will then not need your kindness
  And the roses you may strew
Upon their graves in sadness
  With a loving heart that's true.

So, do not withhold the blossoms
  And the flowers a heart would crave
To bestow upon their memory,
  And to heap upon their grave;
But scatter roses every day,
  And fill each act with love,
Then when loved ones have departed
  They'll smile back from heaven above.

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The Key Note

HARRIET DOANE PRENTISS

MANY people are searching for truth along the lines adopted by the advanced religious teachings of the present day. Some are satisfied with the result of their inquiry and others are still striving for a realization of their ideals.

The failure to achieve all that is promised leads to the suggestion that the key note has yet to be discovered, or has not been correctly applied.

According to every recent experiment, the proof of our modern instruction has been verified. It is, therefore, an established fact that the principle is exact, and where results are not obtained it follows that the rules have not been adhered to and properly tested.

There are a few fundamental ideas which must be recognized before satisfactory conditions can be secured.

First of all one must understand the necessity of keeping in the vibration of strong, harmonious thought currents. In order to do this love must be recognized as the agent upon which we rely.

A loving, charitable, fearless attitude of mind must be persistently encouraged in all our dealings and experiences. We must not only love our neighbor as ourselves, but we must learn to be as tolerant of our own shortcomings as we are of those of our friend, and realize that experience is but the steppingstone to progress.

There should be a spirit of love pervading all we think and do, with no condemnation anywhere.

There are people who feel it incumbent upon themselves to censure everything which does not coincide with their opinions, reasoning that we can not eliminate error unless we recognize it. But this is not true. The proper way is to let it perish for want of attention; to grow out of unfavorable conditions by building something else in their place. Two thoughts cannot occupy the same space at the same time, and if peace is to be established discord must be released. It is the same with health, and its opposite. A belief in one will not generate the other.

The only power one is given with which to create is mind, and to recognize inharmony is to perpetuate it. In order to eliminate darkness the light must be admitted. We cannot chase it away by condemning it.

One must ever construct with his thought, by focusing the mind on the perfect ideal.

The entire process of successful achievement is through the power of suggestion. We must destroy conditions by the non-recognition of their power over us. The moment we endow a thought with force, we give it complete dominion, and it can only depart by permitting it to languish for want of attention.

To confront discord with criticism is like giving nourishment to a plant. Criticism is the substance upon which discord thrives.

The only way any truth can be demonstrated is through mathematical deductions of cause and effect. If a thing

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proves itself, it must be true. When we find that certain states of mind produce certain bodily sensations and conditions, we know we are, ourselves, generating a reason for their existence.

If we observe that a harmonious rythm of mind operates favorably on the system, that joy and happiness produce buoyancy of heart and exhilaration of the body, we have proven that these things are the tonics necessary for health.

If by holding a thought of success and taking an optimistic view of life, we attract pleasant conditions and circumstances, it proves that we have discovered the magnet which will draw to us these experiences.

We must find the right key to the combination before we can expect to open the treasurehouse of life and realize the ideals we are ever picturing in fancy.

No lock can resist the key of love. We must open the floodgates of our hearts and let love overflow to every fibre of our being. Love must express itself in patience, good will, charity of speech, forgiveness, faith, hope, and courage. The barriers of fear, criticism, envy, anger and worry must be removed if we would know the enchantment of life.

God is love and love is the ruling power of the world. It is the primal impetus toward perfection.

Mind sets things in motion. It is the energizing principle back of the universe, and outpictures after its kind. It expresses itself in every form, and appears in any guise. It has many intricacies and variations.

Any condition we choose can be evolved from mind, but if we are to emancipate ourselves from the burdens of life, and become free, we must be guided in our thinking by the power of loving thoughts, and a constructive attitude of mind.

We can not understand one another until the light of love is focused upon objects without and we have destroyed the searchlight of criticism.

Bearing false witness against a neighbor will never make him our friend. Anger can not generate peace, nor discord harmony. Love does not admit of condemnation. Argument sharpens the intellect, but poisons the heart. It withholds the warmth necessary for the stimulation of life.

More attention should be paid to profitable thinking, the quality which contributes to the welfare of humanity.

A loving thought is the Divine essence which gives enchantment to the world. Let us incorporate it in every act, deed, and impulse of our lives and thereby keep in tune with the Infinite.

"Paul may plant and Apollos water, but God (the God of love) giveth the increase."

We believe in absolute individual freedom in the matter of worshiping God. We are bound by no formal rites or ceremonies, but each one is free to choose for himself the attitude that he wishes when he engages in prayer. Set forms reduce the act of worship from spontaneous, earnest communion with the Father to a mechanical repetition of words. "Use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do." "Let every one be fully persuaded in his own mind," and so let him pray. If one feels that he can enter into the spirit of meekness and reverence, through which the Father's presence is realized, better in a kneeling attitude, then let him kneel, by all means.

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How Elsie Spent Her Christmas

S. T. ELLISON

IT was the 24th of December. Mrs. Parker was busy baking pies, cakes and all kinds of sweets for the Christmas dinner. Elsie stood at her side trying to master all the details.

"Mamma, did you say these are tarts? And what kind of jelly is in the center? Are those pumpkin or squash pies? And what kind of cake is that you are making? Oh! how did you get that frosting so many pretty colors?"

Mrs. Parker stopped and wiped her brow.

"My dear, you can ask more questions in five minutes than I could answer in an hour; but don't bother me any more till I get through, or I might spoil all of these goodies, and then you would have to do without, as a great many poor children will have to to-morrow."

Elsie's bright face became sad and thoughtful as she gazed out of the window at the thickly-falling snow and the icicles that clung to the eaves and windowsills. She had thought the scene so pretty a few moments before, but now she thought only of the poor people out in the cold. Then her eyes traveled back to her own cheerful fireplace, and as she watched the sparks in their mad race up the chimney she heard a sigh.

"Mamma, don't you wish we were rich?"

"Yes, dear; it would be more convenient. But why do you ask?"

"I would like to give to the poor."

"And so you can."

"But, mamma, papa isn't rich."

"Elsie, we do not have to have money to give good gifts. We can always lend a willing hand and cause a sad heart to grow glad when we smile, and help others to see the joy of living by the loving thoughts and deeds we send them. Now, dear, gold cannot buy any of these, as they are the gifts of God, and their names are 'Sympathy and Love.'"

Elsie pondered over all the things her mother had told her, and after having supper went to bed early, so Santa Claus, when he came peeking in at the windows and keyhole, would not find a little girl up to frighten him away.

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When Elsie's mamma was kissing her goodnight she said:

"I am going to see how many I can make happy to-morrow."

Papa Parker arose at the break of day to make the fires and have the house nice and warm, for he knew his girlie would soon be up. And as soon as the morning light came peeking in at the windows Elsie's clear voice rang out:

"Do come and see what good St. Nicholas has brought me. Mamma, isn't the tree pretty? And see this beautiful doll. Oh! there is another doll at the top of the tree, too. Papa, do get her down. See; here is a doll-buggy, a chair, a book, some ribbon, besides all the nice sugar-plums."

"Yes, dear, Santa Claus has been very good to you; but come, now, and have your breakfast."

As Elsie glanced out of the window she saw some little snowbirds.

"Mamma, please give me two slices of bread."

"See if you can eat one first, dear."

"It isn't for me; I am going to start a good day by giving the birds their breakfast."

Elsie had put on her best dress for the occasion, and started out, but had not gone far until she saw a bad boy throw a stone and hit a dog on the leg. It seemed to be a stray dog.

"Poor doggie," said she; "you look so hungry. Come on and I will give you something to eat. Mamma, I have brought you another boarder. Do give him something to eat. And may I keep him?"

Mrs. Parker did not want him, but wanted to help along with the good work. So she said that she could.

As Elsie went out again upon the street she saw two newsboys. A man across the way called for a paper. The little fellow started, but the big boy pushed him aside and sold the paper. When he came back the little fellow said:

"I seed the gent first."

"Ah, gwan; you is always meddlin' in other people's biz."

Then he gave the little fellow a push and went his way. The small boy picked himself up. Elsie went over and said:

"Let me help you. There, now, the snow is all off, and if you will come in the house I will get a nickel and buy a paper of you."

She gave him the money, an orange and also some candy, but told him he could keep the paper and sell it to someone else.

Before the day was over she led a blind lady across the street, and lent a willing hand to this one and spoke a loving word to that one, and gave one of her dolls and a piece of ribbon to a poor little girl.

So that is the way Elsie spent her Christmas; and that night as her mother was tucking her snugly in her little bed she said:

"I am going to try to do some good every day. I know why Santa Claus gives so many nice things. He has found out that there is more happiness in giving than in receiving."

Keep your faith in all beautiful things; in the sun when it is hidden; in the spring when it is gone. * * * And then you will find that Duty and Service and Sacrifice—all the old ogres and bugbears of life—have joys imprisoned in their deepest dungeons! And it is for you to set them free—the immortal joys that no one—no living soul, or fate, or circumstance—can rob you of, once you have released them.—*Roy Rolfe Gilson.*

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Mary Lou

MARY LOU'S father and mother were dead, and from babyhood she had lived on a farm with her grandmother and grandfather.

Mary Lou had never been to the city, and she did not have any playmates, so that when Mildred Stone came to the next farm to visit her grandparents Mary Lou was delighted to receive an invitation to spend the day at the Stone farm with Mildred.

When the little girls met, Grandma Stone said: "Mildred, this is Mary Lou Rice." Mary Lou's face turned very red and she hung her head, but Mildred put out her hand and said: "How do you do, Mary Lou; I am glad to know you."

Her manner won Mary Lou at once, and from that day she was her admirer, and then she had never seen such clothes as Mildred wore.

Dresses with low necks and short sleeves, and half hose and low shoes; but the style in which Mildred wore her hair Mary Lou was not sure she admired.

Mildred's hair was Dutch-cut, and it was tied at the side with a big bow of ribbon.

Mary Lou had two heavy braids hanging down her back, tied with narrow ribbon at the very end. Her shoes were buttoned high around her ankles, her dresses were high in the neck, and the sleeves were long, and they were buttoned straight down the back.

Mildred thought Mary Lou looked queer, but she had been brought up not to show that she noticed matters of this kind.

But Mary Lou was speechless with admiration, and it was a long time before Mildred, with all her city-bred manners, could put Mary Lou at her ease and make her talk.

The little girls visited back and forth several times before Mary Lou got acquainted, but she listened to all Mildred told her about the city and the way the children played games and rode on the electric cars to the parks.

Mary Lou learned many things from Mildred, but the thing that was the firmest in her mind was that she was not dressed in style. Even the style of Mildred's hair looked well to Mary Lou, now that she was accustomed to it, and she hated her long braids.

One rainy day she was alone in her room and she determined to try her hand at remodeling her wardrobe.

First she cut her long white stockings to half-length. Then she cut the tops from her everyday shoes.

The dress came next and it took much cutting and trying on to get the neck low enough and the sleeves as short as the style demanded.

Mary Lou tipped the mirror on the top of her bureau so that it would reflect her full length, then she stepped back and looked at herself.

The dress was white and Mary Lou's arms and shoulders were plump and smooth. The line around the neck was not very even, but that did not matter.

"I should look real stylish," she said, as she surveyed herself, "if my hair was like Mildred's."

Then a thought came to her and her cheeks grew very red. "Why not cut off

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the long braids, that was easy enough?"

Mary Lou stood still for a minute; she was thinking earnestly. "I WILL," she said at last. "I WILL be stylish like Mildred."

She went to the door of her room and opened it, and listened, then she very softly went up the attic stairs and opened a box that stood under the eaves. She took out a very large old-fashioned bonnet trimmed with corn-colored ribbon. This she took to her room and cut off one of the long braids. She was trembling a little now but she was determined to be stylish and off came the other braid.

Mary Lou laid them in a drawer with a sigh, for she had always been proud of her long, thick braids until Mildred came.

The lock of hair at the side was soon tied with the corn-colored ribbon, and she was stylish at last.

Mary Lou had black hair and eyes, and her cheeks were pink, so that in spite of the uneven neck, the reflection pleased Mary Lou much.

But what would her grandmother think of this new style of dressing, and what would she say to the short hair.

She did not have long to wait, for the door of her room opened and her grandmother said: "What are you doing in here so long, Mary Lou?"

And then the good woman gasped as she beheld the new Mary Lou.

"For the lan' sakes," said her grandmother, "what ails your stockings?" she continued, casting her eyes downward over Mary Lou's figure, "An' your shoes?" she asked.

But without waiting for a reply she raised her eyes to Mary Lou's head, and then she threw up her hands and sat on the edge of the bed.

"Where's your braids?" she asked in an awful voice, for she could not believe her eyes even when she saw the short hair hanging around Mary Lou's neck.

"My braids are in the drawer," answered Mary Lou; "they don't wear braids now; all the city girls wear their hair Dutch-cut like this."

"You never cut off your braids, Mary Lou?" asked her grandmother.

"Yes, I did," Mary replied, taking her braids from the drawer; "here they are."

Her grandmother took them in her hands, unwilling to believe they were Mary Lou's.

"Take off those clothes," she said.

Then Mary Lou's pent-up feelings burst forth.

"I won't wear those old-fashioned clothes any more," she cried. "I want to be like Mildred. I do look stylish, I know I do, and I don't want to look like a country girl any longer."

Mary Lou threw herself on the floor and sobbed.

Her grandmother picked her up.

"Don't cry so, dear," she said; "you shall have a new dress like Mildred's. I never thought about your clothes not being like the city children's."

That night, after Mary Lou was in bed and asleep, her grandmother said to her husband:

"I suppose we ought to have dressed Mary Lou like the pictures we see in the books, but I never thought the child cared for such things. I'll get the dressmaker from the village to come and make her some new dresses like Mildred's, and you had better get her some low shoes when you go for the supplies next week.

"But her hair! I shall never get used to it," said Mrs. Rice, wiping her eyes; "she did have such nice thick braids."

"Oh, well, it'll grow again," said her

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husband; "don't worry about that, ma, and I'll get the shoes as you say.

Mary Lou had ribbons for her hair and new dresses and new shoes, and before the summer was over she had forgotten that she did not always look as stylish as Mildred.

But after she grew up she often smiled at the resemblance of the little girl standing before the mirror remodeling her clothes and cutting her hair to suit the styles worn by the city children.

And the tears would glisten in Mary Lou's eyes as she remembered the loving grandmother and grandfather now sleeping side by side on the hill back of the farm house.

BUILT TO CLIMB FENCES

Jack had been sent on an errand, runs the story, and he came to a fence across the lane that he traveled. "I am put here to stop boys," said the fence; "you must turn back and go around." "But I am built to climb fences," responded Jack, and he went over the fence and on his way. Fortunate Jack. He had come to have a clear-cut conviction of what he was built for—to overcome obstacles, not to be daunted and delayed by them. Have we all learned what he knew? Obstacles are sure to appear in the way; but man was not built to go back or go around, but to go over or through them. Difficulties in the way of your church work, or your Christian life? Certainly; but you were built to overcome them.—*Presbyterian Advance.*

This it is to be truly rich—to have confidence in a resource that is ever ready to meet our faithful and righteous demand.—*Power.*

TREES

Some trees drink deep draughts beside brooks,
Delighting in gurgle and black moisture;
Coolness and strength they draw up into their limbs
And pay it out for the passer-by to enjoy
In the shadow and amplitude of their noble branches,
And in their clean, shining, exquisite leaves,
Thin and translucent for green light to trickle through,
Harmoniously curved as musical instruments.
They instill fortitude by their robust trunks,
Molded as individually as men's bodies;
Valiant and comfortable;
Some shaggy,
Some glossy as lithe animals;
All of them full of kindness and tree-humor
And the dignity that springs from belonging to one place.

—*Florence Wilkinson.*

GOOD-NIGHT VERSE

Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep;
Birds, and beasts, and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

Through the long night watches
May the angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching 'round my bed.

Were I so tall as reach the pole
Or grasp the heavens with a span,
I must be measured by my soul,
The mind's the standard of the man.

—*Power.*

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Christmastide

IDELLA E. RADCLIFF

"UNTO us a child is born, and his name shall be called wonderful." "The wise men were led, to the place, in the manger, by that star in the East."

How many are led by that same spirit to perceive and unlock the mysteries of our dark age, hidden beneath the cloak of deception, covered low and long by tyranny, cruelty and prejudice! Let the wise speak now or forever hold their peace.

The Christ, born of a virgin mother, conceived and given by a hand of Love, started forth in this world of sin, misrepresentation and injustice, ever ready to march with the sword of Truth to put to flight all evil; conveying to the hearts of men that which would be food for the soul and health to the body. And where his shadow fell new life did spring up.

He voiced a Truth this world does not understand. "The things ye do I do not, but the things I do, that ye will not do."

The churches of the land complain because there are so many outside their folds. If they understood, in the least, His teaching, all space would be filled. It would not be a church with a handful of followers, nor would there be vacant seats for hundreds, but instead a church of understandable people, not groping in darkness, but serving a God that will hear them.

Open their hearts and convert them; give them the bread of Life which is true wisdom, peace and power. They need not be looking for converts outside their church.

A man by name of Hicks was in the town two years ago, he being an evangelist, and was said to convert many people. So my daughter and the music teacher of the public schools decided to go down to hear him, it being Saturday evening. The Sunday School superintendent met them at the door and informed them Mr. Hicks was out of town. He said he was sorry, "For," said he, "we would have two converts." My daughter answered him by saying, "The good people are outside your church. Convert the ones you have in here and you will be busy."

I have nothing but pity for such people, thinking it is the other man that needs conversion. I make no mistake when I say they sent up prayers by the dozens to bring my family to their fold, but they were praying for the wrong man.

"There is none so blind as he who will not see, and none so deaf as they who will not hear."

So many people are losing the sense of hearing. Why is it? I have noticed that those who love malicious misrepresentation and insubordination, that alone is making them servants of evil, and they hate good. And they are victims of their own set, headstrong, determined way, crushing the rights of angels and carrying a brute on a chip.

With this Christmas I hope will come the risen Savior to foretell the dawn of a new year filled with many rejoicings wrought by our dear Bro. Sabin, who is ever ready to direct the Faithful, and whose Life is a benediction to one and all.

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Golden Threads

MRS. S. I. MORRIS

WE have heard it said that every rope in the English navy has a golden thread woven through it. Wherever a piece of that rope is found it is known that it belongs to the English navy, and no other nation can claim it.

Each one of us has a golden thread woven into our very being, and running through our whole life. Through the Only Begotten Son of God, Christ, all men are sons of God; mind, life, substance. This indwelling Christ is the golden thread that binds us to our dear Heavenly Father. Through Christ we come to God, asking what we will, and we have the promise that our prayer will be answered.

God is infinite. Trace back the chain of dependence, link by link, and you must come at last, as the real source of power, energy and regularity, to the instant will of the ever-living God, the life of all things. It is for us to seek, knock, before we can hope to find. The hidden pearls of this great ocean of truth are not to be found upon the surface. If we seek we shall find the pearl of great price.

Jesus said, "The kingdom of God is within you." Therefore within every one is the law of understanding, for the body is the temple of the spirit, the instrument with which our real souls manifest and work in this life. When we have the knowledge that the living Christ dwells within our souls, our hearts and our minds, we feel a newer glow of life in every breath. Who would not be glad to plunge his individuality into the Savior's superintending goodness and wisdom and feel through the fever and struggle of his own little life the infinite, loving heart beating under all things? He is the very breath of our nostrils. We live, move and have our beings in Him.

If we will let this golden thread weave in and through our existence, we in God and God in us, we will have more of that brotherly love and harmony in our own lives, and be more thankful to the great giver of all things. He has given us this beautiful world to live in.

We are told to pray as we go, and in everything give thanks. We just have heard of a boy only four years old who had been blind from his infancy. After he was healed and his sight restored the eyes were so weak that a thick bandage was placed over them for a few days. Finally the bandage was removed, and he was asked, "Can you see?" and he replied, "Oh, Mama, is this heaven? Am I in heaven? It must be heaven. What is this beautiful place?" So now we send out the vibrations of love and light to this child, with the golden threads laced between. There are many who have been permitted to live in the world for many years, and have never lifted their voices in thankful prayer to God for that privilege.

Think, my friend, of the fifty million stars that Deity controls and has created; the loveliness of the sunsets; the beauty of the flowers, the sunshine of life; all given beneficently.

No man should be so devoted to the chase for dollars as to be ashamed to pause and make grateful acknowledg-

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ment to God for the manifold blessings that are showered even upon the humblest of God's creatures.

"Pray as you go, and in everything give thanks." Then thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself, for the Lord shall be thy everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended. "So shall the sunset of earth become the sunrise of heaven."

A TABLOID NOVEL

They met in the subway.

She was dear, dainty and delightful.

He was tall, tailored and tanned.

"Won't you have my seat?" he asked, rising and smiling winningly into her lake-blue eyes.

"Certainly," she replied, giving him a look which thrilled him with its promise. "You are very g—good."

He bent over her.

"W—will you m—marry me?" he asked.

For answer her white arms stole around his neck and she kissed him, clingingly.

There was a minister in the car who performed the ceremony.

This so affected four other young men that they immediately proposed to four young women on the car whom they had never seen before.

The minister married them.

They all got off at the next station.

Fear depresses the vital energies of the muscles, and slackens the motions of life. It causes the mind to shrink back on itself and to render the system negative to surrounding impressions and thus engenders disease.—*Dr. Mason Good.*

THE GOOD LISTENER

"There is a wonderful art in being a good listener. If you go to a talk with opinions of your own and to see if the speaker conforms to your thoughts, you are not a good listener, because all the time you will be comparing notes and thinking it does not agree with your opinions and is not right. Every thought of such a person is a disturbing influence, and people about you will be restless. They cannot keep their thoughts in line because that positive thinker in the audience is sending out contrary thoughts, and they are conflicting with the thoughts of the speaker. To be a good listener, you must go with the attitude that regardless of what you think you know, there is some truth going to be spoken and that is what you are looking for. You are open and receptive, and willing to receive that which is good. As such you are calm and serene within, and peaceful and quiet without."

SET YOUR MIND TO HIGH IDEAS

The universe is to you as you have spoken into it. What is your belief, and how have you stated it? Then set your mind to high ideas. State them and restate them, and you will find that they come into your being. The mind is as great as man has courage to affirm. The mind is as free as man has courage to deny; and man is as great and strong as he has courage to stand to his belief. If man will abide in his belief, he will move to the heights of the universe.—*Rexford Jeffery, in Weekly Unity.*

"We must believe in the principle of any doctrine before we have faith to live practically its teachings."

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GOD'S LOVE THOUGHT

God's Love Thought fills the heart
Of every flower that grows,
Of pansy sweet, and violet,
And every rose that blows—
With fragrance rare and pure,
And tints of petals, too,
When bathed in mid-day sunshine,
Or kissed with evening dew.

God's Love Thought fills the heart
Of every bird that sings;
Of every feathered songster
That 'neath the blue sky wings.
The thrush, the meadow-lark,
And soulful nightingale,
Pour forth His tender message
O'er woodland, mead and vale.

God's Love Thought fills the heart
Of every little child—
To speak to man of purity,
And virtue undefiled.
It fills the heart of every soul,
Who, childlike, comprehends;
It lives and reigns forever:
God's Love Thought never ends.

—*Lenore.*

GET UNDER COVER

A Suggestion for the Grumbler

If you're caught out in the rain,
Don't stay there and complain;
God's sun will shine again—
Get under cover.

—*Frank C. Bliss, in Power.*

"In ourselves the sunshine dwells,
In ourselves the music swells;
Everywhere the heart awake
Finds what music it can make;
Everywhere the light and shade
By the gazer's eye is made."

THE SPIRIT WORLD

The Spirit-world, O man, would'st thou discern?
Arise!
The wise
Alone that realm behold. 'Tis they who learn
That it about them lies.

Not in yon star-strewn spaces do they seek
That sphere.
But here
They find it, with the loving and the meek,
Whose lofty life bespeaks their vision clear.

Within each soul, compassionate and true
And pure,
Be sure
The Spirit-world shall be. Since they who do,
Nay are, justice and love, create that world; and who
Save these shall be deemed worthy to endure?

—*R. Dimsdale Stocker.*

THE PURPOSE

J. S. Bruce

I rode on; I had a purpose;
I rode so very fast I overtook that purpose—
Found a heartache at the last.
When lured by love's purpose
I ask you to believe
We do not need to go so fast—
Love always will achieve.

—*Nautilus.*

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WAIT A BIT

Ray Clarke Rose

If you find the present wearing—
Wait a bit,
Ere you give up to despairing;
Do your share of burden-bearing
And you'll learn there's gain in daring
Fate a bit.
In the darkness of your sorrow
"Take a brace,"
Look for joy to dawn tomorrow;
He who borrows care shall borrow
Care's disgrace.

In the daily onward-faring
Voice a song—
Give the heart-of-mirth an airing;
There is virtue in not caring,
There is vice in plaint-declaring
All day long.
If your plans persist in going
All awry
There is comfort, still, in knowing
That you're like to make a showing
By and by. —*Nautilus.*

OUR THOUGHTS SHAPE US

Thought in the mind has made us. What we are
By thought was wrought and built. If a man's mind
Hath evil thoughts, pain comes on him as comes the wheel the ox behind.
All that we are is that we thought and willed;
Our thoughts shape us and frame. If one endure
In purity of thought, joy follows as his own shadow—sure.
Never anywhere at any time did hatred cease by hatred.
Always 'tis by love that hatred ceases; only love.
The ancient law is this.
—*Edwin Arnold.*

WAITING

Robert Louis Stevenson

Though he that ever kind and true
Kept stoutly step by step with you
Your whole, long, gusty lifetime through
Be gone a while before,
Be now a moment gone before:
Yet doubt not, soon the seasons shall restore
Your friend to you.

He has but turned a corner—still
He pushes on with right good will,
Through mire and marsh, by heugh and hill,
That selfsame, arduous way,
That selfsame, upland, hopeful way
That you and he through many a doubtful day
Attempted still.

He is not dead, this friend—not dead,
But in the path we mortals tread,
Got some few trifling steps ahead,
And nearer to the end,
So that you, too, once past the bend,
Shall meet again, as face to face, this friend
You fancy dead.

Push gayly on, strong heart! The while
You travel forward, mile by mile,
He loiters with a backward smile
Till you can overtake,
And strains his eyes, to search his wake
Or, whistling, as he sees you through the brake,
Waits on a stile.

Let grace and goodness be the principal loadstone of thy affections. For love which hath ends will have an end, whereas that which is founded on true virtue will always continue.—*Dryden.*

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Agree With Thine Adversary Quickly

HENRY WOOD

THE scientific and psychological accuracy of the fundamental statements comprising the Sermon on the Mount has met with but little recognition. The general impression is that the doctrines which made up that remarkable deliverance are high-grade moral maxims, but impractically ideal. They are looked upon somewhat like rare gems, hung above our heads, quite out of reach.

What is an adversary? Not usually a person, but oftener some condition, environment, state of the weather, dilemma, disease or whatever seems opposed to one's comfort.

Jesus, with a full grasp of the laws of the human constitution, made statements which were not merely moral and spiritual, but positively scientific in their exactitude. In reality, these varying aspects are but different sides of a unit. Through the belief that things are against us, they receive armament and are set in array. To illustrate: We form a theory that the east wind is unfriendly. We thereby make ourselves negative, not to the wind itself, but to our own idea concerning it. Shall one rise superior to normal environment and realize its potential goodness, or through a slavish state of consciousness, gratuitously surrender? Not that extreme and miraculous results can be suddenly realized, but progress can be steadily cultivated. Endless variations of the same principle may be imagined where, by an irrepealable law, the change of mental attitude is fully reflected in the physical organism. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." The body faithfully articulates, expresses and manifests the ruling idea. The "Word," whatever its quality, "is made flesh."

All those manifestations in mind or body which we call disorderly are due to violations of law—physical, psychical, or spiritual. Whether they occur consciously or through ignorance, the educational penalty, thus invited, at length puts in an appearance. Messengers in the shape of a headache or dyspeptic twinges come to arrest our attention. Nothing milder would serve the purpose. We call them evil, count them as enemies, and wish to dodge the physical sensation. But their purpose is to teach us lessons and lead us to correct our mistakes. See them as friends, even though in rough attire, and with this change of attitude their bitterness becomes rapidly dissipated. So soon as their purpose has cordial recognition their business is ended and they bow themselves out. This is scientific healing. Though seemingly paradoxical, the enemy will stick just in proportion as it is considered an enemy.

The basic and fundamental principle to be recognized is that the moral order is wholly beneficient and friendly, and nothing but our misinterpretation makes it seem otherwise. We create our relations. As we love everything, everything will love us. If we carelessly stumble and fall we should be foolish to blame the beneficient law of gravitation. It is the same with every other law, and this should spur us on in the search for truth.

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We will get back the faithful reflection of what we send out. If we think ill of one, the sight, and even the thought of him, brings an unwelcome shock. In effect, invisible telegraphic wires keep us in communication both with material objects and spiritual entities, and currents of attraction or repulsion are passing over them. The stars, the sky, the rain, the temperature, the landscape, events, transactions, joys, fears, good and ill, all flash back reciprocal messages, which in qualiy are the same as those we send. But if a freight of base metal seems to come to us over a line of relationship, through a spiritual alchemy at our command, we may transmute it into the fine gold of harmony and utility. The foundation of this power dwells in the understanding that every experience that comes to us, negative or positive, seeming evil as well as seeming good, painful as well as pleasurable, is potentially, and may be actually, an aid in spiritual evolution. Whatever comes is capable of being made "a means of grace." If painful, it pushes from behind and below, thereby pleading with us to lift our consciousness higher. If ideal, it attracts us forward.

The local and smaller circumference of evil is surrounded and submerged in the larger environment of good. If one believes that things are against him he virtually confers potency upon them for harm. The relation which he has set up within himself he thinks has been erected outside by chance, fate, or perhaps the responsibility is palmed off on Providence.

Though the law of non-resistance is looked upon as weak and impractical, it is divine and conquers. "But I say unto you that ye resist not evil." Absurd! says the worldly policy. Again, "Love your enemies." But there are no enemies, for love makes them friends. There is an objective world, but in deeper reality every man creates his own world. Whether here or hereafter, unlimited antagonism is hell. In proportion as one installs adversaries about him he shrinks in soul and weakens in body. People, classes, sects and parties antagonize each other, not so much for what they are really as what subjective coloring makes them appear to be.

But our relations are not only intimate with objective things, but more so with our own subjective creations. We are constantly setting up thought pictures in consciousness and making them our tenants and companions. They impress their quality far more deeply than do personal friends. Shall they be health, harmony, happiness, love, purity and strength, or disorder, inharmony, malice, fear, sensuality and weakness? As we choose we make them at home and abiding. We adopt them and they mould us. The same law that governs our relations with outside things connects the ego with all its own mental images. Linger in the presence of divine ideals, and you will become known by the company you keep. Lift your consciousness and dwell amid your delineations of love, faith, purity and goodness, and adversaries will dissolve. Glimpses will grow more frequent of the great Reality. "The pure in heart shall see God."

—From *Freedom.*

"If any man is able to convince me and show me that I do not think or act right, I will gladly change; for I seek the truth by which no man was ever injured. But he is injured who abides in his error and ignorance."—*Marcus Aurelius.*

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The Daily Chit-Chat

RUTH CAMERON

TWO women were talking about reading poetry.

Said one, "I can read poetry with an intellectual appreciation, but I don't really enjoy it as you do. And even the liking I have was acquired, and acquired with difficulty. I remember I used to hate poetry in school and wonder why people didn't say what they had to say in good, straight prose, instead of rhyming it and singsonging it. How is it that you are so fond of poetry?"

Answered the other, "Because I've always heard it since I was a baby. Before I could talk mother used to read and repeat poetry to me. And as soon as I could talk at all father taught me scraps of poetry—not silly rhymes—but beautiful bits, like 'The world is so full of a number of things, I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.' Often I didn't understand the things at the time, but the meaning came to me afterward, and I always liked the sound."

The ability to really enjoy good poetry is undoubtedly rare in this prosaic century.

Culture seekers often deliberately acquire it. But everyday folks more often regard poetry to the end of their lives as a foolish way of saying in rhyme and singsong what could be quite as well said in straight prose.

Surely, then, any child owes his parents a debt of gratitude if they have given him the precious possession of a lifelong enjoyment of poetry by the simple method of reading and repeating good poetry to him in his childhood.

The wonder to me is that more parents do not do this.

Before a child can talk he understands a great deal of what is said to him. Every one who has ever had anything to do with a baby knows this. Ask the little one who will not say anything but "papa" and "mamma" and "all gone" or something like that, where his eyes, nose or his toes are and see how promptly he points them out.

Well, then, why not occasionally, when you are cuddling, rocking or playing with him, read or repeat some good poetry to him? He may not understand it at all. But, being a child, untramelled by the grownup's need of seeing common sense in everything, he will surely enjoy the music. And the chances are that he will understand some of it and make up childish pictures to fit the words.

What shall you read? Well, there's Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verse," Eugene Field's poems and some of James Whitcomb Riley's for the very little ones.

Then as the child grows older he ought to appreciate Scott's poems, "John Gilpin's Ride," Holmes' "Grandmother Story," Longfellow's "Hiawatha," "The Courtship of Miles Standish," "Paul Revere's Ride," Whittier's "Maud Muller," "Barbara Frietchie," and even some of Shakespeare's sonnets.

Surely all of these have either music or story enough to hold even very young ears.

Personally, I think we insult our children's brains and comprehensions by the weak mental pabulum in the way of stories which we give them. I think the

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child who hears great and beautiful things will soon come to vaguely appreciate part, if not all, of their meaning.

Perhaps the little ones may not care for some of these poems at first, but remember that with childhood the more familiar a tale the better loved it is—persevere, and I'm sure the liking will come.

And some day a man or woman who is reading and delighting in some beautiful poem will pause to thank you for his power of enjoyment.

WOMEN IN GOD'S PLAN

It is not unusual to see a woman's own family rise up and call her blessed, but it is rather unusual to see a woman thus honored by the whole world. Recently we came across a list of such women, whose names have been placed in the Lady Chapel in the Liverpool Cathedral. It contains the names of many who have by the beauty, truth, purity and devotedness of their lives made their names household words.

Mary Collet and all prayerful women.

Louise Stewart and all the noble army of martyrs.

Christina Rossetti and all sweet singers.

Grace Darling and all courageous maidens.

Catherine Gladstone and all loyal-hearted wives.

Dr. Alice Marvel and all who laid down their lives for their sisters.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning and all who have seen the infinite in things.

Josephine Butler and all brave champions of purity.

Anna Hinderer and all missionary pioneers.

Angela Burdett Coutts, and all almoners of the King of Heaven.

Margaret Godolphin and all women who have kept themselves unspotted from the world.

Mother Cecile and all women loving and large hearted in counsel.

Elizabeth Fry and all pitiful women.

Agnes Jones and all devoted nurses.

Queen Victoria and all noble-minded queens.

Lady Margaret Beaufort and all patronesses of sacred learning.

Mary Rogers and all faithful servants.

Anne Clough and all true teachers.

Mary Somerville and all earnest students.

Susannah Wesley and all devoted mothers.

OUR ABUNDANT RESOURCE

It is not man's hand, but God, that sustains us, and with him all things are possible; only believe. Do not anticipate anything but success, and only success will come to you.

Do not take into account the experiences of others as having any weight upon yours. Depend upon the Infinite Resource. This Resource is inexhaustible, and you should not limit the inflow by mentally balancing it with that of others; there are so many ways that God can reward your faith if you will only let him. Open your mind and say constantly:

"I do not believe in hard times; I do not believe in poor trade; I do not believe in defeat, nor do I anticipate lack of any kind at any time. God is my abundant Resource, and through his Spirit I am constantly receiving the money necessary to meet all my demands."—*Unity.*

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A New Story of H. W. Grady

IN ONE of his camp-fire talks, W. H. Ridgway relates this story of that brilliant American, the late Henry W. Grady, in *Association Men:*

"One day Mr. Grady said to his associates on the *Constitution,* 'I am going away for a week or so and I don't want any one to know where I am.' He disappeared. He went back to Athens to his mother in the old home.

"'Mother,' said he, as he took her in his great, strong arms and kissed her, 'I have come home to you this time to be your own little boy Harry once more. I want you to treat me just like you used to in the old days. Cook me the little things I used to like. The little pie-dough cakes on the back of the stove, the ginger cakes with the raisins in the middle, the nice warm bread with brown crust and covered with molasses.'

"He would spend the days down at the old swimming hole, and out in the barn, where he would crawl all over the old gin and try to skin-the-cat on the pole. He would loaf around among the cabins and hear the colored folks talk and tell stories.

"In the afternoons he would come and lay his head down in her lap as she sat on the porch, and say: 'Mother, I want you to tell me the stories you used to tell me about Joseph and David and Elijah and Daniel. And tell me all over again about the shepherds and the star and the little Baby in the manger who came to make Harry a good boy.'

"When night would come he would call his mother into his bedroom and say: 'Now, mother dear, I want you to tuck Harry in and hear him say his prayers—'Now I lay me down to sleep.' Then he would say: 'Mother, set the light out in the hall and hold my hand in yours and sing me to sleep with:

"I think when I read that sweet story of old
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children the lambs of His fold;
I would like to have been with Him then.'"

"For two weeks Henry W. Grady was 'little Harry' on the old farm with his mother. Then he went back to Atlanta. About this time came the invitation from the New England Society to come and speak at their great dinner. He came and spoke.

"That wonderful oration thrilled the land from one end to the other. It was the first time since the terrible war that the real South had spoken. Where did that great speech 'The Old South and the New' come from? After his death his mother told us just as I have told you. Said he afterward: 'When I found myself upon my feet every nerve was strung as tight as a fiddlestring and all tingling. I knew then I had a message for that assemblage. As soon as I opened my mouth it came rushing out.'"

Blessed are they who have the gift of making many friends, for it is one of God's best gifts. It involves many things, but above all, the power of going out of oneself, and seeing and appreciating whatever is noble and loving in another.—*Thomas Hughes.*

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Prosperity and Success

MRS. SOPHA VAN MARTER

WE FIND that there are certain laws which govern all things and conditions. There are laws of music, mathematics, health, happiness, etc., and there must, therefore, be some law governing prosperity. And if we are to demonstrate prosperity we must first learn the law, that we may work in accordance with it.

Jesus Christ was the greatest teacher and demonstrator of this law of prosperity. He told his followers that they were to seek first the Kingdom of Heaven, not some place in some other planet away off somewhere, but within themselves; that they had within them all resources, and they must unfold their capacity. This was the first step in demonstrating prosperity, the recognition and seeking the Kingdom of Heaven within, as the source of all and upon which we may draw for whatever we may desire. Then he tried to illustrate and demonstrate the law to them by multiplying the loaves and fishes, and by turning the water into wine—better wine than they had had before—and by finding the gold in the fish's mouth; and by the great draught of fishes when they cast their net on the right side. And so we manifest in proportion as we become more and more spiritual and put into practice this law.

Jesus said, "Lay up for yourselves, treasures in Heaven where moth and rust do not corrupt." Yes, but where is Heaven? Jesus said, "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you." So we are to open up our own higher, or spiritual consciousness, knowing that therein is our treasure, or supply. Christ again is our example in this, for in II Cor. 6:10 we read, "As poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things," and again in II Cor. 8:9, "That though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor that ye through his poverty might become rich."

You ask, then, why do we, who know this law, not demonstrate for ourselves large fortunes, etc. By way of illustration I would call your attention to the electric light plant. There must be some one at the power house in touch with the machinery which produces the electricity so that he may turn on the current that we may receive the light. So we stand in touch with the power house and turn on the current that you may receive the light, or benefit.

In every large law firm, there is an attorney who appears in the foreground before the people, and also one who stands in the background, or a counselor to whom the attorney may go for counsel. Here we take the part of the attorney, and we go into counsel with the great Counselor, that we may bring to you His message.

What we want is spiritual enlightenment and wisdom. All ability is based on spiritual understanding.

Prentice Mulford said, "The man of success is the man possessed of the greatest spiritual understanding, and every great fortune comes of superior and truly spiritual power." Do you want the wealthy to divide with you? Jesus called those "foolish virgins" who

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wanted others to divide. He taught that you must have oil in your own lamps. Know that you have an abundant supply within yourself. Wanting the rich to divide is simply covetousness. It is the thing that will keep you poor.

Several years ago when I was in Edinburgh I wandered into one of their churches. I have no idea that the clergyman was a student of New Thought, but he was a Greek scholar. (Edinburgh is called the Modern Venice.) He gave out his text, "Let your conversation be without covetousness; and be content with such things as ye have."—Heb. 13:15. Do you think he told these good Scotch people to be content with their little cottages? Oh, no, not a bit of it. He took his Greek Testament and translated direct from the Greek language and it read, "Be ye conscious that ye have, contained within yourselves, all capacity," and then he went on to explain that by coveting other people's things or gifts, we would only be hanging onto our little tree things which would deaden the life within ourselves. And this is what is meant when we say that we must be conscious that we can create from within ourselves the things which we need; that we do not need the things from the outside, but that they come from within.

We want, then, like Solomon, to pray for wisdom. We must use our own minds. When you get into the fulness of spiritual consciousness you cannot get away from prosperity. Read Deut. 28:11-15. Prosperity is a manifestation of superior ability, and ability comes from God, the Divine Mind. Covetousness does not bring forth prosperity.

When we are awakened to spiritual consciousness we realize that we want to seek earnestly the best gifts, and when the spiritual side of our being has begun to come forth, we must go from glory to glory, from prosperity to prosperity. We cannot ask too much. Ask more. "Hitherto you have asked nothing."

If we, as healers of the sick, must work to get rid of the sin or shortcoming, the "missing of the mark" back of the sickness, so in the study of the law of prosperity, we must work to get rid of the sin back of the poverty.

In demonstrating we must first recognize that there are constructive and destructive thoughts, and that negative thoughts have their influence as well as harmonious thoughts. Under the heading of destructive thoughts comes criticism. We cannot criticise the methods of the wealthy. Just leave them to God and bless them. Every time you say grafters, or criticise the rich, you set in motion that law which locks the door to your own prosperity. Neither can we demonstrate health by seeing poverty.

We must see only and treat only for abundance everywhere. We can go with things, or without them, but we must never go against them if we would succeed and be prosperous. Hold thoughts of harmony and loving relationship with everything and everybody. Say, "There is no poverty, for all the earth is full of the glory and riches of the Lord."

In the law of vibration we know that a word spoken in the silence, as well as aloud, produces an effect. Then know that God is the infallible Source. Speak the word and constantly affirm it. Never say, "If John Jones, or William Smith, or somebody else would pay me, I would have plenty." Say firmly, and believing, "My expectation is from God, and all the ideas of God (that is all people) are channels of supply to me," and whatever you may be doing always say, "I am

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doing this for God," or, "as unto the Lord," whether it be ruling a kingdom, or even if it is factory work, or washing dishes. Remember that we are at-one with whatever we declare ourselves in unison with. There is an abundance of supply to satisfy all our highest aspirations, and we are justified in having all that can bless us and be helpful to us in any way. The individual man is lord over all his circumstances.

The successful man puts his thoughts into his work. Circumstances and other men cannot hinder him. When we are in the right mind all things work together. "The King's heart is in the hands of the Lord, and he turneth it like the rivers of water, whithersoever he will." All our circumstances begin to move in the right direction as soon as we take the right attitude.

Then to succeed we must first have no destructive thoughts, no criticism. Second, we must have our ideal. Live with an object in view, and measure up to your ideal. Use your imagination. Visualize. See it as already done. Do not think I mean idle dreaming. I mean definite, persistent work. It cannot be done by random thinking. You must develop an "equilibrium of understanding." That which makes the successful man is steadfast, invincible concentration and determination.

Some time ago was published an interview between a reporter and Henry M. Flagler, the Standard Oil multi-millionaire, in which the secret of the latter's success was brought out, which was his power to see a thing in its completeness. During the conversation the following dialogue took place in regard to the success of a railroad which Mr. Flagler had promoted:

"Did you actually vision to yourself the whole thing? I mean, did you, or could you, really close your eyes and see the tracks and the trains running and hear the whistles blowing? Did you go as far as that?"

"Yes."

"How clearly?"

"Very clearly."

The difficulty and danger does not lie in the external conditions of things and circumstances, but in the thought attitude which you hold toward them. There must be no waste of energy upon grumblings or resentment against any individuals. In fact there must be an attitude of absolute satisfaction. Then say, "I do everything I do this day, with this certain intention and expectation;" and declare that everything is working to bring it about, and you will receive satisfaction. "Satisfaction, full, complete."

What is satisfaction? I do not mean you shall be satisfied with the limited consciousness in which you are living. Make your picture of what you want to be, and then live up to it and make it real. The men of success in this world have been men who started with but little or no means and who had the fewest advantages; for instance, Andrew Carnegie came to America a poor Scotch boy, and his mother, after they arrived, used to bind shoes to help support the family.

Harriman was one of six children of a poor clergyman, whose salary was but $200 per year.

Sir Thomas Lipton, when a young boy, came to America, and when he landed he had just twenty-five cents in his pocket. He was the first one on deck the morning they landed, the first to see the shore, and was the first one to land. He could see two hotels near and went direct to one of them, asking

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how much they would give him for each guest that he would bring them. They told him twenty-five cents. He rushed back to the boat, made himself useful by helping his fellow passengers, and took enough of them with him to completely fill the first hotel. He then went back, and got enough to fill the other hotel. This was his financial start in life.

Turner, the great artist, whose father was a barber in the slums of London, had no early advantages, yet around his pictures in the gallery you will always find a crowd, and someone has said, if you will come back five hundred years from now, you will still find a crowd there.

All of these were men with almost no education and no early advantages or favorable circumstances. They carved their own circumstances, and they are men who have made their mark in the world.

If you are in need of anything, you can have it through starting the right thoughts, but you must start them on a high plane. Mind attracts or repels, and by understanding the law you can have whatever you rightly construct. You cannot have it by random thinking. There is a law of right thinking by which it is possible to bring right results. There is a power that will bring us our own if we put ourselves in line with the one omnipresent good. We must enter into the spiritual consciousness that sends out the right vibrations.

Get into the One Mind and rest in the Absolute, and say, "All thine is mine." Let us think abundance, and trust God for our temporal things. Say, "The Kingdom of God, the power and almightiness of God is demonstrating success in all my affairs." If you hold the thoughts that you have taken God into your affairs you will be successful, for there is a great All-Penetrating Spirit-Substance waiting to be formed through your word.

A little incident in the life of Mme. Tetrazzini illustrates how this law is set in motion, and her attainment shows the result.

A friend of mine once heard her in a small theater in London when she was a poor struggling beginner, with shoes run down at the heel, and second-hand gowns that were too large for her. After the performance this friend sought and obtained an interview with her, and in answer to words of encouragement she clenched her little fists and stamped her little foot, with its worn out shoe, and said, "I can and I will succeed." And it was through holding this attitude constantly, not letting go of it for one instant, that she was enabled to attain her present success.

I tell you if the Kingdom of God is set up in a man's mind, it makes him a wonderful sovereign over all his circumstances, and can make him master of his surroundings. If you are at one with, and acknowledge the power of God, all things will be possible unto you. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into man's mind, the things which God hath prepared." There are abilities in your own mind which will come forth as you rely implicitly on the one and Only Mind. But you must get still. Still the outer self. Outward appearances have nothing to do with the reality.

Concentrate on life, love and wisdom, and you will have all abundance, and much more than you can ask or think, when you realize the conscious presence of the Infinite within.

The great struggle is to get still from

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the outward and seeming. "Therefore be silent, oh, all flesh, for the Lord Jehovah is raised up in his holy habitation."—*Unity.*

PERENNIAL CREATION

The creation of good things goes on day by day. The earth produces plenty, but until men live the principles of peace and good will and brotherhood, there can be no peace upon the earth. Until the "mine and thine" is changed to the song of David, "The Cattle Upon a Thousand Hills are Thine, O God," and man realizes that work is pleasure, and labor for one another is not a burden: that helping the vicious, the wayward and the ignorant is a duty of the higher to the lower; that all of God's children have a share in His products even though they be prodigal and wasteful; and that the elder brothers, who have not wasted the Father's substance, have no right to deny that which is necessary to the brother who has made mistakes. Until that time comes the plan of creation can not be perfected, neither can the song of the angels be realized in humanity. Man must himself sing the song of "Peace and goodwill, and not only sing it, but live it."—*Martha Griffith Bingham.*

Man may exalt intellect and glorify brain power, but, after all, it is not the brain, but the heart, that really rules the world to-day as it has always ruled it. We may argue against error, we may reason against wrong, but it is only love at last that saves the sinner. We stand awed before the mighty power and wisdom of God, but it is to the great loving heart of the Father that we turn repentant and trusting.

SOMEWHAT SULTRY

It happened in the sunny South at a prayer meeting. The congregation of colored people had listened with patience to the average three hours' sermon. The average number were snoring or peacefully sleeping, when the colored parson, getting tired of it himself, and hungering for that lil 'possum dinner at home, determined to wind up and at the same time let the whole of his flock realize that he was on the job. In a voice roaring like thunder, that brought all the sleepers to their senses, he shouted: "Bredren and Sistahs!!! You pooh sinnahs, do youse know how hot hell am? Well, I'll tell youse! You take all de wood in de woild and put it on wun pile! Take all de coal in de woild an' put it on top of dat wood pile! Take all de oil in de woild and pour it all ober dat coal and wood pile! And set it on fire! Den, you take a man out ob hell and put him in dat fire—he'll freeze to death! Amen. Let us pray."

The reward of the just is justice.

The reward of the loving is love.

The most unjust man in this world is he who is the greatest stickler for justice.

God working out the principle of justice finds that only Love can make the balance true.

No man can live exact justice, for no man can know justice. We are all doomed to hell unless love rules.

And it does. Forgive to seventy times seven and then some—as ye would be forgiven.

Even so shall you find heaven displacing hell.—*Elizabeth Towne.*

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Wit and Humor

Smart Sayings and Flashes of Fun From Many Sources

A PROXY SPEECH

Charlie Shukers, the new member of the State Board of Control, addressed the students at the deaf and dumb school at Olathe the other day. The interpreter didn't treat Shukers as he did Henry J. Allen, a former member of the board, when he made a speech. Henry rambled along in his usual entertaining fashion and frequently received applause.

"Well, I seemed to please the students all right," said he to the interpreter afterward.

"Yes, they enjoyed it very much," replied the interpreter.

"But I wish you would explain why they frequently applauded at inopportune times," said Henry.

"That's easy," replied the interpreter. "You made one speech and I delivered them another."—*Kansas City Journal.*

A WIDEAWAKE CONSTABLE

"Ye say ye ain't been speedin', eh?" said Silas as he stopped the car.

"Nary a speed," said the chauffeur, trying to be aimable.

"When did ye leave Quinceville?" demanded Silas, suspiciously.

"Five o'clock this morning," said the chauffeur, with a wink at his companion.

"Five this mornin', eh?" said the constable, catching the wink. "Taken ye six hours to come four miles. Wa-al, I guess I'll run ye in, anyhow, only I'll change the complaint from overspeedin' to obstructin' the highway."—*Harper's Weekly.*

WHAT IT REMINDED ME OF

On a bright Sunday afternoon, as I stood on a street corner awaiting the car, my attention was called to a negro cabin across the street, in a front window of which leaned a huge old negress, (Sally Robinson by name,) eagerly retailing gossip to her neighbor Bill, who lazily lolled against the adjoining fence. Presently there passed a tall, lank negro woman, black as the ace of spades, decked in a rustling white dress. Eyeing this party contemptuously until she had passed out of hearing, old Sally from the window said: "I say, Bill, duz yu no what it puts me in mine ob to see er black nigger in er white cote?"

"No," said Bill, "I dun no."

"Well—it all'rs mines me ob er fly in er glass ob sweet milk."

WHERE HE FELT THE STRAIN

"Do you have to go through all these novels?" asked the caller.

"I do," sighed the literary editor.

"Doesn't it overwork your mind?"

"My mind? Great Scott, no! It overworks my conscience."

"How?"

"I praise so many of them."—*Tribune.*

LOOKING FORWARD

Jones—We've missed you very much. You haven't been to the club since your wife died.

Bones—Well, don't worry; I shall marry again.—*M. A. P.*

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HOW HE OPENED THE SARDINES

A good minister, after coming from ministers' meeting one night, found his wife had retired. Feeling hungry, he looked around the pantry for something to eat. He found a box of sardines, but could not find the can opener. So he tried to open it with the screw-driver, but that would not work, and the good man began to swear. His wife, hearing him, called: "John, what are you doing?" "Opening a box of sardines," replied the minister. "What are you opening it with?" inquired the wife. "The screw-driver," replied the minister. "O," said the good wife, "I thought you were opening it with prayer!"

TIMES AND MORALS

When a modern boy defies home rule and laughs at ordinances, "moving" pictures are promptly blamed.

When the boy's father did the same thing they were charged to "dime novels."

There being neither moving pictures nor dime novels when the boy's grandfather was a lad, they laid all his naughtiness to infant depravity.

New things bring new morals.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

EMINENTLY RESPECTABLE

"Is he respectable?"

"Eminently so. He's never been indicted for anything less than stealing a railroad."—*Wasp.*

HIS EXPLANATION

Daniel entered the lions' den.

"Not that I care for the circus myself," he explained; "it's just to take Johnny."—*Harper's Bazar.*

A SWIFT RETURN

Two Irishmen employed on a man o' war, finding things a bit slow one morning, decided to liven things up a little. So Dennis, instructed by Mike, placed himself astride one of the big guns and held a deck-pail over the muzzle. "Now," said Dennis, "let 'er go!" Whereupon Mike touched her off and she *went,* sure enough, likewise Dennis and the pail. When the officer in charge came running up to find out the cause of the explosion, he said: "Michael, what has become of your friend?"

"Oh," said Mike, "he just wint afther a pail of water."

"I see, but when is he coming back?"

"Well," answered Mike, "I'm sure I can't tell *exactly,* but if he comes back as quick as he *wint,* he'll be back yisterday."

AN ALIBI

Sunday School Superintendent: "Who led the children of Israel into Canaan? Will one of the smaller boys answer?"

(No reply.)

Superintendent (somewhat sternly): "Can no one tell? Little boy on that seat next to the aisle—who led the children of Israel into Canaan?"

Little Boy (badly frightened): "It wasn't me. I—I just moved here last week fr'm Missoury."

DELICATE QUESTIONS

Parson: "I declare, brother Deacon, this is a good chicken. Where did you get it?"

Deacon: "Brer Pastor, I don't think dat's a fair question. When I hear you preach er special surmon, do I ax you whar you got it?"

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Ring the Joy Bells

MAKERS of joy are the greatest need for which the suffering old world is always yearning. A brilliant Italian woman, Dora Melegari, has written a book on the subject. Its title is *Makers of Sorrow and Makers of Joy.* In one of the chapters she says, "Have you known any makers of joy? I have met several in my life, and am convinced that the continuation of the human race is due to them. Without the smiles they have called forth, the songs that rise in the hearts they have cheered, and the radiance they diffuse into the lives of others, the sun would have long ceased to shine on a world sunk in sadness and gloom; the earth would have grown cold, and the last shivering man would have expired. They alone have saved us, and will continue to save us. Happily they are more numerous than the 'ten just men' whom the Almighty demanded of Sodom and Gomorrah, to save those two cities from destruction by fire and brimstone."

Before we can be makers of joy, before we can set the joy bells ringing in the sad hearts about us, we must have a genuine and abounding joy in our own hearts. It is impossible to give any thirsty soul drink out of an empty cup.

The richest possession any of us may ever hope to have is the unselfish joy and sweetness of life, which brims over into empty, needy lives that touch our own. "To write a poem, an essay, or a volume," said a sympathetic writer, "that shall interest and influence thousands, does not give the sense of personal satisfaction to the writer that comes with the consciousness of giving encouragement and cheer to one aching heart or troubled soul, that might have fainted or failed but for this stimulus and aid."

* * *

Ring the joy bells! It is the best form of crusade you can make against misery, selfishness and sin. If the music of their chime does not respond at once, perhaps you have not laid hold of the right rope. There is a string that reaches every heart if you have the patience and love to find it.

Ring the joy bells! It is the best campaign you can make against many of the foes that seek to overwhelm and destroy you. Courage grows mighty, and fear, worry, mean temptations, bodily and spiritual weakness take flight when you make the melody of trustful praise in your heart to the Lord.

Ring the joy bells! It is the best you can do as your share in the great task of drowning out the hoarse voice of war, and cheering the world onward and upward to the glad era of "peace on earth, good will toward men."—*The Christian Herald.*

There is but One Law, and it is not Higher or Lower Law—it is the Law of God, contained in the Ten Commandments and the Commandments of Christ, and the Golden Rule.—Washington News Letter, February, 1904.

No kind of prayer will ever change God's attitude toward us, but by the right kind of prayer we change our attitude toward God.

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Why I Believe the Bible

REV. DR. FLOYD W. TOMKINS

IT IS well that our subject today should be expressed as it is—not "Why is the Bible to be believed," but "Why do I believe the Bible." While there are proofs and rules and reasons innumerable for everything in a general way, conviction can only come to a man when he knows from personal experience. It is easy enough to prove that the Bible is the Word of God. It has been done again and again, and so forcefully that skeptics have made no headway and have hardly had a following. But the only proof which really satisfies the man is that which comes from his own personal knowledge. It is well to know something of these general proofs, but they cannot touch the heart and life and lead to action until you and I have verified them. Why do I believe the Bible? That is the question, and the answer lies deeper than documentary evidence or theological statement; it cannot be logically phrased, nor can it be expressed in terms of philosophy. It is like the love we have for our dear ones, our friends, our sisters or children. Why do I love my child? The logical answers are many—physiological and psychological and sociological—and they are interesting; but really the love is a mysterious and hidden thing which defies definition and eludes analysis. I love my child because I love him—that is all. So I believe the Bible because of what it is to me—because of what it has done and is doing for me.

Hence the surest way to prove the Bible to be the word of God is to use it, study it. It is its own witness. I was reading lately of a French woman in Paris into whose hands some one pressed a Bible. She looked at it and then, seeing what it was, she tore it in pieces in a passion and scattered the fragments. A poor girl picked up one of the pieces of paper and began to read. Soon she was stirred and, stopping a man, she asked him where she could get the book of which this was a fragment. He directed her to a Bible society, where a copy was gladly given to her, and as a result she became an earnest Christian. You cannot ignore such proofs. Some one once asked Charles Bradlaugh, an unbeliever and a member of the English parliament, who did not hesitate to fight Christianity whenever he had an opportunity, why he did not simply ignore Christianity. "You cannot ignore St. Paul's Cathedral and the multitudes worshipping there," he answered; "it is too big." So we cannot ignore the fact that the Bible today—as in all ages—wherever it has been read has been the means of regenerating lives, kindling hopes, changing savages to civilized beings, making the weak strong and comforting the dying. The whole history of what the Bible has done in the world is too big a thing to be laughed out of court or to be scorned. We are faced by a fact, a condition, not a theory.

There are three general lines of evidence to which we may refer. The first might be called the evidence of probability. Since there is a God who made us and whose children we are, we would reasonably expect Him to reveal Himself

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to us, to have some message for us telling us about Himself and about what He wishes us to do. This natural expectation is met by the Bible, which is the relation of God and of our duty. It is wonderful, when we study it closely, to see how fully these expectations are met in God's Word. Who is my Father? The Bible answers. Does He love me and care for me? The Bible answers. What does my life mean; how am I to live; what is right and what is wrong; where am I going to when I die; how can my sins be pardoned; how am I to treat my fellow-beings; is my love for them anything more than a transient, earthly emotion; shall we meet again, after being parted by death, in another world? All these are questions which come to the mind and heart irresistibly, and the Bible answers them every one, clearly, positively, blessedly. Just what we would expect God to do for us, He has done.

The second evidence is that of credibility. There is no book in the world upon whose completeness and perfection we can so absolutely rely as we can upon the Bible. Virgil and Homer have many variations in the text and the authorship of their works has been questioned. Even a book so comparatively recent as Shakespeare's plays has been the subject of criticism and doubt. But here is a book which has lived—a part of it, at least—over 3,000 years, and a part of it 1,900 years; and it has passed through countless editions, all copied by hand; it has been translated into many languages, it has been fought against and copies of it destroyed—and yet to-day it stands without defeat practically as when first written. It is the best credited book in the world, and the facts and the truths which it contains, though criticised by unfriendly men again and again, stand today as the surest facts and truths of human life. God has preserved it, because it is His message to His children.

The third evidence is that of influence. Its moral law the world has found in the Bible. The secrets of civilization and of beauty of character, the power to educate, the strength of philanthropy—all these have been drawn and are drawn today from the Bible. The most influential nations of the world are those which follow most closely and believe in most thoroughly the teachings of the Bible. There is no measure of morality which can hold itself against criticism and which is ideal but that which is taken from the Bible. Modern pure socialism, which is simply another name for the Christian Golden Rule, comes from the New Testament. In fact, there is nothing which has to do with pure and high conceptions of life, with happiness and peace, with missionary zeal, with art and music and poetry and education, with the sacredness of family life, with advancement and strength and courage and hope, but that it has come or is being gathered from this book. The greatest calamity which could happen to the world to-day would be the absolute extinction of this book. Yet it could not be extinguished. Men would rewrite it from memory if every copy were destroyed. Its influence upon heart and life is so strong and so widespread that it would still hold men. Having tasted the glory of it, humanity would hold to it even as a tradition of a revelation once made and lost. Christianity, born of Christ and held in form and rule by the Bible, can no more be wiped from the earth than the stars can be washed out of the firmament by human ingenuity, or the light of the sun be darkened by human evil.

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Millions in Answer to Prayer

A. P. FITT in "Christian Herald"

ONE of the institutions I determined to visit on my last visit to England was the Muller Orphan Homes near Bristol. I had read of these Homes, and heard them cited as a practical proof of answered prayer, and I wanted to know them first hand.

My desire was fulfilled in due course, though not fully; for I soon realized that such an institution cannot be comprehended in all it means in a hurried visit. But my visit did this for me: it gave me a vital personal interest in that work, which watches with keen anticipation for further news about it.

AS SEEN BY THE VISITOR.

The Homes consist of five large stone buildings, each several stories high, severely simple in design, and capable of accommodating 296, 390, 440, 434 and 440 boys and girls respectively. The location on Ashley Down is healthy and inspiring, but the grounds around and between the buildings are turned to utilitarian rather than ornamental uses, potatoes being cultivated where lawns might be. Indoors, the same ascetic impression possesses you.

And the children! The girls look so old-fashioned in their uniforms—straw poke bonnets, long dark capes. But this is only a superficial criticism, and George Muller was never superficial. He was doing business with God, and neither in his own life nor in his institution was there any waste. His Homes were built to last (No. 1 was opened sixty-two years ago). The big windows make bright, airy rooms. The clothes are healthy and adequate. There are playgrounds and playrooms, a swimming pool and gymnasiums, gardens and toys. Christmas and other holidays are observed with appropriate cheer. The children are fed by faith, but not *on* faith. They are happy—far happier than they could ever hope to be in their old conditions. Judged by the development of the boys and girls in the Homes, and their success in after life, Mr. Muller's methods stand approved, as far as they profess to go.

Seventy-five years ago last February 5, George Muller received the first orphans into a private house in Bristol. That little family has grown to 13,459! The money received for their support, the erection of buildings, and other branches of activity, runs up to the stupendous total of over nine million dollars! What a modern miracle that so much money should be given freely and without solicitation, by people all over the world, to an obscure young man whom they had neevr seen, settled in a foreign land and building on a basis which many pronounced utterly visionary!

The work goes on in the same tried course, thirteen years after the founder's death, and enjoys continued success and blessing. Destitute orphans are received at any age from infancy up to seven years in the case of boys, and twelve in the case of girls. No financial, sectarian or other interest is required for admission. Boys are kept till they are 14, girls till 16 or 17; so it often happens that children enjoy the benefits for a dozen

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years or more. The classroom education is elementary, but very thorough. The boys also do some out-door manual labor in the grounds, and are taught to knit their socks, make beds, clean shoes, scrub rooms. On leaving they are apprenticed to some business or trade of their own choosing, and thus given a start in life.

The girls are taught household duties, how to make their own clothes, etc. "We prefer fitting the girls for service to apprenticing them to business, as being generally far better for their bodies and their souls," says the "Narrative." But some are trained to be nurses and teachers. Many of the present staff of teachers and matrons are old students. The Bible is the only religious text-work used in the Homes, and it is a daily subject of study.

Besides the care of thousands of orphans several other forms of activity have been carried on by Mr. Muller and his successors. Last year eight day schools were supported, and five more assisted. Three of these are in England, seven in Italy, one in Spain, one in British Guiana and one in Ireland. All these schools are "conducted upon Scriptural principles," which means that all the teachers are believers, and that the Bible is the only source of religious instruction, and is daily taught in them. Fourteen Sunday Schools were also helped, attended by 1,457 children.

George Muller passed away in 1898. He named his son-in-law, James Wright, as his successor. Mr. Wright died in January, 1905. The care of the work then passed to the present director, George Frederic Bergin, who is in true succession to the founder in his motives and methods. Mr. Bergin has associated with himself his son, Dr. W. M. Bergin, so that without any board of trustees or other corporate arrangement the work goes on in the hands of men of prayer.

SURE FOR ANOTHER YEAR

Last spring I met an old Darkey that I had not seen for several years. I said to him, "Hello, Uncle Rastus, is it possible that you are still living?"

He said: "Yes, sah. Oh, yes, I'se still libin', an' I'se gwine to live on anudder yeah."

I said: "How do you know that you are going to live another year? You know you are getting old."

He said: "I knows it for shoah, 'case I'se got a pow'ful good sign I goes by."

I said: "What is that sign, Uncle Rastus?"

He said: " 'Case I has bin noticing fah de lass three or four yeahs, dat when I libes through de month of March I libes on anudder yeah!"

In all you do and with all you do, affirm persistently that God is your life and that you are whole and well with every organ functioning normally. Never mind whether you feel that way or not—keep on affirming it. And be sure you do it in the present tense—"God is my life, and I am whole and well, with every organ functioning normally." Two or three times a day take eight or ten full breaths with affirmations of joy. Inhale slowly till your lungs are comfortably filled. Hold the breath an instant, and then exhale as slowly as you inhaled, at the same time speaking mentally the word Joy. Say the word positively, emphatically, clearly and all in your mind. Be sure you breathe through the nostrils, not through the mouth.—*Elizabeth Towne.*

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Run the Hit Out

By the Churchman

A GOOD ball player will always do it. Even if the hit is nothing but a little bunt to the infield, he gets down to first base as fast as though he had knocked a "homer." He feels bound to make the most of even a slim opportunity. It always pleases the bleachers when a player, with the odds against him, beats out the ball and gets a base by sheer pluck and hard work. Whether he gets there safe or not, the very attempt starts one applauding the man who will not go back to the bench till he has done his best for himself and the team.

Which things are a parable. There are multitudes of moral quitters among the sons of men. In the game of life we are always refusing to try, when the chance doesn't seem quite big enough. We give up too easily and before we have even sounded the proposition before us. "What's the use?" say thousands of people in the presence of their opportunities. To try will be but to fail, they think, and so they will not try. They will not even make an effort to run the hit out.

Let all such faint-hearted folk remember that the great successes have generally come to those who have, at least, endeavored. The conquerors have held their way to the goal till they reached it, or till it was clearly proved that they never could reach it.

It is on record that Edison ran down scores of false clues in his endeavor to get a carbon filament for his vacuum bulbs. For fifteen months he tested different materials from all parts of the world, discarding one material after another as it proved unequal to the test. He kept running the hit out in each case till one day he landed safe on first base. He found just the right kind of bamboo and the world had its incandescent lamp.

How many inventors have stopped just short of the great discovery! How many explorers would have won out if they had but kept on! How many unknown names in the great past would have been emblazoned on the honor roll of history if the bearers of those names had persevered to the full limit of their opportunities! I am inclined to think that the real difference between men of merely intellectual competence, who yet never become known to stations down the line, and men of genius, who leave a name for all posterity, is in just this touch of daring temper which urges the genius to go a little farther than the other is willing to go.

How many of us ordinary people are playing the game of life in a slipshod manner? Thousands are unwilling to put forth their full powers. They allow great possibilities to go by default through their inertia. They fail to follow up their advantages or press their undertakings to a victorious conclusion. They become discouraged before they really begin. No high scores are made in that spirit.

Even if we can't win it is better to run the hit out. Real nobility is shown in the mere striving. Success, in the ordinary acceptance of that term, is inconsequential. The Apostle Paul, with the headsman's ax looming before him and

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his work apparently tumbling into ruin, could truly say, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." Or remember the words of Robert Louis Stevenson, so weak in body that he could often scarce hold the pen, "To travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labor."

HE WAS A SEEKER

In a rural district in Pennsylvania an old-time evangelist, who practiced the use of the "mourners' bench," was urging non-professors to come forward to be prayed for. After repeated exhortations had been given, a tall, sallow youth was seen slowly walking toward the front of the church. The preacher, thinking him to be a "seeker," walked down the aisle and, extending his hand, asked: "My friend, are you looking for salvation?" "Naw," said the youth, "I'm looking for Sal Jones; I want to take her home."

How can man assert his dominion? Of course, nothing is lost or can be lost. It is asserted by the realization that you have it. When you realize that you have it, then the dominion is made manifest. Suppose I want to assert my dominion over disease. I make the realization that disease is nothing but material thought, and that God's perfect child can't have disease, and the result of that realization is that there is no disease, and your dominion is established over a healthy body. But the great power that asserts absolute and perfect dominion over everything is love, perfect love. This realization of dominion is more in the nature of our healing thought. It is the realization that you have it.

BOOK NOTICES

We are in receipt of a very handsomely bound and newly printed volume, entitled "Hopeful Thoughts," from the Franklin Hudson Publishing Co. at Kansas City, Mo. I regard the book as one of more than ordinary merit. The price is not given, but address the publishers.

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CHEERING

Wife of Patient—I am sorry, doctor, to bring you way out here to see my husband.

Doctor—Pray don't mention it, madame. I have another patient in this neighborhood, and I'm killing two birds with one stone.

Go boldly; go serenely; go augustly;
Who can withstand thee then!

—*Browning.*

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GIVE YOURSELF TO GOD

Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God."

Slowly, through all the universe, that temple of God is being built.

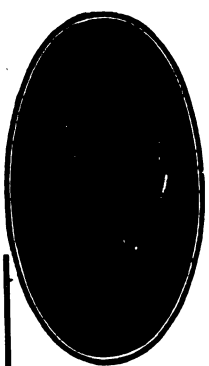
Wherever in any world a soul, by free obedience, catches the fire of God's likeness it is set into the growing walls a living stone.

When in your hard fight, in your tiresome drudgery or in your terrible temptation you catch the purpose of your being and give yourself to God, and so give Him the chance to give Himself to you, your life, a living stone, is taken up and set into that growing wall.

Wherever souls are being tried and ripened, in whatever commonplace and homely ways, there God is hewing out the pillars for His temple. Oh, if the stone can only have some vision of the temple of which it is to be a part forever, what patience must fill it as it feels the blows of the hammer, and knows that success for it is simply to let itself be wrought into what shape the Master wills.—*Phillips Brooks.*

Nothing is really difficult; it is we who are indolent and fearful. Face a bit of work you have dreaded with this thought in mind, and see how quickly it will be accomplished.—*Power.*

Be noble! and the nobleness that lies in other men, sleeping but never dead, will rise in majesty to meet thine own. —*Lowell.*



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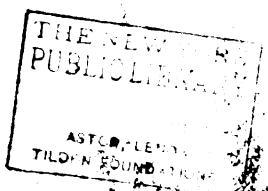

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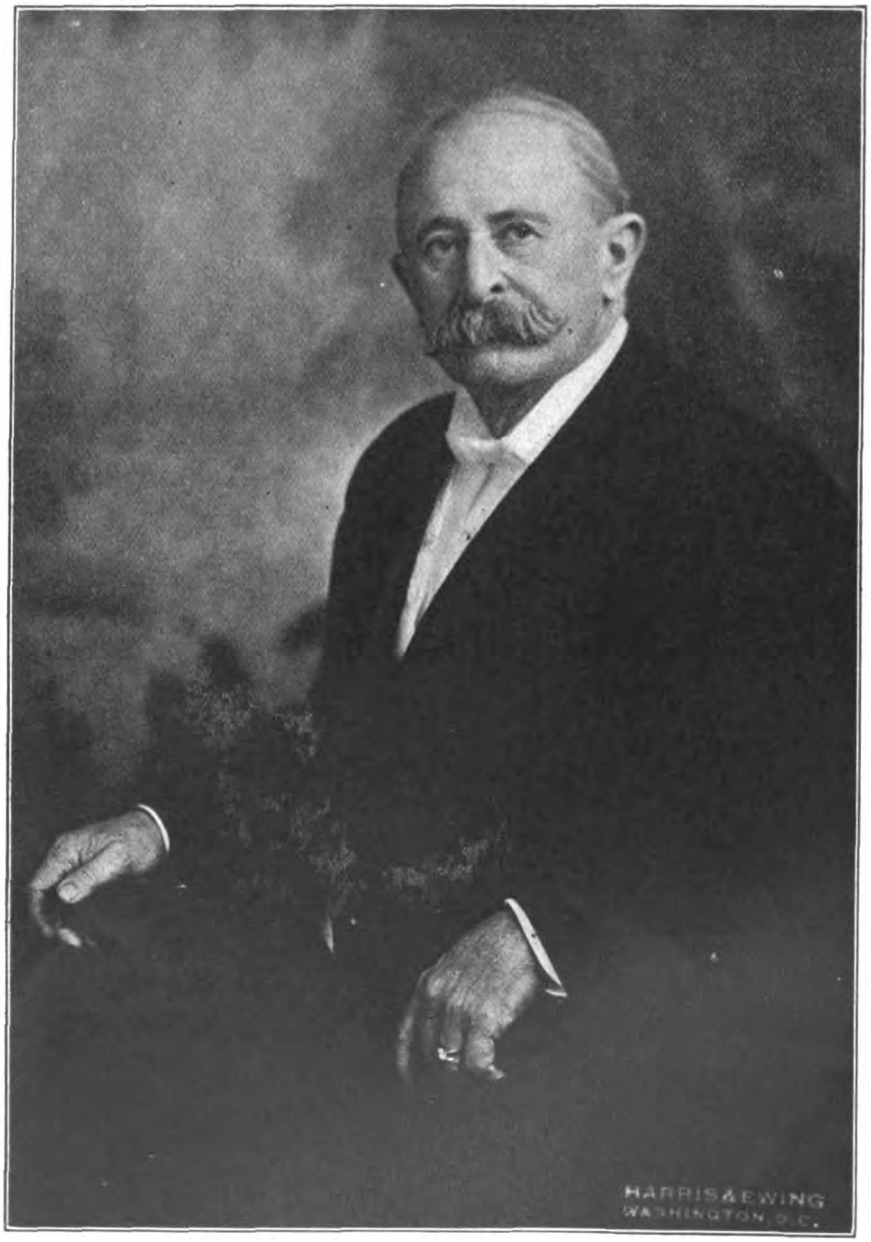

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Unchain the Truth

We have come to another milestone in the march of the centuries. In looking over the past year, our church has many reasons for being very grateful to the Beautiful Father of Love. The Truth has been advanced, its influence is continually widening more and more, and men and women by the tens of thousands annually are being instructed in this great liberty-giving truth. During the past year, books and periodicals have gone out from the Evangelical Church by the hundreds and thousands, each one of which is a teacher of the Truth. Thousands of students have been instructed, healers have been multiplied in number, and the cause in general has been advanced.

We now look to the future and see the broad expanse of the world's necessities which this great Truth alone can fill and satisfy. It nerves us all with the determination to use our utmost endeavor to do our part towards the ad-

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vancement of the Kingdom of Good. We must remember that as we sow we will reap; and this crop of the reaping we hope and trust will be a source of rejoicing to all.

Prejudice is still prevalent in the minds of many so-called leaders of moral thought, influenced by which, as they are, they are blind leaders of the blind. In our intercourse with such people we must be governed by a broad charity and know the reason why much prejudice and much unbelief exist.

Let us suppose, for example, that a minister of the gospel who has made the Bible and theological studies his life work, is called upon to heal the sick in answer to prayer and fails. That man knows that he is sincere, and he knows that he loves God to the very best of his knowledge; he knows that he has made religion his study for life, and if anybody could heal the sick, in answer to prayer, that minister ought to do it as well as he. To tell such a man that he does not know how to pray, and say that that fact is one of the reasons why he cannot heal the sick, if not considered by him an insult direct would seem to him to be the height of absurdity; yet if all such men would place themselves under competent teachers, lay aside prejudice, and allow the Truth alone to lead, 99 per cent of them could be made healers of the sick within thirty days. Every minister of the gospel in this city and in every other city ought to be a successful healer of the sick. There is absolutely no excuse in this refusal to learn the Truth which our Savior said would make you free.

The command was to preach the gospel and heal the sick, and the promise was that certain signs should follow those who believed. That command and that promise are as binding today as when they were uttered by the lips of our Savior, and there is no place in any of the sacred writings either in the Bible or outside where that promise has been withdrawn or where that command has ceased to be obligatory.

Let us hope that, for the coming year these bars of prejudice shall be torn down and that this great Truth, in its practical results, shall be made applicable to every Christian minister in the whole world. May God hasten the day.

Lovingly yours,

Olivier C. Sabin

Bishop.

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Chain of Golden Thoughts

January

PAULINA B. SABIN

The Kingdom of God cometh not with observation; neither shall they say, Lo, here! or, lo, there! for, behold, the kingdom of God is within you.

The New Thought believes what Jesus said, and Jesus declared that the Kingdom of Heaven was within. Heaven is not a place to go when we leave the body; Heaven is a life to be lived now. As soon as you begin to live right, you will enter Heaven, because, as soon as you begin to live right, evil will begin to vanish; and to be absolutely free from evil is to live in the Kingdom of Heaven. Jesus declared that heaven could be attained only through righteousness; and righteousness is right life, living in obedience to, and in harmony with, the laws of life—physical, mental, moral and spiritual.—*C. D. Larson.*

Yesterday is dead and tomorrow never comes. Now is the eternal Here, and is the time to act, to live, and be happy. There is unspeakable joy and good in the present moment; you can secure and realize this by simply living in to-day, instead of yesterday or to-morrow.—*Ida Gatling Pentecost.*

It is always now with us wherever we may be. The present moment of consciousness changes to become another even as we consider it. Times and seasons come and go, but THE NOW is always clamoring to be used. The sanest and best philosophy of life is that which teaches the wisdom of using and enjoying THE NOW.—*Selected.*

The Kingdom of God is the Kingdom of Good, self-creative in the mind of man. As good thoughts are thrown into the vibration, harmonious results manifest themselves, and as the mind and the body become filled with intelligence and health as the fruit of such thoughts, we then can rejoice in the Kingdom of Good that is within us. In our Father's house are many mansions. These mansions are the result of proper thinking; therefore, the Kingdom of God is within all who love God and love their brothers and sow seeds of love; and such lives are a benefaction.—*Bishop Sabin.*

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The Prayer That Heals

LECTURE—BISHOP OLIVER C. SABIN

Before the Evangelical Christian Science Church.

THE subject this morning is prayer—how to pray.

There is a widespread feeling throughout the world that these so-called healing demonstrations are made through some supernatural power. The world has ever had that superstitious belief about religion until religion has become a mastery of power, under which designing, wicked, cruel man or men have used the control they have over the people to enslave and to destroy them.

The unchangeable God never changes. The unchangeable laws of God never change. A truth was never created, because all truths are as old as God, without beginning and without ending. Every demonstration that Jesus Christ ever made, or the prophets, or any of the apostles ever made, was made in accordance with the scientific law of the Infinite Mind. Those laws exist to-day the same as they ever were, and they always will be.

It is so natural for the human family, as all history proves, to wish plaudits and reverence, and it used to be the worship of those that they left behind them. It was the very acme of human ambition on the part of a king that when he died the people would deify and worship him, and that same principle has come up through the ages, and it is not dead yet. We find men, notably in political life, surrounded by a set of sycophants who want office, or want something else. They want the power that man has, to be used whenever they want it, and they surround him and tell him what a wonderfully great man he is, and that the people are dying for him to have another nomination for president. Mind you, I am not talking about any incumbent of that office, but in my history I have known presidents who wanted another nomination, and they had a lot of fellows around them who made them believe that the people were dying to have them nominated and elected again. However, the result proved that the people did not want them at all, and would not have them; and if they by force of political trickery forced themselves upon the people, the people stamped them out at the polls.

Here are examples along the same lines. Take these same fellows that have founded certain organizations. Everybody is required to almost kneel down and worship them. Before you could get into Dowie's church you had to denude yourself of every dollar you had and give it to the church. So it is with the Holy Ghost and Us sect. Before you could get in you had to give the church every cent you had, and it is locked up in that combine; and the founder of that sect rules over it to-day with a rod of iron, with what excruciating cruelty, let the people of Maine tell you. Now, I say that these people who attempt to build themselves up at the expense of natural law, and claim

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that which does not belong to them, are in the paths of error.

We read, or have read, all of us, of instances where men have been captured by wild tribes, and by their knowledege of mathematics have discovered when there would be an eclipse of the moon or the sun. The traveler would foretell that, and the wild savage would at once regard him as Deity. Ignorance makes you bow down.

In this discussion to-day I want to teach this audience and those who may have read these works that prayer has nothing supernatural in it. It has no soundings, as we would term it, in the unnatural and supernatural, but it is simply the carrying out of a legitimate, scientific principle to its legitimate results in demonstration, as a mathematical problem is solved by its rule; and each one of us is permitted to solve these problems as we have knowledge. Send a boy to the blackboard to solve a problem. If he solves it, he proves it by the rule. Send a hundred others that do not know anything about the rules, and they fail. It is only a question of knowledge.

Jesus Christ says you shall know the the Truth, and the Truth shall make you free. The Truth is what makes you free. Praises for me for what was done here on Sunday have gone all over the world. I do not deserve any credit for it any more than the humblest listener. I simply solved the problem that God Almighty gave. He solved it through me. When Peter was talking about Jesus Christ to the assembled multitudes on the Day of Pentecost he made use of this remark in speaking of Jesus, that God had "through this man done many wonderful works." Jesus himself says that "the works that I do you shall do, and whatever you ask in my name, believing, that you will receive."

Now, there are the promises. I am not going into a discussion of last Sunday's operations at all. You either were here, or you were not here. If you were not, you have had a chance to read the papers. The demonstrations were made by God Almighty.

Now, coming down to the subject, there are infinite ways of praying, almost. Paul says, "Pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks." I used to wonder that a person could go praying without ceasing; but since coming into this work I have learned that your life, your every breath, if you are living a proper life, is nothing but the constant breathing of a prayer. But the reason that the world's prayers are not answered,—this good Christian World that we have before us,—as I have told you in my former lectures, is because they do not know to whom to pray, nor how to pray. If they knew how to pray, would they not have answers to their prayers, and would not their answers be manifested? I do not say that some are not answered, because many are.

You do not have to belong to any church, mark you, to use God Almighty truths. If your heart is filled with love for God and for your fellow, you are a better Catholic, a better Presbyterian, a better Methodist, a better Baptist—a better any kind of so-called Christian than you are if you go out with your heart filled with hate. So this Truth is not going to force you out of your church where you were raised. Stay where you are; nobody wants to take you from your church surroundings. What we are trying to do—my life is dedicated to that—is to throw out the lifeline of this Truth, so that people may

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study, and with studying that they may know the Truth which gives them freedom. This is a very simple proposition.

People will come to me and say, "How am I going to know this Truth?" Well, I tell them this: "You can take a book—if you are too poor to buy a book, I will give you one—study it, and apply yourself along the lines of the rules laid down, and by and by you will heal the sick just as well as I can." And they do—hundreds of them; they get to be just as good hypnotists and just as good liars as I am. I was accused this week in the papers of being a hypnotist, and doing the work done last Sunday by means of hypnotism. Well, if I am a hypnotist I am a born one, for I know nothing about the rules—never studied one page of how hypnotists do their work. I once read a book on hypnotism—a history of the work and what constituted hypnotism, or the history of a surgeon's work who had charge of a large English hospital in India, and who used it instead of chloroform and morphine and that class of pain-killers—used it almost entirely there for years in the operations on the natives of India. In his book he says this, in substance, that hypnotism can be used in the line that he used it—for the alleviation of pain in operations, properly, but it never should be used where any other method can be employed. And he gives us his reasons, telling us that if a person once submits himself to be hypnotized by a hypnotist, thereafter that person is under the mental surveillance of the operator.

I had an illustration of this once when I was a boy in college. Our class had gotten out. There was a dozen or more of us walking down the campus. One of the boys spoke up and said: "Do you see that boy walking up the hill there? Just wait a minute," and he snapped his finger and threw him a thought, and the boy stopped. He then said: "Just wait a minute, and I will make him come to me;" and he snapped his finger and the boy turned and walked towards him. He had him under surveillance so fully that he was simply his mental slave.

Now, there are things that you do not know unless you know what we term thought transference. You can talk to your friend—it matters not where he is—through what we term the underconscious or the subconscious mind, and you can have as much, or greater, effect than if he was right present. I could give you a great many instances of the wonderful effects along this line, were it not that they might regard me as trying to blow myself, which I will not do.

But to come back to this subject of prayer, you have to know the Truth. Jesus taught His disciples for nearly three years before He sent them out. He sent them out two by two to heal the sick and to say unto them the kingdom of God is come nigh unto them. The kingdom of God is come nigh unto you; and if a person has this Truth in his consciousness, thoroughly understood, he is very near the Kingdom of God.

They asked Jesus Christ where this Kingdom of God is, and He said now you do not understand; you can't say there it is, here or yonder; it does not come by observation; you do not see it at all; but the Kingdom of God is within you and we to-day, all of us, are living in the Kingdom of God, or in the kingdom of discord, of error, and that demonstration is due to each of us in accordance with the law, "As you sow, so you reap." You do not have to wait until you die and get on your Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, and get up here

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before some judge, and Peter brings you up, and you tell him who you are, and you ask for judgment.

The day of judgment is here to-day. Lots of the world live in hell, so-called, to-day; lots of them live in heaven. You live in accordance with the crop you sow. If you sow a crop of love, good wishes, sunshine, kindness, and all of that crop of good, your crop will be of the kingdom of heaven, the kingdom of harmony, the Kingdom of God, the Kingdom of Good. But if you go out, gritting your teeth at your neighbor; or if you go out with a scheme in your head where you intend to do him up in a trade, or where you are going to do him a dishonest act, you are sowing to the kingdom of evil, so-called, and your judgment will come to-day.

They say: "Here are wicked men; how they prosper." If you had seen an example of one of the great rich men that came to me this past week, I do not think anybody is poor enough in this world's things to want to trade places with him. Money is not happiness. Money is necessary, but that of itself, per se, is not happiness. It is the mind filled with harmonious, righteous, good thoughts of love to God Almighty and love for your brother.

Now, I am going to take up the first kind of prayer to-day that I will discuss with you. Now, remember, each of us has the same powers in a lesser or greater degree, as we have more or less confidence. Now, when I go before the world, or an audience, to demonstrate, I fortunately have no fear, never think of failures, and the failures don't come. But if you go into it, as St. James says, filled with fear, you are no good. The fear will knock you out. The old statement that he who hesitates is lost is true in this Science as well as any other. One of the perquisites that Jesus Christ gave to his disciples to have was, he called it, faith. That is the way it is translated,—I do not know what he called it,—but that is what the world regarded as faith when the King James translators translated the Bible. I call it confidence. When we go to demonstrate and do not receive an affirmative result, which occurs sometimes, we commence at once to look where the trouble is. There is something, somewhere, that prevents the operation of the law. You can't heal a dishonest person who is living in sin, in dishonesty, in hatred. It is an impossibility. If you want the good of God Almighty, you have to come as a little child. As our Savior said, Unless you ask as a little child, you can in no wise come into this kingdom of harmony. Come, ask, seek and knock with a perfect trust—a perfect reliance that you are going to get that which you ask.

Now, that does not mean the patient. For instance, a patient may never have heard of this Truth. If he is willing for God to heal him, that is as far as you can ask him to go, because he can't believe something that he does not know. You can't force your mind to believe anything. The only thing that controls human mind is facts. You have to have the facts; then you are convinced. That is why I say to my students go on and learn to be healers, and it will be proven to you so strongly that you can have no doubt.

The first thought that I am going to give is the laying on of hands. There is this in the body of each of us, the divine Life that runs through us. Jesus said when the woman touched the hem of his garment: "Who touched me?" Why his disciples in substance expostu-

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lated with him, "You are in a crowd, and why do you say 'Who touched me?'" He said: "Somebody touched me, for I felt virtue go from me." Then the little woman came and confessed that she touched him, and He said: "Thy faith hath made thee whole." There is power in each of us.

Now, when you go to rub a person, I am going to tell you how to rub a person. Almost all persons lay their hands flat and carry the flat of their hands all over the patient. You might just as well get a mild form of sandpaper that will not rub off the skin and rub him. Nothing goes out from the center of your hand. My friend, here, for instance, has the headache. [You stand up. I want to show them, so they can see it.] I want to heal his headache. Now, I do not put the flat of my hand here, but I use fingers and claws. From each of those ten fingers and thumbs there goes out from me a certain power into him. I direct it by my prayer at the same time, like this: "You (calling him by name) are the child of Infinite Love. Infinite Life runs through you and animates you; you, therefore, are perfect as God Almighty Life is perfect, and this so-called belief of headache, or whatever it may be, is false, unreal, and untrue." Now, that is a good, long treatment. I give him two or three of these passes and he is well.

Now, that is all there is to this laying on of hands. It is just the laying on of hands with the prayer supplemented.

Take the telephone, for example. Before people understood its effectiveness and usefulness and applied electricity to it they could not talk very far. I remember my children, away back yonder, used to have two gourds or something that they talked out of to the neighbors. By and by the people put the power or, in other words, the electricity into the device, and gave it power. So we use the power with this laying on of hands.

It does not require the length of time required by other systems. If it heals, its healings are almost always instantaneous. But I have found in my practice cases where this system of treatment did not heal, and then we are thrown back to the slower process of mental treatment through the subconscious mind. It is a system of prayer along scientific lines, which I will describe as well as I can, but I can touch it but little to-day.

The next thought that I am going to give you—and then I will touch the handkerchief question—is what is termed The Spoken Word. As Peter and John were going up to the temple a lame man asked for alms. Peter and John looked at him, and Peter said: "Look on us. Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have I give thee: in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk." He was healed by the spoken word. Now, I am criticised by a very large part of the metaphysical world for insisting that all work be done through and in the name of Jesus Christ. I do not care what they say; my work is a success and theirs is not—they are failures. They wonder why I do it. I say it is the command. They write me, "I had just as well treat through your name as through Jesus Christ's." I say that is for you, but I go according to the letter of the command, and I receive responsive answers. "Whatsoever ye ask in my name, believing, ye shall receive." I do not say you can't heal in any other way other than through the name of Jesus Christ, because some do heal in other ways, but they do not demonstrate

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nearly so effectively as do the students who follow the Book along the lines of treating through the name of Jesus Christ. If you do not believe it, look at yourselves. Look at all these scoffers; look at them. What are you? You are a set of failures. My work is a success. God Almighty stands behind us, and we have thousands and tens of thousands of students who are healers throughout the world, and it is getting broader all the time. Why? Because we follow the lines laid down by that greatest metaphysician that the world has ever dreamed of—Jesus Christ.

Read every word He ever said, examine every demonstration He ever made, and you will find that they track right along by the side of our teaching, or we track along by the side of His. Of course, none of us yet have arrived at that place where we can do the works that Jesus did as well as He did. Lots of them could give instances of healing that, with the exception of Lazarus being brought from the tomb, I think would measure up with anything else. I think I could give thousands of such cases, but every one who practices this Truth will have more or less of them. If one is a good mathematician, it is no sign that others are not as good or better. No one can absorb all the great science of mathematics. All we can do so far is to scratch the outside and keep delving for something deeper, deeper and deeper. It is so with this Science here.

Now, before I forget it, there is another thought I wish to say on the Speaking of the Word. You can speak the word to any person in any part of the earth through this spiritual metaphysical side, which you will learn when you reach the degree of understanding that enables you to heal. You do not have to be by the side of the patient, but you can throw the word anywhere with the same force and the same power as you could if he were here. There is no distance with God Almighty; all is infinite, now, omnipresent, no distance, no time. With the understanding you speak the word spiritually, and you have your results.

There is another system of praying I am going to tell you about to-day. It is what we term the blessing of handkerchiefs. The apostles used to bless handkerchiefs and aprons, whatever they had. They send me stuff of every kind from all parts of the world; I do not know what all. Now, I will tell you how I happened to bless the first handkerchief. I am not doing this to show you what I can do, but I wish to convince you that this method is a method recognized by God Almighty Truth. Any one of my students, or any one who knows, can do it just as well.

A lady told me of her sister who was lying ill in bed. She could not get down lower than about forty-five degrees. She had to be braced up with pillows. I had never blessed a handkerchief for anybody; the thought had never come to me to do such a thing. All these things have come to me just the way this did. After she had made arrangements to have her sister treated for a week, I said: "Now, wait, and I will give you a handkerchief." I did not tell her that this was something new. I went to my dresser and took out a handkerchief and blessed it. The prayer was something like this: "You (giving her name) are the infinite child of the Infinite God, a spiritual being, living in spirit; God Almighty perfection runs through you; you have no fear of disease; you have no fear that you can't sleep, and God

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Almighty sends in this handkerchief to you the Truth which makes you whole, and I thank God for it in the name of Jesus Christ." At the time that I was making that prayer I was holding the handkerchief in my hands, touching it with my fingers and bringing them in contact with all parts of the handkerchief.

I told the lady, when the time came for her sister to go to sleep, which was nine o'clock, to take all the pillows out from under her head, except such as was naturally used by a person in perfect health, and put the handkerchief over her chest, and tell her to go to sleep. About nine o'clock, as that was the first venture, I was there in thought with the young lady, telling her to go to sleep, and I gave her a treatment, which was hardly fair to the handkerchief. But I did not know it then. She went to sleep and slept till seven o'clock next morning, and never was troubled any more since that. I would not pretend to say how many I have blessed since then—perahps thousands; maybe not so many. I have sent them to different parts of the world, and sometimes the report comes back of a marvelous healing. I used to have them write me the result; but of late years I pay no attention to the blessed handkerchiefs. I send them out, and let it go. If I hear from them, it is an accident. I do not care; I know the Truth has gone out.

There is a system of praying that each of you can do, and you can do now, if you believe that God Almighty Life reigns supreme. God Almighty sends in this handkerchief to you the Truth which heals.

There is one thought that I should have mentioned in this laying on of hands, which has been demonstrated to me within two weeks. I have never told anybody of it. I always thought that you could not do anything for yourself with your own hands. It would be like a person lifting himself up by his own bootstraps, I thought. Well, within two weeks, I had a pain strike me and run down the side and back of my head. Then the thought came to me, "If you can't lift yourself up by your own bootstraps, you can with your hands harmonize and equalize the operations of your own body." So I ran my hands two or three times down the sides and back of my head, and the pain was gone.

There is no great amount of hypnotism in that, is there? If you ever get where you can't uphold your church and let people know that you are all right, except by lying about your neighbors and accusing them of hypnotism, then get out and quit the business.

I regard hypnotism as one of the worst things that can be practiced among those who do not understand. I confess to you I do not understand it, and I have never had anything to do with it whatever.

We come now to our main point. This is a teaching that you can all understand if you follow it far enough; and then when a person is healed all the newspapers in the United States will not fall over themselves telling everybody what they ought to know and what everybody ought to do. There is nothing wonderful in it, nothing miraculous in it, nothing strange in it; only it is different from that great horde that is going along that broad road that leads to death, environed with sickness and with misery.

Now, I will take up this subject and will continue it on next Sunday. This Science is not confined, by any means, to the healing of the sick. If that were

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all there was to it, I would not be here to-day. It does not make much difference what becomes of you here, if that were all. The doctors can make you comfortable in a great many cases—in most cases—and I would leave it to the doctors. I would say to the doctors: "You are a good set of fellows; I will step down and out and hire you by the year, as I used to." I used to hire the doctors by the year, and they had a good practice in my family. The Chinaman hires his doctor to keep him well.

The doctors do a great deal of good; don't you ever mistake it. And if a person has something that can't be used except by dragging down somebody else, you know that he is advocating that which is wrong. When I came out into this thought I knew that this Truth stood upon its own foundations, and it could work just as well with a doctor as without him. If it could not, it was a very lame proposition; and in all the cases that we are treating to-day, and thousands during the years that have passed, I do not know whether they have a doctor or whether they have not. I do not care. And if a person is so pig-headed, narrow and contracted that he has to lie as they do lie on the great profession of *materia medica* in order to succeed, I say that he is in error. *Materia medica* is nothing but a system of guesswork. It can't be anything else in a great many cases. I have that from the very highest medical authority in this country. I acknowledge that. But they do the best they can. Their system of hygienic treatments alleviates the sufferings of the world in a great many cases. Of course the doctors make mistakes. I have known preachers to make mistakes before now, and I think perhaps once or twice lawyers did also. Of course I do not acknowledge anything against my own profession. I think it is about the best there is of the professions, because lawyers are taught, if we are taught anything in accordance with our books, to work on the square, to be honest, and call things by their right names.

Now going on with the proposition of prayer, by which we heal all kinds of diseases everywhere, and by which all the demonstrations are made, with the exception of those classes that I have been talking about, the healing is through what has been called "treatment." Why it was ever called treatment I do not know. There is no sense in the word so used. There is no treatment about it, unless it be hypnotism. That might be a treatment, but this is nothing more nor less than prayer to the infinite God along the lines of metaphysical understanding, and the results are manifested in answer to the prayer.

Now this prayer I have divided into four propositions: First, the introductory; second, the denials; third, the affirmations; fourth, the praise. I will go a short distance further, then I will take up the rest of it on next Sunday.

Our Savior tells us that when you came to the altar to pray and there rememberest that your brother hath aught against you, or you have aught against your brother—this is the substance of it—leave your sacrifice on the altar and go and be harmonized with him, and then go back and offer your sacrifice, and it will be acceptable. It means this, that you can't go to the altar of God Almighty with some crime that you have committed against your brother, mentally or otherwise, that has not been forgiven, and no proper repentance made by you. It means further that you have to come with a pure heart, an honest purpose,

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with the understanding and knowledge in your own consciousness that what you ask you are going to reecive. It means that you shall understand the words of our Savior, when you go to pray know that you have that for which you pray before you pray. In other words, you have to go back to these lessons that I have been teaching you, realize who you are, who the infinite God is and the relations between Him and you, and the language by which you must reach that divine Mind; and if you come with this proper understanding, with a clean heart, then you are ready to proceed.

But there is no use in your coming to God Almighty with hate in your heart for your brother. Jesus Christ says you have to love your enemies, them that despitefully use you. He says in substance that you have no credit especially for loving your friends, because everybody does that, but love the ones who would destroy you. Throw out the vibrations of Love. Let them go forth, and when you do that you are as adamant, you are as the rock amid the breakers in the ocean. It stands through the storm and through the hurricanes in the great ocean. Just so with you all today. You must be filled with God Almighty Love, and that love must be accompanied by its natural fruit, perfect integrity, perfect honesty. If you fail in any of these, get yourself right before you pray.

I told a class of mine the other day about a lady that I went to to get her to treat a friend of mine from the West. It was years ago before I attempted to treat anybody myself. She was the wife of a very distinguished statesman here in Washington, and a most excellent woman. It was a stormy night. I said, "I have a friend down here, I want you to go and treat him." "All right." We walked, we had nothing to ride in. It was such a stormy night the hacks were not out, nor anything else, and we had to walk about four or five blocks. In going down there she asked me who the person to be treated was. I told her. She said, "I have heard things against that man," and she said her mind was prejudiced against him. She said, "If you will promise that you will stay right in the room I will go." I promised her that I would. She afterwards told me that she sat down by the side of his bed, and she first treated herself. She declared that her heart was filled with love, threw out the thought of love for this man, she held the thought that she could not have any prejudice, treated herself she said about fifteen minutes, and then she commenced on the other fellow. He held up his hands. He said he could feel the pain jumping out of the fingers, and to make a long story short he was healed of a very bad case of inflammatory rheumatism in the hour he was treated. He never had a symptom of it afterwards. If you come to the altar and find that you are off, treat yourself, by declaring love, and whatever is necessary to bring you into perfect harmony. Then you can begin to speak the word and the word will be returned to you manifested.

Now I am going to stop for today. If you come back on next Sunday and want to learn how this great power which we use almost to the exclusion of everything else is divided, and how made, I will teach you to the very best of my ability. If you come with hearts that are free from prejudice, free from criticism, with a desire to know the Truth, then you will be blessed. But do not come as a lady came from Chicago to go through

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my class, who after she came into it sat away down at the end of the class, and kept shaking her head half the time. She did not believe one word of it. If you come here you come to learn what I know. Do not come here to combat everything or anything. If you want to combat it combat it after you go out.

Let your mind be free from prejudice. Prejudice is a very difficult thing to get rid of. It is put into a young fellow's mind almost before he can walk. The way I did when I commenced to study along this line, I said I am going to be fair with myself, I am not going to be prejudiced, I will let the Truth lead, and I will not follow anything that cannot demonstrate itself. The result was that I got through all right. You can do the same.

The Irresistible Force

EUGENE THWING

The man of force is always in demand. Every department of the world's activities is calling to him and offering him the chief place. More than all else, the world's weakness and need reach out appealing hands to him crying, night and day, "Come and help; come and lift us up; conditions of life are crushing us; we are not able to change them; we want strong men to take our part."

"Quit you like men, be strong!" therefore, has always been among the most stimulating and impelling commands to healthy, ambitious, active manhood. It is natural to love strength and force. Conquerers in every age and in every department of life have been hailed king. have won the plaudits of the multitude, have earned the best rewards of this life and the life to come.

Every moment of physical life, of religious or business life, is continuous warfare. Without fighting nothing lives and moves and has its being. Without fighting there is no achievement, no advance. Death begins the instant fighting ends. Even the tenderest and gentlest influences in life assert themselves only through some form of silent conflict, the overcoming of one force by a greater. Everywhere is strength desired. All mankind longs for it. Strength, power, the force that will overcome, that will win victories—it is the one thing we all reach for greedily.

Of all the good gifts which ever came out of the wallet of the Fairy Godmother the gift of natural gladness is the greatest and best. It is to the soul what health is to the body, what sanity is to the mind, the test of normality.—*Bliss Carman.*

What profiteth a man after all, my comrades, if he gain the whole world and have not love in his heart? Love, the creative principle of all life! The one thing that will survive the wreck of matter and the shocks of time!—*Bruce Calvert.*

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Man---His Power and Dominion

HARRIET BLACK WELTON

MAN was created in the image and likeness of God—the last and highest manifestation of divine energy, life. Therefore man is the image and likeness of God as a spiritual being, for God is spirit.

When Christ talked with the woman at the well He said: "God is spirit and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."

HARRIET BLACK WELTON

When man was created God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life and he became a living soul that will live forever. He can go on in advancement and fill himself with all knowledge and perfection, for that is what God intends he shall be.

When the Apostle John declared, "God is Love," he proclaimed the truth which was the supreme mission of Christ to teach, and to exemplify in His life and death.

God is Love and we image Him in love. Man's heart in his godly possession is filled with love for God (Good) and for man, for God is Love and man is like Him.

To teach the truth that man is the image and likeness of God, the all good, is the mission of Divine Science. By the truth we are assured of perfect health, harmony, and peace. When you find a person filled with divine love healing the sick you know that he or she does the work through love, for God is Love.

Love, God, is all. With God all things are possible, and with us all things are possible when we do them through love.

Love is the strongest weapon
We have in the battle of life.
It is the safest and surest—
Will lead on through every strife.
For with love we can surely conquer,
No matter how strong the foe
Or rough the road to travel,
Or weary the path to go.

As Divine Scientists we claim we are the children of God, that we are equal, all heirs of the one Father—brothers. We follow the command, "Love God and your neighbor as yourself."

This love of our neighbor must be made practical in our everyday life. We must carry out in our dealings with our brother this law of love.

Jesus tells us that the great principle of God's dealings with men is given in the two commandments—"Love God supreme and your neighbor as yourself."

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Let your daily life show forth love, free from envy, hatred and malice. Hold to the great truth that love is eternal—that love is all.

Man was created in the image and likeness of God and given power and dominion, wisdom and spiritual understanding. God is power and we as His image and likeness have power over all so-called sickness, power to destroy inharmonious thoughts. When attacked with any inharmonious thought the realization of the truth that you are the image and likeness of God and are perfect as God is perfect will destroy the error.

God-power sustains us and enables us to destroy all sorrows and inharmonies of every character and be master of all.

When evil in any form comes up to tempt us, as it did Jesus Christ when it took Him up on the mountain, all we have to do is to say as He said, "Get thee behind me, Satan, for it is written 'Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God and Him only shalt thou serve.'" There is the answer to temptation. Know that you have power and dominion. Know the truth and you will have freedom.

God is Life, Love, Power and Wisdom. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

"Except ye become as little children ye shall in nowise enter into the kingdom of heaven." Except we become as little children we cannot be led by the spirit of truth. We must put aside man-made rules and teachings and become as little children; look to the one source of wisdom, the kingdom of heaven within us; seek the light, the truth from within.

Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither has entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. But God hath revealed them unto him through spirit." All is spirit; all wisdom is spiritual and must be spiritually discerned.

It is wrtten, "They shall be taught of God." Who? All who aspire to know the truth of being by looking to the great within, by seeking the spirit of truth which will guide us into all truth. To be taught of God we must keep the way open—free from all envy, hatred and malice.

If we open not the floodgates,
Fail to let the tide come in,
We will not receive the knowledge
Which is free unto all men.

The source of all knowledge is God. We look to the outside for knowledge when we should look to the within.

"Within you hold the power which leads in the perfect way."

Seek ye first the kingdom of God (Good) and His righteousness (rightness) and all these things shall be added unto you.

The kingdom of heaven, harmony, is within you.

"Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus."

God is Universal Mind, the only mind, and speaks from within.

How you can overrun a country, climb any rampart, and carry any fortress, with an army of *alert* thoughts!—thoughts that send their bullets home to heaven's door—with which you can *take* the whole world, without paying for it, or robbing anybody. See, the conquering hero comes! You *fail* in your thoughts, or you *prevail* in your thoughts only.—*Thoreau.*

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Remarks by Bishop Sabin

Before the Evangelical Christian Science Church.

WE always close our services with what is termed treatment. Why prayer should be termed a treatment is something that I have never been able to understand. If we were practicing hypnotism, through our minds controlling other people's minds, I suppose it might be called a treatment, but in all of our practice the minds of those for whom we pray are as free as the birds on the wing, and there is no attempt or desire, and it is no part of the philosophy of the religion of Jesus Christ that we should control their minds, that we could take possession of their minds in the slightest degree. But, on the contrary, the old English doctrine that your home is your castle is carried out with us in the mental world since—that your mind is your castle, and nobody has a right to enter your mind without your consent, and if anyone does enter it it is no more nor less than mental burglary.

If we call it a prayer, then we understand something more about it—not very much more, unless we have been educated. Of the millions and billions of prayers that go up today to God Almighty throughout the whole civilized Christian world, the great majority are made to a being that does not exist. Those who pray are asking for that which they already have, but not knowing it, and they receive no answer and no benefit.

Now I know this, that church lines and church names and philosophical societies, and all such have nothing to do with the workings of the Truth. The innocent child that knows nothing of any kind of dogma, let him understand the Truth and enunciate it, and the Truth does the work. Churches are all right, good things for the advancement of Truth, and it would be absurd for any person in this enlightened age to say that the religion taught by the great body of the churches has not done the world a great deal of good, because every historian who is acquainted with the present status of the world understands that in the degree that these nations have accepted the teachings of Jesus Christ, acknowledging the one Supreme Power, in that degree have they risen higher and higher, and become greater and greater among the nations of the earth; and those who are supposed to be the most advanced in religion in this enlightened age are the absolute leaders of the world's affairs and control absolutely the general trend of national action.

But the churches are not living up to their full opportunities. Now just for a moment. They pray to God. To whom do they pray? I am talking along my own early education. I saw God on a throne, I saw him on a throne of gold. He had a great big crown on his head. I got down on my knees and I looked up and asked God for what I wanted. Now that picture in my mind was nothing more nor less than the old relic of paganism, where they were taught to worship human beings after they were dead. God is not on a throne. God is not a person. Paul, in speaking of this, says

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we can't understand what God is now, but we will understand by and by, and we will know Him as He is, and we will see Him and be like Him. And yet those who preach this doctrine of no personal God are anathematized by millions of good people as worse than infidels or atheists.

Jesus Christ tells us that God is Love, that God is Life, and God is Power, that God's Power is omnipotent and omnipresent; and then we take all of those characteristics, as I term them, of the Deity, we take them all into our mental consciousness, and we affirm that this great I AM, whatever It may be, takes us in his arms, so to speak, and carries us along the pathway of life, destroying the errors that would confront us, overcoming the obstacles that would stand in our way, filling our pathways with flowers of love and of joy and of peace, destroying all the inharmonies of life. "Your ways are ways of pleasantness, and all your paths are peace," is the way Solomon puts it. That is the God we love, that is the God we have. It is the personality of God, and not a person. What It may be we will know, but we know It is a personality with these great characteristics, Father, as we term It, and we declare, with the knowledge, that we are the infinite children of the Infinite God; we know to whom we speak, for whom we speak; we understand for what we ask; and the result is that God answers our prayers.

A minister came to see me yesterday, or the day before. We talked some time. Finally he said, I would like to ask you a question. "Ask any question you want to." "Do you believe in the Atonement of Jesus Chrust?" I said "I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. I do not believe it to be impossible that this great law of supply and demand might have placed him in the Virgin's womb and He might have been born as the Bible says. But it matters not whether that be true literally or not. Christ came with a mission. He came to save the world from its sins. Man had been created and given eternal life. He had been frittering it away until the race was being destroyed. Jesus came to save man from his sins, and He overcome death to show us that life is deathless; and after He had completed His mission He left us a perfect rule of life by which we can demonstrate and prove it. He passed out. He went above. That is the Atonement I believe in. But if you mean that God's vengeance required the slaughtering of His Son, the shedding of His blood to appease His wrath, no, sir, I believe in no such religion, no such God, no such a thought, and I thank God that I am manumitted from the relics of the old barbarism that has held down the world for so many thousands of years."

We are free. We live on the wings of love. God Almighty's Love fills all the world; we live in it; we bask in it; it fills us, and I thank God Almighty for it. It enables us to love not only God, but it enables us to love our fellow; it fills us full of this great, priceless fruit that gives to all the world the blessings that it teaches, standing ready to teach all who ask, seek and knock.

Prejudice, as our sister (Mrs. Welton) has said in her beatuiful lecture, is the thing that stands in the way, and ignorance, its handmaiden, is there ready to bolster it up, and a professional religion that teaches error in the colleges is the ground work, you might state, from which it draws its supplies of sustenance.

I once went to one of our Methodist

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ministers. I used to belong to his church. I resigned, and he said he would not let me. I do not know what they ever did with me. I told him about the healing of the sick. Some wonderful cures had come up, and I thought all the world would want to know if these things were true. I talked with him perhaps two hours. When I got through he said, "Well, Colonel, of course you talk nicely, and I know you are sincere, but I do not believe there is anything to it." I said, "I can prove it to you. Take me to your sick, if you have any sick in your congregation. God will heal them right before your eyes," and I have no doubt God would have done it, because I was so sure. He said, "I tell you I would not believe it if I saw it." That is the way.

They came to Jesus Christ and told him to give them a sign. He told them that no sign would be given them; if one were raised from the dead they would not believe it.

I tell you there is nothing so absolutely ignorant as prejudice. The first time I was ever healed through this Science I was healed of an extremely severe backache. I had gotten acquainted with one of these Scientists casually. I thought, "Now, there is a good chance to try one of them." I did not believe there was anything in it. I knew I could heal my back as soon as I got home and got a porous plaster on it. I stopped. The healer happened to be at home. It was after her business hours, and she was an office lady. I asked her if she treated disease. "Yes," she said. I said, "I have a backache, I want to pay you for your treatment. How much do you charge?" "It is a dollar," she said, and I paid her. "Excuse me," she said, and went into another room.

I lay down on a lounge and went to sleep. She came in in about fifteen minutes. The backache was gone. I did not believe in her at all. I thought the nap cured me. It went on for some time, another week or so. My old friend that I contracted down at Pittsburgh Landing right after the battle, rheumatism in this wrist, came back. The way it would come, the wrist would squeak for a few days and then commence to swell, and then there was something doing for a few days until I burnt it out.

I said to one of my partners, "Jack, I am going down to get this Christian Science healer to treat me. Here is something that will not go away if I do go to sleep. I have had this long enough to know what I have." I went down and told the healer I had a pain in my wrist, a swelling, supposed to be rheumatism. I gave her a dollar. She turned her back toward me. I sat down by the window and commenced to read a book, and became very much absorbed in my book and forgot myself. She called my attention and wanted to know how I was. I was perfectly well, and never have had a symptom of it since.

That was a staggerer, although at that very time I was studying to find out the fraud that was being practiced on the gullible people of the United States by a set of people who said that God healed the sick. I knew if they had anything that was under cover I was smart enough to dig it out. I made up my mind that that summer I would study. I did not go away, I studied at home. I would go into my room about six o'clock in the evening and would remain till about two o'clock in the morning. At the end of six months I had been healed of several things by the healer, and I got so that I could touch anything and heal it as well

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as I ever have been able to heal in my life, better, I think. I knew it was God Almighty's work. I knew it was not mine. I knew it was worked through this universal philosophy. Remember all you have to do is to understand the rule.

Now why should a person be prejudiced against a system when the results are always good? It is nice to be healthy It is a good thing to be prosperous. It is pleasant to be happy. It is one of the nicest things in the world to drive away this black cloud of despondency, fear and anxiety. I do not think that I have any more fear, or anxiety, or scheming, or planning for the future than I have fear that I will not have air to fill my lungs. If I had any worry about it, I would go to God Almighty and denounce it and He would obliterate it. The command is to commit your ways unto the Lord and trust in Him, and He will bring it to pass.

Now these little healings that we had here the other Sunday were nothing more than we did almost every day at Atlantic City—sometimes a great many more, sometimes a little less. But because there were some newspaper men here that wanted to be pleased, they put up a job on me, I think. I had no fear of failure, no thought of failure, but the fact was that they brought one of their worst patients—the Y. M. C. A. outfit did that, and the boys were here to see the "fall down." I was told afterward that it was a put-up job. I did not know and I did not care.

If I sent you to the blackboard and told you to put down two and two, and draw a line and add them up, would you have any doubt about your being able to do it correctly, if you knew anything at all? You do not have any more doubt about this. Commit your ways unto the Lord and He will bring it to pass. You have to go into this philosophy the same as you go into any other philosophy and understand what you are doing. God Almighty has no favorites among the children of men. We are all born on the dead level, and if we do not stay on the dead level it is our own fault. If I learn my lesson in mathematics better than any other person I am a better mathematician. That is to say, I can demonstrate better than the others can. So in this Science, so in every other science, but the idea that it belongs to me, to the exclusion of the more than fifty thousand students that we have all over the world is a false idea. It belongs to every one of us, it belongs to every one of you, if you will study and learn.

I believe it would be possible for me to take every doctor in this town who is honest—and the most of them are—and I have not the slightest doubt, I know in fact, that in six weeks' time I could teach them how to heal along metaphysical lines; and I say in the combination they would hardly ever lose a case. Now the preachers of this town who are honest, and I wish they were all honest—I can't say I hope they are, because a hope implies a possibility of their being dishonest; they are sincere, good people, and I could take every one who had a sincere desire to know the Truth, and I could teach them in six weeks' time how to heal the sick; but they will not do it.

You see the world going along this great broad pathway, filled with disease, sorrow, sickness, want, and finally round up their career by falling over the falls of death and going on into blackness and darkness. You try to throw one of them the lifeline, and so often, so often do they reject it.

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Jesus Christ, looking at the city of Jerusalem, saw it in its wickedness, its licentiousness, its avariciousness, one of the wickedest cities the world has ever known, as was developed during the siege by the Romans shortly after the crucifixion of Christ. That same class of people were there when Christ saw the city, and as He looked over it he said, "Oh Jerusalem, Jerusalem, * * * how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not. Behold, your house is left unto you desolate"

Look at the reaping of the crop. In all the history of all the world we have no parallel, so far as my wide reading shows, of the sufferings, of the wickedness, of the terrible wickedness of the people, as was developed during the siege of Titus, the Roman general. The Jews themselves turned their arms against one another, the moment the Romans were not pressing against the walls, destroying one another. The God of Heaven had written that you shall reap what you sow, and the reaping is as sure to come as the water is to seek its level in the sea.

Late to Meals

Among the little minor infelicities for which there is very slight excuse, that of being late to meals must be reckoned. When a meal is announced every one who belongs to the family should proceed to the table without undue delay. Tepid soup, a lukewarm roast and vegetables that have lost some of their flavor by standing are very annoying to the housekeeper who has done her best in their preparation. No doubt at times dinner is ready before one is ready to leave a book, an outside task or the writing of a letter. There is just the last chapter to be read, ten minutes more devoted to the wood pile, the cellar or the barn would finish something incomplete, or the letter cut short in the middle will not prove so interesting to the writer later on. All this acknowledged, the habit of dawdling at meal-time instead of coming promptly to the dining-room is a bad habit. Wives and mothers should frown upon it sternly.

The temptation to carelessness in this special direction strongly assails boys and girls who are on the street walking with friends, lingering in calls or returning from games, or in some manner are enthralled in engagements while they fancy that it makes little difference in the home routine whether they are punctual or the reverse. Housekeeping proceeds much more smoothly when everybody concerned is prompt. Not only must a meal be ready in season, but its clearing away three times a day seriously invades somebody's time. Perhaps it is mother's time, Sister Mary's time, or the time of the maid in the kitchen. If every one is punctual the dishes will be washed without unreasonable delay.

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HARRIET DOANE PRENTISS

MY FACTORY

My body is a factory
For generating health;
God furnishes the motor power,
Endows it with His wealth;
My greater self supplies each need,
Meets every demand,
And even gives a surplus,
Because I understand.
Among my many implements,
The one I choose is love;
It lubricates the wheels of life—
Connects with God above.
The roll-call every morning
Is patience, strength, good will;
The watchword throughout every day
Is courage, in my mill.
Fear never comes to jar the wheels;
I do not know distress.
How can I when I realize
God is all tenderness?
The windows in my factory
Are open day and night,
Because God's sun shines ever
And floods it with his light.

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How to Demonstrate Prosperity

LECTURE—BISHOP OLIVER C. SABIN

Before the Evangelical Christian Science Church

DURING this age it is just as necessary, almost, to have money to live as it is to have air to breathe. A great many very righteous people that write us from all parts of the world, telling us that Jesus did not charge anything for healing, and they think we ought to do the same way. We have anywhere from twenty to fifty healers, more or less, all the time under salary, working for pay, doing nothing else but treating the sick. Supposing they did it for nothing, who is going to feed them? See how absurd the proposition is.

The days when Jesus Christ lived were very different from now. He lived in a little pocket, not much bigger than the thumb of your hand, so to speak, on the world's map; and yet He had to live; His disciples had to have money; they had to have food; they had to have clothing, and if it was not given to them they must have stolen it. Don't you see the absurdity of a proposition like that? In that day and age a dollar would dress a man up gorgeously, and when one of those pious men wanted to "rend a garment," which was a very happy way of showing their displeasure, a new one did not cost much.

We are engaged in a great work here. This lecture that I deliver today will substantially be scattered over every civilized nation of the world, and a great many of the nations will each get quite a large number. What carries it there? Money. What prints the magazine? Money. What feeds your families and puts food upon the table? Money. What clothes you, puts clothes upon your back and makes you look respectable and fine? Money.

When you find a person in this day and age that is proclaiming against the proper use of money, you can put him down as either a fool or a knave. That is all; there is no dodging that proposition.

Paul says the love of money is the root of all evil. It might in Palestine have been the root of all evil, and generally speaking the love of money carries with it a great deal of evil today. You must not love money. That is the way to destroy prosperity. I have been told of a very wealthy man in this city who used to lock himself up, living almost as a recluse. He would go to the bank and draw out, say, fifty thousand dollars in bills of all denominations. He would take them to his home, go to his room and scatter them on his bed, and then he would wallow in them and roll over in them as a cat in catnip, and then he would take them back to the bank. He had so much beyond his income that he loved money for the very sake of money, and the money did him no good; he could not really enjoy money, or anything else.

You have to be sensible in the use of money as well as in everything else. If it were not proper and right that we should have money, God would not have sent me, for instance, making it personal, to

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unchain this Truth some ten or twelve years ago, without any money, substantially, and He would not have sustained me in an expense of twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars a year in scattering this Truth. He would not have done this if it were not His will. The seed that was sown would not have brought forth the fruit.

Jesus Christ in His Sermon on the Mount gives us this rule: You reap as you sow, and you may know the tree by its fruits. If it bears good fruit, it is a good tree. If it bears bad fruit it is a bad tree. Therefore we know whether the tree is good or whether it is bad by the fruit. We have the results.

What are the results? The results are that wherever a person learns this Truth, studies it sufficiently to demonstrate it, it builds up his body, it builds up his material prosperity, it builds up his happiness and restores harmony, surrounds him with harmony and perfection, and he becomes engulfed in it, and instead of having the scramble for the Almighty dollar, as we see so generally before us, we do not experience that. We do not scramble; we do not worry; we do not plan to make money. So far as I know—I cannot tell how far I may be mistaken—but so far as I know I have no more desire for or calculation how to make money for the sake of making money than I have how to get air to fill my lungs. In this Science, where you commit everything to God Almighty, and in the proper way submit yourself to His leading, everything comes to you; you can't make any mistakes; everything you touch will be a success.

But if, for instance, we commit our ways unto the Lord, as the command is, "Commit your ways unto the Lord and trust in Him, and He will bring it to pass," if we commit our ways unto the Lord to get money and then watch Him like a hawk to see whether He is doing His part or not, and then if we get a good chance to cut a short bargain on our brother, cut it; or if, when we come to church and we want to put a little contribution into the basket, or make folks think we have done so—as I was told of a fellow who put his hand into the basket, but did not drop anything in, but made people think he did—if we sow that kind of seed we reap poverty, or we reap what is worse, a pinched soul. Such a person never could enjoy money if he had millions of it.

We are commanded in the little verses that were read in your presence this morning to look at the birds. They do not sow, neither do they gather or reap and put into barns; yet God feeds them. And He says, "Consider the lilies of the field, which today are and tomorrow are cast into the fire." Those great big red lilies that grow in Palestine; they make fires out of the stalks. How beautiful they are. Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. If He so loves the birds and the flowers and causes them to prosper and feeds them and takes care of them and makes them so beautiful, how much more will He do it to you, you His children.

But you have to trust, you have to commit your ways unto the Lord and trust. It must not be a mere mouthing. This Truth is something more than a mouthing. If you have not the spiritual love in your hearts, if you have not the desire to do good because you love to do good, divorced from all prejudice or selfish feeling, you are lacking, and in the degree that you lack along those lines, in that degree you are impotent to

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demonstrate anywhere along metaphysical lines.

In this we play an open hand, so to speak. The world sees what we do. There are no secrets, there is no chicanery; it is openhanded, and if they do not believe us we tell them to come here and we will teach them and they can do the healing as well as we can.

The other day a minister was talking to one of the merchants in this city about what occurred in this church a few Sundays ago. The preacher said he did not believe any healing was done. Why don't they investigate? One of the leaders of a society organized for the propagation of new thoughts and new ideas along religious lines—and who was the secretary of the society—Justice Harlan, of the Supreme Court, was a member of the same body—a very respectable body—wrote to me after the publication in our magazine of two or three cases of healing. He said if I was willing he would like to verify the truth of the statement. I told him that I would telephone the ladies who had been healed, and if they were willing I would be only too glad to go with him to see them. I telephoned to one of the ladies, who by the way was a niece of one of the deceased Justices of the Supreme Court, and told her who was making the inquiry, and what he wanted. She said, "Certainly, I will be very glad to see him." "It will not be necessary for me to come with him, will it?" said I "No, not at all, I will tell him everything I know." I telephoned the other lady. She said she was perfectly willing. So I called the man up and told him that I had telephoned to the two ladies and they were perfectly willing to have him call upon them. "So it is not necessary for me to go at all," I said. "Just state your business and ask your questions." He did not go.

This was in the spring of the year. I went to Maine and spent my summer there that year. When I came back he was one of the first men that came to see me. I saw that he was afflicted with what the world calls consumption. He said that he wanted to take that matter right up. I said that I had spoken to the editor of one of the leading papers here, who had promised to give us a reporter, to go to see the ladies and take their testimony, and that he would publish the same, and let the world know whether the story of the healing was true or whether it was false. I gave him some books and said, "I will be glad to treat you and I will not charge you a cent. You need help." He was poor, as all ministers are. He went away, and the next thing that I heard of that man was that he was dead.

There is prejudice. A minister called to see me within the last ten days. He had a trouble that could have been healed in ten seconds. After he discussed a good many lines of thought he asked me, "Do you believe in the Atonement of Jesus Christ?" I told him I believed that Jesus Christ had a great mission, that He was sent here by God Almighty Life and Love to redeem the world from its sins, that He did His work, and did it well, and when His work was finished He went back. He demonstrated over death and was now living, and by and by we would see him. I had no doubt of that. "If you call that the Atonement, Yes." He was a member of that church that believed in that forordination business, that God had picked out some folks to burn forever. I do not know whether he believed in that or whether he did not.

I further said to this man: "If you

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mean that God had to be pacified—that a loving God had to be pacified—because man had committed a sin, and the only thing that could pacify Him was either to kill all the people on the earth and commence over again, or have His own Son murdered, that His blood should wash out the sins, I do not believe one word of it—not one word. Furthermore, anybody who believes that story cannot heal the sick. The fruit of the story is wrong, the fruit of the tree is bad. It is contrary to the whole principle that God Almighty has taught us through Jesus Christ.

"Jesus Christ came teaching Love. The doctrine of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, and whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed, I do not believe."

Well, he was not healed. He did not ask for it; he did not want it, because he had all he wanted in his prejudice.

Now, coming back to this thought of money, remember, as I have taught you before, that your character is just as you build it up with your own thoughts. A person who goes about his work with the thought "I have happiness, I have health, I have prosperity, I have perfection; God Almighty strength is mine; God Almighty Life is mine; God Almighty Love fills me and protects me; God Almighty Power animates me and fills me and gives me strength to do everything; and I am the image and likeness of Spirit; I live, move and have my being in this infinite Spirit"—if he fills his heart with those kinds of thoughts, keeps them there, you will see how the roses will bloom on your cheeks, how his eyes will shine brighter, how the sun will shine brighter, the sky will be bluer, how his pathway will be strewn with prosperity and happiness, health and perfection.

You go into a store and ask the proprietor, "How is business?" He says, "Very bad; I do not know, but I am afraid I am going to break." That fellow pours cold water on his thoughts and on his investments, and what is the result? I do not remember that there ever was a failure of such a man to break. I do not see how it could be any other way. You take the fellow that believes in himself and pours such thoughts of confidence into himself, and never has a doubt but that he is success itself, and what is the result? He has perfect success in everything he touches.

Suppose that on that occasion a few Sundays ago one of these cases was brought to this church for healing and the operator had examined and seen that the rheumatism had been there for twenty years, had gone into all the details; saw that the feet were claws, and the hands were claws, and the pains and aches were going through and through, and got the whole catalogue of these diseases, that practitioner could not have healed the case at all. It is the man or woman who knows that God Almighty power is invincible, and does not question how to do it, or how hard it is, but has the trust and the confidence and the understanding that there is no such thing as failure, that cannot fail.

You take the man in business. Let him do the same work, believe in himself. Mark you, the first condition to this belief in himself is to commit your ways unto the Lord; affirm, "God Almighty Love blesses me now and gives me prosperity, leads me along the pathway that I should go; God Almighty Love keeps me from making mistakes, and I thank God for it and I praise him

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for it in the name of Jesus Christ." Let him take those thoughts into his consciousness and throw them out into the vibration, and I tell you that he will not make mistakes. You go as you are led.

Before I came into this Christian Science work I had no more thought of doing anything of that kind than I had of flying to the moon. The idea never entered my consciousness for one moment. I was led by a train of circumstances. In the first place I did not believe that God had anything to do with the healing of my friend. I believed he had been healed, for I did not think he would lie to me. I thought, however, he had been healed by some kind of hocus pocus system, or black magic, or something else, and I knew that I was scholar enough to dig out any system they were trying to hide. So I studied for six months, studied in the night. I usually quit about two o'clock in the morning; I studied during the summer, and at the end of about six months I learned how he was healed. He was healed by God Almighty in answer to prayer through the mediation of man. I knew that. Yet I had no thought of going into this Science. I was writing politics, going on with my work in that line. Our corporation was doing considerable business along that line.

One day a gentleman made a funny speech in Congress illustrating his thought by a reference to the tenets of Christian Science. I happened to be going into the gallery to seat some ladies who had come from Boston. One of them said, "He is talking about Christian Science." By and by this young fellow that had been healed, to whom I have just referred, came to me in the course of a few days and said, "I wish you would write that man up. He made fun of Christian Science up there in his speech; write him up." "All right," said I. "Look up his record and bring it to me." His record was a very open one. He was educated as a preacher and had been turned out of the church for horse-racing and drinking whiskey.

I sat down to write, intending to skin the man alive. But this thought came to me, "Now this is the first article I ever tried to write on religion, why not ask God Almighty to help me." I bowed my head and affirmed that God Almighty directed me in writing that article. I took up my pen and wrote, and I do not remember anything that happened while I was writing the article. After I had written it and read it over I was so utterly disgusted that my first impulse was to tear it to pieces. My wife was at the other end of the library, and I said to her, "I want to read something to you." I read it and asked her what she thought of it. She was not very enthusiastic over it. I thought, "I will wait and see this fellow that wanted me to write it." I saw him and showed it to him, and he thought it was fine. That encouraged me to bring it down to the two Eddyites in charge of the church here at that time. They clapped their hands and said it was fine. I had their judgment and I published it.

That article, instead of being filled with vindictiveness, billingsgate and political abuse, as the politicians usually write about one another, did not have a word in it but what was noble, but what was tempered with Christian love. It was so convincing to the world of metaphysics that they commenced to order the paper. We usually had some seven or eight thousand copies printed extra. The price of the paper was twenty-five cents a copy, or twelve dollars for a

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year's subscription. It was put so high because we did not want anybody to have it but the newspapers that we wrote for. I had perhaps a couple of thousand sent to those Christian Scientists whose names were on our books. Then here came twenty-five cents a copy from everywhere, and they were not worth more than half a cent, if they were worth that, and I determined that I would not steal. So I sent them out at a dollar a hundred. A man would send me a dollar for four copies and I would send him a hundred papers. When the edition was exhausted I had an extra edition printed. I told the printer he might make what he could out of it, but he must sell copies reasonably. We agreed on the price, and he sent out hundreds and thousands.

Now that was the first article I ever in my life attempted to write on the subjec of religion. It was so powerful along the lines of Eddyism that Mrs. Eddy came out in her magazine and told everybody to subscribe for my paper, something that she never did for anybody before or since. I never had seen the woman, never had had any correspondence with her, was not a member of their church, had not yet joined. Yet, on the other hand, it killed my paper so dead as a political paper that it never kicked from that day; and the Washington News Letter that you get here today is on outgrowth of that article. Mortal mind kicked the paper out.

My six partners—there were seven of us in all—got together and thought to put up a job on me and have a banquet. All of us were in there together, and I had no idea what was going on. They had a receipted bill of sale for the News Letter and gave it over to me in view of its being slaughtered, and I got the News Letter without a subscriber. "Now," I thought, "if you want religion you will have to get it in the News Letter, I will write nothing else," and from that time on it has never turned its back in a religious way.

That is how it started. I never had any more premeditation in it than if I had been a child. Commit your ways unto God Almighty. I have done it time and time again. As soon as I learned what the Truth was I commenced to affirm that God Almighty did lead and direct me, and as soon as you get into that leading you are on what the world terms "Easy Street," your troubles have passed.

Now if I wanted money tomorrow there is not a living human being that I would ever go to for a cent. Not that I do not love my friends, I love them all; not but what I believe I have friends who would lend me money if I wanted it, but I have a so much better place to go to. I have a bank that is infallible. There is no turning you down when you transfer your check. There is no saying, as bankers often do, I am afraid he will not pay it.

Back there when I was a youngster, practicing law, when a fellow wanted to borrow five or ten dollars of me, I would give it to him. If I loaned it to him I made him my enemy, if I gave it to him he was my friend, and I had a regiment of fellows around me that just swore by me. If I had loaned them the money I would have had a regiment of enemies. That is carnal mind. But you do not have anything to do with that mind now.

God Almighty's bank is open all the time and all you have to do is to draw your check along Scientific lines and it is honored. I have demonstrated this

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hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of times since I have been in this Science. I demonstrate it every day.

I affirm like this, "God Almighty prospers our work and gives me means, abundance of means to do everything that is necessary for its advancement, gives me money, oceans of money, and I have everything else that I want."

I do not object to a lady—it used to be the limit—paying twenty-five dollars for a hat, but that is nothing now. If you get along with twenty-five dollars for a feather you are in big luck. That is a fact. I do not know really how much they pay for their hats. I do not care how beautiful the ladies are. The prettier they are the better I love them. Jesus said, Consider the lilies of the field, how pretty they are. Solomon never was arrayed like one of them.

Everything in God's kingdom is beautiful. Take a person, a man or a woman, fill them full of this Science, let it be gradually absorbed, and they commence to grow beautiful; they become more beautiful the longer they study it. The more it absorbs and controls them the more love will beam out of their countenances, the more their bodies manifest health and harmony. The corners of their mouths are turned up a little, the hang-down business is gone.

I am talking plain common sense that is being demonstrated all the time. Each of us can have it if we want it. If you prefer to go out into that broad road where they scramble and kick one against the other, believing in carnal mind, believing in the sensation of matter, and all those heresies, your pathway will be filled with groans and aches and pains and wants and misery, until finally exhausted carnal mind, so to speak, will spew you out, and you will die.

God never had anything to do with death. Death is no God-made institution. We are told that the last enemy to be overcome is death. But it is an enemy. Everything that God created is good. Once I gave a lecture affirming the possibility of living forever, and not dying. One of my students, a college graduate, said, "Now, Colonel, if you do not quit talking that you will drive everybody out, for they will not stand it." "Now, Doctor," said I, "if that sends them out, God bless them, let them go. I will stay by it if there is nobody left but my stenographers to stay with me."

What would be the use of teaching error to tickle somebody? I think that would be the meanest thing I could do. What would be the use of my coming here and devoting my time and my life to tickling somebody, and paying on an average perhaps ten dollars a Sunday out of my pocket to run the church? I do not permit anybody to pay me anything for my services. I do not care what it costs. I can pay fifty dollars a Sunday just as well as fifty cents, and have just as much money.

These fellows that get their souls down where they pinch themselves and go around pinched, I pity them sometimes from the bottom of my heart. I never would have the basket passed in this church if it were not that if the basket were not passed I would feel as though I was doing the congregation a wrong in not giving them a chance to do that which was right for them to do. If you throw out in a pinched way it comes to you pinched. As you sow you reap. But it is hard to get people to understand. The Scientist always understands, and you never saw a thoroughbred Scientist that did not have plenty

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of money, that was not perfectly healthy, that did not have everything of God Almighty good surrounding him. That is as natural as that water flows down hill.

Now that is the question with you today. As of old the prophet said, "Choose ye this day whom thou wilt serve." If you want to serve carnal mind, if you want to serve parsimony, if you want to pinch your soul, if you want to do those things you will reap the crop.

But some say, "I am on a salary. How can my salary be increased? I have no organized business. How can I be helped? You are in a big business where you are making plenty of money." Was I in a big business at first when I undertook twenty thousand dollars' worth of work on twenty cents' worth of income? It is nothing unusual at the end of each payday for my bank account that runs in connection with this church work to be close to the margin. Yet there never was a time that we did not have plenty; there never was a time that the healers did not get their pay promptly at the middle and the end of each month. Nobody ever had to lug bills for me. But there was one month when the books closed our balance was down to twenty-three cents. If we have a hundred dollars credit after paying all it is a big thing. But nobody cares. God Almighty is the paymaster. We draw the checks and He pays the bills. It reminds me of the story about Jonah and the whale. They were having a sort of controversy over it, and one said that Jonah pushed the button and the whale did the rest. You have nothing to do with results. Don't worry about results.

I was reading an article from Mr. Carnegie, in which he got off one awfully nice statement, and I am going to quote it and immortalize it. Instead of the phraseology, "Heaven is my home," Carnegie said, make it "Home is my heaven." This science is the only thing that makes home a heaven. This Truth drives out the fears, the worries, and the pains and the aches, and the wants; the larder is full, your children are always well, your family is always happy, for God Almighty reigns supreme and the kingdom of God is within you. You are as much in heaven, or you can be, as you will ever be, and you can reach a pretty warm hell here if you pull the proper wires to make it such. The mind is all.

They say, "Don't you believe in Heaven?" Yes, I believe in harmony. That is the meaning of the word, and I believe that harmony will reign with those who have the harmonious mind, who can put their hands to their breasts and can say "I love God and love my brother," and who can say that with Truth and put it into practice. And in the degree that we achieve those beautiful possibilities, in that degree we are blessed in this work. God Almighty sustains us. It is like the sunshine, we go out in it, we take all we can absorb, yet the sunshine is there, it is inexhaustible. It is there for all who come. There is no exhausting it.

You are told that you are the heirs of God Almighty. What God Almighty has belongs to you, and you do not have to wait to enter into this kingdom. It belongs to you now, and all you have to do is to come up, claim your rights, your birthrights, in the name of Jesus Christ, and the beneficent love of our Heavenly Father will cover you and bless you and prosper you, and make you happy and harmonious.

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Towser---The Tale of a Dog

ZELLA SLATER BISSELL

BETTY came wildly across the lot back of her home crying bitterly every step of the way. It is difficult to run and cry at the same time, so it is not surprising that Betty crashed blindly into her little brother, Paul, who came ambling across the lot to meet her, with Towser frisking at his heels.

"Oh, Paul, Paul," gasped Betty, clutching her little brother by the arm. "What do you think? Jim's going to take Towser away tonight and *shoot* him!"

Paul's eyes grew so big and round with terror that it seemed they would spread over his whole face. He caught the puppy in his arms and hugged him to him, as if Jim were already in sight with his dreadful revolver. Towser thinking this some new kind of game, squirmed with delight in his arms, and frantically licked the little boy's face with his pink tongue.

"No, no, they mustn't shoot Towser," said Paul, fiercely.

"But they will," insisted Betty, "tonight, after we are asleep. I heard Helen and mother talking about it. Helen said that Towser was a nuisance to the whole neighborhood, and we'd have to get rid of him. Mr. Richards is awful mad. He says Towser pulled Mrs. Richards' skirt off the line and lay down on it, and now he's eat up Mr. Richards' new shoes that he left out to dry. And Helen promised Mr. Richards we'd get rid of Towser tonight."

The two children threw themselves on the ground beneath the big maple tree, holding their pet so closely between them that it seemed there would be little left of him for Jim to shoot.

No doubt, as grown-ups saw him, Towser was a very wicked dog. He barked at night, destroyed flower beds, chased cats and chickens, and tore up everything he could get in his sharp little teeth. A hat, two books, three rubbers, a piece of garden-hose—oh, one couldn't begin to remember all the things Towser had chewed up in his time.

And now he had eaten Mr. Richards' new shoes—Mr. Richards who had a

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gruff voice, and got mad all in a minute, and said bad words when Towser barked at night. And Helen had promised Mr. Richards that Towser should be shot!

Now to Betty and Paul, of course, Towser wasn't a wicked dog at all. He was just the dearest, fattest, most rollicking, most loving little playmate in all the world. Why, it was worth the price of admission just to see him come bounding to meet one, wiggling himself all the way up to his ears with that absurd stump he fancied was a tail.

Something *must* be done to save Towser. The children remembered the time Towser had run away and stayed all day. What a long, long day that had been! How they had hoped and waited for Towser to come back, and how glad they were when he came sneaking around the corner of the house at supper time!

But if Jim shot Towser with his revolver, Towser never *would* come back. That was the dreadful thing about being dead—one *couldn't* come back, no matter how much people missed you and waited for you.

"Mother doesn't want Towser shot," sobbed Betty. "She talked real sorry about it. But sister Helen said we ought to get rid of him, and she'd promised Mr. Richards."

"If they'd only give him time to get over being a pup," wailed Paul. "Pa said the other day that when Towser got over being a pup he'd probably be a real nice, steady dog."

An idea was working in Betty's mind. Grandma—grandma lived out in the country. If they could only get Towser out to grandma's, *she'd* see that he wasn't shot. She'd take care of him until he got over being a pup. To be sure, it would be hard to give him up for all that time, but anything was better than knowing that Towser never *could* come back.

Five minutes later the children stole down the street back of their home. All you had to do was to go to the end of the street and then there was the road that led to grandma's. They had never been there alone, but it would be easy to find it.

Sure enough, they came to a road in time. The children danced along, filled with joy at the success of their plan. To Towser, this unexpected journey seemed a most delightful affair. He frisked along in front of the children, chasing birds, and diving in and out of the bushes beside the road.

Once he spied a rabbit in a field, and insisted on running after it, in spite of Betty's frantic calls. He came back after a time, looking so satisfied with himself that the children wondered fearfully just what had happened to the rabbit.

It was a lonely road the children had taken. Only one team passed them. The man in the wagon looked at them curiously and then at the farm house in the distance. Betty drew Paul away to the side of the road. She had heard of people who stole little children, and she was glad when the man had passed on.

The sun was very low down in the west now. The little feet were aching with weariness, and even Towser walked soberly along with apparently not even a thought of birds or rabbits. And still there was no sight of grandma's white house on the hill.

Finally Paul gave out altogether, and dropped down beside the road.

"I'm so tired and hungry," he moaned. "And I guess we won't ever get to grandma's. I guess we're lost."

Betty felt very much inclined to cry

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too, but of course that would be very silly for a big girl of seven. She sat down beside Paul and tried to console him: Towser came and curled up at their feet and went to sleep in a minute.

"God will care for us," said Betty, hopefully.

"Maybe He won't," sobbed Paul. "Maybe we were naughty to run away even to save Towser."

"Perhaps we'd better speak to Him about it," suggested Betty. The two children knelt down and said, "Now I lay me," and then Betty added:

"Dear God, we're sorry we ran away, but it was to save Towser. Please, God, forgive us, and send someone to find us, and don't let them shoot Towser."

About eight that evening, Mr. Richards drove into a little-used road in his hurry to get home from the country. A little dog came running out from a clump of bushes and barked at the horse's head. Mr. Richards got out of his buggy and went around behind the bushes.

"Bless my soul, it's the Hilton children and their puppy," he gasped.

Betty had been awakened by Towser's barking, and was sitting blinking in the half light. At the sound of the gruff voice, she flung her arms about Towser and wailed with terror. Paul was awake too now, and crying without hardly knowing why. "Oh, please Mr. Richards, don't make them shoot Towser. I'm awfully sorry he ate your shoes, but he's just a pup, and he'll grow up. We was goin' to take him to grandma's, but we got lost."

"Do you mean to say you babies ran away to save that pup?" said Mr. Richards in amazement.

"We'll take him tomorrow, honest," promised Betty.

Mr. Richards did not speak for quite two minutes. Then his voice was gruffer than ever, which was odd, because his words were very, very kind.

"Well, well, I suppose pups will be pups, just as children will be children, and, as you say, they both get over it. You watch Towser in the future and try to keep him out of my yard, and I'll keep my shoes indoors. And you can tell Helen that she needn't have Towser shot tonight."

Then Mr. Richards took two tired children and a tired puppy into his buggy, and drove them all safely home.

THE BABY'S SMILE

The babe lies on its mother's knee
And smiles into her eyes.
Whence comes this flickering ray of love
If not from Paradise?
God manifests himself to us
In myriad ways, but gives
No sweeter light than baby's smile,
Through all his mysteries.

—*Mary Franklin.*

THE SONS OF YESTERDAY

The best way to deliver a man from calamity is to put a song in his heart. There are some who sink under this calamity, and there are some who swim through it. I think you will find that the difference between these lies in the comparative amount of their previous cheer. The balance generally turns on the hearing or not hearing of yesterday's song. They who have the song already in their heart pass over the Red Sea; they who have heard no previous music are submerged in the wave.—*George Matheson.*

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The Week in School

Monday's Adenoidal Day—
Bring bandages and salve;
For Doctor Jones will cut away
The adenoids you have.
No doubt you will be overjoyed,
When Doctor Jones is through,
To know no fretful adenoid
Again will trouble you.

Tuesday will be Tonsil Day—
Of that please make a note;
For Doctor Brown will cut away
The tonsils from each throat.
Bring cotton, lint and vaseline.
This class meets sharp at ten.
And tonsils will be snipped off clean—
Nor trouble you again.

Wednesday is Appendix Day
For Classes A and B;
When Doctor Smith will cut away
This superfluity.
Please don't forget the day, as said—
The classes meet at ten.
Bring needles and a spool of thread
To sew you up again.

Thursday's Antitoxin Day—
So kindly be prepared;
Bring gauze and antiseptic spray.
All right arms will be bared,
Or left arms if you so elect.
Be punctual, pray do;
For Doctor Puncture will inject
The serum sharp at two.

Friday's Vaccination Day
For fall and winter terms;
Those who have fresh scars will stay
For antityphoid germs—
Half a billion's the amount.
Classes meet at four.
Doctor Green will make the count—
Doctor Gray will pour.

Saturday's Reaction Day—
Thermometers at three;
Bring stethoscopes—and Doctor Gray
Will make blood-counts, to see
How science triumphs o'er disease—
How antitoxins rule.
Now mark the weekly program, please,
And don't be late for school.

MOTHER O' MINE

Rudyard Kipling

If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine,
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine,
I know whose tears would come down to me,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

If I were damned of body and soul,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine,
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

Better to strive and climb,
And never reach the goal,
Than to drift along with time,
An aimless, worthless soul.
Ay, better to climb and fall,
Or sow though the yield be small,
Than to throw away day after day,
And never strive at all.

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Expression

HARRIET DOANE PRENTISS

IT IS sometimes difficult for students of New Thought to comprehensively grasp the idea of God apart from personality. The old idea of a supreme being as master of ceremonies outside ourselves still clings to some of us, and we see the image of the former teaching, in spite of our new way of reasoning.

We are taught that God is good, that God is love, that he fills all space, and it is from the reservoir of his strength that we draw our supply. Nevertheless we do not easily conceive the idea that every time we lift an arm or move about it is the God action in us that gives energy to the deed.

We do not readily break away from the old traditions and find God literally expressing, in every phase of life, pressing out to visibility, through every design the eye beholds, and showing his handiwork in all outside conditions visible to man.

We are too prone to look out upon the objective world in our reasoning about life, and do not gather enough from the intuitional within. The silent, invisible forces are not sufficiently understood, their power is not realized.

History will never reveal the key to the cause of the universe, for the reason that a circle has no beginning or end. The world simply revolves round and round, endlessly repeating itself, and from the nature of its action does not admit of a beginning or an end. There is no beginning to the revolutions of the earth, sun, moon, or stars. They are set in motion, and there is no record of any other course of action.

Gravitation attracts, and adjusts always with the same result. Air sustains, purifies, absorbs and changes the construction of particles. Mind energizes, directs and moulds everything into expression, the quality of our thinking determining what we outpicture.

We are under the influence of law, a law that is unfailing, and ever susceptible of proof. This must be true in order to promote a scheme of life that is immutable in its form of projection, and unvarying in tendency.

The whole operation must be one of cause and effect in order to be indestructible and changeless in principle. The process is one of ceaseless revolution. There is in such a suggestion no place for anything to disintegrate, or remain stationary. The world since time immemorial has been in a perpetual state of rotation, and through the process of vibration and revolution every particle is accounted for.

The laws which control, in order to be indestructible, must be invisible, intangible and silent in their operation. All the great forces are silent ones, and are only understood through their effect. The law of gravitation can only be comprehended by results, and can neither be discredited nor defined. No one has any record of the beginning of gravitation. It is a governing law, which always has been in existence, and all we have ever discovered about it is its unvarying effect. It is the silent force which holds

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everything in its place, and the magnet which attracts every object to its proper position.

The air we breathe is pregnant with lifegiving qualities. It contains the substance necessary for sustaining life, and yet we can only see the result, and not the cause of its action.

Instead of trying to reason back through the ages, therefore, to find the first cause for expression, we simply accept the facts as they are, and build our foundation on the fundamental principles of vibration, rotation and motion. The world is set in motion and goes round and round forever; we, being a part of the plan, revolve with it. Different rates of vibration produce different degrees of expression, however, and we determine our position in the cosmos by the way we adjust our thinking, as the quality of our thoughts is responsible for the place we occupy in the adjustment of the whole.

Just as soon as we are able to understand the principle upon which all life action is founded we will have a definite basis upon which to work.

Mind produces sensation. It has the magnetic attributes to attract to itself every substance it needs for its own expression. Different qualities of thought vibrate at different rates of speed. The happy thoughts bring buoyancy because they are a high rate of vibration and attract a better quality of expression. This accounts for the variety of conditions in different individuals. Some minds require one thing and some another, depending upon the quality of vibration expressed in the individual.

A mind that is burdened with fear cannot absorb the same kind or quality of food that is taken up and utilized by a man of courage. Fear contracts and will not absorb foodstuff as easily as the mind of confidence.

Fear is the great bugaboo which stalks about in many guises, and is responsible for the low rates of vibration which produce disease. Jealousy is fear of a rival; anger, depression, morbidness and unrest are all a part of the fear element, and are destructive in their tendency.

Our minds are the magnets which attract to us every experience with which we come in contact, and the quality of our thinking is responsible for all that presents itself to us for demonstration. We need not look outside ourselves, therefore, for the cause of our exhilaration or unhappiness, as we are absolutely the architects of our own fortunes.

One writer tells us we do not dwell enough in the upper story of our intelligence; that "only happy actions and joy will produce a rising vibration." The mind must at all times be free from tension. We are coming in contact with live wires in our thoughts. The vibrations of joy and happy moods are the health-producing currents. Life, in every phase, is the expression of mind activity.

The difference between youth and old age is simply one's outlook upon life. Whether you will express age or youth depends upon yourself and your point of view. Fresh building material is supplied daily, and we put our own stamp of quality upon it.

We are all a part of the rotary plan and as indestructible as the sun. The conditions by which we are surrounded, and the relation we bear to the universe depends upon where we place ourselves in the scale of adjustment. We are all non-detactable parts of the rotary plan. It is inconceivably larger than we imagine, and admits of an endless variety

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of expression. Just what we achieve or the position we occupy depends upon our own attitude of mind. Our ideals can every one be realized, and we have all eternity to reach our goal.

We are not growing toward death, disintegration or annihilation, but ever toward more abundant life. Our experiences are but stepping-stones to greater wisdom and a larger conception of what is vital and most worth while. Let us begin today to live more in the "upper story," and by our attitude of mind produce the result for which we are striving.

Remember our work is all inside ourselves, and does not depend upon outside conditions. There can be no forbidding clouds in the sky, when joy abides in the heart.

How His Prayer Was Answered

James Brown was in the retail coal business in a seaport town in Massachusetts. War had been declared with Spain and Mr. Brown knew the railroads could not bring coal enough to supply the seaboard towns. His customers were all eager to order their next winter's coal. The coal companies would not drop the price. There was but one thing to do, order forward all the coal that was called for at the high winter schedule, and await the results, which he did, and very soon a large quantity of coal was being received, and more was on the way. With the victory over the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay, conditions changed. It was practically the end of the war. The price of coal dropped at the mines. Customers knew this and many either refused to pay, or asked to have their orders canceled. Conditions began to look bad for Mr. Brown, who saw no way to pay for the large stock of coal so unexpectedly on hand. The coal companies had refused to wait for payments before. His only way was to do his best and trust in God for help, and he worked and prayed. For three months he worked as never before. He could hardly sleep or eat. The crisis was near. The coal companies had taken his notes, but with the understanding that no renewals would be given. It came Saturday afternoon. There were two notes still unpaid, one due next Tuesday for $700, and one due next Friday for $800. The merchant earnestly sought God's help and guidance. And it come. He felt that his prayer would be answered, and that the notes would be paid. That night he slept well. Monday morning before seven o'clock he was at his office, and met a customer who said: "I made an agreement with you to pay for my coal on the first of September, but my wife had some money sent to her last Saturday, and we have concluded we had better pay for the coal and feel better, so I have brought you a check for $92.50." The nine o'clock mail brought a check from the School Board for $700, paying thirty days previous to custom. Before noon another man bought twenty tons of coal for cash. Everything flowed in like a river, and the obligations were fully met.

This is an actual experience of one who now holds an office of trust among his fellow citizens.—*A. W. W., Needham, Mass.*

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Morning Family Prayer

DR. JOHN DAVID MILES

O, THOU who art the eternal, immortal creator of all Good, we thank Thee that Thou hast watched over our household through another night and hast again made the sun to rise and to give the light of the knowledge of Thy glory.

We thank Thee that Thou hast permitted each to arise in health and strength, and that Thou dost abide with us through the day and protect us from all evil, accidents and inharmony.

We thank Thee for the comforts and blessings of a happy home and for the beautiful ties of love that bind us as a household together.

We thank Thee for the many tokens of Thy love that we behold at the opening of each day and realize that Thy Power and love have upheld and blessed us through all the days and nights of our lives.

We thank Thee that Thou dost defend us from the allurements of the world.

"We praise and bless Thy Holy name" that Thou dost help each to realize our duty as coworkers for the welfare of the household.

We thank Thee that Thou dost fold us in Thine arms of love and protect each one of us from sickness, sorrow and accident.

We thank Thee that Thou dost help us to bear each other's burdens and to make our home the abiding place of love filled with God's beautiful sunshine.

We thank Thee, dear Father, that Thou dost help us to will and do according to Thy good pleasure.

We thank Thee that Thou dost bless us in our daily labors and that Thou dost guide and direct us in all our dealings with our fellowman.

May each heart be filled with love for Thee and become a temple filled with the Holy Spirit. We thank Thee that Thou dost make us mindful to show a "neighborly spirit" in our intercourse with our fellowman.

We thank Thee that Thou dost enlarge our Spiritual perceptions that we may see the fulness of Thy unspeakable gifts and have the realization that Thou dost give us all things that we may need.

We thank Thee, dear Father, that Thou dost bless us through this day and that Thou dost hear us in these our morning supplications, and that Thou dost bless all for whom it is our duty to pray, and give to all health and harmony.

All this we ask and thank Thee for in the name of Jesus Christ.

Amen.

As nothing reveals character like the company we like and keep, so nothing foretells futurity like the thoughts over which we brood.—*Newell Dwight Hillis.*

He—Smith told me the other day he thought I was suffering from brain fag.

She—Oh, the flatterer!—*Baltimore American.*

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SEEING GOOD

The Centre is as the circumference. All God, all Holy, all Love, through and through, in and out, everything, everywhere. All God, all Father, all Heaven, all Glory, all peace, all joy and gladness; all power, all wisdom and life. It is while a storm is in progress, that we must see God, in the storm, and feel accordingly. Feeling thus, it will not be a hurting storm, but a storm of glory, a storm of realization of the glory of Life. Through the storm, through the darkness, through all, we must hold on to one thing at that moment, and say, "This is God, let me listen and learn." If we do this nothing can be a storm for us any more, and no darkness can be around us again, for in the storm we will hear His beloved voice, and will feel His tender touch. The darkness will shine with the Light of lights, and we will bless the darkness, knowing it to be full of rest and peace.—*Uma Gillen.*

AT THE OTHER END OF THE WIRE

You take down the receiver and address through the transmitter an invisible personage at the other end of the wire. This invisible personage sits for hours receiving orders from those she does not see and helps them to send messages and hold conversations on matters of greater or less moment. We call her "Central." At home in her family she is Mary, Jane, Susie, somebody dear to father and mother and, in short, a human being. Why speak to her rudely and curtly when the wire is out of order or the party of the second part is deaf, has a poor telephone voice, or is otherwise unable to converse clearly and intelligibly?

ANVIL SPARKS

Little worries often make big scars.

A naughty person sells himself for naught.

It takes practice to make perfect in hypocrisy.

None but the humble have real self-respect.

He is never strong who knows not his weaknesses.

Forgetting is overlooking what memory retains.

Trust in God is vastly more than submission to fate.

Love is the root out of which all genuine courtesy grows.

Cheerfulness is a good brand of oil to burn on a dark night.

The most pitiable slave is the one who is ruled by his passions.

Who helps not to lift up his companions, falls down with them.

The difference between faith and fate is that between life and death.

In the higher walks of life, folks ought always to walk upright and straight.

The measure of a man is the friends he keeps in the guest chamber of his heart.

LOVE

There is no passion, there is no appetite, there is no force, which, when brought into the presence of love, in its beauty and strength, has the instinct of rebellion in it. Everything bows down to that. In the New Testament the word love constantly rings out its sweet, silvery notes like a bell in some belfry, piercing through all other sounds. Love swings in the eternal belfry, and may be heard through all earthly noises.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

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Seek and Ye Shall Find---Something

RUTH CAMERON

THE little mother had been searching diligently for a pair of gloves, which had cleverly secreted themselves in some out-of-the-way corner.

She did not find them, but did bring forth my riding crop which had also been among the missing for some months.

"Well, that's the way it always is," she said, as she restored the crop to its proper place. "When I look for one thing I find another."

It is so, isn't it?

You've had that experience yourself, haven't you, my friend? Perhaps you dropped a collar button under the chiffonier, and had your rage at the mishap assuaged when in the course of your groveling you found that little silver pin you thought you had lost for keeps.

Perhaps you were hunting through your desk for a receipted bill, when you stumbled upon that little snapshot of the baby which you had searched for so many times in vain.

And, of course, as you brought your treasure triumphantly forth to be congratulated upon, you uttered that good old bromide—"Whenever I look for one thing, I find another."

Now, did it ever occur to you that it's just the same about bigger things—about mental and moral qualities—that is, when you are looking very hard for one thing you often find another?

You don't see just what I mean? I don't blame you. Let me make it clearer by illustration.

Suppose you make up your mind that you are going to try with all your might to be popular. As like as not the very intensity of your desire frustrates you, so that you do not win popularity. And then, suppose you have a change of heart and decide that it is more desirable to be lovable than to be loved, and start out to seek unselfishness. And, lo, by and by when you have quite forgotten about popularity, it is yours. In looking for one thing you have found another.

Suppose, again, your one ambition is to earn a great deal of money. Money is the greatest thing in life and you are going to have it willy nilly. And then you find that money is very hard to get and that it is unlikely you will ever be a millionaire anyway, and you make up your mind to be content with doing just the best kind of work you know how. Who knows but that by and by you will find that the financial success is coming to you as a by-product of the greater gain. In looking for one thing you have found another.

Do you remember how Lowell's Sir Launfal went searching all over the world for the Holy Grail and quite in vain? It was only when he gave up the search and bent his energies toward loving his fellow-men that he found the grail.

Look for one thing and you find another.

Look for the big things that count and the lesser blessings "shall be added unto thee."

Seek to be lovable and you will probably be loved.

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Seek to be healthy and you will probably gain at least a certain measure of beauty.

Seek to learn for your own satisfaction and you will soon find yourself admired for your culture.

Again and again this rule works itself out.

You don't believe it?

Then try it and see.

WE ARE GREATER THAN THE WIZARDS OF OLD

"Impossibility" is now an old-fashioned word with a definition but not a meaning. Almost every dream of the past is a reality today. The magic cities and the fairy kingdoms of your grandmother aren't half so wonderful as the world in which you live. The wizards, elves, pixies, gnomes, and djins of legend lumped together never did as much in all their historied years as we've accomplished in the last decade.

Time is constantly taming into reality our forefathers' wildest guesses.

Magic has become a unionized trade. Wizards punch the timeclock four times a day and stop at the cashier's window every Saturday.

The genius who once invented romances of the future is now an industrial promoter, and the artist who illustrated his yarns is drafting for the city's foremost architect and putting in his spare time at odd jobs for the patent attorneys on the floor below.

The librarian has changed the classification of Jules Verne's works, and has shifted "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" and "A Trip to the Moon" from the fiction department to the technical book section.

There never was such a wonderful period! We never before knew so much or could do so much. We never experienced an age of equal comfort. No part of yesterday was as glorious as this hour.

The hundred years behind us are jammed and crammed with achievements that out-balance the sum total of progress since the signing of the Magna Charta.

The average mechanic enjoys luxuries that Midas, with all his wealth, could not command. The college freshman has more real information in his little finger than the erudition of the foremost scholar of the Renaissance. We have done more to put existence on a sane, logical and definite basis than the sum total of our ancestors clear through to the apple eaters of Eden.

If you ever hankered for "the good old days," stop wasting your wishes. They never existed—they've just arrived. You're in the midst of them, partaking of their benefits and sharing their miracles.

We recognize no horizon to our endeavors. We despair of no goal. Emancipated from superstition and bigotry, with the wings of imagination to bear us onward and upward, who dares place a limit upon the achievements of Tomorrow?

We've hardly started to think. We've barely learned to do. You can't stretch your imagination half as far as your own children will see.

"When alone think of your own faults; when in company, seek to forget the faults of others," is a French saying which bears translation into English well, and which, translated into conduct, is better still.

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Fight Your Worries

HERBERT KAUFMAN, in "Washington Star"

FIGHT your worries. The quicker you meet them the better your chance to beat them.

Fear feeds on flight—you run with it when you try to run from it.

Trouble is erratic and unreliable—she makes bluffs as frequently as she makes good. Misfortune doesn't fulfill every threat.

If you will insist on guessing at the future, speculate cheerfully instead of fearfully.

Tinge your forecasts with sunlight and tint them with Hope.

You can't tell how your luck will turn until your pluck has had a turn.

There must be a winner whenever there's a loser, so pick the happier prospect—since some one must stand the better show, resolve that you do.

Don't raise the dickens before you're scratched. Don't fall until you've fought. While the issue is still in doubt, assume that the odds belong to you.

Every time you fret and quail you simply bet yourself you'll fail.

Back up against your backbone. While grit is an asset you're not yet bankrupt.

When you surrender courage you have relinquished your God-gift—you've changed from a man to a mass of pulp.

Enthusiasm must subsist on strong food—it can't exist in jelly.

Don't capitulate—the next minute may be yours.

While you're clad in confidence and panoplied in Hope, it takes a real blow and a crashing hard one to smash you.

Strike until you're stricken. You earn as well as learn power in the struggle to attain it.

There's no need to knock you over if you won't stand up—cowards are self-thrashed.

The soldier who dwells on the chances against him is an ally of the enemy. An army in doubt is an army in rout.

Victory depends as much on hot enthusiasm as on cold steel. Weapons are only as effective as the zeal and valor that guide them.

Don't submit before you're hit—don't retreat until defeat.

You can't guard against a blow in the back—your eyes aren't pointed that way.

If you won't face your menace you can't efface it.

Reality is never as horrible as fancy. Terror is a magnifying emotion—it exaggerates—it never grants the benefit of the doubt.

From Tubal Cain to Krupp, blade and spear and gun have been more merciful than imagination.

Dread is a deadlier plague than tuberculosis.

Worry is a drug. It numbs reason—it deadens wit—it strangles force—it shackles daring.

The moment a brain begins to shrink it ceases to think.

Believe in the best with all the heart of you and all the soul of you.

The rainbow is as inevitable as the storm—but skies can't clear for those who fear.

A pessimist is a fool—he suffers in advance for pain that isn't delivered.

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Sunshine in the Heart

REV. CHAS. P. AKED, in "N. Y. Herald"

FOR these things are written parabolically! Where Christ is, there is sunshine. And he who has no sunshine in his heart, he hath not known Christ, neither hath he seen him. Wonderfully did a Hebrew prophet speak of the Sun of Righteousness with healing in his wings. Why wings? What has the sun to do with wings? The metaphor goes back to the Syrian worship of the sun, and doubtless to the cults of a yet more ancient Babylon. The special symbol of the radiant sungod was the solar disk, with wings issuing from either side to denote his omnipresent energy. This is Christianity. This is religion. And we have not realized the privilege of our high calling if we are not as the sun going forth in his might, if we too do not rise upon the night of gloom and fear with healing in our hearts. For health is contagious as well as disease. Enthusiasm is infectious, as the leader of every moral movement knows. Courage and cheerfulness are communicable by contact. We need a new germ theory of goodness and gladness; a bacteriology of efficiency, vigor, hopefulness, with light and life, not morbid growths and organisms, as the subject of investigation in the laboratories of God. When Alexander called the Great asked Diogenes of the Tub what he could do for him, the misanthrope bade the world-conqueror, "Stand out of my sunshine." What more could he do? And why should he wish to do less? No marvel that Alexander said that if he were not Alexander he would wish to be Diogenes. It is the least you can do—to stand out of the way and let your neighbor feel the sun. And who knows whether, in the long computation of the eternities of God, the most you can do may not be to become for him yourself the sunshine? Let them that love him be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might.

The uses of Scripture are manifold. The suggestions of ancient sage and seer, poet and prophet, are fresh and freshening in every age. Sometimes they are illumined for us by modern science in such a way as would astonish and delight the men from whose great souls they sprang. It is the sunshine which drives the Mauretania across the ocean waste and the Overland Limited across a continent. And the heat from the furnace in your home or from the cheerful coal fire beside which favored persons sit and dream is sunshine, too. Millions upon millions of years ago the sun gave off that heat. Matter having affinity with it caught it, sealed it, preserved it age by age; and now has yielded it as coal, and coal gives back its heat for the blessing of mankind. A thousand million years ago the good sun was laying in the gas for us, preparing for the Christmas hearth the great Yule log. The mighty energy has slumbered in depths of our dark earth; but the science and skill of man have loosed it, and at midnight it is radiant dawn.

And at once you have read the parable. We are in every way debtors to the past. Our liberty has been won for us by heroes dead and gone; our laws have been worked out for us by the empire-

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builders of the past; women whose hearts bled have cherished the love which has made brutes men and men divine; our religion is the gift to us of martyrs who lived and died for Christ.

Theirs were the sorrows, and ours be the morrows,
Bright for their pain, by their struggles made free;

and the life which streamed from them into the darkness of their world is the sunshine which floods our homes and our churches and our States and humanity itself. They saw visions and dreamed dreams. They saw the light and whence it flowed. They followed it in joy. Oh, brothers and sisters, children of the prophets and heirs of all the ages in the foremost files of time, will you pay back to futurity the debt you owe to the heroic ages of the past? You do not labor for yourselves. Generations yet unborn and centuries which are to come wait for the sunshine which you shall store up in institutions and laws, in civic purity and national righteousness and personal and private virtue. Your life shall not end at death. Though it seem to you that one day your mightiest achievement shall be but as the fading memory of a winter's day, I declare to you that it shall be more, infinitely and everlastingly more. It shall be, while nature sinks in years, as solar energy, the light and heat and power and glory of this old world. Let them that love Him be as the sun, when he goeth forth in his might.

A life must be either masterful or miserable—able to control itself, able to overcome obstacles, able to dominate circumstances, or else harried by many trifles into constant discontent.

DEVILS TO BE CAST OUT

Every time you take a definite stand for the attainment of a certain thing you set up opposition in consciousness. That is, the old states of mind try to go on exercising dominion as they have been accustomed to doing, and they meet the new thoughts and ideas which have become active in the mind. The result is conflict, which ends only with the complete crossing out of the errors. These are the devils which are to be cast out. They are simply states of mind that are adverse to Truth. They are your own creations. By your word you have formed them and given them a certain degree of life and intelligence. If you speak to them in the understanding of your Christ dominion and authority you can cast them out. But you must speak the word. When you know that I Am is your real seat of power you can be in absolute dominion over every thought. —*Charles Fillmore, in Unity.*

TREATING ALCOHOLISM

In treating against the use of alcoholic drink the student should be careful never to touch a case of that kind, except such persons desire such help; that is, provided they are compos mentis. If a person comes to you, desirous of being healed, make him promise before God that he will quit drinking and be satisfied in your consciousness that he wants to quit. Then pray, and the healing should be instantaneous in all such cases. The reason why failures occur sometimes in this class of work is because the drinker wants to drink and is unwilling to make a perfect surrender to God. Whenever he makes the perfect surrender then he receives the blessings and the healing is easy.

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Big Tasks and Little Tasks

EUGENE THWING

EVERY one of us who is good for anything is confronted by some task that is too big for his powers; but how different is the spirit with which one man and another may be seen, at times, to approach such work! The first sees only the bigness of the task and the littleness of his own power. Doubt and discouragement tug at his heart. He sees no hope of success. Defeat crushes him before he begins. The other man looks at the bigness of the undertaking and thrills with pride and eagerness in the knowledge that it is appointed to him to do a giant's work. He hears a challenge to his sturdy manhood, and all that is in him of power and determination responds to the call. Is he too little and weak now? Very well, he will make himself greater and stronger. Never mind the bigness of the task; he will tackle it at a single point first. By tomorrow, or the next day, he will have grown, and can take a firmer hold. Soon he will be bigger than his task; he will master it; it will be conquered and behind him, and he will be ready and eager for even greater work.

The world would stand still in ignorance and savagery if men were not constantly grappling with tasks far too big for their present powers. In every assault upon disease, in every battle for political or religious liberty, in every search for the hidden mysteries of science, men have been baffled again and again. The enormous tasks of the world's civilization and regeneration have presented frowning and seemingly impregnable fronts, but, behind, the glory light has shone, and man has rushed the more eagerly to the attack after every repulse. The blessing withheld is worth fighting for, and, like Jacob wrestling with the angel till break of day, even when his thigh was out of joint, man has always wrestled with tasks too big for him, and has exclaimed, "I will not let go until I prevail and win the blessing."

Man himself, at best, is weak and could never accomplish a very large task with his own power alone. He must find out and ally himself with the great external forces of nature and of God. The young man who sits at his little instrument in the ship's cabin and silently summons help from other ships and the shore hundreds of miles away is a giant of power, while the strongest seaman with the mightiest voice shouting through his hands out into the storm is a helpless pygmy before his task.

"Learn how" is the motto for every man, woman and child who has a task too big for single-handed power. Find out the force outside of self that may be summoned to be your obedient slave, as Aladdin summoned the genii to do his bidding. Every great invention has been the result of some man's search to find the right way to do a task that was too big for him before. It was too great a task to cross this wide continent on foot, so man summoned steam to drive his engines and haul his trains a mile a minute and annihilate the distance. As the population increased and spread over vast areas, and business demanded quick and constant intercourse, it was altogether too big a task to hold communication

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man with man. Morse grappled with the mighty problem and gave the world the telegraph. Still the task of communication was too big for ships at sea, until Marconi wrested more secrets from the very heavens and revealed the wonders of wireless telegraphy.

Man grows rapidly through his struggles and his victories. "Canst thou harness the lightning?" asked Jehovah of his servant Job three thousand years ago. The patriarch of Uz trembled at the thought as he saw the wild fire flashing through the heavens, and in awe he answered no. But years afterward Benjamin Franklin caught and bridled the lightning, Morse harnessed it, and Edison drives it whither he will. So docile and obedient has this mighty force been rendered by the men who found out how, that the children in our homes by turning a little button with two fingers daily perform tasks far beyond the power of the strongest, wisest men a few short years ago.

Obedience to the natural laws of the world and co-operation with them is the one secret, the one necessary condition of success in the doing of any work. Obey the great forces of nature and they will do your bidding. Disobey them and they will crush you utterly. Obey the lightning and it will send your messages, light your cities, operate your machinery. Disobey it and, in an instant, it will strike you dead. Obey fire and it will do your cooking and warm your houses in the bitterest winter. Disobey it and it will sweep your city from the face of the earth. Obey the fixed laws of business and you can build up a successful enterprise. Disobey them and commercial failure will overtake you.

Even in the physical labor of the individual there are laws as to the proper expenditure or conservation of energy which, if obeyed, make labor far easier and less exhausting. Every employee working for wages can, by careful searching, find out the laws affecting his relation to his work and to his employer, and his obedience to these laws will mean his advancement, while defiance or neglect of them will mean just as truly his retrogression and hardships. In the work of the home, the wise housewife who takes trouble to study and obey the many little laws of domestic economy, labor saving, and conservation of her own and her helpers' time and physical strength finds that friction is removed, backaches and heartaches avoided, and the home made a pleasanter place for herself and all who come into it.

More than all else, alliance with God himself, obedience of his laws, coming into personal harmony with the great spiritual forces will equip any man or woman for the task that is too big for human power. The noblest as well as the mightiest station in life is to be a "laborer together with God." No work of blessing or regeneration in the world is too great for the co-operation of man and God. Doubt and discouragement have no place in the heart of any human member of such a firm.

Have you a task too big for you? Thank God that you are not so little thought of that you must be condemned to do some *little task alone*. Thank God, with joy and eagerness in your heart, that he has appointed to you a task which will lift you up to higher powers, which will ennoble your life, which gives you the right to call upon him as your partner, and that henceforth it will be you and God in the struggle and in the victory.

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Horrors of Modern Warfare

A HIGH-GRADE modern rifle can be fired twenty-five times per minute. This gun will pierce sixty pine boards each one inch thick. It will kill a man at a distance of four miles. A bullet with sufficient force to pierce a one-inch pine board will kill a man or a horse. Actual tests show that the best modern rifles will force a bullet through a target made of the following combination: fifteen folds of cowhide, sixteen one-inch pine boards, and one and four-fifths inches of hard beech wood. Bullets fired from rifles used in the American Civil War would do little damage after passing into or through the bodies of soldiers in the front ranks. Men in the second and third ranks felt much protected by the bodies of men in front of them. All is different now. The best modern rifles will force a bullet through five horses at twenty-seven yards; four horses at 220 yards; two horses at 1,100 yards. Even as recently as the war of 1870-71 and the war of 1877-78, bullets from rifles then used in the German army would not pierce a human skull at a distance of 1,760 yards—one mile; but with the best modern rifles bullets can be fired through the thick bones of an ox at a range of 3,850 yards, about two and one-fifth miles. Experiments demonstrate that the best modern rifles will force a bullet through three human bodies at a range of 3,900 feet; and through five human bodies at 1,200 feet. In the American Civil War, bullets for long-range work had to be fired high, describing a long, high arch, thus missing all objects on the battlefield between the gun and the object aimed at. A bullet from a modern rifle will fly straight across the field for hundreds of yards with no elevation; even half a mile and more with but little elevation.

One modern gatling gun will tear a board fence to pieces a mile away in four minutes, and at a range of one mile it will gnaw off a foot-thick pine post in seven minutes.

It is reliably estimated that modern artillery is capable of doing one hundred and sixteen times more damage than the artillery used by the German army in 1870. Even the simple instrument known as the range-finder adds much to effectiveness; it enables soldiers to find the range in three minutes and pour death-dealing missiles into the opposing army.

Is it any wonder that Sherman said at the close of the Civil War: "I confess without shame that I am tired and sick of the war. Its glory is all moonshine. Even success the most brilliant is over dead and mangled bodies, and anguish and lamentations of distant families appealing to me for missing sons, husbands and fathers. It is only those who have not heard a shot nor heard the shrieks and groans of the wounded and lacerated that cry aloud for more blood, more vengeance, more desolation."

The heaven that does not in some sense begin on earth is not likely to begin anywhere.

Sunshine shows things in their right colors. So cheerfulness brings out the true colors of life.

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PEACEFUL THOUGHT

To enjoy constantly and always a peaceful mind we must under all conditions and circumstances beget peaceful thoughts. Peaceful thought is not the result of an act of will, nor dependent upon the attention; but it is the result of a peaceful mind sending out radiations of *peace,* which make peaceful thought of whatever is the attention and the will. A peaceful mind has peaceful thought constantly of everything it is related to; therefore, one who enjoys peace of soul and peace of mind always radiates peace and good-will to all things.

We must always be at peace in our bodies. To enjoy peace of body we must be at peace with our body, which is only possible through a peaceful mind. Our body is only what we recognize it to be mentally. A peaceful mind can only be cognizant of peace; therefore we find peace in a body which responds to the activities of a peaceful mind.

We pray for peaceful surroundings and environments, while we endeavor to get peace out of the world. We can never get peace out of the world; we must bring peace and good-will into the world.

If we are conscious of this *I am* Peace, which is the gift of the All Good, and enjoy a peaceful soul, a peaceful mind, and a peaceful body, we are a peaceful being, with the consciousness of the Father's peace. Only a peaceful being can bring peace and good-will into the world, because we cannot give, or make, or cause to be, that which we are not conscious of ourselves; and it will only be as good and perfect as we are conscious of goodness and perfection.—*Walter W. Raymond, in Unity.*

THE HEALTH HABIT

The spiritual forces inherent in life which makes for health and happiness and real success are perceived only dimly by the average man or woman.

Did you ever reflect you could "get the habit" of being healthy, and what a valuable habit it would be? In the first place, get into the habit of expecting to be healthy. Have you ever met people who say, "I haven't had a day's illness in fifteen, twenty, thirty years"? Not ill for thirty years! For such people to be ill would be astonishing, abnormal. They persist in being healthy, largely because they have lost any idea of expecting to be anything else.

To acquire the habit of health it is necessary to cultivate the habit of expecting it. Cultivate, too, the habit of cheerfulness in your daily occupation, of optimism in your daily reflections, of urbanity towards others, and consideration for their rights as well as extenuation for their failures. I believe we should be healthy in body, glad in heart, and aspiring in spirit.—*Selected.*

"Let your light shine before men," said Jesus, "that they may see your good works." That does not mean to be all the time talking about your religion—quite the opposite. True religion makes little noise. It takes a very light current of electricity to ring a doorbell. The current which makes the incandescent lamps glow is many, many times as powerful. What we want is not merely enough power to make a noise, but enough to glow so brilliantly that it will be impossible for anyone to be in our presence and fail to see the light.

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LINES TO S.

Julia Bacon, Beaumont, Texas

WHY singest thou that mournful strain,
The lonely "Wand'rer's Song"?
'Twill never ease thy bosom's pain,
Nor calm thy brow, nor cool thy brain,
But sad'ning thoughts prolong.

Art sighing, too, because thou hast
No friend that thou canst claim?
Methinks 'twere better far to cast
Such thoughts away; friends do not last,
When fall misfortunes thick and fast,
We wake to find the vision past,
And "friendship but a name."

What if the clouds hang dim and dark
O'er thy life's troubled sea?
Let Hope's star be thy beacon mark,
And onward guide thy little bark,
Steer bravely on the lee.

What if rude winds around thee rave
With fierce and chilling blast;
Be firm, be strong, be bold and brave,
And trust in God whose will can save
From threatning storms the life He gave.
Ride onward o'er the roughest wave,
Thou'lt reach the port at last.

WE COME IN GLORY FROM GOD

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath elsewhere had its setting,
And cometh from afar.
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But in trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.

—*William Wordsworth.*

UNLIMITED SUPPLY

Cheer up, honey!
De days dey move along,
An' 'mongst 'em you is sure to meet
De kind dat sings a song.
If you isn' smilin'
'Bout what has gone befo'
Keep standin' by to take yoh pick.
Dar's gineter be some mo'!

Clouds can't keep a-cloudin';
Sun is bound to shine.
If yesterday was out o' sorts
Tomorrow may be fine.
'Tain' no use o' mournin'
For days dat had to go.
Cheer up, honey!
Dar's gineter be some mo'!

IF WE HAVE NOT LEARNED

"If we have not learned that God's in man
And man in God again—
That 'to love thy God' is to love thy brother,
And 'to serve the Lord' is to serve each other—
Then Christ was born in vain!

If we have not learned that one man's life
In all men lives again;
That each man's battle fought alone
Is won—or lost—for every one—
Then Christ hath lived in vain!

If we have not learned of immortal life
And a future free from pain—
The kingdom of God in the heart of man
And the living world on heaven's plan—
Then Christ arose in vain!"

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IF WE ONLY UNDERSTOOD

If we knew the cares and trials,
Knew the efforts all in vain,
And the bitter disappointment,
Understood the loss and gain—
Would the grim eternal roughness
Seem—I wonder—just the same?
Should we help where now we hinder?
Should we pity where we blame?

Ah! we judge each other harshly,
Knowing not life's hidden force:
Knowing not the fount of action
Is less turbid at its source;
Seeing not amid the evil
All the golden grains of good;
And we'd love each other better
If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives
That surround each other's lives,
See the naked heart and spirit,
Know what spur the action gives,
Often we should find it better,
Purer than we judge we should,
We should love each other better
If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives,
See the good and bad within,
Often we should love the sinner
All the while we loathe the sin;
Could we know the powers working
To overthrow integrity,
We should judge each other's errors
With more patient charity.

—Rudyard Kipling.

The grandeur of strength is in silence,
In the power of quiet and will;
To turn from life's turmoil and worry;
To know, and to work, and "be still."

—S. Gertrude Cooley, in Unity.

STRENGTH

Who is the strong? Not he who puts to test
His sinews with the strong and proves the best;
But he who dwells where weaklings congregate,
And never lets his splendid strength abate.

Who is the good? Not he who walks each day
With moral men along the high, clean way;
But he who jostles gilded sin and shame,
Yet will not sell his honor or his name.

Who is the wise? Not he who from the start
With wisdom's followers has taken part;
But he who looks in folly's tempting eyes,
And turns away, perceiving her disguise.

Who is serene? Not he who flees his kind,
Some mountain fastness or some cave to find;
But he who in the city's noisiest scene,
Keeps calm within—He, only, is serene.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

SILENCE

In silence mighty things are wrought.
Silently builded, thought on thought,
Truth's temple greets the sky;
And like a citadel with towers,
The soul with her subservient powers
Is strengthened silently.

—Lynch.

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Wit and Humor

Smart Sayings and Flashes of Fun From Many Sources

LONDON TIPPING AND THE AMERICAN

An American tourist who has recently visited London gives his experience of the extent to which the "tipping" evil has developed at the big hotels. He went into the lavatory to wash his hands before luncheon, but seeing a notice on the mirror, "Please tip the basin after using," he rushed from the room, muttering, "No! I'll go dirty first."

After he had had luncheon he tipped the head waiter, the waiter's two helpers, the man who gave him his hat and gloves and the man who whistled for a taxicab. The vehicle rolled out into the Strand, and the American leaned back with a sigh of relief, when he was aware of a page boy running along beside the window.

"Well, what do you want," he asked savagely.

"A few coppers, sir—accordin' to the usual custom, sir," the boy panted.

"Why, what did you do?"

"If you please, sir," said the boy, "I saw you get into the cab!"—*Tit-Bits.*

A QUICK RETORT

Winston Churchill, the English political leader, was raising a mustache.

A fair lady was being taken into dinner by the budding politician.

"Mr. Churchill," she said, "I like your politics as little as your mustache."

His reply was on the instant: "Madam, you are not likely to come in contact with either."

JOB FOR AN EXPERT

A gang of navvies were employed on a railway contract removing earth with wheelbarrows. While proceeding with his work one of the navvies noticed that the wheel of his barrow was squealing terribly, and to put a stop to the noise he turned the barrow over, and was in the act of greasing it when the gauger noticed him and shouted out:

"Helloa, O'Brien; Helloa, sir! What the deuce are you doing?"

"I'm greasing my barrow, sir."

"Who told you to do that?"

"Sure, no one, sir. I took it upon myself."

"Well, don't let me catch you at it again. What do you know about machinery?"—*Tit-Bits.*

DESTINATION UNCERTAIN.

At the courts a case concerning motor driving was being heard, when the chauffeur declared that while driving at forty miles an hour he could, if necessary, pull up in ten or twelve feet.

"Um!" said the judge.

Then the next witness—an expert—gave his evidence. Said his lordship:

"If a motor car were traveling at forty miles an hour and the brakes could be put on in such a manner as to stop it within ten or twelve feet, where would the driver go?"

"Depends very much on the sort of life he'd been living," said the expert.—*Tit-Bits.*

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NOTHING SERIOUS

All was confusion on board the good ship Swallow. The officers' faces were grim; the ship was barely moving, and the captain held earnest confab with the sour-faced man in the brown overalls, who had come hurrying up from some of the unknown places below deck..

The passengers discussed the stiuation in little groups, and the moment the skipper left the man who held the monkey wrench the crowd darted for the commander.

It was an old lady who got in the first breathless question.

"Oh, captain, tell us!" she cried, "What is wrong?"

"Rudder," jerked the captain. "Piece of wreckage—rudder broken."

"Oh," sighed the old dame, in a tone of relief. "I thought it was something really serious. We needn't worry about that, after all. It's always under the water, so no one will notice it."—*Exchange.*

MIRACLE FOR SURE

"What was the Sunday school lesson about today, Billy?" we asked an East Cleveland boy whose parents are training him up in the way he should go.

"Gee, it was a swell lesson."

"Fine. What was it about?"

"About th' miracle where 7,000 fishes an' 5,000 loaves o' bread was fed to the twelve Epissels."

"You're mixed up a bit, son. Where does the miracle come in there?"

"Miracle. Gee! They Epissels didn't bust, did they? Where do you want any begger miracle th'n that?"

We didn't want any bigger one. We didn't want any miracle at all.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

DINNER BELL RHETORIC

"What's an epigram?" asked Mr. Cumrox.

"An epigram is something that sounds good but doesn't convey any reliable meaning.

"I get your idea. It's something like the dinner bell they used to ring at a place where I worked as a boy."

FACT AND FICTION

"I suppose your wandering boy will come home and pay the mortgage off the farm as they do in Christmas stories."

"No," erplied Farmer Corntossel; "that ain't his custom. When he gits through makin' suggestions it generally means another mortgage."

ONE OF THE NEGLECTED

"Dishere Santy Clause is s'posed to go around in a sleigh or sumpin' on Christmas eve, ain't he?" said Pickaninny Jim.

"Yassindeed, an' bring presents to everybody."

"I's been lookin' foh dem presents every winter. It looks to me like he were puttin' in his time jes' joy-ridin'."

AN OPTIMIST

Smithson was an optimist. To him there was a bright side to every mishap. His buoyancy of soul irritated some of his less cheerful friends. So, when Smithy lay on a hospital bed, weak from an operation which, after a railroad accident, necessitated the amputation of both of Smithson's feet, a visitor said: "Well, Smithy, this couldn't be much worse, could it?"

Smithson was game. He smiled wanly "Well," he said, "they were always cold, anyway."

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The Beauty of Sacrifice

RUTH CAMERON

THE shampoo lady was speaking of a period of nervous breakdown, which she underwent a few years ago.

"What caused it?" I asked.

"Well, you know," said the shampoo lady, "I would try to do so much and got overtired. I was foolish, I know, and mother tried her best to stop me, but there, I thought I had to have a hand in everyhing, and of course, ended by not being able to do anything."

A few days after this, we happened to be speaking of the shampoo lady and some one mentioned a time when she had brought herself to the verge of insanity by taking care of her mother who was an invalid for years.

Inquiry proved that this was the same breakdown which she had ascribed to her own carelessness, and further revealed the fact that it was really caused by her having given herself, heart, soul and body, to the care of the invalid mother.

Do you know, I think the shampoo lady fairly doubled the beauty of her sacrifice by the fineness of her attitude toward it?

There are a great many people in the world who are big enough to sacrifice and be praised.

There are very few people in the world big enough to sacrifice and be silent.

There are many people capable of great unselfishness if they can be spurred on by praise, gratitude and the consciousness that their friends regard them as martyrs.

There are comparatively few people capable of being thoroughly unselfish and taking as their only reward the consciousness of doing right.

And there are even fewer people capable of being thoroughly unselfish and not even realizing that they are so.

And that is the height that the shampoo lady evidenly had reached.

Undoubtedly, the conscious of itself, praised-by-the-world self-sacrifice has its reward.

In fact, it has most of that reward right now.

But somehow, maybe it's a queer notion, and yet somehow I have an idea that if there are rewards stored up for us, there is a far greater reward in store for the unconscious, unpraised self-sacrifice—greater by the addition of the recognition it did not ask on earth.

To sacrifice—

To sacrifice and be happy—

To sacrifice and be silent about it—

To sacrifice and be unconscious of it—

I think these are four great steps up the mount of character development.

Eye and ear are easy avenues to the heart. Unless we guard their gates, sin finds in them the short cut it seeks.

There is no truer happiness than the love of work, the results of which are manifest in the welfare of others.

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YESTERDAY AND TOMOROW

There are two days in the week upon which and about which I never worry. Two care-free days, kept sacredly free from fear and apprehension.

One of these days is yesterday. Yesterday, with all its cares and frets, with all its pains and aches, all its faults, its mistakes and blunders, has passed forever beyond the reach of my recall. All that it holds of my life, of wrong, regret and sorrow, is in the hands of the mighty love that can bring honey out of the rock and sweet waters out of the bitterest desert—the love that can make the wrong things right, that can turn weeping into laughter, that can give beauty for ashes, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, joy of the morning for the woe of the night.

Save for the beautiful memories, sweet and tender, which linger like the perfume of roses in the heart of the day that is gone, I have nothing to do with yesterday. It was mine; it is God's.

And the other day I do not worry about is tomorrow. Tomorrow with all its possible adversities, its burdens, its perils, its large promise and poor performance, its failures and mistakes, is as far beyond the reach of my mastery as its dead sister, yesterday. It is a day of God's. Its sun will rise in roseate splendor, or behind a mass of weeping clouds —but it will rise. O friends, it is only when, to the burdens and cares of today, carefully measured out to us by the infinite wisdom and might which gives with them the promise, "As thy day, so shall thy strength be," we willfully add the burdens of those two awful eternities—yesterday and tomorrow—such burdens as only the mighty God can sustain—that we break down. It isn't the experience of today that drives men mad. It is something that happened yesterday, the dread of tomorrow. It is God's day; it will be mine.

There is left for myself, then, but one day of the week—today. Any woman can fight the battles of today. Any woman can carry the burdens of just one day.

Therefore, I think, and I do, and I journey but one day at a time. That is the easy day. That is the man's day. Nay, rather, that is our day—God's and mine.—*Robert J. Burdette, D. D.*

THINK

God gave us minds to think, to work out our own salvation in a full and complete way. Let us stop thinking the dead thoughts of bygone generations. Let us stop thinking on the authority of another's thought. Let us know, once for all, that through the use of our own minds will come the truest and best solution of all questions presenting themselves to us in life. Think clearly. We must of necessity think clearly if our minds are illumined and made new from within. We must of necessity be positive in our thought if our minds are enlightened by the knowledge of an omnipotent, omniscient God working within us to will and to do. With our thought we shall shape and direct the force of life, giving it form in the outer world. Let us think, then, the God thoughts, creative and upbuilding thoughts, making for health of mind and strength of body. Through centering our thought on the things we want to be or do, the energy we use is not diverted into wrong channels, but finds perfect expression, and we accomplish what we will to accomplish.—*Charles Brodie Patterson.*

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Keep Peace With the World

A great while ago we heard a farmer say that when you hive bees you must be careful not to get to fighting with the bees. If a bee stings you, pay no attention. If a bee crawls over your nose, let him alone. For if you pick up a fuss with one bee you will soon have the whole swarm at you, and you are sure to get the worst of it.

We remembered this advice as applying to bees. But it took a good many years to learn that this advice applies to the treatment of people also. In dealing with the world we should be careful not to get to fighing with any one, or have misunderstandings with any one, or get into any personal contention with any one. Just as surely as we do we will find that the one will soon become two, then four, then eight, then sixteen, and so on until we have the whole world opposed to us.

The only way to keep at peace with the world is to keep at peace with every one in the world. If a person offers you an insult or a slight, do not notice it. If you resent it, two or three will come to the assistance of the first one, and so the plot will thicken, and the trouble widen until you find yourself involved in a multitude of details, out of which it will be very difficult to find your way. If differences arise, either ignore them entirely or get them adjusted amicably.

No one can afford to get into a contention with the whole world, or any part of it. It spoils a day to have a squabble. It destroys a week to have a misunderstanding, and sometimes a whole month goes for naught because of a foolish feud.

The old farmer was right. When you attempt to hive bees, ignore the conduct of a single bee, for the sake of the swarm. When dealing with men the same advice applies. Humanity is too great, and good, and interesting, to be disfigured or defamed by any special human being.

Grit, Hope and Courage

No adversity can make the great soul faint; indeed, to the great soul there is no adversity.

Great strength and great light come when we cease to faint. Without fainting we begin to build character. We all admire that soul which is all grit, hope and courage, and who lets nothing disturb his peace or tranquility, happen what may. That is character in its highest development. Self-pity and self-condemnation and craving for sympathy will weaken you in adversity and bring you to the fainting point. Have none of it. Be brave and courageous, endure silently and patiently. Speak of your adversity if you feel you need to do so, and then only as a condition of but passing moment, liking it unto the cloud which but momentarily obscures the blue vault of Heaven and the immensity of space, and then without whine or murmur or complaint.—*Freedom.*

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DO NOT THINK NARROWLY

Never allow yourself to think meanly, narrowly, poorly of yourself. Never regard yourself as weak, inefficient, diseased, but as perfect, complete, capable. Never think of the possibility of going through life a failure or a partial failure. Failure and misery are not for the man who has seen the God-side of himself, who has been in touch with divinity. They are for those who have never discovered themselves and their God-like qualities.

Stoutly assert that there is a place for you in the world, and that you are going to fill it like a man. Train yourself to expect great things of yourself. Never admit, even by your manner, that you think you are destined to do little things all your life.

It is marvelous what mental strength can be developed by the perpetual affirmation of vigorous fitness, strength, power, efficiency; these are thoughts and ideals that make a strong man.

The way to get the best out of yourself is to put things right up to yourself, handle yourself without gloves, and talk to yourself as you would to a son of yours who has great ability but who is not using half of it.—*Orison Swett Marden.*

THE TOUGH WAS SAFE

The noted Rabbi Hirsch had arisen to give his seat to a lady, but before she could take it a burly young fellow slid into it. The Rabbi looked very meaningly at him and, after an uncomfortable silence, the young fellow finally blurted out: "Well, what are you glarin' at me for? Want to eat me? Eh?"

"No," calmly replied the Rabbi, "I am forbidden to eat you—I am a Jew."

ONE TICK AT A TIME

There was once a pendulum waiting to be fixed on a new clock. It began to calculate how long it would be before the big wheels were worn out and its work was done. It would be expected to tick night and day, so many times a minute, sixty times that every hour, and twenty-four times that every day, and three hundred and sixty-five times that every year. It was awful! Quite a row of figures, enough to stagger you! Millions of ticks! "I can never do it," said the poor pendulum. But the clockmaker encouraged it. "You can do one tick at a time?" he said. "Oh, yes," the pendulum could do that. "Well," he said, "that is all which will be required of you." So the pendulum went to work, steadily ticking, one tick at a time, and it is ticking yet, quite cheerfully.—*D. L. Moody.*

THE ROSARY OF THE WORLD

Above the heart of God there lies
The Rosary of the Worlds—
Each world a hymn of perfect praise,
Each world a flame of living rays,
And strung with love.

O God of Life in Love.
O God of Love in Life!
To see the blue of one day's sky,
To hear the sound of one earth cry,
Is vibrant proof of Thee.

But to answer back in the strength of the worlds,
In one glad cry of exultant life,
Is to know the Thee in me;
Is to know the cross at the end of the beads,
And the meaning of the "Three."

—*Roberta England, in Unity.*

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A Woman to Women

WHATEVER sort of woman you plan to make your daughter, decide at once never to make her the complaining kind. Never was there a more effective kill-joy than the woman who cannot say a good word of anyone or anything. Whine, whine, whine, that is her morning song and her evening song. The weather? Oh, rather warm, and she could never stand warm weather. The flowers? Oh, rather pretty, but what a lot of trouble to take care of. The bread? Yes, it rose fairly well, but such a lot of trouble to make it.

Everybody has met her—the woman without friends. Indeed, it is more than friendship can stand, this eternal wailing. Discontented, morose, hateful to herself and to all she meets—don't let your daughter be that sort of a woman. You have heard of the "cheerful idiot," and probably don't want your daughter to be one. But any kind of idiot is preferable to the chronic pessimist. Maybe your daughter will grow up to be the sort of person who, when she falls and breaks her leg, will exclaim, giggling, "How ridiculous!" No matter if she does. That will be better than the sort of person who is always expecting that if she takes a walk she will fall down and break her neck—and to the disappointment of her acquaintances, doesn't.

Begin with your daughter now. Teach her not to complain needlessly. That is the whole secret. If she once gets into the habit of fidgeting and crying and complaining at little, needless things, it is astonishing with what rapidity she will develop into a chronic pleasure-spoiler. A woman afflicted with ingrowing discontent gets so that an expression of satisfaction is practically impossible for her. She opens her mouth with the resolve to say something pleasant, and in the end the remark is so modified by habit that it becomes the same old "growl."

The remedy is really a prevention. Start with the child when it is young. Teach it to be a "sport" in the good sense of bearing discomforts silently when these discomforts cannot be remedied. Do not listen to complaints unless they are just claims for redress. Do not encourage a selfish, mollycoddling way of looking at life. Teach the youngster to practice self control, and to look on the bright side of things. Teach her also to be resourceful and to make the best of each difficulty which comes in her path. In this way you will do your share toward stamping out that unbearable type of woman, crusty, cranky, always looking for trouble.—*English paper.*

Is not a religion that heals both soul and body better adapted for evangelizing the world than that which only professes to heal the soul? We have not a single instance in all Christ's work where He healed the soul before healing the body.

"Never say that you are in poverty. You are spirit, and spirit has boundless supply. What you say and think about yourself, you will express in the body. One that is constantly growing, spiritually, is always happy."

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LEND A HAND

Lend a hand to the falling.

Lend a hand to those misjudged.

Lend a hand to those under a cloud.

Lend a hand to the soul crushed with loss.

Lend a hand to the cramped and narrow lives.

Lend a hand to the doubting souls in the shadow.

Lend a hand to the fearful and timid in life's battle.

Lend a hand to the poor, fighting the wolf from the door.

Lend a hand—an open hand, a warm hand, a strong hand, an uplifting hand, a hand filled with mercy and help.

Lend a hand to the struggling student with scant means.

Lend a hand to the moral warrior fighting his battles alone.

Lend a hand to the boy struggling to culture his mind.

Lend a hand to the workers who seldom have recreation and rest.—*Temple of Health.*

THE HEALTHFULNESS OF FORGETTING

Much is said and written nowadays about cultivating the memory. Schools have been established for the purpose of teaching memory culture. Individuals are taught how to train the memory so that they may be able to retain impressions, remember the names of people, the date of different events, recall past experiences, and so on, and so on.

All a very good thing. A good memory is a very useful faculty to possess. It not only makes smooth the way of its possessor, but it is so much capital stock to his credit.

But with all our memory training we should also learn the art of forgetting. Perhaps more of us need to learn how to forget than to learn how to remember. Forgetting can be learned just as easily as remembering, but it requires exactly the opposite kind of training. Even learning how to forget the things we should forget will help us to remember the things we should remember.

The things that are unpleasant, the things that irritate, the things that make us feel bitter and unkind—these are the things we should forget.

MERE IMPERTINENCES OF FATE

I have, like other people, I suppose, made many resolutions that I have broken or only half kept; but the one which I send you, and which was in my mind long before it took the form of a resolution, is the keynote of my life. It is this—always to regard as mere impertinences of fate the handicaps which were placed upon my life almost at the beginning; I resolved that they should not crush or dwarf my soul, but rather be made to "blossom, like Aaron's rod, with flowers."—*Helen Keller.*

LIVING THE TRUTH

Had we the consciousness of all knowledge, it would avail us naught unless we used it. A man's house might be filled with gold and he still die of hunger if he failed to utilize its purchasng possibilities. It is knowledge, even a little, *put in practice,* that counts. It is living the truth we know which transforms, redeems, saves, and increases our realization of power.—*The New Way.*

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A PRAYER FOR THE BUSINESS GIRL

May this day bring my work nearer to a successful rendering.

Grant me patience for my task, cheerfulness in difficulties, entire loyalty to my employers, friendly helpfulness to my companions.

Keep all error and imprudence from my acts; teach me to avoid the hurried mood that results so often in errors. Though matters occur that may harass and annoy, help me to hold a serene and hopeful spirit.

Make my lips silent as to the faults of others, to gossip, to the repetition of hurtful rumors, to the affairs of others, to idle talk.

Make my hands deft and quick in the performance of my duties. Give me mind to plan for each emergency and to find a path through all tangles.

. Let kindly feeling pervade my day's work. Let me be thankful for it and give to me that pleasure in its doing that insures the integrity and proper fulfillment of all enterprises.

Guard me from a too selfish interest in my own advancement as part from my employer's projects. Help me to avoid all quick temper or harsh criticism, or the wish to gain on my associates through deceit or false dealing.

Save me from the vice of oversensitiveness, the feeling that any one wishes to injure me. Make me remember that each human heart has its own burden and that I give out to others I shall probably receive.

Let *Truth, Simplicity* and *Faith* be my watchwords.

And may the day's end bring joy in my work well done, hope for tomorrow, rest and healthful sleep.—*Kate Masterson in Denver Express.*

THE LITTLE FAULTS

You need not break the glasses of a telescope or coat them over with paint, in order to prevent you from seeing through them. Just breathe upon them, and the dew of your breath will shut out all the stars. So it does not require great crimes to hide the light of God's countenance. Little faults can do it just as well. Take a shield and cast a spear upon it, and it will leave in it one great dent. Prick it all over with a million little needle shafts and they will take the polish from it far more than the piercing of the spear. So it is not so much the great sins which take the freshness from our consciences as the numberless petty faults which we are all the while committing.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

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BLESSEDNESS

Blessed is he that expects much, hopes much, aspires much, and has an insatiable hunger and thirst for knowledge.

Blessed is he that knows that the so-called "incomprehensible" is comprehensible.

Blessed is he that thinks and reasons for himself—from within his *self*—and will have none of blind and vague beliefs, illusions and "dreams in the air."

Blessed is he who has an open mind, a broad mind and a deep mind, and is filled with love, tolerance and charity.

Blessed is he who knows that the law of eternal life is service—willing and cheerful service.

Blessed is he who knows that he punishes himself and that God is above all such petty and puerile acts as punishing or rewarding His children; that the All Father has established an eternal, changeless, beneficent law for *all*, and as we know and live in and under the law we are blessed; that all in the evolutionary process come in a while to live with the law.

BOOK NOTICE

We are in receipt of a book from the Unity Tract Society, of Kansas City, Mo., entitled, "Love the Supreme Gift," by Henry Drummond. Send all orders to the Unity Tract Society.

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When you have found your place you will be happy in it—contented, joyful, cheerful, energetic. The days will be all too short for you. Dinnertime and closing time will come before you realize it.

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You will not feel humiliated because you are a farmer, or a blacksmith, or a shoemaker; because, whatever your occupation or profession you will be an artist instead of an artisan.

You will not apologize because you are not this or that, because you will have found your place and will be satisfied.

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Your work will be a perpetual tonic to you. There will be no drudgery in it.

Life will be a glory, not a grind.—*Success Magazine.*

BE WILLING TO LEARN

The lazy, stubborn, ignorant man objects to being taught by others, but it is his own loss, for what he knows is but a small fraction of the accumulated knowledge of other people. He puts himself in bondage to ignorance, and goes through life handicapped with the obsessing thought, "What I don't know ain't worth knowing!"—*Lucy A. Mallory.*

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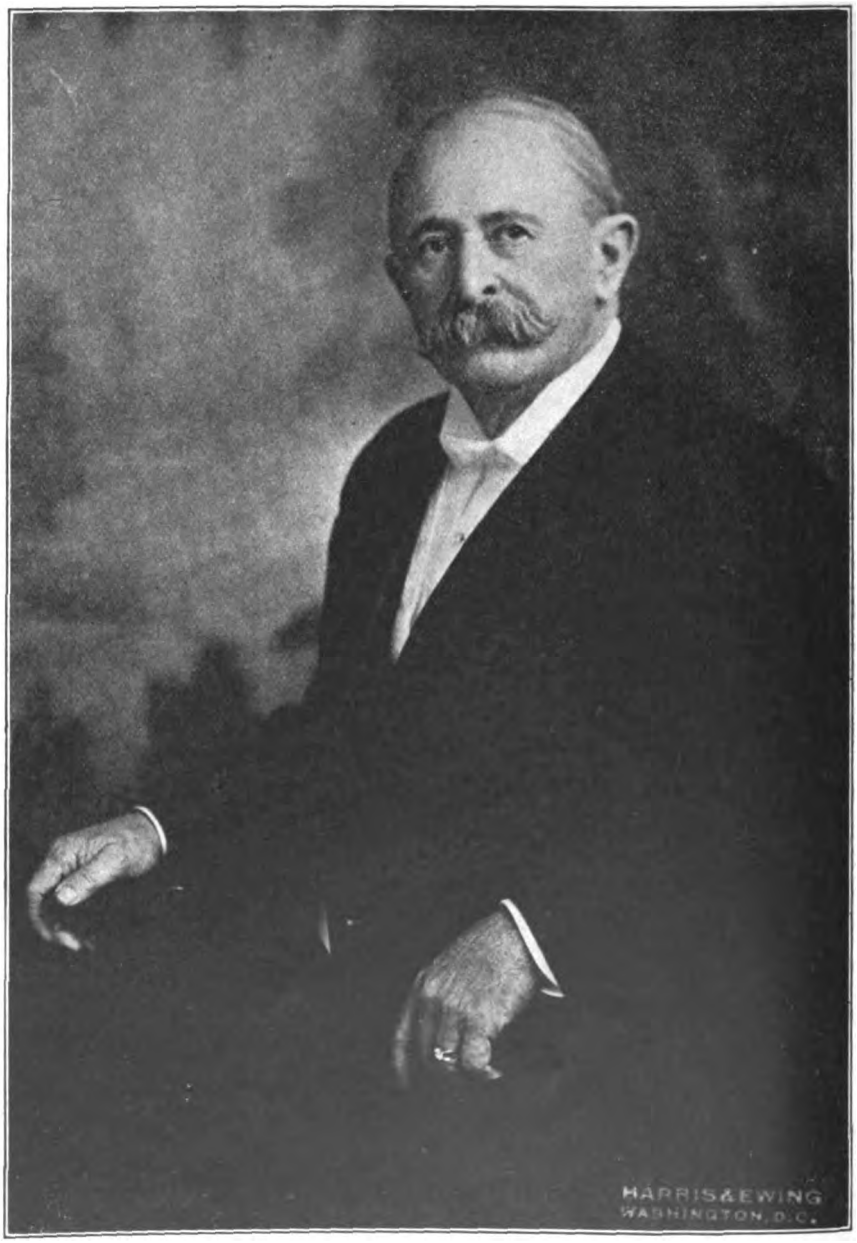

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VOLUME XVII. WASHINGTON, D. C., FEBRUARY, 1912. NUMBER 5.

Washington News Letter

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

1329 M Street Northwest, Washington, D. C., U. S. A.

OLIVER C. SABIN.....*Editor*
PAULINA B. SABIN.....*Managing Editor*
OLIVER C. SABIN, JR.....*Business Manager*

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The annual lecture course at Atlantic City will commence on July 20th and continue until August 11th. The lectures will be given in the Greek Temple, on Young's New Million Dollar Pier. The friends of our church throughout the world appreciate the great courtesy and kindness of Capt. John L. Young, who gives to the church free of charge the use of the temple during these twenty-one days.

When President Taft visited Atlantic City last year he dined with Captain and Mrs. Young, in their fairy palace builded upon the pier. Those who have seen the beautiful place are unanimous in their praise of it as a work of art surpassed by but few in the world.

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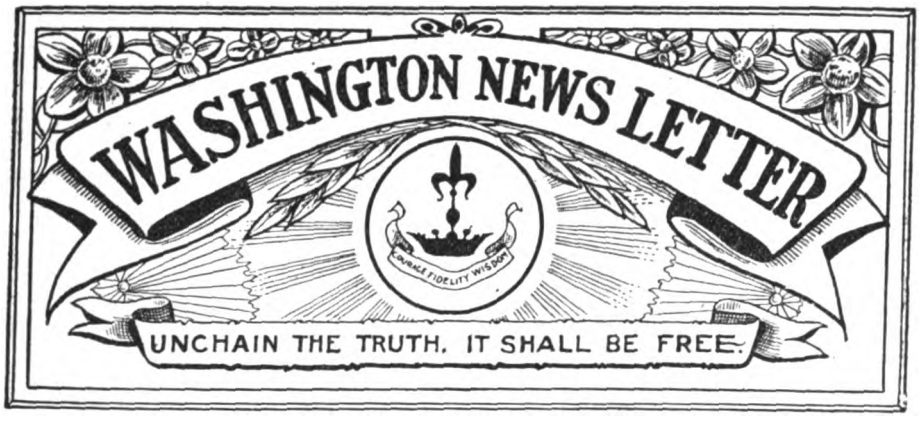

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we will give away a great many books and periodicals teaching how to heal the sick. Last year we gave away over 35,000, and we hope this year to exceed that record.

Mrs. Elizabeth Towne, the talented editress of Nautilus, will deliver a lecture during the course. The date of Mrs. Towne's lecture will be given in a later number of the News Letter.

Lovingly yours,

Oliver C. Sabin

Bishop.

Which One Do You Need?

HENRY F. COPE, in "Levels of Living"

Half of success is in seeing the significance of little things.

Sympathy is a key that fits the lock of any heart.

The religion that produces no sunshine is all moonshine.

There are too many hungry for love for any ever to talk of suffering from loneliness.

Another man's burden is the Christian's best badge.

When your face spells failure it's no use talking of the glory of your faith.

There's no argument equal to a happy smile.

Stealing sorrow is as much a sin as acquiring stolen joys.

Love never knows how much it gives nor what it costs.

The song of sympathy never comes until the singer has been to the school of sorrow.

True spirituality can see the altar in the cookstove and the washtub.

It's the common virtues that make uncommon saints.

Success is not in an endeavor to do a great thing, but in repeated endeavors to do greater things.

The surest way to impoverish your heart is to hoard up your love.

The long look within ourselves will cure us of a lot of impatience with other folks.

A life is an empty lamp without the oil of love.

The only way to have happiness as a permanent guest is to keep your door open to the helpless.

You are not likely to cheer the hearts of men by looking down in the mouth yourself.

Many a man thinks his life is clouded over when the truth is he is burying his head in the steam of his own sighings.

A merry heart kills more microbes than any medicine.

Tomorrow's burden is the only one that breaks the back of today.

Tears over yesterday's broken toys blind us to today's treasures.

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Chain of Golden Thoughts

February

PAULINA B. SABIN

Whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink in My name, * * * verily I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward.—Mark 9:41.

A generous mind never enjoys its possessions so much as when others are made partakers of them.—*Susan Hartley Swett.*

Give what you have. To some it would be better than you dare to think.—*Longfellow.*

Don't be selfish anywhere. Don't be selfish most of all in your religion. Let yourselves be free in your religion, and be utterly unselfish. Claim your freedom in service.—*Phillips Brooks.*

We ought to acquaint ourselves with the beautiful; we ought to contemplate it with rapture, and attempt to raise ourselves up to its height. And in order to gain that strength for that, we must keep ourselves thoroughly unselfish; we must not make it our own, but rather seek to communicate it; indeed, to make a sacrifice of it to those who are dear and precious to us.—*Goethe.*

The command is to love God and love your brother. This love must be carried out and become part and parcel of the one who would succeed in the realm of metaphysics. We must remember that one of the axiomatic laws of the divine is that as you sow, so shall you reap; therefore, be wise in your sowing, that the harvest may be a benediction not only to yourself but to all others in your environment. —*Bishop Sabin.*

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Practical Religion

LECTURE—BISHOP OLIVER C. SABIN

Before the Evangelical Christian Science Church

MY subject this morning is "Practical Religion."

Religion, if it is to be worth anything, must be practical. It should teach you how to live, how to control and how to succeed. If it does not do that, it is as the religions have been for years and centuries, and thousands of years gone by—not only worthless, but worse than worthless, because it becomes part and parcel of a machine that holds you down.

We have a practical religion. It is not demonstrated and shown to the world by long faces, sanctimonious looks, hypocritical protestations—the kind that will strain at a gnat and swallow a camel. That kind of religion is simply and utterly worthless. The religion that does you good and does the world good is the religion that teaches you how to live, teaches you how to love God and love your brother, teaches you to understand the law that as you sow you will reap, teaches you to be honest, upright and perfect in the sight of God and in the sight of man.

It is very easy, sometimes, for a person to cheat another out of a dollar or a cent—the principle is the same. You do not have to belong to this truth to be honest. Honesty is quality inherent in every man or woman who is disposed to do right. It does not make you a worse Presbyterian to be honest, or a worse Catholic, or anything else.

We have a religion here that teaches you that as you sow you will reap. If you take advantage of your brother, or fail in any respect to do right, you are going to reap the reward, and the one of whom you take advantage is in a better condition than you—very much better—for you will reap as you sow.

You are not to do right, and you do not do right, after you have learned this law of reciprocity, because you are afraid of the result. But you love to do right, because you love the right; you love to do good because it is the proper and right thing to do, and it becomes part and parcel of you—it is engrounded in your character, and you do right, not thinking "Because it is right I will do it," but you do it because you love to do right. It is the thing to do, and you do it without thinking.

In all of your dealings be on the square; and if anybody is going to suffer, always let yourself suffer. Never permit yourself for a moment to take the advantage of anybody, not because you are afraid to do it, but because it is proper and you love to do the proper thing.

I would not maliciously cheat a person out of a copper cent for all the world, nor would I want to cheat anybody out of a million dollars, and I know I would be strong enough to withstand the temptation were I so tempted. "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." I believe I would be strong enough, and it is the proper thing that I should be strong enough, to refuse.

Take the example of our Savior when

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He was taken on the Mount and shown all the world, and it was said to Him, "Now you can have it all if you will simply bow down and worship me." Jesus said, "Get thee behind me, Satan, for it is written thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve." That is the command, and that is the enunciation that you should make in various perplexing affairs as they come up to you in life. If there is an opportunity for apparent gain if you only swerve from the proper track, say, "Get thee behind me, Satan, for it is written thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve." And when any other kind of devil comes up and tempts you, it does not make any difference whether it is headache, rheumatism, sorrow, the feeling that you are going to the poorhouse, or whatever it is that confronts you, say to it, "Get thee behind me, Satan;" denounce it. "I am the perfect child of God Almighty" is the thought you want to keep in your consciousness all the time, and these apparent mishaps—sickness, or whatever it may be that confronts you—are lies, are untrue. "God Almighty's perfect child is perfect." Hold to that thought, and sooner or later it will emancipate you and set you free, because as long as you are the spiritual image and likeness of Infinite life, Infinite love and Infinite good, nothing but perfection can come near you, around you, or about you. Hold to your principles, stand by your guns; like Barnaby Rudge's raven, "Never say die."

The same rule will apply whenever the appearances of suffering loss of friends, catastrophes along the pathway of life, so-called, confront you. Remember, always, who you are; remember, always, what you are, and then apply the remedy as I have told you; and sooner or later that remedy will make itself manifest in your perfect restoration. Never is a vibration thrown out from an honest heart with a proper understanding but that sooner or later it will return with the answer, with the fulfillment, with the culmination of the thought involved. You are commanded to "ask, seek and knock, and you shall receive." The promises of the truth are as inevitable as the universal law of universal nature. There can be no failure.

Oftentimes this subject of financial difficulty confronts us and makes us more gloomy than any other one. It should not be.

There is more difficulty in demonstrating financial success than there is in demonstrating health. It is all done with the same principle, and substantially in the same way. You realize that God is all, that Good is all, and that all belongs to God Almighty, this Infinite Something that we love, that supplies us, that leads us, Infinite Life, Love, Good, Power, Wisdom. Understanding this God, this Something that carries us in His arms so long as we trust and will permit it, we want to realize that we are his children, that we are His heirs, and that all that is belongs to us, and we thank God Almighty in the name of Jesus Christ that that is true.

Stand by your guns. If you have not a crust, do not worry. Simply trust God. We have the promise that there will be no more danger of want or starvation, not a particle, because the promises of God will be fulfilled. The prophet was fed by the ravens, the widow's cruse of oil was replenished, the fishes were multiplied, and the same great laws that Jesus Christ and the prophets exercised

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and practiced are in vogue now, enforced now, and susceptible of being used now, the same as they ever were.

Get this hobgoblin of miracles out of your mind. There never was a miracle. A miracle is a disjointment of nature, and there never can be any such thing. Everything that Jesus Christ and the prophets did that was called a miracle was done in accordance with universal, unchangeable law, and this science of healing is done by an absolute set of rules. It is not simply to put your hand on the head and say you are God Almighty's child and I command this demon of evil to leave you. That is not a miracle. It simply brings you and the patient in contact with the universal law where there must be a result. Sometimes the result is not apparent instantaneously; sometimes it is where you can speak the word audibly. I have never known an exception where I could speak the word audibly. I believe I do know once where I spoke it audibly and there was not immediate result; but I know there will be results; it is the law that is unchangeable.

Suppose, for instance, there should be a disjointment of nature, this great system of the Infinite All in All and through All, anywhere. There would not be any harmony in the whole business any longer. If it were possible to break it in one point, it would be like the chain which is as strong only as its weakest link. The whole business would go to pieces like a rope of sand. It is an impossibility; and when we read where God repented Himself that He made mankind, and then concluded to drown them all like a set of rats, we realize, of course, we know, that God did not repent Himself at all. We know that everything that God made was good from the beginning. We know that He is unchangeable. Man himself had sinned, and he was the cause of his own destruction. It is because of this universal law of reaping as you sow that he received the reward of his evil actions.

This religion should make us better citizens. For the most of my life I was actively engaged in what was termed politics. I have learned to look over parties and look to the man. I used to think that the man was nothing but the machine of the party; that is a mistake. I can remember within the last thirty or forty years a President of one great party who found the country prosperous and left it in the ditch financially and almost in every other way. I remember another great man from the other great party, and I think there is but one word that suits that case, and we might term it "vaulting ambition." I think that pretty nearly fits it. I have seen the pictures of that man jumping over fences. He was perfectly honest, but had a zeal that took the country to the devil. Now, remember this, in politics to have an honest man behind you to commence on. If he is not honest all the parties outside of purgatory cannot make him honest. If you have equally honest men on one side and on the other, you can vote for which you please. My advice to all my friends, wherever they are in the coming campaign, is not to be led by glittering generalities. You want a conservative, upright, stable, honest man, and if you have one equally so in each of the great parties, then you can vote for which you please. If you have an honest man behind you, you will have a good administration, because the President of the United States, I believe, has more power

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today than any other chief officer of any of the great nations that are worthy of being called nations. I eliminate Russia from that category.

Take your religion, live by it, let it be your guide, sow the seed that you want to see returned in a proper crop, send out your love thoughts, practice the lovely principle that today pervades this entire Christian world, the principle of giving and of wanting to make somebody happy. Let that principle grow in you and let it remain, not only for the 25th day of December, but for every day in the year and every year in your life, that your life may be a million years, and simply commence it.

That is my religion; that is the goal I am working for. I am not working to live after I die; I am working how to live right here and keep from dying. I am not afraid of death, but I do not want to die, and the thing that least bothers me is the problem what is going to become of me if I should die. That is a proposition that we will meet. As our Savior said: "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." We are going to live right here and now, if we will just hang by our guns and stay there.

Life's Mistakes

DR. J. W. WINKLEY, Editor "Practical Ideals"

Somebody has condensed the mistakes of life and arrived at the conclusion that there are fourteen of them. Most people would say, if they told the truth, that there was no limit to the mistakes of life, that they were like the drops in the ocean or the sands on the shore in number, but it is well to be accurate. Here, then, are the fourteen great mistakes:

It is a great mistake to set up our own standard of right and wrong and judge other people accordingly.

To measure the enjoyment of others by our own.

To expect uniformity of opinion in this world.

To look for judgment and experience in youth.

To endeavor to mold all dispositions alike.

To yield to immaterial trifles.

To look for perfection in our own actions.

To worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied.

Not to alleviate all that needs alleviation just as far as it is in our power.

Not to make allowances for the infirmities of others.

To consider everything impossible that we cannot perform.

To believe only what our finite minds can grasp.

To expect to be able to understand everything.

The greatest mistake is to live for time alone, when any moment may launch us into eternity.

Now won't someone give us the fourteen or more great correct things to do or think that will prevent the mistakes?

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Think of It

DR. JOHN DAVID MILES

SCRIPTURE teaches us that man is made in the image of God, with power and dominion, a free agent to choose good or evil. The writers of sacred history took special pains to impress upon the minds of all rational beings the fact of the existence of a true and eternal Omnipotent, Omnipresent, Omniscient God, who created all that was created and pronounced it "very good."

To understand the love of our Supreme Creator, the mind must be correctly informed, otherwise we could never appreciate the Allness and Goodness of the Holy Spirit. Man in the creation was made Holy. And the Lord spoke unto Moses, saying, "Speak unto all the congregation of the children of Israel and say unto them, 'Ye shall be Holy, for I, the Lord your God, am Holy.'" It is easy to understand from this quotation that God demonstrated the fact that man, being the image of the Holy Spirit, must be Holy.

Think for a few moments, dear reader, what this means for man, when God declares that He has taken man into union with Himself He pronounces him Holy.

"When God directed the building of a temple He called it His Holy house," and all things used in the temple, such as robes and vessels in the service of the Lord, were called Holy. The ground that Moses stood upon when God appeared to him in Horeb was "Holy ground."

Think of the great love that God has for man in creating him in His image and Holiness. If we would enjoy this Holiness and drink from the fountain of Love we must realize that God is Infinite; not that He can be Holy, but that He is Holy. When we realize the Allness and Oneness of Omnipotence we can exemplify the Holiness of God in doing His will. We must have Holiness (God) as our recognized and constant companion, every act and thought must be measured by the Mosaic Law, and we must know that God is the invisible inspector of our every thought, motive and act.

If we would be Holy, like Jesus, we must recognize the Spirit of Truth, which is the vital spark of Eternal Life, implanted in the soul or conscience of every human being.

"Every man's word shall be his burden," so the Bible tells us, and all scientists know from experience and knowledge gained by practice that when thinking we are throwing into vibration thoughts that make for good or evil. Christology teaches us that we can send out the power of thought and demonstrate whatever we desire if we will have faith. And we have the promise of Jehovah that, "If ye shall ask anything in My name I will do it."

In order to be filled with the love and power of Truth and be able to have Faith that will heal the sick and demonstrate prosperity, we must seek the silence, and be still, listen, turn to the within, "look deeply into" the subconscious mind, or inner self, and become "illuminated with the radiance of the Holy Spirit" and filled with Love, Harmony and Tranquility. We can then demonstrate as Christ did and live in God's beautiful sunshine and "love Him because He first loved us."

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The Christian's Duty

LECTURE—BISHOP OLIVER C. SABIN

Before the Evangelical Christian Science Church

WE ARE commanded by our Savior to let our light so shine that the world can see it and be guided thereby. We are told not to place our light under a bushel so that it cannot be seen, but to place it where it can be seen. Our church is not free from those who carry their lights around under a bushel. I know a great many students who understand this truth well enough to demonstrate it and teach others, but from whom it would be almost as difficult to get anything as it would be to pull an iron girder from a building. They simply say, "I cannot do it." Of course we know that is not true. They should know that it is not true. Every person can tell what he knows.

It used to be a very frequent excuse when I was in college studying upon some of those deeper questions to tell the professor that I knew this or that but could not tell it. I have never yet found a professor who believed a word of that excuse. They were always practical enough to insist that if I knew anything I could tell it, and I tell you that anybody else can tell what he knows. If one says he cannot, or if he says "No," he places a stone wall before him that he is unable to get over; in other words, he has placed his light under a bushel and is there held by the inexorable law of self-condemnation, and the only way the operation of that law can be arrested is by himself, by going back and praying to this Infinite God to give him the power to do.

We are commanded to take this gospel of peace, this gospel of good news, this gospel that Jesus Christ had been teaching His Disciples during the years of His ministry and preach it unto all the world. In His last conversation had with His Disciples prior to His ascension, Christ said to take it and preach it to all the world, and as an evidence that they were telling the truth and teaching the truth, certain signs would follow those who believed in their teaching. Go to your ministry throughout the broad world, I do not care under what flag they sail or in what country they live, unless their preaching shows to others the power of the truth which enables them to do these wonderful things, which Jesus Christ said they could do, such teachers are teaching error and not the truth. They ease their consciences by saying that the days of miracles are past; whereas, there never was a miracle; there never could be any such thing as a miracle any more than you could pluck a star from the firmament.

God Almighty's laws are fixed upon eternal, unchangeable principle. There is no variation, and can be none, from the everlasting to the everlasting. If we believe, as is understood by the word, that a miracle is something outside of the natural law, then there must be a change in the natural law, which is an impossibility. All healing, as practiced by this church, and by every other person who understands how to heal, is done through the power of Infinite law. A great many persons heal ignorantly by the use of the

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law. I have done that myself, when I spoke to a young man who was suffering from erysipelas and told he need no longer lie in bed, that he was a well man; there, unconsciously, I spoke the word and the healing was instantaneous. This was on Saturday afternoon; the man's eye had been closed and his face and chest and arms swollen; on Monday morning the man went to work. The word was spoken unconsciously, but it was the spoken word that did the work; it was the scientific enunciation that God was all, and that God was truth, and that all that is is good, and in the phraseology given out, it partook of the nature of what Peter and John told the man when they were walking up to the temple and the beggar asked for alms: "Silver and gold have we none, but such as we have, give we unto thee. In the name of Jesus Christ, get up and walk." There was the spoken word.

I doubt if anybody could ever speak the word and there not be an instantaneous healing. I never have been able to speak the word unless there was an instantaneous healing, and my daily prayer is that God Almighty give me the power to speak the word, and He will give us the power to speak the word, and there are many of us present who will go out in the byways and the highways to heal by the hundreds and the thousands by the spoken word. It is coming. The days of Jesus Christ's teachings are being now fulfilled and the truth that gives the world its freedom is being taught, and as that is taught understandingly, the truth manifests itself and destroys all error. Therefore, one of the duties of a Christian is to preach the word, teach the word, and heal the sick.

In your teaching and in your preaching, if you term it preaching, you must not confine your efforts to the healing of the sick alone. Here you have the world before you in its inharmonious condition, the same as it was in the days of our Savior. Sorrow walks abroad, hundreds and millions of people are bowed down with grief through ignorance of the truth; teach them that all that is is good, that all that is is love, and that that Divine love covers them and they live in it as the fishes live in the sea and that nothing can come near them, around them or about them but Infinite love. Let them understand that thoroughly. If it is grief over a lost friend let them understand that their friend is not dead, that there is no such thing as death, for Infinite life cannot die. As if you change your coat and went from one room to another you can pass through what is called death, but there is no death, and you go right on with your work. You have simply got to go right on with your work; you have to work out your own salvation there as well as here. You can teach others what to do and how to do, but they must do it themselves. All you can do is to point the way and God Almighty's love does the work. You must work out your own salvation through prayer, realization and perfection as given through Divine love.

We look at the world and find it a scramble for existence—all kinds of schemes under the guise of religion, under the guise of charity, under the guise of objects that are concocted and thrown out to the public to get the public to throw in its money to build up a lot of unholy practices. We see a scramble for the almighty dollar almost from the cradle to the grave. That is all error. You are the heirs of Infinite love and Infinite good; all that is is yours.

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and you are entitled to it, and if you do not receive it it is your own fault. You are entitled to everything you want that is good, and all that is is good.

They say, "How am I going to get it? I am working on a salary." You are commanded to commit your ways unto the Lord and trust and He will bring it to pass. When I came into this work I had no more idea of changing my business affairs than I had of flying; not the slightest idea. I had no more idea of being a Christian Science healer than I had of flying. The cases that came to me I invariably turned over to other healers, but the combinations came in such a way that I seemingly had nothing to do with it; and if I had been taken by the back of the neck and lifted out of my chair and put down at another desk and told to write religion, write about this truth, and give it to the world, the change could not have had any more effect than it had. The first article on religion I ever wrote in my life was apparently as good as any I have written since. It was the first article I ever asked God to help me write, and I do not know why it is not as good as any I have written since.

If you put your trust in God Almighty —ask, seek and knock, realize your perfection, who you are and what you are—you can do what you please, because you will be pleased to do as you are led. Always in your prayer affirm this: That God Almighty leads you; that God Almighty does prevent you from making mistakes; that God Almighty does bless you and give you all prosperity—and then trust. Do this and you are bound to succeed, but if you ask God in accordance with our mode of praying, affirming that you have this and thanking God for its manifestation, and then go out and watch to see whether God has given it to you or not, doubting whether it can be done this way or that, not only that but wanting to answer your prayer yourself, you get the desert fruit. Every time you bite into that orange you find it is ashes. "Except you become as little children" you cannot enter into this kingdom of harmony, were the words of our Savior. Trust, and know you will never lack for prosperity nor success.

The Christian's duty is manifest from my remarks. Your life is devoted to the upbuilding and helping of others. You are not commanded to devote yourself to these affairs of life and get into this seeming scramble that is everywhere, but you are commanded not to do it; you are commanded to let the morrow take care of itself. "Oh," you say, "if everybody would do that everything would go into chaos, and we would all starve to death." Such an indictment as that is simply saying that Infinite mind does not know how to control. Let everybody do as he is led, and stop this scheming, and all will have success along every line; will have perfect health, will have perfect happiness; sorrow will be banished, fear will be destroyed, and their whole lives will be an upright, good, happiness, joy, sunshine and perfection. Do this and you are in line where the truth has made you free, and that is our duty—to teach this great truth in every way we can teach it.

I do not mean by that this indiscriminate going around and healing people who do not believe in it at all—there is nothing whatever in that. I felt when I first came into this work that I wanted to treat every thing that was in misery, but as a rule one has no right to do that. If a person shoves error under your very sight, deny it. I very often ask persons

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how they are feeling, not for the purpose of finding out what the matter is, for I know that nothing is the matter with them, but I want to find out how it apparently affects their minds. We know that all is good, that God is all, and in all and through all, and these so-called manifestations of diseases are manifestations of error and when confronted by the truth are destroyed. If we should give actual countenance to disease we could not heal.

In your teaching and in your preaching always remember that love alone guides you, and whatever you do and everything you do you do in love and you have the broadest charity for those who do not understand as you do. I believe that if you searched this town over you could not have found a more unreasonable man than I was thirteen years ago. I was so pig-headed that I would not let people talk to me about religion, and if I could not get rid of them in any other way I would leave them. If I had heard the words "Christian Science," unless it had come to me in the peculiar way that it did, I would have put it down as the trick of a mountebank, or something that I had no use for; but God pointed the way by furnishing proof, and He is opening the way to others all the time. Every day we receive letters to that effect, and that wonderful uplifting of the mentality where the truth is being given out, and it makes me rejoice that we, all of us, are doing our duty as best we can. There are various ways in which you can teach. You can send it out by your money if you cannot go yourself; you can send out the books and the literature and the church paper, and as you sow you reap. If I could only get that thought into the people's minds of course you would all be better. I am the better for it.

The more you give out in that way the more you receive. It comes back to you. Do not be afraid to loosen up the heart-strings of your inner self and let the sunshine of God Almighty freedom down into you, and see how much better you will feel, see how much greater and broader you will grow, and how much better you can heal the sick.

Let love dominate every fiber in your heart, of your affection, of your mind, and let that love extend not only to God but to your brother, wherever you find him. In the degree that you are enabled to practice this, in that degree will God bless you, and God does bless us, because we reap the crop of our sowing.

ANVIL SPARKS

Who persists in sin believes a lie.

The golden moments cannot be redeemed with gold.

One never climbs the mountain with his face to the valley.

Harmony is a good thing, provided it has the proper keynote.

Foolishness is not in the lack of brains, but in the silly use of them.

The road by which one runs away from duty is an air-line to trouble.

A sacrifice that is still regretted has not yet found its way to the altar.

Losing the spirit of youth, and not the passing of the years, brings age.

The devil never cares how many resolutions you make to reform tomorrow.

No vice is too little to be feared; the microbes of some diseases are so minute that they have never yet been discovered.

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HARRIET DOANE PRENTISS

MAKE IT A HABIT

Keep your spirits up, not down;
View life with a smile, not a frown;
Let all your care and troubles
Go bursting into bubbles,
The victory of joy your efforts crown.

When you see the blues a-coming,
Never meet them half way running,
No matter how or where they get their source.
Do not fix a place to hold them,
Make your thoughts begin to mold them,
They will then be quickly robbed of power and force.

Should life seem at times a trial,
Change the current to denial,
Turn the thoughts to courage, peace and love;
Do not listen to the chatter
Of distress from earthly matter,
Let wisdom always guide you from above.

With sunlight in your heart a-shining,
There will be no room for pining,
Cheerfulness will e'er your thoughts express;
Clouds are always 'neath the sunshine,
Matter under spirit's ensign;
Remember this, it will your mind refresh.

Start your brightest thoughts a-singing,
Let them thrill you with their ringing,
Then listen to the rhythm they impart.
Soon you'll find yourself rejoicing,
And a happy impulse voicing
Sweet music which is soothing to the heart.

Let us always work with pleasure,
Get of life a rich, full measure,
Never meet the morning with a frown;
Start the principle to working,
Let no morbid thoughts come lurking,
Always keep your spirits up, not down.

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The Only Wisdom

CHARLES EDGAR PRATHER

HE ONLY is wise who is illumined by Infinite Intelligence—God, for God is the only Wisdom. The wise man, therefore, is he who is not "wise in his own conceit," but knows of a truth that the One Perfect Mind is the Light of him which reveals the true nature and substance of all things, and its harmonious law of relation and expression.

When one conforms in thought, and therefore in his living, to externals, to appearances, to the seeming, without this true understanding as to what they are and how they operate, he is the "foolish man" who builds upon the sands, which are ever shirting and changing and therefore unstable as a foundation.

A structure to stand must have a sure and safe foundation; otherwise the building will in time crack, crumble and fall. This applies to every phase of Life's expression—in business, society, religion.

There is but one foundation upon which one can safely build. We call it God, Spirit, the Omnipresence. Moreover, the work of God is already built and is complete. All that is necessary is for one to let the Light reveal the Perfection which now is. But the process by which we reach this realization is likened unto building—constructive thought, unfoldment or growth.

There is but one Law. The Law of Life is the Law of Health. The Law of Health is the Law of Supply, and the Law of Supply is the Law of Business. Is it any wonder that one seems sick if he violates the Law of Business or the Law of Love or the Law of Harmony in any of its phases?

"Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it."

The first essential in successful building in Business is a right attitude of thought. "Attitude" means one's disposition, inclination, feeling, towards a thing. Therefore, the right attitude is to be in harmony with the fact or truth of the Universe—God. Then will he know that of himself (personally) he can do nothing; but the "Father within him, he doeth the work."

This was forcefully illustrated by Jesus, in his declarations, claiming nothing for himself as Jesus, but through his conscious unity with the "Father," he could do all things, and he knew "all that the Father hath is mine." He saw no lack, no failure, for he was aware of the Infinite Resource from which he could draw for every need. Even the angels ministered unto him.

Doubt, fear, worry close one's vision to success. That is, when one beclouds his mentality with things of sense in and of themselves, he loses sight of the Power within, and so-called failure attends his efforts. But when he knows, through the revelation of Truth, that he is but the avenue, the channel through which God is expressing His fullness, he knows only success, for "God is the fullness that filleth all in all."

This brings the quality of Integrity into active co-operation; which means literally in one—in the Only One; working with God, in God, and thus express-

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ing honesty, reliability, justice, truthfulness.

Diligence, perseverance, naturally unfold in this true building in business. It is "the hand of the diligent that maketh rich," through steadfastness of purpose, faithfulness in details, and consecration (making sacred) of co-operation.

Living consciously with God is the royal road to success in business as in health, for "no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly."

HEAVEN IS WITHIN

Mary E. Stevens, in "Practical Ideals"

Far-searching eyes that seek to penetrate
The veil that does the great hereafter hide;
And thou, who thinkest Heaven's blessed state
Is found alone upon the other side,
When Death's dark river has been safely crossed,
Turn thy eyes inward that do search afar,
Let not the visions thou may'st see be lost,
For surely shines there Bethlehem's dear star
Pointing to where the spirit of the Christ
Waits birth anew within thy growing soul.
In its sweet presence earth is sacrificed
And Truth in all its fullness doth unroll.
For where Christ dwells within this inner sphere
No further need'st thou seek, for Heaven is here.

CHIPS FROM THE OLD BLOCK

Keep on the sunny side of the street of Life.

Always look on the bright sunny side of things.

There is always the sunny side to be found—if we only look for it.

Those who walk in the light of the sun grow to be sunny.

Those who face the sun soon reflect its rays.

Blessed be the man or woman with the southern exposure.

Leave the gloom, the shadows and the darkness to those who like them—let us seek the sun, like true Children of Light.

In the dark corners dwell the slimy, creeping things—there is the home of Fear, Worry, Hate, Jealousy and the rest of the foul brood.

On the sunny side dwell Love and the children of Love.

The down-turned mouth, the fishy eye, the clammy hand-clasp—these things grow in the darkness.

On the sunny side are found the up-turned corners of the mouth, the twinkling eye, the hearty hand-clasp.

The dark corners and shadows breed the Gloomy Gus species.

The sunny side produces the Sunny Jims.

The sun kills the microbes of Negative Thought—the gloom and darkness is their birthplace and favorite dwelling.

Keep on the sunny side until 10 o'clock in the morning—the rest of the day will take care of itself.

Get into the sunny habit.

Get out of the gloom.

Be sunny!

Smile!

Why not?—*William Walker Atkinson.*

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Mind Controls.

LECTURE—BISHOP OLIVER C. SABIN

Before the Evangelical Christian Science Church

THE subject this morning is "Mind Controls."

When we consider that God is mind, and that there is in reality but one mind, of course the proposition is axiomatic proof, because there can be nothing contrary to God, if God mind is all.

We divide this subject of mind in our discourses into three divisions for the purpose of illustration. Of course, we know that the Infinite mind is All, and that all ultimately goes back to the All, but there is the mind to that that we term the subconscious mind. This is the mind through which we heal all sickness. Without the thought back of it the spoken word has no power. When we speak the word the thought goes behind it.

There is another mind in this division, and that is the proposition that we are going to discuss today. It is called the conscious mind. It is the mind that is controlled by what we term the five senses. We hear something and the evidence of mind, the evidence of our hearing, causes us to believe or disbelieve, as the case may be. We see something and we are governed by the thought that seeing is knowing, and so with all of the various so-called affairs of life.

This conscious mind controls our condition here until we advance upward into the Divine and allow the Divine to control. Take a person in whose conscious mind is the suggestion that he is sick. He has what is termed feelings, and he feels sick, and he may have what he calls pains and aches, and he feels the pains and aches and he is filled with fear, which intensifies this so-called conscious mind and makes it more rabid in its evil work.

So along every branch of human endeavor. Here is a person engaged in business. Business is dull and he has debts that perhaps are pressing him. He becomes fearful, and the more he fears and the more he becomes depressed the more certain he is to fail. You never saw anybody in your life succeed who did not believe in himself; now, mark you, this is a broad statement. Take the man in business who believes in his business and believes in its success, who looks upon the bright side of things. He makes money. Take another man. He may have an apparently good business. Ask him how business is, and he replies that it is awful. Watch him for a few years and he will be an utter failure. The so-called mind controls.

Now consider the boy who believes in himself. Read the history of any great financier whom this country has produced, along legitimate lines—your great financial kings. Every one believed in himself and every one always had an indomitable faith. Take, for instance, Rockefeller. When he was young and in his financial boyhood every dollar he could get he put into his business; kept putting it in and kept borrowing and putting it in. He never had a waver about himself. You may say he did not obtain his money legitimately. He did,

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under the forms of law, obtain it legitimately. Rebates and all those things in those days were allowed and all practiced those things. Rockefeller's great success was due to his indomitable faith in himself. Take Harriman, take Jay Gould, take the Vanderbilts, the Astors, the elder ones who started at the bottom with their fortunes; they were men of indomitable will, every one of them a giant; every one believed in himself.

Mind controls. It controls the big things as well as the little things. Take the boy, for instance, that has visions of future greatness, and let those things dwell in his mind constantly, and in manhood he will develop greater things than he dreamed of because of the indomitable mind and belief in himself. All of you perhaps know, more or less, instances of that character.

On the other hand, in all of the avenues of God's intercourse with the human family, there is no place for a coward; there is no place where God puts him at all. A coward is always a failure—his mind controls him, and he draws a blank every time. If you want to strengthen your mind obtain the power from the Infinite, go to the Source of All, realize that you are one in one, that you live, move, and have your being in this All, this Infinite Mind. Affirm that it does control and does lead you and does direct you and fills you with firm faith and perfect consistency and prevents your making mistakes. Remember that the Infinite controls all if you ask, seek and knock. Therefore, when you want great success for anything, go to the power where success is given, go to the Infinite Mind, and there in a perfect realization of what you are and who you are, demand of the Infinite that which belongs to you. I used to wish that we could ask or command the sick to be cured, as the Apostles used to do, but as I learned our rights I not only knew that we had those rights, but I knew the reasons we were not exercising it were first ignorance and then cowardice.

We are told to ask, seek and knock. We ask through this conscious mind, we seek through the subconscious mind, and we command by virtue of the power and dominion that God Almighty has given us. Therefore, the mind to be effective, must be arrogant, so to speak; must demand its rights, must be satisfied with nothing less. You are entitled to all; therefore demand it, and continue to demand, until you have it. The Infinite mind loves better to give than we love to receive, but we have to come in the scientific way with a perfect understanding, and then the earth and the fullness thereof belongs to us, and all we have to do is to reach out our hands and take it.

In our healing of the sick we do not come petitioning like babies and say, "Please, Father, do this or that." We grasp the situation. As the couplet says:

"Tender handed touch the nettle, and it
stings you for your pains;
"Grasp it like a man of mettle, and it
soft as silk remains."

The thought is take hold, grasp; it is yours, you are a hero, you have the power of God Almighty given to you; it belongs to you, use it and be satisfied with nothing short of perfection, and then when you throw a thought to the sick, you call into play the forces of the Infinite. You have done your part, and the answer must be affirmative. It cannot be anything else. In all of our healing that is the thought that makes success. Mind does control.

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I find my time has nearly expired, but in a general way permit me to say this: Purify this outer mind; do not permit yourself to grovel in the carnal mind with things of life that only drag down. Remember what was read in your presence this morning by our brother. Carnal mind is the father of death, it is the destruction of spirituality, and if you are to be great in the world you must be spiritual and not permit yourself to run after anything but the clean work of God Almighty, and in the degree that you can consecrate yourself to this work, to this pure thought, in that degree you become strong, you become mighty, you become effective; you become what you should be, a child of God Almighty, in the full enjoyment of His power and dominion.

PUBLIC SPEAKING

John Bright's Advice

"Don't speak unless you have something to say. Don't be tempted to go on after you have said it," was the advice of John Bright, the orator. His biographer, R. B. O'Brien, says that he took great pains in the preparation of his speeches. He thought the subject over night and day, and sometimes committed the peroration and other important passages to memory, although in the main he trusted to the inspiration of the moment for the words in which to clothe his ideas. Writing to a correspondent in 1888, Bright said:

"As to modes of preparation for speaking, it seems to me that every man would readily discover what suits him best.

"To speak without preparation, especially on great and solemn topics, is rashness, and cannot be recommended. When I intend to speak on anything that seems to me important, I consider what it is that I wish to impress upon my audience.

"I do not write my facts or my arguments, but make notes on two or three slips of note paper, giving the line of argument and leaving the words to come at call while I am speaking. There are occasionally short passages which for accuracy I may write down, as sometimes, almost invariably, the concluding words or sentences may be written."

Upon one occasion he gave G. W. E. Russell some hints about speechmaking. "Of course," writes Mr. Russell, "I cannot recall verbally what he said, but it was like this:

"'You can't prepare your subject too thoroughly, but it is easy to over-prepare your words. Divide your subject into two or three or more main sections. For each section prepare an "island." By this I mean a carefully-prepared sentence to clinch your argument. Make this the conclusion of the section, and then trust yourself to swim to the next "island." Keep the best "island" for the peroration of the speech, and then at once sit down.'"—*Youth's Companion.*

COULDN'T STAND THE ALTITUDE

A lady visiting Colorado suffered greatly from the elevation. One day after an attack of breathlessness she sighed out: "I am sure I shall die!" "Will you go to heaven if you die?" inquired her little son, anxiously. "I hope so, dear." The small boy burst into tears. "Oh, mother, dear," he sobbed, "don't go to heaven. You could never stand the altitude."

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Elimination

HARRIET DOANE PRENTISS

ONE of the most difficult things for man to understand is the idea of an invisble supply, ever ready to meet the demand of human attainment.

It is not easy to realize the potency, or the indestructibility of thought; or to understand that thought is ceaselessly building itself into visibility.

When we grasp the idea of the omnipotence and power of thought, we will eliminate the friction which grinds so hard at the wheels of life in the form of adversity, depression and discontent, by exercising more discretion in the choice of our thinking. We will not have for our thought companion an element of mind with which we do not literally care to mingle.

According to present-day reasoning, we are working with an exact law, and are victims of our own attitude of mind, in every experience we meet. The problems given us to solve are drawn to us by the power of our own attraction.

If man were not permitted to work out his own destiny, he would be robbed of his freedom; as it is, he is able to choose, but must abide by the decision of his opinions.

When we are better acquainted with the laws by which we are governed, and know that every thought we think is a live vibration, we will begin a process of elimination and direct our attention to a proper adjustment of ideas. We will separate the chaff from the wheat, and by a process of discarding will purify our world of unpleasant experiences.

The sun shines, but unless we go out into it we do not feel its warmth or realize its brightness. Mind operates ceaselessly, but unless we come under the influence of its good, happy, courageous, prosperous thoughts we do not realize their blessing. So long as we mingle with morbidness and depression we cannot realize a paradise of delight.

We are free to choose, but in order to secure the happiness of our birthright, we must be careful in our selection of mental pictures. Thoughtout-pictures in expression according to its quality. Every experience one has is the result of well or misdirected thought energy.

Poverty is the outcome of wrong habits of mind. Sickness is perverted thinking, and health, prosperity and opulence are the culmination of constructive mental vibrations.

If we would change the conditions of depression and adversity into channels of prosperity and harmony, we must do so by a process of elimination and not through the method of endurance. Constructive thinking will bring about a change of action which will readjust our lives and draw to us the thing we desire.

Mind has an inlet and an outlet. What comes in must go out, to complete the circle of its expression.

Activity of mind is its life; activity of body shows its life in the mind which operates it.

To know God is to know all the laws of mind and the possibilities of its variation, action and reaction. The only Creator we have is the invisible substance

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of Infinite Mind, which is back (and the projecting substance) of every visible expression of the universe.

We are children of God, because we are projections of mind. We are outpicturing the quality we are generating in our own consciousness. We are a part of the activity of thought, and are the result of our own conception of ideas. Our world is but a reflection of our habitual attitude of mind.

We are not called upon to follow the law of distress, but by a belief in its governing power we can be victims to it, and will verify its conditions.

We are building for ourselves, and for the world, the quality of thought, in which we place our confidence. The things we see are only the result of right or wrong thinking. In order to better conditions we must begin a process of elimination; we must discard the mental pictures of distress by replacing them with perfect ideals. We must counteract disease with the antidote of its opposite suggestion. Poverty must be eliminated by a thought of supply greater than the demand.

The circle of mind must find its completion in action. We must first form our ideal picture in mind, and then weave it into being through a process of doing. The world will never be improved by its present mode of enduring what it believes it cannot correct. It can only be redeemed through the power of attraction and elimination.

There are ways and means at our command to free ourselves from every adverse condition of life and make of earth a paradise. Mind can accomplish anything, and when properly utilized will build for us an eternity of right adjustment.

To achieve perfection and realize a life of harmony, prosperity and health, it is necessary to "Think no evil, see no evil, fear no evil, and overcome evil with good."

"He that doeth the will of God (good) abideth forever."

SMILE

"Were I to take to heart every disappointment and every unpleasantness, and frown, I should soon become aged in looks. As it is, I smile when troubles come, and it is wonderful how trouble disappears. I do not know what wrinkles mean, and besides I have learned what true happiness is. So if I were asked what was my advice to women who want to be beautiful, I should simply say, 'Smile.'"

Employes of the Boston Opera House assert that Mme. Melis is the one singer whom they have always found cheerfully smiling, no matter what the difficulty.

"I have made quite a lot of progress in English," says Mme. Melis, "and I attribute it also to my smile, for were I unable to smile I could never have mastered the difficulties of the 'w' and the 'th.' People think that it is good nature that produces this smile. I maintain that it is the smile that is responsible for a sunny disposition. Who will deny but a sunny disposition is the best beauty doctor in the world?"—*The Boston Herald.*

As the light of the lamp dispels in a moment the darkness that has reigned for a hundred years in a room, so a single ray of divine light from the throne of mercy illumines our hearts and frees it from the darkness of a life-long sin.—*Ramakrishna.*

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Healing Power of Truth

LECTURE—BISHOP OLIVER C. SABIN

Before the Evangelical Christian Science Church.

"THE Healing Power of Truth" is the subject of the lecture this morning, and in discussing this subject I want to talk to you along logical lines.

Understand one thing, that all truths are eternal; one truth never crosses the other, and truths always run parallel. If the power ever existed to heal by the application of the truth, that power exists today. There never was a beginning or ending of any truth, for truths are all as old as God Himself, without beginning and without end.

Our Savior told us that we should know the truth and the truth would make us free. Now that meant not freedom of the body, as we would say relating to a person who is enslaved, bodily enslavement, but it meant freedom in every respect—freedom from disease, freedom from sorrow, freedom from poverty, freedom from all the environments of life that have a tendency, according to human diction, to drag you down and make you unhappy. In other words, it manumits you, sends you forth into the world a perfect child of God Almighty, living in His love. That is in some degree what freedom means.

This power of truth to heal has apparently almost been wiped off the board, and the board is a blank, where used to be written the eternal law. I asked my father, when I was fifteen years old, how it was that the power to heal did not exist as it did in the days of our Savior and the Apostles. My father was a minister, and he said we did not need it now; that the power to heal was given to the early Apostles to prove that their mission was of God. Twelve years ago, when I came into this work, I gave out a challenge to the ministry and Bible historians and the historians of all ancient writings other than the Bible, declaring that the promise that Jesus Christ gave to his Disciples in His last remarks, when He told them to go into all the world and preach the gospel, and that certain signs should follow those who believed; that that promise had never been taken back, either directly or indirectly, by innuendo or otherwise, but that it stood forth today the same promise as it was when it was given, and the only reason why it was not manifested was because the teachers did not teach the truth.

Everybody is not dishonest who does not know the truth. The woman who throws her baby into the jaws of the crocodile is perfectly honest, and her heart is rent, but she is enabled to throw her baby to certain death because she believes it to be the will of that great Divine thought, that awful something, the world does not know what.

We cannot say that everybody who does not believe as we believe is insincere, because that is not true; it would be unjust, and if we had a philosophy that would stand upon the basis of build-

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ing up prejudices against others, misrepresenting, or of trying to drag down anyone else in the advancement of our cause, we would have a false philosophy, and if our philosophy does not stand upon its own ground, prove itself by its own works, it is not worth believing.

The ministry do not believe for two reasons. The honest ministers do not believe because they cannot do these things themselves. They say, "I have been taught theology from my college days until now," and some of them have made it a profound study all those years in perfect sincerity, but they commenced their study from a wrong standpoint, and their prayers, instead of being a benefit and raising people up, actually depress them. Very frequently I receive letters from the friends of patients, asking me if I want them to help pray, and in one instance I received a letter saying they would have a whole church help. I answered "No," and while my correspondent may not have understood me, I told her their prayers instead of being a benefit are a source of depression, and have the tendency to keep the patient down rather than uplift.

I will try to explain that. We apply the truth from the standpoint that God Almighty good is all; that He is in all, through all, permeates all existence, and is Omnipresent Life, Love, Good, Perfection, and that this so-called evil disease is only real as it appears, but unreal in reality and the application of the truth destroys it. When you name the so-called disease, when you give it countenance, you have fastened it upon your patient.

Therefore, I do not want anybody treating my patients who does not understand how to pray. The orthodox people in praying plead with God to heal a person of a certain disease, naming it, whereas we do not recognize disease at all as a reality. Another reason why they do not know how to heal is they pray to a Being who does not exist. When Constantine made the Christian religion the religion of the church of the Byzantine Empire, in order to appease the so-called pagans, he filled the church with idols, with personal gods. So long as we have any memory of man, before written history, we find there were gods in the family. It used to be that the oldest son was the god; when he died, the next oldest son was the god. When Jacob was running away with his wives, Rachel thought she would take a few of the family gods along. Laban came after them with a great retinue of servants to bring them back to justice for stealing the gods. Rachel, with the ingenuity of her race, which has not entirely left them yet, outgeneraled the old man and kept her gods, and no harm was done. I narrate this instance to show you that they had family gods. It turned out later that whenever they would get a great king, the zenith or acme of his ambition was to be worshipped as a great god. It did not make much difference, however, what he was worshipped for. Alexander the Great wanted to be worshipped because he was the god who could drink the most whiskey.

Singular as it may seem, history proves that the human family ever want somebody to worship. They not only want to be worshipped, but they want someone to worship. That is all absurd. The great God we worship is Life, Love, Good, Power, Wisdom, in All and through All, and, in addition to that, there is Something there that we love because It takes us in Its arms and car-

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ries us along the pathway of life, strewing our ways with happiness, with health, with harmony, leading us and directing us in everything; and It gives you a God you can love, gives you a God who is worthy of being loved. Omnipresent, as broad as the universe, wherever Life is that is God manifest. There are no metes and bounds and no person, but there is a personality; this beautiful Something. The Apostle told us you cannot understand it now, but by and by you will, because you will see Him as He is, and you will be like Him.

It is enough for me to know that God is Love, Good, Omnipresent, and hears our every want, our every prayer, and grants that for which we ask.

These are reasons why the orthodox ministry do not know how to heal the sick. They have a wrong conception of the Deity. They worship a personal rather than a personality of God. I know when that idea struck me first I held up my hands in horror, but when I learned to get down into it and I saw its philosophy, then I could see the beauty of the God we worship today.

The power of Truth is the declaration of the Truth. For instance, if a person is flushed with fever, make the realization that he is the image and likeness of the Infinite Good, Infinite God; that he lives, moves and has his being in this Infinite Spirit, God—make that declaration in your heart, throw it into the vibration, speak it either audibly or inaudibly and it will destroy that fever, if it is an acute case, in ten minutes. I never knew a case to last longer than one hour and twenty minutes. You can kill cases of acute fever every time with the thought of the Truth, and that thought is that there is no such thing as fever, that God Almighty Good is all and this manifestation of so-called fever is a lie. That is the thought.

You do not have to treat persons an hour and twenty minutes. We treat them probably as our Savior did, but not so well yet. He said that by and by we could do the work He did. We work along the lines which He worked. We speak the word and the healing is done. Other times it does not come in that way and comes other ways, but it is all done by the application of this Truth.

The ministry, believing as they do that there is no such thing as healing, teach that error to their followers and they believe it, and of all the opposition we have against the advancement of this Truth, it is their ignorance that is at the bottom. Of course the doctors oppose it, but the doctors know it is true, but the ministry do not, and they will not study it they are so filled with prejudice.

I believe it would be possible to take the entire ministry of this town and in a lesson course of six or eight weeks teach them so that 75 per cent of them would become good healers. They could all become good healers if they were honest, but sometimes it takes stronger work to overcome one mentality and drive out all errors than it does to treat hundreds of others. I have very seldom found a student who came with an honest purpose who was not at the end of a month's teaching a good healer.

A lady came from Chicago to go through one of my classes. She always sat at the further end of the room, shaking her head a great deal of the time. She brought her prejudices with her, and instead of coming to learn what I had to teach she came to combat it in her own mind. She never learned anything and the teaching did not do her any good. Some time afterward I received

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a letter from my son in Maine, saying that this woman wanted me to send her some money or she would commit suicide. She had not paid anything for her class instruction, and I did not think I was called upon to send her money.

I think a person who has a finished product, and that product is error, has outlived his usefulness until he changes. It is something like Mrs. Eddy when she finished her book, "Key to the Scriptures," and Mohammed when he finished his book, "The Koran." They thought that those books should be the only books read. I do not think so. I do not think that there is any science in this world that has ever had more than its fly leaf scratched. I do not care what your science is, whether it is mathematics, chemistry, or the other sciences, only the fly leaf has been scratched, and the very best work we do in this Evangelical Christian Science Church, we do in direct violation of what Mrs. Eddy says should be done.

The leader of the Eddy scientists, Mr. Farlow, castigated me because I was touching people when I healed them. Our Savior said, "Thou shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover," and in another place it says they brought all their sick to Jesus and He laid His hands on them and every one was cured. I am not talking against the Eddy people. I always say this, in regard to that church, where they do good, I thank God Almighty for it; if they teach error it is not for me, it is for them. I have nothing to do with their teachings, have no criticisms to make, and so far as we go we follow along the lines of self-demonstration, follow along the lines that Jesus indicated to His Disciples when He said, "If you do not believe me, believe me for the very work's sake." If you cannot take My words, let the work sustain My words, and show that this is the Truth, and the Truth that makes you free.

Now, my friends, here is a great broad platform, broad enough for the whole world to stand upon. Brotherly love and love for God Almighty are the only platform upon which we base our principles. It is the only confession of faith, "Love God and love your brother." If you want to do anything else along the lines of your church beliefs, do it. If you want to be baptized, be baptized, it will not hurt you; and whether you take it by sprinkling or immersion makes no difference—the great Truth, the great essential, is as Jesus Christ says, "Love God and love your brother." Put these two commands into practice, stand by them and learn your lesson along the lines of science; learn how to pray and you can heal the sick and prove your philosophy by the signs that follow. You do not have to ask anybody then if your philosophy is true. You know it is true, because you can demonstrate it.

Now, study and ask God Almighty in this way: God does teach me how to study; God does give me wisdom to apply the knowledge; God does open up my mentality, and allows this truth to go into it and teach me the way that leads to the healing of the sick and the proof that this religion is true, if it be called a religion, and I ask this in the name of Jesus Christ.

They ask me why it is that I always ask, "In the name of Jesus Christ?" I say it is the promise, "Whatever you ask in My name, believing, that ye shall receive."

I do it for another reason. Results prove that it is right, because there is no other church that approximately heals

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the sick as does this Evangelical Church; there is no church on the face of the earth that does as this church is doing. Here is a church that has been running for twelve years, and I have been the financial sponsor for it from its start, and during the present year one of our monthly balances, after all was paid, was twenty-three cents, and if we ever have a balance of one hundred dollars after any pay day, we feel flush. It is a day by day, God Almighty supply. There is no more worry about money in this church than there is about air to breathe. It all comes from the one Source, and is supplied by the one Bountiful Supply. The Children of Israel, while marching through the wilderness, were forbidden to take any more than they needed for the one day, and if they did take more than enough for one day, we are told that it spoiled.

Our religion is the religion that teaches you that you are in Heaven now; because you have harmony, the kingdom of God is within you. Our Savior says, "You cannot say lo! here, or lo! there is Heaven, but the Kingdom of God is within you;" it is a condition of mind. You can make yourself, or unmake yourself. You are responsible for your own condition by your own thoughts; therefore, let the future take care of itself. Thank God that He does lead me, that He does take care of me, and does watch over me, and that I have no care for it and no worry about it, for God Almighty love takes care of me and covers me, and nothing can come near me or around about me but perfection, happiness, comfort and harmony.

Now, that is the way to live; that is the only religion worth living, for you do not have to be dodging around to keep out of hell. That has gone by, but very few people believe in hell now compared to the number that did believe in it. The world is growing. As the old negro preacher in Richmond said, "The world do move," and it is moving in this that we are growing broader, that the truth is being disseminated throughout the world, is being taught and the people are learning to look at things from a sensible standpoint.

Tom Payne and Bob Ingersoll and that class of men had some truth, but they did not have the Truth that we have. Bob Ingersoll had truth enough in him to destroy lots of the old "isms" that had been created in the minds of the people for centuries past, but he did not know of the beautiful future, the streets of harmony that are paved with gold, the blue skies of Heaven, and the sunshine to walk in and eternal happiness forever and forever with deathless life. Had he had had that then he would have been a philosopher fitted for the present age. But we have much to be thankful for that the world is moving. Our Savior says preach the gospel, and that is our mission, and heal the sick, and with God's help we are doing it, and with God's help each of you should do the same.

OLD MAN BORROW

Old man Borrow's everywhere,
Borrowing trouble, borrowing care,
Borrowing grief when life is bright,
Borrowing gloom when hearts are light.
Old man Borrow's at the door
Of Mr. Rich and Mr. Poor,
Borrowing ache, and borrowing pain,
Borrowing shadow, borrowing rain,
Always wants to borrow care,
If you've got enough to spare.

Practical Ideals.

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My Good

H. EMILIE CADY

"THE good that is for me is my God. My God is Life, Intelligence, Love, Substance, Omnipresence, Omnipotence, Omniscience . . . My God is my Good, my Intelligence, my Love, my Substance."

Was there ever a more sweeping, all-comprehensive statement of Truth than the above, formulated, I think, by our beloved friend and teacher, Emma Curtis Hopkins, a few years ago? The Spirit of all the good there is in the Universe is God. He is the Substance of all things. He is the Invisible Something pushing through the old, apparently lifeless buds just now as "newness of Life" where only death has seemed to be for months. He is the Resurrection Power. He, the perfect life, is thus always trying to get into manifestation through grass and trees and people, through all visibly imperfect things, to make each absolutely perfect of its kind.

He, God the Father, is the great whole of Love. There is but one Love in all this universe, but an infinity of its manifestations—a little came forth here and a little there into visibility. We speak of our love or our life or our power to do, or our substance (material). There is but One, one great universal whole of Love, of Power, of Intelligence, of Life, of Substance, and this One comes forth through millions of forms and manifestations. We try to cultivate love; the mortal tries to get to itself power; power to rule other mortals, power to get money, power to be at the head. We try to use our brain to get success in business. Everything fails. Why? Because we have been running out after the *visible manifestation* without knowing or realizing that the external must of necessity be a manifestation of the within.

Our study, our dealings should be directly with this Something within, with this same Life, this same Omnipresent Power that silently and all unseen pushes itself through the withered bud from within. It needs no help, neither can the carnal or mortal mind find out by study its manner of working. Like the wind "it bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth." It makes no splurge to attract attention, and it calls for no human approval or disapproval. It just follows the law of its being to manifest all the fullness of good and beauty and perfection.

This Infinite God, our Father, the perfect, great whole at the foundation of all visible good, seems to have but one all-including desire, viz: to get into manifestation as *fullness* to *overflowing*, of Life, Love, Power, Wisdom, Substance. He is the great, inexhaustible reservoir of all Good, of no use or satisfaction to himself only as he can come forth into visibility in some form of perfection. The coming forth of this incomprehensible fullness must always be through the Christ, the spark of Divinity at the center of every created thing, which is the fountain of all Good within us, ever supplied and replenished from the great reservoir of unlimited Good, and from which it is never separated. There is no other way

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under heaven for any good to come to us, no other name given whereby the human may be saved and filled and renewed but by the way of the Christ.

What do we want today of Good? "The Good that is for me is *my God.*" Does that mean that I must be content with a sort of intangible, indefinite, unsatisfactory realization of an invisible God, and have nothing that one wants in this life, give up all longing for beautiful things and for the good here and now? Not at all. "The good that is for me is *my God.*" Turn the statement around and see what it really means "My God is my Good. My God is my life (the life and health of this body which is a visible good); my God is my Love (which fills to visible fullness the desire for companionship); my God is my Substance, (which is visible supply and support). My God IS. Not my God will give me life, love, wisdom, substance, but "My God IS my life, my love, my wisdom, my support."

Do you believe he IS? If so, where is your God this moment? Is he far away? Is he ever separated from you? Could he be for one instant separated from you and you not cease to exist? Nay, verily. He is the great whole, the *one* beside whom there is none other. And all the life, love, wisdom, whatever good we have ever known has been because of the constant outflow of this one through the Christ, the anointed, at the center of each one's being, into visibility. When let, unhindered by our doubts and fears, our tenseness and unbelief, it flows out from the invisible just as it flows out from the center of the apparently dead buds and blades of grass until it becomes visible, and we see with these mortal eyes "newness of life" in our bodies and in all our affairs.

This "Newness," this "Fullness," this Substance, all unformed as it is, always takes the form of that through which it flows, "to every seed his own body." "There is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds," to be sure. There are trees and grass and man; but One is the Life of all.

There is more life desired, there is more wisdom needed, there seems lack of substance. This Newness, this Fullness which is inexhaustible, unchangeable, unfailing, comes forth in obedience to our spoken word and becomes newness and fullness with just the form of body (or visible form) we claim for it.

My God is my life, my wisdom, my power, my substance. Is not my God here, right here present with me now wherever I am? Is he not in this Christ within me (I in them and thou in me) waiting to start silently and invisibly, into active movement toward visibility as "newness" and "fullness" in the present seeming lack, just as he does in the grass and buds, until *perfect fullness* reigns in every department of my life where I believed emptiness reigned?

Think no longer that your good of whatever nature is separated from you by either time or space. How can it be so, when "My God is my Good" and my God is never absent from me? Neither time nor space, nor the cunning or selfishness of any mortal man can separate you from your own. Can anything get between God and his Christ in you? Impossible, for the Christ is very God of very God come forth from the bosom of the Father. Can God be separated from himself? Can anything or any personality get between you and your indwelling Christ? Not for an instant. "For I am persuaded

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that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present nor things to come, nor hight, nor depth, nor any other creature (created thing) shall be able to separate us from the love (the Presence) of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

"My God is my Good." Can anything, then, get between me and my good, between you and your good, (no matter what form of good either of us desire,) either now or ever? Is not our good now and always "hid with Christ in God" ready to manifest itself at our persistent bidding? My Christ within me is the way of access to all my good. This is the Open Door through which all my Good, my life, my power, my wisdom, my intelligence, my substance must come into my visible possession as a reality. My God (in Christ) is my support and my defense made visible.

Why I Can

HENRY HARRISON BROWN

THE first affirmation for health of mind, body or business is: I Can! Before doing there must be a consciousness of Power to do. This consciousness finds expression in the words, "I Can!"

This affirmation must arise from some reasonable conclusion, and from some knowledge gained by experience. My reason must be based upon some premise, and here lies the error of the masses. Instead of looking within for cause, they hold circumstances of birth, environment, heredity, shape of head, the conduct of others, the influence of the stars, the Karma of previous lives, hypnotic power from without, the influence of evil and secret thoughts of associates, as causes, and the consequence is that they excuse their non-doing by these scapegoats of ignorance, indolence and fear and, thus excusing themselves, never get beyond their errors. As a boy I was taught, "What man has done I can do." "Because I am man, I can," is one good answer to the question, "Why can I?"

But, if each individual of the race did only what man has done, there would have been no progress from cave and hollow-tree, stone and club. That the race has progressed, teaches me that I can do what man has never done. A better answer is, "I can, because man, as a rule, is progressive." But, these answers have their limitations. To the modern metaphysician one must look for the answer that opens the Sources of Power.

The Universe is Power. It is One and it manifests itself as One. From slightest manifestation in breeze or in sand-grain, to tornado and earthquake; from humming-bird to seraphim; the whole of Omnipotence is present. God is in it with all His faculties. In every event the whole universe is present. In each individual resides God with all His potentialities. God is as much in the aphis on my vegetables as He is in me. But there is one distinction that will keep each generation of aphis repeating the experiences of the earliest one of millions of years ago. It does not know it is aphis. It is not self-conscious, I

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am self-conscious. I am Power, conscious of itself. "Because I know, I can." This answer includes infinite possibilities. The potentialities of the whole universe are in me.

As God slumbered in chaos with the possibilities of this world; as in this world slumbered the possibilities of man; so in me slumber the possibilities of the worlds to come.

"I am the encloser of things to be," says Whitman.

As a conscious son of God, all that God did or can do, I can do when I awaken to, and stir the possibilities in me.

As soon as I locate power in myself, I hold myself as cause. When I do this, I have no need of scape-goats, and shall do that which I desire to do. As long as I hold anything external to my consciousness responsible, I shall not do; but I shall be content to accuse conditions. As long as I allow education, public opinion and doctors, to keep me in belief that something exterior to myself causes disease, I cannot be healed; but as soon as I locate cause in myself, hold myself as cause, the healing process begins, and will continue until the last limitation to me as Power has passed away, and I know through demonstration, that "the Father hath given me dominion over all things."

But, a hint! Drop, oh! my readers, the word "have" in any connection with yourself, and Am. It is Being, not possession. "I have Power" is weakness. That which I have I may lose. "I am Power" is life, and I cannot lose myself. If I have a soul, I may lose it. I am soul. I am life. I am health. I am success. With the thought, "I am Power," will always come the answer, "I can!" Why? Because I am Power, limitless, omnipotent Power. I am limited only by my ignorance of myself and by my lack of Will to execute what I desire. I can, but will I? When I decide and say, "I will!" the thing is done.

THE USELESSNESS OF ARGUING

Argument is a conversation of opposition. When it has to do with moral or religious questions, an argument is an attempt to show directly and through the intellect that the person we are talking to is wrong. And, as the intellect is never the chief cause of anyone's moral or religious erring, such a one can never be set right by the intellectual appeal. An argument is a tug of war, in which two persons are at opposite ends of a rope, each tugging with all the strength that is in him away from the other. One may be stronger than the other, and by the sheer brute strength of his argument defeat the other; but he can never win the other in that way. To get anywhere with a person whom we would convince, we must get him to coming willingly in our direction. Argument, being in itself a contest or duel, never accomplishes this. Its only possible value may sometimes be in its effect upon the hearers or onlookers; they may perhaps be won to our position while we defeat and lose our contestant. It is better to win both participant and onlooker; and to do this we must abandon fighting methods.—*Sunday School Times.*

"In this strenuous life of ours we need to cultivate and spread all the good cheer, happiness, and contentment that we can, and each one of us can, if he determines to do so."

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The Laughing Prince

ONCE upon a time there was a King's son who laughed at everything; in fact, he laughed all the time. No one had ever seen him shed a tear or even look grave. The old King at last became concerned to the extent of fear that his son and heir might be foolish.

He tried in every way to make the Prince show some signs of being sad and looking sober, but all in vain.

At last the King, in desperation, offered a large bag of gold to any one who could make the Prince shed a tear or look sad.

One day an old man appeared at the palace gate and said: "If the King will allow his son to accompany me I will return him in tears without causing him any harm."

The King gladly consented, and the Prince rode away with the old man, laughing as he went.

The King waited anxiously for the return of the Prince, and just as the sun was setting he heard sounds of weeping.

Nearer and nearer it came, and finally the Prince and the old man rode into the palace grounds. The Prince was sobbing as though in great grief, and had to be helped from the horse.

"Here is your son," said the old man. "He is weeping. Give me my bag of gold."

"But how did you bring it about?" asked the King.

"That is my secret," replied the old man. "Give me my gold."

So the gold was brought and the old man rode away.

But by and by the King grew tired of hearing the Prince weep, and tried to quiet him. This he could not do, and even the court jester failed to stop the flow of his tears, and they decided that the old man had cast a spell over him.

The King at last sent for a famous dwarf that had legs like a grasshopper and caused all who beheld his queer antics to burst into laughter.

The dwarf came and performed all his tricks and funny tumbles, but all in vain. The Prince sobbed louder and his tears fell faster.

At last the dwarf became angry because the Prince cried instead of laugh-

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ing at his queer feats, and he ran up to him and shook his short, stubby finger in his face, saying, "Cry, thou fool. May you never marry until you weep the square mountain away."

And off he ran, or rather hopped, leaving everybody amazed at his strange curse. But one of the attendants who recovered from his astonishment sooner than the others, ran after the dwarf.

"What do you mean by the square mountain?" he asked, catching the dwarf by the collar and holding him firmly.

"Do you not know of the square mountain?" replied the dwarf. "It is across the river of Nus, which must be crossed in a ship of glass. On the opposite bank of the river you will see a square mountain. Inside it or under it sleeps a beautiful Princess.

"'When the mountain is washed away with the tears of a Prince,' she said, 'then you will be free, but not before.'

"An old witch cast a spell over her.

"But even your weeping Prince," said the angry dwarf, "can hardly do that, so he will never marry," and off he hopped, leaving the attendant more amazed than before. When the King heard the strange story he called together his subjects and ordered a ship of glass to be built, for he wished to cross the river Nus with the Prince and find the square mountain.

He felt sure that the Prince could wash it away if he kept on weeping.

All the men set to work, and soon a beautiful ship of glass was ready for the royal party. But no sooner had they boarded the ship and started on their voyage than the sun began to shine and the reflection on the water and the ship, for the sails were of glass also, blinded the sailors, and they were unable to see where they were going, and over went the ship and the whole royal party.

It happened that just as the ship capsized a whale was passing and the whole party landed right on his back.

"This is really an unexpected pleasure," said the whale, for whales talked in those days. "Where do you wish to go? If I can be of any assistance I shall be most happy to serve you."

"We wish to go to the opposite bank of the river," said the King, "to find the square mountain."

The Prince was still weeping and the tears fell on the back of the whale.

"What is that tickling my back?" asked the whale, almost upsetting the whole party as he squirmed about.

"It is my son weeping," answered the King; "it is for his sake we are going to the square mountain. I am hoping he may be able to wash it away with his tears and find the sleeping Princess, who is inside."

"He will have to cry into the water," said the whale; "I just cannot stand those tears falling on my back; I'm so ticklish."

So the King held the Prince over the side of the whale and he carried them to the other side of the river.

There they found the square mountain as the dwarf had said.

The King hurried the Prince to it and they climbed to the top. Soon the mountain began to dissolve, and after a while it disappeared, leaving the King and the Prince standing on the ground beside a deep hole.

The Prince had stopped crying by this time, his tears were all gone, and he and the King descended into the hole by the aid of stones which projected from the side. At the bottom of the hole they found a door, which the Prince

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pushed open, and there on a couch they saw a beautiful girl asleep.

The King remained by the door, but the Prince went into the room and walked to the sleeping girl and touched her hand.

She opened her eyes and smiled.

"Have you come for me?" she asked.

"My son has," answered the King, for the Prince was so overcome with her beauty that he could not reply.

"He wishes to make you his bride," continued the King. "He is a Prince, and we want to take you away from here. Will you come?"

"I was told in my dream that you would come," replied the Princess. "I have been asleep a long time, and I shall be glad to go away with you."

When they reached the top of the hole the King remembered that the ship had been lost, and he wondered how they would get back to the palace, but the whale was waiting for them.

"There is always room for one more," he remarked, when the King told him they had found the Princess.

On the way back the King related the story of the Prince and how he had first laughed all the time, and then the old man had stopped him and left him weeping.

"But how did he make you weep?" asked the Princess.

No one had thought to ask the Prince that question after the old man had refused to tell.

"While I was laughing," said the Prince, "the old man rubbed my eyes with something he called noino. It looked like an apple, but it made me weep, and I could not stop."

"I am glad you couldn't," said the Princess; "at least, not until you had found me, or I should have been sleeping yet."

The King gave the whale an ocean all to himself for bringing them safe home, and the whale was very much pleased.

"Now, I will have room to turn around," he said, "and I can flap my tail without hearing some fish say: 'Oh! that horrid, clumsy fellow; he takes all the room in the ocean in which to turn about.' "

The Prince and the Princess were married and lived happily, and the Prince laughed like anyone else, but he never had cause to weep again, for the Princess made him a good little wife.

THE WISDOM OF CHILDHOOD

A rather pompous looking member of a church was asked to take charge of a class of boys during the absence of the regular teacher. While endeavoring to impress upon their young minds the importance of living a Christian life the following question was propounded: "Why do people call me a Christian, children?" the worthy dignitary asked, standing very erect and smiling down upon them. "Because they don't know you," was the ready answer of a bright-eyed little boy, responding to the ingratiating smile with one equally guileless and winning.—*Practical Ideals.*

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MOTHER

M. EVALYN DAVIS

You are to me the ideal of my fondest, sweetest dreams;
The joyful, babbling melody of the merry mountain streams.
I see you in the cloudlets of the bright, blue summer sky,
And in their passing shadows, as lazily they float by.

You are to me the sunset's glow, and the radiance of the dawn
Of Life's sweet, restful summer. All along
The boundless, beauteous pathway to the soulful beckoning skies,
I glimpse in all Life manifests, the glory of your eyes.

When wild and threatening storms arise, and loudly thunders crash,
Floods of rain come pouring down with lurid lightning's flash,
I see but you in grandeur, in God-like power and might;
In all your queenly majesty, your consciousness of right.

In the quiet hush that follows, and in the peaceful calm,
You are the loving benediction, the soothing, healing psalm
You are to me the brightness in the verdure of the hills,
The glory and the beauty of the charming daffodils.

You are the shimmering sunbeam on the dancing, quivering leaves,
And the sweetness of the zephyr playing o'er the golden sheaves
Of the harvest of my soul's great love, for you in all I see,
You are the fragrance of the flowers, and of all life to me.

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Ladder of Progress

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

WE ARE all growing into the habit of referring to this era as "a purely mercantile age," or as "an age of mechanical invention," and nothing more.

We flavor the words with a pinch of scorn, and we refer to the old days when men made beautiful works of art and wrote beautiful literature for the benefit of succeeding generations, with no idea of personal gain or immediate reward of fame.

Then we sigh, and say again, "Yes, it is an age of commonplace achievements. Art is dead, religion extinct, ideals dethroned. Men think solely of physical comfort, of personal aggrandisement, and mechanical progress. We will leave nothing to the generations who succeed us, nothing to the centuries ahead, but a history of material gain and noisy invention, and automatic devices which destroy the nobler ideals of patient toil for the sake of beauty and perfection."

And all this talk which we hear continually in Europe and in America is rank nonsense.

Progress climbs by many and various stairways.

Some are hewn from marble, some are built of wood, some are iron ladders. But the climbing is continuous and uninterrupted.

Sometimes the stairways are winding, and even seem to descend, but it is only to make a more direct ascent further on somewhere.

We are now on the ladder of iron, and there is nothing beautiful in its workmanship, and its top seems to rest on nothing but empty air. Yet it is secure and safe, and is leading to fairer heights than humanity has ever known before.

There have always been two great obstacles in the path of humanity.

These obstacles are Cruelty and Drudgery—or, perhaps, it is better to reverse the words, since drudgery has perhaps led to much of the cruelty.

As civilization advanced these two obstacles grew, like monstrous snowballs, gathering strength and dimension as they were rolled along.

Civilization has led to the necessity for more and more drudgery for man and for beast. Watch for an hour the traffic in any great city, and think what it means. Think of the hot kitchens where cooks and scullery drudges toil to supply food to restaurants and hotels.

Think of the early morning laborers, who are up in the chill dawn of winter to carry on the industries that give us our cream for the breakfast coffee, our rolls and our newspapers and our warm fires for the morning comfort.

Think of the workers in the coal mines who supply our fuel, and of the stokers on the ships who bring us over-sea searching for pleasure!

Think of the truckmen, and the cabmen, and the horses, and the engineers and firemen on the trains, and a thousand more toilers who are working with might and main to keep this great mechanism of civilization running!

In the old days the slaves and rascals performed the drudgery of the world for kings, and barons, and rulers of all

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kinds. And they were beaten or beheaded if they failed in any duty. Times have improved a bit since then, but there are still cruelty and selfishness on earth.

When machinery came into the world's work it was looked upon as a demon, taking the bread from poor men's mouths. There are still thousands of people who so regard it, but it is a mistaken point of view.

The mechanical inventions of this age are the advance heralds of man's ultimate freedom from drudgery and of the elimination of cruelty from the world.

The people who visited Paris twenty years ago tell me the change in the condition of the cab horses there is marvelous. And this change has come about greatly through automatic inventions. So long as the cab was the only means of getting about the city cab companies made no effort to improve conditions. The horses were poorly fed and cruelly driven to meet the public demand for transportation.

After the coming of the underground and surface automatic lines there was a slight effort at improving the cab service, and since the advent of that blessing to the world, the taximeter automobile, a vast improvement has taken place in the appearance and treatment of the animals. It still needs betterment, but that betterment will come. In another decade all transportation in our large cities will undoubtedly be made by automatic machines.

This is but one sign of hundreds which point to the lifting of burdens from man and beast and the lessening of drudgery for humanity.

The great fuel problem will be solved by the invention of man before many years. Coal mines will be worked without the sacrifice of so many lives, or a fuel will be created which does away with the necessity of coal.

Mankind will discover a food product which will lessen the labor of cooks, and mechanical appliances will perform the drudgery now attendant upon the kitchen.

And man will find time, inclination, and power to study the intellectual and spiritual realms and know the wonders which await those who seek.

All honor to the mechanical age, the age of invention.

It is the corridor to the age of spirituality and to a greater art and a greater religion than humanity has yet known.—*The Mentalist.*

THE DUTY OF HAPPINESS

I cannot but think that the world would be better and brighter if the teachers would dwell on the Duty of Happiness as well as on the Happiness of Duty; for we ought to be as cheerful as we can, if only to be happy ourselves as a most effectual contribution to the happiness of others. Every one must have felt that a cheerful friend is like a sunny day, shedding brightness on all around; and most of us can, if we choose, make of the world a palace or a prison. To be bright and cheerful often requires an effort; there is a certain art in keeping ouselves happy; and in this respect, as in others, we require to watch over and manage ourselves almost as if we were somebody else.—*Lord Avebury.*

"Think of this: Every thought has a form, and every form is a thought expressed; and every thought has two modes: action and reaction—action upon others; reaction upon ourselves."

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Creed of the Open Road

RALPH WALDO TRINE, In "Practical Ideals"

TO LIVE to our highest in all things that pertain to us, and to lend a hand as best we can to all others for this same end.

To aid in righting the wrongs that cross our path by pointing the wrong-doer to a better way, and thus aiding him in becoming a power for good.

To turn toward and keep our faces always to the light, knowing that we are then always safe, and that we shall travel with joy the open road.

To love the fields and the wild flowers, the stars, the far-open sea, the soft, warm earth, and to live much with them alone; but to love struggling and weary men and women and every pulsing, living creature better.

To do our own thinking, listening quietly to the opinions of others, but to be sufficiently men and women to act always upon our own convictions.

To do our duty as we see it, regardless of the opinions of others—seeming gain or loss, temporary blame or praise.

To remain in nature always sweet and simple and humble, and therefore strong.

To play the part of neither fool nor knave by attempting to judge another, but to give that same time to living more worthily ourselves.

To get up immediately when we stumble, face again to the light, and travel on without wasting even a moment in regret.

To love and to hold due reverence for all people and all things, but to stand in awe or fear of nothing save our own wrong-doing.

To recognize the good lying at the heart of all people, of all things, waiting for expression all in its own good way and time.

To know that it is the middle ground that brings pleasure and satisfaction, and that excesses have to be paid for always with heavy and sometimes with frightful costs.

To know that work, occupation, something definite and useful to do, is one of the established conditions of happiness in life.

To realize always clearly that thoughts are forces, that like creates like and like attracts like, and that to determine one's thinking, therefore, is to determine his life.

To take and to live always in the attitude of mind that compels gladness, looking for and thus drawing to us continually the best in all people and all things, being thereby the creators of our own good fortunes.

To know that the ever-conscious realization of the essential oneness of each life with the Divine Life is the highest of all knowledge, and that to open ourselves as opportune channels for the Divine Power to work in and through us, is the open door to the highest attainment, and to the best there is in life.

In brief—to be honest, to be fearless, to be just, joyous, kind. This will make our part in life's great, and as yet not fully understood, play one of greatest glory; and we need then stand in fear of nothing—life nor death; for death is life.

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The Perfection For Which God Created Man

MRS. ANNA L. PALMER

OUR subject deals with the process and activity in man. Each individual is demanded by the law of his being to work out his experiences through his own activities.

There are many channels through which man is capable of working, and every student is called upon to realize through the self the perfection for which God has created him. Nothing less than this can satisfy the Law of Being.

In this age of much literature, numerous talkers and speakers, many methods of treating and healing, self dependence is almost a lost art. The habit of acquiring knowledge through the intellect without the application of it in consciousness is a diseased condition commonly found among the students of so-called Advanced Thought.

Many students have lost their balance on the subject of taking all sorts of lessons and courses, reading all sorts of books and literature, trying all kinds and methods of concentrating, giving attention to different parts of the body and different faculties; but the ability to follow and practice a single simple principle, God and man a unit, seems to be lost.

I desire to impress upon the student the necessity of self-confidence and the ability to follow the Spirit of Truth within the self, rather than to study and imbibe from pamphlets and articles with enticing headlines, such as "How to Awake the Solar Plexus," "How to Refresh and Rejuvenate the Body," "How to Create Memory," "How to Generate Brain Force." All these are methods which fall far below the plane for the true student of Being. Man is Divine, and his body is now and forever perfect. His memory is established with the Eternal Memory, and can never in Truth be divorced from it. All his faculties are forever complete. Knowing this and consciously understanding it, we can say with our elder brother, "In Him I am complete. I am one with the Father." In this is the law by which the perfect Mind, Thought and Body are revealed to us.

From Heb. 8:10 we read this: "I will put my laws into their mind and write them in their hearts." Here we find the highest law of man is to receive the guidance from the Spirit. "I will put my laws into their mind." The Law of God has been, is now and ever will be revealed directly to the individual who will draw for himself from this Infinite Source.

Man is forever gathering information from the already formed conceptions of Life. Consciousness is knowing, trusting and resting in that which already is. With the use of the intellect we find nine out of every ten people stopping. The tenth one is willing to say in spirit, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him." This means they are willing to follow the Spirit of Truth within the self, no matter what beliefs, conditions, opinions, or environment this Law of Spirit seems to upset.

It is my privilege in this talk to give some suggestions and lights along the way to the student-worker. First of all to accomplish anything in life I must be an actor. I must do something.

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The first step is to overcome all belief in personality and all self-will, by continuous and conscientious application of the fact that I am one with God. To do this demands of the individual the greatest purity of heart, accuracy of decision, selfishness in purpose, steadfastness in action and faithfulness in living.

Let all personal opinion be dropped, that God may be all in all. Know that God is, and God is a Reality. Know God is Light in each one, and that Light ligtheth His world.

Build upon the rock. Get a positive and accurate decision within yourself of the Truth of your Being and your place of power as an individual worker. Learn to value yourself in the true spirit. Be conscious, very conscious, of the truth that God thought it worth while to create you; and you therefore are under His Divine Law to fulfill His purpose by glorifying Him in being an active and ardent worker for His cause in life.

THREE POINTS.

1. Acquire the habit of withdrawing from all outer attractions and be fed from the Spirit within.

2. Be willing to follow this inner guidance.

3. Having received and accepted it, rest in it, knowing that the works will follow.

Begin each day with faith and a will to fulfill, with the greatest possible perfection, whatever active work you may be engaged in, knowing that the Father is ever waiting to advance us to a higher grade as we are capable of receiving advancement.—*Power.*

The aim should be perfection;
Patience the road.
—*Robert Browning.*

A FIT OF TEMPER

A fit of temper is an attack of temporary insanity, during which you say and do things you would not dream of saying and doing when you are in your right mind; things you are ashamed of and sorry for yhen you *come to yourself* again.

In a fit of temper you are not yourself at all; you are literally *beside* yourself. Your consciousness has really gone outside you and got mixed up in the whirl of things over which you have no control; you are *out of your head*, and dizzy with whirling around outside yourself.

A fit of temper is the result of hypnotism, caused by mentally gazing long and intently and resentfully upon the thing you don't like.

You *work yourself* into a fit of temper by circling mentally around and around the unpleasant thing, just as savages work themselves up to the murder pitch by circling round and round in a war dance.

To avoid temper fits, give the mental war dance a wide berth. Turn your back on it and look up at the blue above us. To prevent getting beside yourself, get *above* yourself, where peace is.

Be still until you come to yourself.—*The Nautilus.*

The new phase of life is non-resistance; not taking arms against a sea of troubles, but lifting our thoughts with clearer perception. Everything is co-operating with us. We have failed to meet it, but the universe is forcing us to co-operate. As soon as we can say, "There is no separation, all is unity; no evil, all is good," we shall abolish trouble. *Nona L. Brooks.*

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The New Year

MRS. S. I. MORRIS

"BEHOLD, I stand at the door, and if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him and sup with him and he with me."—Rev. 111-20.

His glorified presence is willing to glorify our temple with eternal love and life.

Dear friends, let us in the beginning of this New Year resolve to be pure in thought, word and deed, for the pure life is the strong life, always. Forget past mistakes and failures—go forward reverently, courageously, remembering that true effort is the measure of success. Blessed is he who expects much, aspires much, and has an insatiable hunger and thirst for knowledge. Blessed is he who knows that the law of eternal life is service, willing and cheerful service.

Is it not after all a question of looking up or down? Of putting our hearts upon the higher or the lower gifts? Nothing but our own false attitude can rob us of the best life brings.

One who realizes the presence of God has reason for perpetual praise. We might spend a lifetime in praise because God has given to us Himself.

We, as Evangelical Christian Scientists, must begin the New Year with peace. Peace in our hearts will make us glad, serene, calm, courage-giving. It will still all troubled waters with the Truth of Christ. Where the heart hears the "Peace, be still," there the Lord of Light reigns. Let us begin the New Year with fearlessness, remembering we are in God—living, moving, being in Him. And yet it is the Father in us that worketh. God in us, we in Him, full of light, truth, strength, God; and if full there can be no room for any alien substance such as fear. It was the absence of fear that made the life of Christ at one with God. Nothing could make Him afraid, for He knew that His Father was omnipotent.

Now let us follow in the footsteps of Christ. Banish all fear from our mind. Remember the body is yours, but it is not you. It is yours to command, yours to obey the Spirit, yours to labor with. If you know the Truth of the Spirit you shall be free from all that afflicts the body and hinders you from doing your best while here.

To know the Truth one must know it from day to day. God is Truth, and in Him we live, move and have our being. When we have learned this beautiful lesson we shall love the Truth, not for the freedom and power that it brings us, but for very love of its beauty.

Phillips Brooks says: "It seems as if life might be so simple, so beautiful, so good to look at, if we could only think of it as one long journey, where each day's march has its own separate sort of beauty to travel through." You will find that each day has its own beauty, its own work, and it all brings us nearer to the Heaven goal. Do not suppose for one moment that you will be left in this life's journey without the guiding hand of God. He leads us through every day, every hour, if we follow His guidance. Knowing this, how happy we

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should be! Why should we not be happy? Why should we not be filled with joy, if we know the Truth, and the Truth has made us free?

Then let us be cheerful every day of this bright New Year. So shall we be inspiring and strengthening. And while advancing toward the heaven of perfection, others will be compelled to follow the light which shines from our lives. Then, "Let your light so shine before men, that they, seeing your good works, may glorify your Father, which is in Heaven."

WISE THINGS TO DO

Let us go forward in this New Year with hope and trustfulness. Let us improve whatever opportunities for good and usefulness may come in our way. We can be happy ourselves in advancing the happiness of others. Let us cherish in our hearts all good desires and see to it that in this New Year they blossom into the flowers of good deeds. If it brings us cares and trials, let us gather from them the precious fruits of patience and trustfulness. If the waves of sorrow break upon us, may we be lifted thereby nearer to the heavens. Let us go forward, then, with all gentleness and live, for He who promised to be with us to the end is walking with us. God knows our every step, and guides it, too. What, then, have we to fear?

"Let us walk softly, friend,
For strange paths lie before us untrod;
The New Year, spotless from the hand of God,
Is thine and mine, O friend!"

—*Christian Work.*

Make not your thoughts your prisons. —*Shakespeare.*

KEEPING UP TO DATE

As people advance in years they should take special pains to keep up to date, not merely so far as acquaintance with current events is concerned, but by being in full sympathy with the forward movements of the time. Unless we have the habit of attending the new theories, weighing and discussing them impartially, and unless we have an open mind as to the reception of new methods and new ideas, we must of necessity be left behind in the day's march. The procession will pass us by, we shall be out of touch with what is best in benevolence, science and art. We shall cease to be neighborly and forget how to be interesting, and far too soon arrive at the moment when everything we meet is an irritation and a trial. "Aunt Elsie," said a girl, "used to be a delightful companion. She is now easily irritated and her ideas are out of date. She has grown morbid and rusty, and she constantly complains that the younger generation is not what it was when she was young." Poor Aunt Elsie had lost the recipe for remaining young, being happy and being in demand. She had been beaten in the race with Time. No one need be beaten in this race who decides on keeping step with today, and continuing to be interested in today's doings.—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

Reverence that which is best in the universe; and this is that which makes use of all things and directs all things. And in like manner also reverence that which is best in thyself; and this is of the same kind as that. For in thyself also, that which makes use of everything else, is this, and thy life is directed by this.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

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Some Doctors or Medicine

Here are two cases—one from Boston and another from New York—showing the ignorance of so-called M. D.'s (money down). Had we space to mention all the ridiculous cases coming under our observation of M. D.'s ignorance, we should have to fill up each magazine with nothing else:

J. K. Perkins is an inspector of sewers, and yesterday, while engaged in his work on Central Wharf, fell into a trench and sustained serious injuries to his head.

An ambulance took him to the Relief Hospital, where the wise doctors swathed him and bandaged him, and told him he must go to bed, and at once send for a spiritual adviser.

Which was their way of conveying to Perkins the unpleasant information that he would not live to vote next month.

"You've got concussion of the brain," said a smart young interne.

Perkins looked around the room, and then out into the snow-flecked night.

"I am going away from here," he said.

"What! Going away from here!" chorused the wise little doctors and the rosy-cheeked nurses.

"Yes, I am going away from here," repeated Perkins.

And away he went.

The doctors rang up city police. "A man just about to die," they said, "has gone away from here, and we think he lives at 107 Pearl St., Cambridge. We told him," the doctors went on, their pride sorely injured, "that he had concussion of the brain; yet he would not believe us. Perhaps even now he may be dead."

* * * * * *

Over in Cambridge the night sergeant was dreaming peacefully in the police headquarters, when a loud ring made him jump to the telephone.

"What's that? A dead man walked out of the Relief Hospital, and is going to cross the bridge at midnight? Oh, I see; he isn't dead, but he might die. Well, you know, we all may die in time. However, I'll put two men on his trail, and we will try to show him the folly of clinging to life when the Relief Hospital doctors have pronounced the dread sentence. Yes, I'll wake up the family and prepare them for the worst. Goodnight."

Around about midnight two police officers approached the house numbered 107 Pearl St.

They rang the bell, and to the door came a man in close-fitting wearing apparel.

"Does Mr. Perkins live here?" asked one of the policemen.

"Yes, I'm Perkins."

Then the officers offered an apology, and on the way back to the station said uncomplimentary things about Relief Hospital doctors.—*Boston Daily.*

How much shall we give? If we put ourselves in the place of the receiver, it will help us to a decision.

Remember that there is something to be considered besides pattern in the fabric of life. There is fiber.

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AS A MAN THINKETH

You have often heard this expression, AS A MAN THINKETH, SO IS HE. Take a person that is always thinking of his own distresses; of his own miseries; of his own diseases. In the first place that person is the most uncomfortable person on the face of the earth. He is uncomfortable not only to himself, but to everybody that is around him. What is the result? As a man thinketh, so is he. Do I think I am miserable, sick? Yes. Then if I do, I am miserable and sick. When you are attacked by a manifestation of evil remember the lesson Jesus taught us upon the mount: "Get thee behind me, Satan." Never acknowledge these manifestations; never bow knee, but forever and everlastingly be on the other side and denounce them, and say NO. Why? Because I am the image and likeness of God, created in that way, live, move and have my being in God, who is Eternal Life and Eternal Health, and I cannot be sick. You can see that it would be impossible for a person to be sick, being a spiritual being, living in Spirit, in the bosom of God. It is impossible; and all these manifestations of so-called sickness are nothing more nor less than the creations of mortal mind, the creations of carnal mind; the creations of our environments, and by the fact that we bow down and worship them, we prove the rule, AS A MAN THINKETH, SO IS HE.

Put a seal upon your lips and forget what you have done. After you have been kind, after love has stolen forth into the world and done its beautiful work, go back into the shade and say nothing about it. Love hides even from itself.—*Drummond.*

BROUGHT HIM TO LIFE

Sergeant O'Brien, of the West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street Station, received a telephone message last night that a man was lying dead in the gutter at One Hundred and Thirty-third Street and Seventh Avenue, and sent Policeman Dooley to take charge of the body.

Dooley found several hundred persons surrounding a prostrate form in the street. Some women in the crowd were sobbing, and under the man's head were two women's jackets, and spread over him was a costly lap robe.

A man who said he was a doctor examined the body and declared it dead. Dooley was doubtful, so while the people cried "brute" he struck the "corpse" on the soles of his feet with his night-stick. Then the "corpse" sat up and said, "Is it time to get up, Mary?"

He said he was James Murphy, a stableman, of One Hundred and Thirty-third Street and Eighth Avenue. He was locked up.—*New York Daily.*

BELIEF

Belief is the foundation of all human effort. Unbelief is the only barrier between man and his personal achievements. An absolute denial is unnecessary to a statement of unbelief. A question often carries with it more than a denial. Such question may imply he has pre-judged the case and he sees what he wishes to see. He who says to me, "I can comprehend a part of your teachings; I wish I could grasp the whole truth," is seeking to know more. To such persons I would reply, "Years of personal investigation enabled me to be positively certain of the things I have stated to you."

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The Doctrine of Divine Healing

BISHOP SABIN

THIS doctrine of healing and God's care over us is recognized. The Bible is full of the evidence that sustains my position abundantly.

In famine shall he redeem thee from death; and in war from the power of the sword.

Thou shalt be hid from the scourge of the tongue; neither shalt thou be afraid of destruction when it cometh.

At destruction and famine shalt thou laugh; neither shalt thou be afraid of the beasts of the earth.

For the Lord will bless the righteous; and with favor wilt thou compass him as with a shield.

O Lord my God, I cried unto Thee, and Thou hast healed me.

O Lord, Thou hast brought up my soul from the grave; Thou hast kept me alive, that I should not go down to the pit.

For the Lord loveth judgment, and forsaketh not His saints; they are preserved forever.

For Thou hast delivered my soul from death: wilt Thou not deliver my feet from falling, that I may walk before God in the light of the living?

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler and from the noisome pestilence.

He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust: His truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation;

There shall no evil befall them, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

Thou shalt tread upon the lion and the adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under foot.

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies;

Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagles.

He sent His word, and healed them, and delivered them from their destructions.

The Lord openeth the eyes of the blind: the Lord raiseth them that are bowed down: the Lord loveth the righteous.

Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.

I will bring the blind by a way that they know not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them.

When thou passeth through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flames kindle upon thee.

These promises are all absolutely and

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literally true. Take them just as you see them, rely on them, and everything will be fulfilled to the very letter.

I have seen his ways, and will heal him: I will lead him also, and restore comforts to him.

He shall be as the tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green; and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit.

Unto you that fear My name shall the Son of Righteousness arise with healing in His wings.

Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?

Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.

Even the very hairs of your head are numbered. Fear not, therefore: ye are of more value than many sparrows.

Consider the ravens: for they neither sow nor reap; which neither have storehouses nor barn; and God feedeth them: how much more are ye better than the fowls?

Consider the lilies how they grow: they toil not, they spin not; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

The Lord shall open unto thee His good treasure, the heaven to give thee rain unto thy land in His season, and to bless all the work of thine hand: and thou shalt lend unto many nations, and thou shalt not borrow.

I am the bread of life; he that cometh after Me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst.

The kingdom of heaven is at hand. Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils; freely ye have received, freely give.

And these signs shall follow them that believe; in My name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on Me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto My Father.

The eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped.

Then shall the lame leap as an a hart: and the tongue of the dumb sing; for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert.

The spirit of the Lord is upon me: because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; He hath sent Me to bind the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the reopening of the prison to them that are bound.

And Jesus went about all the cities and villages, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing every sickness and every disease among the people.

When the sun was setting, all they that had any sick with divers diseases brought them unto Him, and He laid His hands on every one of them and healed them.

A woman having an issue of blood twelve years, who had spent all her living upon physicians, neither could be healed of any, came behind Him, and touched the border of His garment, and

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immediately her issue of blood stanched. Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord.

The prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him.

Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.

The trouble with the Christian world has been that these promises have been held not to apply to us, now. They apply in the opinion of the Christian world to the age in which Jesus Christ and His disciples taught. But they are mistaken in that. The promises are literally true today and are being fulfilled, literally, by thousands of people.

There is one more thing that I want to mention, and that is this thought of the universality of Spirit. The Bible tells us that God is All, All is Spirit; but that is about as far as the Bible reasons that out. The first record that I know of that being taught by any scientific man is found in Bishop Berkeley's book, which was published in 1710. It is here in our Congressional Library. He theorizes, philosophizes and argues, and shows to his own satisfaction and the satisfaction of his followers that All is Spirit, that matter is nothing; All is Spirit and everything is spiritual manifestation. This was taught very extensively for a hundred years. A society of philosophers was established who were known as the Berkeleyan philosophers, or the Berkeleyan school of philosophers and who taught this Allness of Spirit.

Kant, the German philosopher, whom all students of these thoughts understand, was another scientific man. He elaborated along the line which Bishop Berkeley had first enunciated in a scientific manner. But the best exposition of that doctrine in modern times was written by Andrew Jackson Davis. His book was copyrighted in the United States in 1850. He is the first who brought the doctrine down and made it practical in the healing of the sick. Berkeley in his philosophy and in his writings said that, if it was applied to the healing of the sick, it would be a very great help, or words to that effect. We have no record that they did apply it, but Andrew Jackson Davis tells us exactly how this thought can heal cancer and every other kind of disease; and he goes on and illustrates it.

GIVE ALL TO LOVE

Give all to love. Burn your ships behind you. Dismiss "if" and "but" from your vocabulary. Offer no compromises. Admit no doubts. Take love by the hand. Introduce it to your heart. Let it run as blood in your veins. They will tell you it is not worth while. But if love is not worth while, nothing is worth while. You have often thought you have loved. But if you once love you will see that you never loved. Love is not a meal set for two, but a feast providing a universal providence. Give all to love. Not the love that at home is called patriotism and abroad called treason. Not the love which legislates favors into individual treasuries. Not the love which betrays communities. Not the love which sends armies to subdue. But such love as recognizes the human principle.—*The Conservator.*

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The Greatest Thing in Christianity

REV. GEORGE D. BLACK, D.D.

WHAT is the greatest thing in Christianity? Is it the fact that Jesus is the greatest teacher that ever lived, greater than Moses, than Plato and Emerson? Well, it is true that He is confessedly the world's supreme teacher. There is not one that has been called master that would not take off his crown and give it to the Man of Galilee.

But Jesus is no competitor of Moses and Buddha for the first place as a teacher, and Christianity's greatness does not rest in the superiority of His sayings.

Does the incomparable glory of Christianity lie in the fact that Jesus is the world's supreme philanthropist and martyr? Among all those who have gone bravely to death for their soul's vision of the truth no figure is so moving as that of the One who bore His cross to Golgotha, and none can compare with Him in what He has done to make life on earth better worth living, to soften its asperities, to remove its hard inequalities and brutal selfishness.

But the uniqueness of Christianity is not in the fact that Jesus is the world's noblest philanthropist. He is not a rival of Socrates or Bruno or Savonarola for the jewelled crown of the martyrs.

Does Christianity's supremacy lie in its being the sovereign religion of the world, greater than Buddhism, than the Greek, Roman, and Teutonic religions; and in that it seems destined to have universal sway? Doubtless it is the greatest of all religions, and it would be safe to prophesy that it will supplant Brahmanism, Mohammedanism and Confucianism.

But Jesus did not come to give the world a new religion, or the greatest of all religions. He is not a rival of Moses or Zoroaster or the gentle Gautama in religion-making.

The greatest thing in Christianity is this: There is One who was dead but is alive forevermore; and a man may have Him for his friend and companion; living in Him as a regenerating, purifying, man-building power; chiding and restraining him; comforting and inspiring him; giving him the life that is from above; making him strong to suffer and to do; and gradually transforming him into His own likeness; and thus dwelling with men and in them He becomes the source and cause of all that marvelous movement which we call Christian civilization. Jesus said, "I am come that they might have life." Out of that life have grown religion, philanthropy, science; and out of it have come discoveries and inventions, giving new freedom and new power to the world.

We do not honor Jesus Christ by saying pretty things about Him, calling Him a poet and a dreamer of beautiful dreams, and at the same time ignoring or belittling the claims which He made for himself in regard to His relation to God and to men.

If He is a teacher to be listened to at all, He is more than a teacher; He is the soul's life and hope and joy and peace.

When the first disciples of Jesus went out to preach, they did not begin by pro-

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claiming that the Sermon on the Mount contains the greatest philosophy of life; they did not preach the doctrine of salvation by character, though they had much to say about character and about the things set forth in the Sermon on the Mount. They said first of all, "This Jesus has been raised from the dead; He is with God in heaven, and has sent forth the Holy Spirit in fulfilment of His promise; with those who believe on Him and confess Him before men He will take up His abode, and dwell with them."

That to Peter, John, and Paul was the unspeakably good news. It is the gospel for today and tomorrow. Christianity lives and grows not because we have a dead hero or a glorified martyr, but because Christ lives, and is putting His life into humanity.

HE COULD STAY

Night was approaching, and the rain was coming down faster and faster. The traveler dismounted from his horse and knocked at the door of the one farm house he had struck in a five-mile stretch of traveling. No one came to the door. As he stood on the doorstep the water from the eaves trickled down his collar. He rapped again. Still no answer. He could feel the stream of water coursing down his back. Another spell of pounding, and finally the red head of a lad of twelve was stuck out of the second story.

"Watcher want?" it asked.

"I want to know if I can stay here overnight," the traveler answered testily.

The red-headed lad watched the man for a minute or two before answering.

"Ye kin fer all of me," he finally answered, and then closed the window.—*Practical Ideals.*

ENOUGH FOR TODAY--- ENOUGH, THEN!

Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof, it is written. We have tried not to think of tomorrow, believing that tomorrow will have troubles enough of its own when it comes.

But now we are getting greater faith that if we seek first the kingdom of love and righteousness, house and land shall be added unto us, and we say:

Sufficient unto the day is the good thereof.

In the midst of happiness we have learned not to say: "It's too good to last. I'll have to pay for this sunshine with a bitter rain of tears."

Nothing is too good to last. Health, plenty, happiness are the rightful inheritance of each of us from our Father, and we are deprived of them only by the sins or ignorance of ourselves or our brothers, usually ourselves.

Nor should we say "Life is good, but what of the beyond?" If we can make this life good, whatever is beyond will be better. "I am so rejoiced at what I have seen," said Emerson, "that I am willing to trust my Creator for what I have not seen."

Fruitfulness is a divine requisition. Christ has placed us under His culture, and looks for the fruit in its season. He implants, by His spirit, faith, hope, love, patience, submission, joy, meekness, humility, courage, zeal and spirituality, and demands their development and operation from time to time. We must be content to live on a low plane of piety, but like "the light," shine "more and more unto the perfect day."—*The Presbyterian.*

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I AM HERE TO AFFIRM

I am here to affirm, 'tis my Infinite right
To do all the good that I may;
To gather my sheaves, the fullest and best,
And be happy every day.

I am here to affirm all nature is mine,
To give me her richest of store;
I inhale her perfume and drink from her stream;
All her beauty is mine to adore.

I am here to affirm all heaven is mine,
Her aid and assistance to lend;
The sun in her life-giving splendor does shine;
My joy with her beauty I'll blend.
I am here to enjoy, to affirm, to unfold,
These God-given talents of mine;
And thus I will garner the fullest and best,
And so make my treasure divine.

—*Mary A. Wilcox, in Freedom.*

THERE IS NO UNBELIEF

There is no unbelief;
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod
And waits to see it push away the clod,
He trusts in God.
Whoever says when clouds are in the sky,
"Be patient, heart, light breaketh by and by,"
Trusts the Most High.
Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep
Content to lock each sense in slumber deep
Knows God will keep.
There is no unbelief
And day by day and night unconsciously
The heart lives by that faith the lips deny.

DON'T DISTURB THEM

Never be a peace disturber for amusement of your own;
Do not aggravate a bulldog that is gnawing at a bone;
Don't disturb a mule to witness how his hind feet may be shown—
They live longest who are willing to let well enough alone.

Don't disturb them, don't disturb them,
If they do not bother you,
But peacefully continue on your way;
Never start out hunting trouble,
You will find it if you do.
There always is a painful price to pay,
For getting gay.

—*Practical Ideals.*

HOW CAN WE DOUBT?

Our God is faithful! Time moves on to find us
Still singing of the mercies left behind us;
Still taking, as we sing, of some fresh store,
And looking trustfully for those before.

How can we doubt, with memories to cheer us?
How can we sorrow, with His love so near us?
How can we faint, while He has strength to give,
And we, by faith, His proffered grace receive?

Like as a father, pitying, He leads us:
And daily with some heavenly morsel feeds us;
Sees to our ailings, hushes our alarms.
And bears us, weary, in His loving arms.

—*Anon.*

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TWO SORTS

There are two kinds of people on earth today,
Just two kinds of people, no more, I say.
Not the saint and the sinner, for 'tis well understood
The good are half bad, and the bad are half good;
Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's wealth
You must first know the state of his conscience and health;
Not the humble and proud, for in life's little span
Who puts on vain airs is not counted a man;
Not the happy and sad, for the swift-flying years
Bring each man his laughter, and each man his tears.

No! the two kinds of people on earth I mean
Are the people who lift and the people who lean.
Where'er you go you will find the world's masses
Are always divided in just these two classes;
And, oddly enough, you will find, too, I ween,
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.
In which class are you? Are you easing the load
Of overtaxed lifters who toil down the road?
Or are you a leaner, who lets others bear
Your portion of labor and worry and care?

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

LITTLE DEEDS

Not mighty deeds make up the sum
Of happiness below;
But little acts of kindliness,
Which any child may show.

A merry sound, to cheer the babe
And tell a friend is near,
A word of ready sympathy,
To dry the childish tear.

A glass of water timely brought,
An offered easy-chair,
A turning of the window-blind,
That all may feel the air.

An early flower, unasked, bestowed,
A light and cautious tread,
A voice to gentlest whisper hushed,
To spare the aching head.

O, deeds like these, though little things,
Yet purest love disclose,
As fragrant perfume on the air
Reveals the hidden rose.

Our Heavenly Father loves to see
These precious fruits of love;
And, if we only serve Him here,
We'll dwell with Him above.

—*Hymns for Mothers and Children.*

IN HIS LIKENESS

I pray for faith; I long to trust;
I listen with my heart, and hear
A voice without a sound: Be just,
Be true, be merciful; revere
The word within thee. God is near.

Oh, joy supreme! I know the voice,
Like none beside in earth or sea;
Yea, more—O soul of mine, rejoice—
By all that He requires of me
I know what God himself must be!

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

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Two Stories of the Creation

BISHOP SABIN

I WANT to talk a little about the second history of His creation, given in the second and third chapters of Genesis. Who wrote that I don't know and nobody else knows. What it was put into the Bible for I do not know. It is not the Truth, because it and the history of creation given in the first chapter of Genesis are different. We judge everything by the fruit of the tree. You know that the tree is good by its fruits, or you know it is bad by its fruits. Those who believe in the first creation can heal the sick, because they believe the Truth, and the "signs follow."

The second creation cannot be true. We are told in the first that God made man in His image and after His likeness, and endowed him with all power and all dominion; male and female made He them. Now there was a perfect creation, and then He saw that everything that He had made was good and He rested; He rested. That is the creation that I believe in.

I am not criticising that other creation story. It may have been put in there for a purpose and a use. I am not criticising that; I myself cannot see any use in it; but be that as it may, it is there. What does it say? It says that, when Adam looked over all the field and everything passed before him, he did not see a woman, and it made him mope. He was heartbroken, after he had gone through all the families of universal creation and did not see anything there that he could love. God said, "It is not good for man to be alone." So He caused a deep sleep to come over Adam, and He took a rib out of his side and made a woman out of it. Adam saw her and he knew her at once. "This is bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh," said he. He was very much pleased. God put the two into a garden.

If you read the history of it and understand the geography of that garden of Eden, you will see that it included the larger part of Africa to the southwest and away in Asia beyond the river Ganges in the east, and in the center of it was this big river Euphrates. In other words, it took in pretty near all the world. Adam was put into the middle of that garden, was told to eat everything that he could see except of one tree. "That will give you the knowledge of good and evil, you must not eat of that."

Another part of this creation, according to this story, was a snake. I take it from the narrative that the snake must have walked or gone upright before, because, in giving His curse, God told the snake that he should eat of the dust all the days of his life thereafter. Now look at the conformation of the snake. He is built for running on his belly; every organ and muscle is made for going that way. God either made the snake over, or else the snake was eating dirt before.

Then this Infinite Mind went to this garden—now I want you to look at these things—went into this garden, and He did not see Adam. He was walking in

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the garden and said, "Adam, where art thou?"—Infinite Wisdom asking a question for information! "Where art thou, Adam?" Adam and his wife had been eating of the fruit and had gotten ashamed of themselves and gone out into the brush. But, finally, God got them and hauled them up. Don't you see that the whole story is inconsistent with Truth. Both stories can't be straight; they both can't be true. If the first creation is true, the second can't be true, because this was after subject and after thought.

Now, I have said enough about that for you to see the truth. I told you in the beginning that, whenever you find a so-called truth that is not susceptible of self-demonstration, that does not prove itself, cast it out, it is utterly worthless.

A person that believes that woman was made from the rib of man, that believes in that doctrine of a personal God who walks around through a garden and talks in that way, cannot heal the sick. The "signs" do not follow any such teachings as that, and cannot, because they who heed such teachings do not believe. The promise is that every one who believes shall have certain signs to follow. Those who believe the original Mosaic history of the creation come into the perfect realization of God, and man, the image and likeness of God, and the realization brings them soon into the knowledge of the Truth, and the Truth makes them free.

I do not want to shock any one's feelings. There are lots of people that want a hell, that want a devil. A minister in this town was very much taken with this new doctrine. He came to see me frequently. Finally he wrote me a letter, saying, "I can't go with you any further, because you do not believe in hell." If he had only analyzed himself he would have known that there was a hell, all right, and that he did not live a thousand miles from it.

There is no trouble about having plenty of hell, plenty of devils, and plenty of evils; but, if you know the Truth, you know how to destroy them. The hell and the heaven that Jesus Christ spoke about are within you. Heaven or hell is a condition of mind, and as a man thinketh so is he.

BLESSEDNESS

Blessed is he that expects much, hopes much, aspires much, and has an insatiable hunger and thirst for knowledge.

Blessed is he that knows that the so-called "incomprehensible" is comprehensible.

Blessed is he that thinks and reasons for himself—from within his self—and will have none of blind and vague beliefs, illusions and "dreams in the air."

Blessed is he who has an open mind, a broad mind and a deep mind, and is filled with love, tolerance and charity.

Blessed is he who knows that the law of eternal life is service—willing and cheerful service.

Blessed is he who knows that he punishes himself and that God is above all such petty and puerile acts as punishing or rewarding His children; that the All Father has established an eternal, changeless, beneficent law for all, and as we know and live in and under the law we are blessed; that all in the evolutionary process come in a while to live with the law.

There is only one Spirit—Love, and its shadow. To live in discord is to live, not in the light, but in the shadow of the Almighty.

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Wit and Humor

Smart Sayings and Flashes of Fun From Many Sources

GENTLE HINT GOT HIM BRIDE IN SHORT ORDER

A north country collier, anxious to pop the question to a girl whom he honestly admired, but unable to sum up courage to ask her the question outright, adopted a method of sounding her idea of matrimony.

"Jenny, ma lass," he said, nervously, "Ah've insured my life."

"Has ta, lad?" said Jenny indifferently.

"Aye, and Ah'm a silly for doing so."

"How's that?"

"Why, supposin' Ah get killed 't pit, where dost t' think money go?"

"Why, to thy mother for sure."

"True enuf, an' it isn's fair, it ought to be paid to my wife."

"To thy wife, why, tha hasn't got one!"

"That's just it," said Bill, "but you's a nice lass, Jenny, and I want thee to hev that money."

"Why couldn't tha say so at first!" cried Jenny, joyfully.—*Tit-Bits.*

ONE ON THE DOCTOR

Doctor—So your husband is ailing again?

Mrs. Slimpurse—Yes; it's insomnia now. He can't sleep a wink.

Ah, I'll soon cure him of that.

Yes, I am sure you can.

Thanks for your confidence. He is worried about something, I presume?

Indeed he is, poor man. He lies awake all night wondering how he is ever going to pay your last bill.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

IN SPITE OF REFERENCES

An Englishman and an Irishman went to the captain of a ship bound for America and asked permission to work their passage over. The captain consented, but asked the Irishman for references, and let the Englishman go without them. This made the Irishman mad, and he planned to get even.

One day when they were washing off the deck, the Englishman leaned far over the rail, dropped the bucket, and was just about to haul it up when a huge wave struck and washed him overboard. The Irishman stopped scrubbing, went over to the rail and seeing that the Englishman had disappeared, went to the captain and said: "Perhaps yez remimber whin I shipped aboard this vessel, ye asked me for riferences and let the Englishman come on without thim?"

The captain said: "Yes, I remember."

"Well, ye've been desaved," said the Irishman; "he's gone off wid yer pail."

SUPPLY EXHAUSTED

A western bookseller telegraphed to Chicago for a copy of "Seekers After God," by Canon Farrar. He received this reply: "No seekers after God in Chicago or New York. Try Philadelphia."

OUTCLASSED

The teacher sighed: "I would that I
In discipline might e'er approach
The fond obedience rendered by
My pupils to the foot ball coach."

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THE FLAG OF OUR NATION

A few years ago, while watching a parade in Boston in which the Stars and Stripes were conspicuously displayed, a fair Canadian with strong British proclivities turned to a companion and, commenting on the merits of the G. A. R., pettishly remarked:

"That American flag makes me sick. It looks just like a piece of checkerberry candy."

Senator Hoar, who was standing near the visiting critic, overheard the remark, and, turning to the young lady, said:

"Yes, madam, it does. And it makes everyone sick who tries to lick it."

THE WHOLE COAT NOT NEEDED

It was a cold winter evening. Mr. Jones and Miss Smith went out buggy riding. They had not gone far when Miss Jones said: "I am getting cold, already." Mr. Jones replied, "Do you want to put my coat around you?" "No," Miss Jones answered, "just the sleeves."

LATER ON

A sea captain was about to dance with a fastidious lady, who suggested that he put on his gloves before the dance proceeded.

"Never mind me," was the bluff reply, "I'll wash up when I'm through dancing."

HOW SHE SQUELCHED HIM

Ardent Lover—Dearest, when I gaze into your soulful eyes I feel myself transported into a higher sphere, and my heart cries out to you with a great yearning.

Miss Boston—Really? How interesting!—*Life.*

THE STRAW ON THE SIDEWALK

A little girl and her mother were walking down a street when they came to a place where straw had been spread over the pavement to deaden the noise because of the illness of a woman living in that square.

"Oh, look, mamma!" cried the little girl. "What's all that hay doing out in the street?"

"That's because Mrs. E—— has a tiny baby, which God just sent her," said her mother, gently.

After a moment's pause, the little girl said slowly: "Gracious, she must have been packed well."

A CHEERFUL GIVER

"Here, Benny," said Mr. Bloombumper to his young son, as the latter started to church, "is a 5-cent piece and a quarter. You can put which you please in the contribution box."

Benny thanked his papa and went to church.

Curious to know which coin Benny had given, his papa asked him when he returned, and Benny replied:

"Well, papa, it was this way: The preacher said the Lord loved a cheerful giver, and I know I could give a nickel a good deal more cheerfully than I could give a quarter, so I put the nickel in."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

KNEW HIS OWNER

"Is your husband home?"

"Yes. What do you want with him?"

"I'm—er—revising the voting list, and I just wanted to inquire which party he belongs to."

"Do yer? Well, I'm the party wot 'e belongs to."—*London Tattler.*

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Health Commandments

1. Thou shalt not exalt the material above the spiritual. For knowest thou not that the spiritual is ever the same and that the material doth forever change?

2. Thou shalt not bow thyself down before the material, for him that doeth this the spiritual shall forsake.

3. Thou shalt not talk overmuch of the spiritual, for talk without deeds is vain. Act rather as if thou didst believe in the omnipotence of Spirit.

4. Thou shalt not fear. For thou thyself art Spirit, but encased in flesh, and what can Spirit fear? Thou shalt rather have faith and not be anxious overmuch, for anxiety draweth to thy flesh the ills and disappointments of this life.

5. Honor the spiritual which resideth in all nature, and honor all men, thyself also, as its most perfect exponents.

6. Remember that all days are holy, and that man and beast need rest upon the Sabbath.

7. Thou shalt not think overmuch of human law, fashion, fad or creed, for their name is legion and they are subject to change; but thou shalt cultivate thy conscience and let it be a law to thy thoughts. Thy deeds will then take care of themselves.

8. Thou shalt not think evil thoughts, for without the evil thought the evil deed shall not be committed, neither murder nor theft, nor the speaking of words which wound.

9. Thou shalt look for the good in all things and in all men, that thy days may be long in the land.

10. Thou shalt use common sense and think for thyself (if that be possible), and thou shalt not borrow thy opinions from others, nor yet buy them ready made.

11. Thou shalt not think that the things which thou possessest wilt make thee happy, neither wealth nor fame, nor stuffing of the body with food, nor thy mind with the ideas of others, for thus thou shalt bury the spiritual within. Happiness is but the state of thy mind. Rejoice then evermore, and thy days shall be long and full of peace.—*Practical Ideals.*

Cheerfulness is a thing to be more profoundly grateful for than all that genius ever inspired or talent ever accomplished. Next best to natural, spontaneous cheeriness is deliberate, intended and persistent cheeriness, which we can create, can cultivate and can so foster and cherish that after a few years the world will never suspect that it was not an hereditary gift.—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

Those who merely study and treat the effects of disease are like persons who imagine that they can drive winter away by brushing the snow from the door. It is not snow that causes the winter; the winter is the cause of the snow. He who knows only the external form of man, and not the power by which it is produced, knows nothing but illusion; his science is illusive, only fit to impose on the ignorant.—*Paracelsus* (1500.)

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IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

A minister told this story at a church supper: A rather pretty schoolma'am, teaching a country school, was shocked on returning after noon one day to see boldly written on the blackboard the words: "I can kiss longer and hug harder than any other boy in this school," with a lad's signature underneath.

Amidst much subdued excitement she promptly called the young boaster to task, made him rub out the writing and ordered him to stay after school for punishment.

Quite a little while after school he sauntered out and was met by a group of anxious chums, with the usual questions: "Did she lick you?" "No," he answered. "Did she scold you?" "No, nor scold either." "Well, what did she do?"

"Well, I ain't sayin' nothin' about what she did," was the answer, "but I can just tell you fellers one thing, and that is it pays to advertise."—*Practical Ideals.*

AN EMOTIONAL WITNESS

"How did the accident happen?" was asked a witness in a railroad case at Fort Worth. "Tell it in your own way."

"Well, Ole and I was walking down the track, and I heard a whistle, and I got off the track, and the train went by, and I got back on the track, and I didn't see Ole; but I walked along and pretty soon I seen Ole's hat, and I walked on and seen one of Ole's legs, and then I seen one of Ole's arms, and then another leg, and then over one side Ole's head, and I says: 'By gosh! Something muster happen to Ole!'"

WISDOM

Oh, how great is Wisdom! Wisdom can come to man only out of love of goodness, love of God. When a man is righteous through love, and not through fear, he has entered the Path of Wisdom and in a while this blessed path will lead him to the Broad Way of Omniscience. All wise men the world has ever produced have first sought God for Light, Understanding, Knowledge, Wisdom. He is already becoming wise who seeks God for Wisdom. "If any of you lack Wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him." So say all the great teachers, sages and prophets of all ages. "But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering."

"To realize the fullness of the words 'Before ye ask (desire) will I answer, and while ye are yet speaking (thinking) will I hear,' is to know that, through co-operation with the I AM, do we, as individuals, instantly ally ourselves with forces which, directed to the cause of the inharmony, must of necessity check the further development of the inharmony; and as we continue to use the 'I AM' definitely, we correlate our entire being with those forces which tend to fulfil the word by bringing the prayer (the desire) as an actuality into our lives."—*M. Woodbury Sawyer.*

Whether thy work be fine or coarse, planting corn or writing epics, so only it be honest work, done to thine own approbation, it shall earn a reward to the senses as well as to the thought; no matter how often defeated, you are born to victory. The reward of a thing well done is to have done it.—*Emerson.*

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CHANGE YOUR ENVIRONMENT

When you are feeling "blue" or discouraged, get as complete a change of environment as possible. Whatever you do, do not brood over your troubles or dwell upon the things which happen to annoy you at the time. Think the pleasantest, happiest things possible. Hold the most charitable, loving thoughts toward others. Make a strenuous effort to radiate joy and gladness to everybody about you. Say the kindest, pleasantest things. You will soon begin to feel a wonderful uplift, the shadows which have darkened your mind will flee away, and the sun of joy will light up your whole being.

Stoutly, constantly, everlastingly affirm that you will become what your ambitions indicate as fitting and possible. Do not say, "I shall be a success sometime;" say, "I am a success. Success is my birthright." Do not say that you are going to be happy in the future. Say to yourself, "I was intended for happiness, made for it, and I am happy now."—*Orison Swett Marden.*

I have one preacher that I love better than any other on earth; it is my little tame robin, which preaches to me daily. I put his crumbs upon my window sill, especially at night. He hops on to the sill when he wants his supply, and takes as much as he desires to satisfy his need. From thence he always hops on a tree close by, and lifts up his voice to God and sings his carol of praise and gratitude, tucks his little head under his wing, and goes fast to sleep, and leaves tomorrow to look after itself. He is the best preacher that I have on earth.—*Martin Luther.*

MORNING PRAYER

The first thing the Scientist should do in the morning after dressing and combing his hair and washing his teeth is to go to God in prayer. Pray scientifically that God will protect you during the day, that He will bless you in your business affairs, in your social affairs and in your mixing with the world at large; that God will lead you and protect you, filling you with Wisdom and Spiritual Understanding, Righteousness and Holiness. The writer, in addition to this, always takes what is termed the vibrating treatment, as given in the appendix to the book "Christology." Thus he is protected and shielded from the harms and all possible evils of life, absolutely protected and covered by the Love of God and no harm, or so-called evil can come near him.

If these plans are followed by our readers strictly, and the prayers are made in the spirit and with the Understanding, there is nothing desirable which cannot be accomplished.—*Bishop Sabin*

DIFFERENCE OF ONE LETTER

Giles—Take two letters from "money" and "one" will be left.

Miles—Is that a joke?

Giles—Yes.

Miles—Well, I know a fellow who took money from two letters, and it was no joke. He got twelve months in jail.—*Bystander.*

OPPORTUNITY NOT A BURGLAR

Came opportunity one day;
He heard her timid knock,
But went on with his dozing,
Contentedly supposing
That she would pick the lock.
—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

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MOTHER OF LIFE

Why is the God of western people always masculine? Woman is supposed to occupy a higher place in the West than in the orient, but it is only in the orient that the feminine principle is recognized and worshipped as the Mother of Life, equal with the Father. In India each morning this prayer arises from millions of devout lips to the Almighty Mother of the Universe: "O, Mother Divine, Thou art beyond reach of our praises; Thou pervadest every particle of the universe; all knowledge proceeds from Thee, O Infinite Source of Wisdom! Thou dwellest in every feminine form, and all women are Thy living representatives upon earth."—*William E. Towne.*

THE FAMILY GARMENTS

Educators in the Philippines frequently experience difficulty in carrying out suitable dress reforms, says *Success.* Pedro is a dusky little Igorotte whose absence was explained by this note:

"Dear Teacher: A thief stole father's clothes yesterday, while father the siesta took. Father put on all of mother's garments so he could go forth and chase the robber, and mother is wearing everything else in the house except my hat. I will come back to school as soon as father catches the thief."

WHO GOT THE PROFIT?

Judge (sternly)—Three times in a month! What do you make of this?

Rastus (apologetically)—'Deed an' I don't make nuffin, sir. You fellahs up here seems to be de on'y ones dat makes anything of haulin' me up heah.

LOOK FOR THE GOOD

The optimist looks for the good and finds it. The pessimist is he who looks for an error and finds one even if he has to commit it. The pessimist builds obstructions. They are fast crumbling and the builders will scarcely have the hardihood to build anew. The man who seeks for truth forgets the art of falsehood, if he ever knew it, because he finds more truth than he could analyze were he to live a thousand years. The optimist is like the guide who piloted me through the "Garden of the Gods." He was profuse in his explanations and abundant in his list of names. If we accidentally chanced upon a spot unfamiliar to him, he would instantly coin a name and invest the locality with associations made for the occasion.

If one wants an answer to his prayer, he must go to God in sincerity and in Truth, knowing that he will receive that for which he asks, realizing that he has that for which he asks before he asks. When you have ceased praying go on and attend to your business. Seek the kingdom of God and His Righteousness—that is, seek to do good and to do right, not for the purpose of reward, but because it is right to do right and it is good to do good, "And all these things shall be added unto you."

"The well-defined spiritual life is not only the highest life, but it is also the most easily lived. The whole is more easily carried than the half. It is the man who tries to make the best of both worlds who makes nothing of either. And he who seeks to serve two masters misses the benediction of both."—*Drummond.*

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FRIEND OF MINE

O, friend of mine, whom I shall see no more,
How little have the white sails borne to sea!
All that love wrought still lingers here with me.
Still, still we stand together by the shore.
Now hath God blessed me as the blind are blest,
Who, losing sight, have lost one sense alone;
For all the powers of my soul are grown.
The vision vanished, memory keeps the rest,
And I have but to hark to hear thy song;
Be still to feel thy presence, cheer and grace;
And in my dreams I see thy shining face,
Angel of God, to bid me still "Be strong!"

—*Selected.*

LIVING THE LIFE

Have you counted your blessings this morning?
Have you bathed in the ocean of air?
Have you quaffed from your old oaken bucket,
The nectar that's waiting you there?

Have you tasted the bread of the sunrise?
Have you drunk from the wells in the sky?
Have you sipped from the sweet pool of friendship?
And, if not, then answer me—Why?

—*Holmes Tupper, in Bible Review.*

LOVE THE MOVING PRINCIPLE

Love is the moving principle of all life and growth. It is ever with us awaiting our recognition of its presence for greater unfoldment. Every advanced step in the progress of the world has been through this moving principle in mankind, pointing us in the direction of joy, peace and happiness. As this truth reaches the vital consciousness of humanity, the days of grasping and greed will end, and the basis of our present social and political organizations will be revolutionized upon so firm a foundation that no power can undermine or destroy.

This world is grand and beautiful to the spiritual-minded; it is dull, stupid and commonplace to the unawakened. The world is to each one as each one thinks; beauty and ugliness, order and disorder, can be had for the mere thinking.—*Frank Harrison.*

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THE LAW OF RIGHTEOUSNESS

The law of righteousness is fixed, eternal and unvariable. "It cannot be accommodated to man, man must reach up to and obey it; it consists of an undeviating line of conduct, apart from all considerations of loss or gain, of reward or punishment; that, in reality, it consists in abandoning self, with all the sins of desire, opinion and self-interest of which that self is composed, and in living the blameless life of perfect love toward all men and creatures." Living under this blessed law, "life is fixed and perfect; it is without turning, change or qualification, and demands a sinless and perfect conduct."

COURAGE

As courage and intelligence are the two qualities best worth a good man's cultivation, so it is the first part of intelligence to recognize our precarious estate in life, and the first part of courage to be not at all abashed before the fact. A frank and somewhat headlong carriage, not looking too anxiously before, not dallying in maudlin regret over the past, stamps the man who is well armored for this world.—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

"Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace; and the God of love and peace shall be with you."

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THE FIVE RULES OF BUDDHA

Kill not, for pity's sake, and lest ye slay
The meanest thing upon its upward way.

Give freely and receive, but take from none
By greed, or force, or fraud, what is his own.

Bear not false witness, slander not, nor lie;
Truth is the speech of inward purity.

Shun drugs and drinks which work the wit abuse;
Clear minds, clean bodies, need no Soma juice.

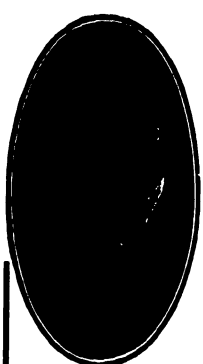
Touch not thy neighbor's wife, neither commit
Sins of the flesh unlawful and unfit.

—*Light of Asia.*

THE PRESENT HELP

God is a "Present Help" when we know and realize He is always nearer to us than anything else. "The soul is in God, and God is in it." And be it known, beloved, that "Communion with heaven is through inward states, and not by way of tidings and messages from without," and we are healed and made whole (holy) as we know and rely wholly on the Omnipresent One. "True life comes through openness toward God. The traditional far-away God is not a 'Present Help.'"

Blessed is he who sees only good in the universe. Blessed is the man who knows and realizes that God is the All in All; that all is good.



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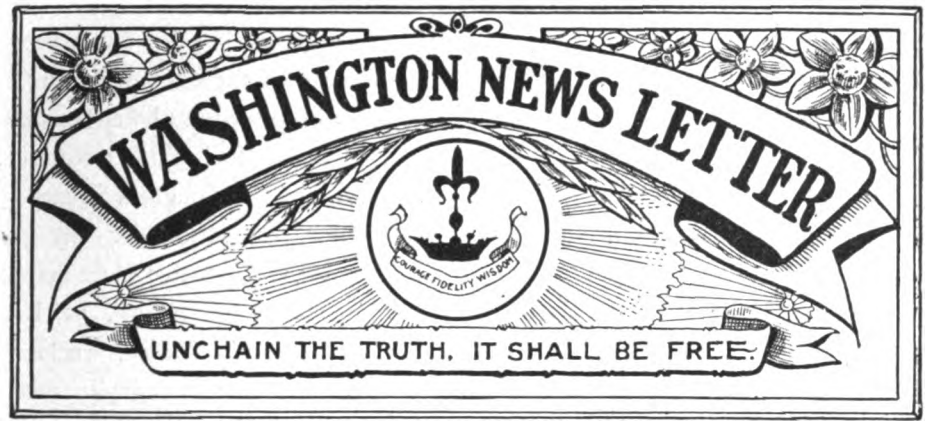

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PAULINA B. SABIN.....*Managing Editor*
OLIVER C. SABIN, JR.....*Business Manager*

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Free Lecture Course at Atlantic City, N. J.

July 20 I will commence a series of twenty-one lectures to be delivered in the Greek Temple, on Young's New Million Dollar Pier, at Atlantic City, N. J. These lectures will be absolutely free, teaching how to heal the sick by divine methods, this being the third annual course at Atlantic City.

The first lecture of the series will be given by Mrs. Elizabeth Towne, the talented editress of *Nautilus*.

During this course of lectures I will give away a large number of books and periodicals upon the subject of Evangelical Christian Science. The books teach how to heal the sick.

The last lecture will be given on August 10.

This church is in no way connected with the Christian Science Church founded by Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy.

I will announce at a later date the name of the hotel at which I will stop in Atlantic City during the lecture course.

Lovingly yours,

OLIVER C. SABIN, *Bishop*.

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Free Lecture Course at Portland, Maine

August 17 I will deliver the first of a series of ten free lectures in the music room of the Congress Square Hotel, at Portland, Maine.

These lectures will be absolutely free, and will be closely along the lines of teaching how to heal. Those who wish to learn the Science of Divine Healing will do well to make a minute of this announcement and be on hand promptly on the date of the opening lecture.

Any person wishing hotel accommodations in Maine during this lecture course may write to the Congress Square Hotel and make reservation, or any person wishing a less expensive place may write to Mr. Daniel K. Smith, 51 Roberts Street, Portland, Maine, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply, and Mr. Smith will aid in every way possible.

I shall stop at the Congress Square Hotel during the lecture course, which will close August 27.

Lovingly yours,

Olivier C. Sabin

Bishop.

Judge Not

HARRIET G. GARFIELD

"A drabbled, tattered soul,
To match her tattered dress?"
Yes, looking at her now,
No one would ever guess
That she was—long ago—
A sweet-faced country lass,
As innocent and pure
As daisies in the grass.

Not wicked, but just weak—
Just weak and led astray.
To flutter like a moth
Along the Great White Way;
And then, her wings all soiled,
And drabbled in her sins,
Caught in the law's strong net,
Impaled on legal pins.

"Sent up" for many days,
"Mag of the old gray shawl,"
Known by the wrap she'd worn
Since early in the fall.
Today the cold's intense;
The wind cuts like a blade.
"No shawl?" the matron asks;
"You've pawned it then, you jade!"

"You jade," the matron said,
But when the Christ looked down,
He blessed the heart that beat
Beneath the tattered gown;
For round a shivering child
Poor Mag had wrapped her shawl.
Man seeth but a part;
The dear Christ seeth all.

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Chain of Golden Thoughts

March

PAULINA B. SABIN

If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.—Rom. 12:20-21.

When we look into the long avenue of the future and see the good there is for each one of us to do, we realize after all what a beautiful thing it is to work, and to live, and be happy.—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

Do the work that's nearest, though it's dull at whiles,
Helping, when we meet them, lame dogs over stiles.
See in every hedgerow, marks of angel's feet,
Epics in every pebble underneath our feet.

—*Charles Kingsley.*

Give us, oh, give us, the man who sings at his work. Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He does more in the same time—he will do it better—he will persevere longer.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

Love is the only weapon that conquers. When the Savior placed the ear back on the soldier's head, remarking that he who would use the sword would perish by it, struck the keynote to all victory. Heap coals of fire upon your enemy's head; love him, and you conquer. Carry this principle of love throughout the various conditions of human endeavor and you will find its potency invincible.—*Bishop Sabin.*

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The Science That Heals

LECTURE—BISHOP OLIVER C. SABIN

Before the Evangelical Christian Science Church.

THE subject of the lecture this morning is "The Science That Heals," and if I succeed in making the points of this lecture as plain as I hope to do, it should be immortalized. I hope God Almighty will lead me to teach the Truth in this one particular.

There are a great many systems of healing throughout the world. The Chinese, in all their vast empire, do most of their so-called healing by what they term "incantation" and systems of controlling the mind and making the mind healthy. In China the physician is held responsible for the health of his patients, and when the patient dies they very frequently execute the doctor for his failure to heal. Consequently the system makes very attentive physicians.

The Indian tribes also, and the wild African tribes, to a greater or less extent, depend on incantation of various kinds, meaning purely and solely a mind healing. The Indian calls upon the Great Spirit. The negro has his own gods as occasion supplies them. It does not make much difference just so it is something he can worship, and that controls the minds of its devotees.

> You can build your body up by honest thinking; you can fill yourself with health, with harmony, with contentment, and with sunshine; or, on the other hand, you can fill yourself with gloom, with pains, with sickness, and inharmony of every kind and character. "As a man thinketh, so is he." You simply are the architect of your condition. You can be, or you can fail to be, as you bring to the subject, or fail to bring proper thoughts with proper motives. The thought that heals is complete reliance in God Almighty Truth, and the application of the Truth. Have no room for doubt in your consciousness, never think of doubt, know that God's promises are made and that you are sure of their fulfillment; go and do your work, trusting in God.

In our own country we have a great many systems of so-called healing. Pennsylvania, I think, is pretty nearly the home of what is called a "pow-wow." They heal by some system of incantation and quotations from the Bible, and a great many other ways, some very ludicrous, but they do heal to a greater or less extent, so far as the mind can control the body.

Take the Spiritualists. I do not mean, in speaking of Spiritualism, this disreputable class that hold themselves out as mediums for so much a seance. I do not believe in that class of people at all; but there are unquestionably a great many honest people who believe in Spiritualism—that is, they are led by the spirit of someone or another of their friends that have gone before, or else some other kind of spirit. Of course I know they are honest, there is no question about that; and they may heal, as the mind is controlled by this or that thought. My experience does not incline me toward Spiritual healing, because I have seen very little of it and have seen a great many failures. Among the classes of patients that we have, Spiritualists are hardest to heal. This

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is because the mind is centered upon a human; it does not make any difference whether that human is dead or alive. So far as my thought goes, we get beyond all humanity. We do not permit anybody, alive or dead, to govern us or control us. We go simply to God Almighty.

There is a very large class of people in this country who are known as Mental Healers. Many of them believe simply and purely that it is Mind that controls the body, and that it is the Mind alone that heals; that is, the working of one human mind, so called, over another. Some of them go further, and come near to God. Some go still further and believe, or pretend to believe, that they are the God, themselves, that heals.

There is yet another class that I will mention, known as Hypnotists. I never studied hypnotism, but in a general way I understand it to be this: The control of one mind over another; that is, one mind obtaining possession of another mind and dictating to that mind what it shall do and believe. You all have seen these exhibitions, doubtless, where the hypnotist can make his patient do whatever he wants him to do. As I have read from the very best authorities, you can hypnotize a mind until you have by some system of mental debasement, brought it into a diseased condition; then you get control of it, and that particular hypnotist always has control of that mind thereafter. If he has it a number of times, the slavery becomes absolute.

The condition of the patient, after the hypnotic healing, is a great deal worse as a rule than the disease they have tried to cure. Cures that last are very rarely effected through hypnotism, and I regard it as one of the greatest evils that is now being practiced before the American people.

A celebrated hypnotist from New York came to see me once, and without knowing who he was I gave him an interview. During the course of our conversation, I ascertained that he had come purposely to hypnotize me. I noticed he was making some very peculiar motions, and I gave the thought that God Almighty does protect me, and after a while he ceased. He could not hypnotize me. If you hold the thought that God Almighty is your protector they have no power.

Now, to get down to our system and our Science. We know by the rule that our Savior gave us that this Science is true. He said you could judge the tree by its fruits. That is, all you can judge anything by is by the results shown forth. We heal the sick through the law of Science, which is as absolute and as perfect as any other science. In all science there must be a system of harmony. You cannot combine two certain chemicals and obtain the result that you are trying to get from some other chemicals, you cannot add two and two and make five. There is an error there, and wherever there is error in this Science, it prevents a perfect result. The error must be removed. A person coming to you to be healed, whose heart is filled with hatred, who is dishonest, who loves to cheat, and who would steal if he had the chance, and would not be afraid of getting caught, cannot be healed. It is the mind that has to be healed in all instances. The body, so-called, is but a manifestation of the mind; it is made or unmade by your system of thinking. Not a person in this room has identically the same body he had when I commenced to speak, and there is not

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a person in this room who has not a better body if he has listened with an honest heart to what I have told him. You can build your body up by honest thinking; you can fill yourself with health, with harmony, with prosperity, with contentment, and with sunshine; or, on the other hand, you can fill yourself with gloom, with pains, with sickness, and inharmony of every other kind and character. "As a man thinketh," so said the wisest man supposed to ever have lived, "so is he." You are simply the architect of your own condition. You can be, or you can fail to be, as you bring to the subject or do not bring proper thoughts with proper motives.

I am going to try to illustrate the thought that heals. Suppose that here is a blackboard. I write on that side of the board, "Man is the spiritual likeness and image of the Infinite Spirit, and is perfect as God is perfect." That is man's normal condition. There is the rule by which we measure. Here is a person to be healed. "John Smith, you are the image and likeness of God Almighty; you live, move and have your being in Infinite Spirit; therefore, you cannot have any disease, because there is no disease, and there cannot be in Spirit. You live, move and have your being in the Infinite and are perfect as God is perfect." If John Smith is not environed and held down by some kind of hatred, malice, or dishonesty, the equation is formed and the result is that the disease which John Smith is supposed to have vanishes instantly. But in the degree that John Smith is tinctured with the alloy of this so-called error, in that degree he is difficult to heal, and oftentimes the healer is unsuccessful.

I know a lady whose hands and arms were so crippled with rheumatism that she could not raise them, whose knees were drawn so she could only walk in a stooped position and with the use of a cane. The disease from all human standpoints was absolutely incurable. If the healer in that instance had stopped to look at that terrible condition, the old lady instead of being healed instantly, would have walked out of this room on her cane.

The healer must have absolute and perfect trust in God Almighty. He must be devoid of all questions of fear of every kind and character, and until he arrives at that degree of confidence which grows with him all the time, he is more or less handicapped by conditions.

The healer often has this disadvantage to overcome—the universal trend of human thought that there is a time appointed once for man to die. God Almighty made everything, and everything He made is good. We are told that the last enemy to be overcome is death. If death is an enemy, it is not good; therefore, death is not God-created, but it is a human-created institution. The only so-called history we have of the earlier dates of the human race is that by Moses. According to that record, people lived to be nearly a thousand years old, but gradually the thought of error crept in, the belief in pain, sickness and death, which shortened the life of man.

Now to continue consideration of the thought that heals. The thought that heals is reliance in God Almighty Truth, and the application of the Truth as I show you by this illustration on the blackboard. There is one point I want to explain. If you have ever studied this mental science, which perhaps most of you have done, there is one word that comes up oftener than any other, and

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especially in the Eddy school. That is the "realization." I am going to tell you in the simplest words I can what the realization is. It is the understanding of the rule why healings are made in response to the affirmations that are given out in the prayer of the Scientist. Mark you again, it is the understanding of the rule why this healing is done; it is not the understanding how to apply it, but the understanding of the law why it must be so. Take this little numerical demonstration of two and two making four. Anybody can make the addition, but the realization would be why two and two make four. It is the analysis that goes to the bottom and gives you there the understanding of the philosophical facts that underlie the work. If you have that understanding, you can heal the sick.

There is one other thought I want to talk about, and which is of the utmost importance to our students, not only here but throughout all the world wherever our magazine goes. That is a caution to not mix your science with any of this outside pow-wow, or whatever the "ism" may be. You know you have the Truth. Why? Because you know why it heals and you know the healing is done by God Almighty Truth, the application of this Truth. But so many who read this, understand why, and what we say, but it has never touched their spiritual being; they understand how to treat and oftentimes have some results, but I tell you this must go farther, it must take hold of the inner life that consecrates that soul to God Almighty.

The spiritual teaching, the spiritual realization, the perfect trust and reliance on God Almighty, are the underlying principles that do not fail in this Science. Apply them and you are sure of results unless intervening objections, as I have explained to you, exist. If a patient does not respond, you will always try to find out something somewhere, not by asking them, but by treating that God Almighty will open up this error and destroy it. The natural fruit of healing by this Science is love. It should fill the healed one with love, not love simply for friends, but love for everybody throughout the broad world. It should fill him with the desire, as our Savior told us, to go forth and preach the Gospel as well as heal the sick. Where it fails to touch the inner consciousness and fill the patient with love, while it may heal him, he is just as liable to get sick again as if he had been cured by a dose of castor oil, or any other drug. The only possible protection is this encasing of love that comes over us, the divine love of God, God Himself, Love covering us, walking in it, trusting in it, relying on it; and then we have a perfect result.

Those students who go off and try to add physical culture, pow-wowism, hypnotism, and various and sundry other "isms," which they are doing all the time, and try to work the two together, always fail. I have had a great deal of experience with my students going off the track, to something like osteopathy for instance. I do not condemn osteopathy, I do not condemn physical culture, or any system of muscular exercise, but when you try to heal a person with Divine Science, which recognizes nothing but Divine Spirit God and God is All, and then at the same time try to heal him by osteopathy, that believes in the material absolutely, you are putting two opposites together. It is like trying to drive a nail into another nail;

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you cannot do it, it is impossible. My advice to our students is to stick to God Almighty and His Truth. Jesus said, "You shall know the Truth and the Truth shall make you free."

Nothing but the application of the Truth heals diseases, but you must apply it scientifically and then stick to it, and apply it knowing that when you do so apply it you are going to have positive results. Have no room for doubt in your own consciousness, leave your room for doubt in your mind, never think of doubt, never question whether you are going to do this or that, know that God's promises are made and that you are sure of their fulfillement, and go and do your work, trusting in God. Do not worry. If you will do that, you will heal the sick by the only Science that is genuinely effective, and is the best of all because there is nothing that compares with the work that is being done by this Church in the realization that God Almighty, through Jesus Christ His Son, heals the sick.

'TWILL ALL COME RIGHT

Oh, many is the sorry we are called upon to meet,
And many is the bitter that is mingled with the sweet,
And many is the shadow stealing close behind the light,
But do your duty, lad and lass; 'twill all come right.

Oh, many is the kindness by ingratitude repaid,
And many is the trusting heart that finds its trust betrayed,
And many is the bud of hope whose promise yields to blight,
But do your duty, lad and lass; 'twill all come right.

For all our griefs and troubles are but blessings in disguise,
And fiercest storms leave sweetest air, and calmest, bluest skies,
And brightest stars are always born of very darkest night,
So do your duty, lad and lass; 'twill all come right.

—*Margaret Eytinge.*

WORSHIP

I worship God, the primal cause,
Dame Nature and her honest laws.
For, everything in heaven and earth
In Him has life and death and birth.

I see Him in the rising sun,
And watch Him when the day is done
Enflash His golden beams of light
Across the gathering shades of night.

I hear His voice when thunders roll,
Along the sky from pole to pole,
And shudder at the lightning's flash,
Whose strokes the oaks and mountains smash.

I feel His breath in springtime hours,
When wandering mid fields of flowers,
And in the blossom and the fruit,
In fish, in fowl and man and brute;

I know that He is All in All—
In mortal in the Spring and Fall.
The words and deeds of pompous man
Are transient at a moment's span.

Contention; doubting, everywhere,
Of what's beyond this vale of care;
So, all I worship on this sod,
Is what I see of Truth and God.

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Evangelical Christian Science

WM. E. GIBSON

EVANGELICAL SCIENCE, or Divine Science, as believed and taught by the Evangelical Christian Science Church, sees God as the all-embracing, all-permeating substance. It sees this all-embracing God as Spirit. It considers so-called Mind and Matter as the manifestations of Spirit; or Spirit, if you please, in different forms and degrees of manifestation but one and the same in substance and ultimate end.

This all-embracing Spirit is therefore seen to be universal, reaching beyond the metes and bounds of mathematical or imaginary computation. It is Infinite, beyond the conditioning power of the finite senses. It is eternal, unlimited by time.

Thus it will be seen that the Divine Scientists' conception of God annihilates space, condition and even time.

He sees God in the manifestation of His character, as Life, as Light, as Love, as Law, as all Good. He sees man as the image and likeness of God, a Spiritual Being, possessing the same characteristics as the Great Spirit and subject to the same law, and that man may govern himself by the same if he will choose to do so. As a drop from the ocean is in character a miniature ocean, or a spark is in nature a miniature flame, so man is regarded as a miniature of the Divine.

In a rather brief and homely sense the foregoing pictures God as the whole and man as a part of the whole. It also infers that every created being and thing is a part of the perfect whole. Upon this basis the Science teaches that all is good, and must be good, for all that is, is God.

The seeming evils are unreal and untrue; are but ghostly pictures, imagery of the uncontrolled mind, or mind out of harmony with its higher self and at variance with its finer spiritual nature.

This uncontrolled mental state, giving rise to all disease, sickness and disaster and causing all human misery, is due to man's ignorance of his relationship to God and of the rights guaranteed him by that relationship.

This Science teaches not that man is a lost soul and that his suffering is consequental, but that man is enslaved by ignorance—ignorance of his rights and privileges, those rights and privileges which are guaranteed to him by the nature of his creation and sustained by unchangeable law.

The first effort, therefore, is to create conditions favorable for man's release from his bondage. These conditions are brought about by awakening man to an appreciation of his real nature, to an appreciation of his divine relationship and the possibility of using this divine power and dominion during this earthly existence. It imparts the truth of being to the end that man might be free.

Ignorance of his power has bound man with the chains of fear and want. So he fears what he has and wants what he seems not to have.

Fear and want are the father and mother of all evil. They are the parents of all the murder, of all the robbery, of all the cheating and defrauding to which

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society is heir. They give birth to all the narrowness, jealousy, envy, hatred and malice that shut out the sunshine of life and crush the joy out of existence. They foster all the slander, whether it be the coarser sort found among the illiterate or the more refined and subtler found among the cultured classes. It all has its conception and fostering in fear and want.

But fear and want are only mental creations of a negative order, more unreal in nature (when viewed in the light of truth) than a shadow; for every shadow has a substance which causes it. Fear and want have no substance. There is nothing to be feared and nothing to be wanted, for God is all. He is the Infinite Mother and Father of all, supplying all needs, so that when we ask we ask as Jesus commanded, "for that which we already have." God loving each one of His children alike is ever ready to supply their requirements and demands, He is always present to hear those who ask, ever ready and powerful to aid those who seek, ever wise and willing to open to those who knock.

Yet between fear and want, creation and ignorance, man masquerades; sometimes as a lion fierce and dreadful, sometimes as a peacock, proud and flowery, then again as a lamb, meek and submissive, but ever as a slave.

The Great Teacher said, "Know the truth and the truth shall make you free." This Science takes the same ground as did Jesus. Here is a world of men and women, the perfect children of God, objects of his fond love and goodness, and yet too much cowed by ignorance to appropriate these blessings.

Much of this ignorance having grown into avarice and hardened into prejudice assumes an appearance of conscious satisfaction and contentment with its state. But this is in appearance only, for when observed in its unconscious moments, dissatisfaction and unrest are everywhere visible.

Throughout the human family there is a longing for a state of peace which cannot exist while the chains of slavery gall and bind. These chains are forged in the mind but manifest their effects in both mind and body, dwarfing the former and diseasing the latter.

The wise Hebrew said, "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." In other words, the thoughts that men entertain become factors in their conduct, so controlling as to affect the bent of their minds, and not only that, but also change the physical conditions of their bodies.

Divine Science, recognizing this all-important truth, begins its work with the mind. It sees the race sick only with the follies of its own ignorance, suffering only the consequences of the thoughts it has indulged. Thus the Scientist knowing the cause and appreciating the needs sets about to sow the mental field with seeds of wholesome thoughts.

By its lecturers and its literature and the personal teachings and conduct of its devotees, the Evangelical Christian Science Church is creating an atmosphere of pure, wholesome thought. One who lives much in this atmosphere must show marked changes. Cheerful smiles take the place of pinching scowls. Loving words and kind deeds mark the path of the once harsh and cruel. It aims to clear the mental sky and purify the moral atmosphere by the saneness and purity of its teachings and the loftiness of its sentiments.

But it does more; breaking away from old moorings and casting aside old charts, it plunges fearlessly into the ocean

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of Infinite Good. It cares nothing for the accepted dogmatism and staid systems of thought, but seeks truth where it is to be found; seeks it from the Infinite Mind and teaches the world to do the same.

I said that this Science takes the same ground as did Jesus. It begins as He did and operates along the same line. It meets the world of men and women with their apparent suffering and inharmony. It takes it as it comes. First of all it proclaims freedom for all and from every kind of bondage. It then begins the work of freeing the suffering from disease and sickness. It declares that the truth will heal the world of its inharmonies. Then to as many as come for healing it gives the healing peace. It takes the broad ground that, if God heals the briar scratch he heals the leper's spots. If He calms the troubled breast He will also calm the raging sea.

The Scientist therefore goes to God for everything he needs. On rising from his bed in the morning he begins the day by affirming that Infinite Love fills him, Infinite Good supplies his daily requirements and needs, Infinite Power protects him from error; and, he affirms that Infinite Wisdom directs him through the vicissitudes of the day. He eats his food with the sense that it is a part of Divine Life and is perfect and good, fit material for the growing walls of his earthly house. He goes about his duties realizing that in everything he is directed by Divine Mind and protected by Infinite Power.

Man is no longer a fraud and a cheat, when he has once entered upon this highway of life. If he is a servant in the lowly walk of life his motives are honest and service perfect, as rendered to God and not to man. If he occupies a higher station in life he renders his service as a steward who will gladly give account to his Lord. If in his home members of his family or his dumb animals suffer injury, his resort is to Truth as taught by Science. If he is caught in the storm without sufficient wraps and the chilling thought of taking cold comes over him, he realizes that he is spirit and is therefore invulnerable to adverse atmospheric conditions; he realizes that he is not and cannot be cold. This realization is more effective than the missing wrap could be. If he boards a car he covers himself and all the passengers thereon with Infinite Protection. Accidents never happen to such protected cars. When he retires at night he covers the house with the realization that Infinite Power protects all against earthquakes, fires, storms, thieves, murderers and all harm. Then filling his mind with thoughts of love and goodness to God and man he closes communication with the conscious world and seals it with the affirmation, "God does give me sleep, happy, restful, peaceful sleep," and he thanks and praises God for it in the name of Jesus Christ.

Thus far I have mentioned thanksgiving this once only. Let its seeming neglect make it the more impressive. Above all things else, mark you, the Divine Scientist gives thanks, and the spirit of thanksgiving is never treated lightly.

It seems to be a human weakness to be ungrateful or at least indifferent to the thought of expressing gratitude to the All Good (God). A large majority of the healings that are being done are never heard of again. The healed seem to cowardly slink away and be ashamed to give God the glory. Jesus found it so in His day. "Behold ten were healed; where are the nine," were His expres-

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sions when the one healed leper returned to express gratitude.

The Scientist is asked if this doctrine and practice are Christian. The answer is, It is Christian, if you mean by Christian, following Christ. Jesus the Christ came preaching Truth and demonstrating its practicability by freeing man from sickness, disease, fears and all inharmonies. He came teaching man his power and dominion, by demonstrating not only over physical and mental inharmonies but over death and the powers of the elements, raising the dead and commanding the storm.

The last record we have of His interview with His followers Christ commanded them to preach this gospel to all the world, and to heal the sick; and they preached and healed as He had done. But He told them that those who believed should have certain signs following; among others they should lay hands on the sick and they should recover, they should cast out devils and, if they should drink poison, they should not be hurt.

And Jesus said in another place, "The works that I do shall you do and greater works shall ye do." The Divine Scientist does precisely the same things as did Jesus and accomplishes the same results in nature if not in degree. He heals by the laying on of hands. He heals by the spoken word and speaks the word whenever he grasps sufficiently his power and dominion to do so. He heals by sending the thought, known as absent treatment, and thousands are healed in this way. Such healings are as effective from Washington to Calcutta, India, or to Cape Town, South Africa, as from the northwest of the Capital City to the southwest.

While the Science is now known mainly as a healing art, its aim and end are to so educate the race as to ultimately manumit man from the chains of error and reveal to him his true power and dominion, to the end that all shall be the happy children of the kingdom of harmony. Then professional healing, by whatever name, will not be needed or practiced. For correct thinking will result in proper living and that in turn will result in health and vigor of body and happiness and harmony of mind, and will create favorable conditions for spiritual growth and unfoldment.

WHEN THE COWS ARE COMING HOME

Come, my love, and let us wander
'Cross the hills and over yonder;
We shall find the tangled trails we use to roam;
Where the distant sea was moaning
And the honey bees were droning
In the twilight when the cows were coming home.

Hear the tingle, tongle, tangle of the bells,
As they dingle on the downs and in the dells;
O'er the meadow in the gloam
See the cows are coming home;
Hear the dingle, dongle, dangle of the bells.

O, the sweet forget-me-never,
I should like to live forever,
Never more than two months either way from June;
Where the cherry blooms were falling
And the silver hills were calling
Through the twilight of a summer's afternoon.

—Cy Warman.

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What Shall Your Future Be?

LECTURE—BISHOP OLIVER C. SABIN

Before the Evangelical Christian Science Church

WHAT shall your future be? is the topic of this morning's lecture.

This subject has been the uppermost thought of the world since the earliest history of man. There is something within man that cries out for a life existence, a deathless existence. The thought that we are to be buried in the ground and there rest forever is repugnant to every feeling in the human breast.

This question of what our future will be has been the engmery by which, and through which, designing men have played, we might term it, upon the fears of the world. And the question has remained unsolved during all ages of the past. There never has been a time in the world's history when there was not a bowing down through the fears of what the future will be. I could give you illustrations, but suffice it to say, that the hope of a better future, of a happy future, of a perfect future, and the fears of the reverse have been the question of the ages.

The three or four hundred millions of the people of India are bound down by a system of caste, by a system of religion that makes them worse than slaves. I but recently received a letter from a gentleman in Ceylon, in which he depicted the condition of the people of that island. One and one-half cents per day is considered a fair wage in that country, and during thousands of years, so long as they have any record, this same system has existed there. Fear of reincarnation into some condition of misery has been the enginery by which the people have been held down. You will find a like condition with the fire worshippers, of which it has destroyed absolutely almost the entire people that used to be known as the great Medes and Persians, the great Chaldean Empire and other great empires that controlled not only the politics of the world but its brightness, its intelligence and its education. A gentleman was talking to me along this line, and spoke of the condition of the people in the Island of Trinidad, off the coast of South America. Four men of that island can be hired for one dollar a day,

> If we would be happy in our thoughts of the future we must come to the doctrine taught by Jesus Christ. He alone gave to the world the keynote, and that keynote was Love—Love God with all your mind, and all your strength, and all your soul, and love your brother as you love yourself. You come into the knowledge of this truth by realizing who and what is God. Omnipresent life, life in you and in me, and in all the animate world is God Almighty, because there is but one life. The life that is throughout the entire universe is God Almighty, because God is Life and God is All.
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> You can all live in heaven here; be happy, harmonious, healthy, prosperous and perfect here, if you want to be. Or you can be filled with disease, with sorrow, with fear, with want, and with all the thousand and one ills the human family is said to be heir to, if you want that. You have to work out your own salvation.

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twenty-five cents each; whereas a Congo negro, fresh from the wilds of Africa, receives a dollar a day. Religion so-called has absolutely ruined the worshippers of fire, of black magic and other systems of mental poisoning.

But time will not permit me to go into the history of the world. I emphasize the disastrous results of this fear that has been implanted in the minds of the human race—fear of the great suffering of the future, unless you bow down and worship the governing power of the church in control. This has not been confined by any means to the ancients, but it has come down through the ages and exists today. Through the black, dark nights of the dark ages religion was the instrument that covered all crime; was the father and mother of most of it, and controlled absolutely the destinies of the world, blotting out its intelligence so completely that it was considered a disgrace for a so-called gentleman to know how to write his own name.

In this enlightened age in which we live today what do you find? You see an immense majority of the people walking along this broad road of ignorance, fearing the future. They have in their minds, through the teaching of their churches, a system of future punishment as well as of future reward. It is the question of the ages brought down to us, "What shall the future be?" and they argue from a false standpoint, argue from a false position, from a false conception of what God is, from a false idea of what the day of judgment is, and through these machinations we see a broad world filled with sickness, filled with sorrow, filled with want. It is dragging the people covered with fear down over this precipice called death, and what Jesus Christ said, as was read in your presence this morning, is true of today. Those whom we seek to teach, in a very large degree, refuse to be taught; they hate any person who teaches the truth, they hate Jesus Christ, and of old men hated Him and killed Him for His ministrations of love, upholding this professional religion.

Send a man to college and let him become a professional preacher—making preaching a business. Is it any wonder that the papers are filled with crimes of a high and low degree committed by these professional preachers as much as by any other class of men?

There is only one religion, and that is the one taught by Jesus Christ. It is the religion of love, the religion that comes from the heart, and it is not a profession. If we would be happy in our thoughts of the future we must come to the doctrine taught by Jesus Christ. He alone gave to the world the keynote, and that keynote was Love—Love God with all your mind and all your strength and all your soul, and love your brother as yourself. You come into the knowledge of this great truth realizing who and what is God. Omnipresent Life. Life in you and in me and in all the animate world is God Almighty, because there is but one Life. The Life that is throughout the entire universe is God Almighty, because God is Life and God is All.

Our Savior came teaching this great truth, the truth that was to give to the world freedom from this iniquitous slavery that was holding it down everywhere. He came to give the world the knowledge of the truth. What was this truth He was teaching? He was teaching that God Almighty Love, Life, Good, Power and Mind are one; that

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we live, move and have our beings in that Being called God, and that He takes us in His arms, so to speak, and carries us along the pathway of life, making our pathway serene, happy, healthful, prosperous. And it is not hard to love a God of that kind. It is somewhat strange and difficult to love the God I was taught to worship when I was a child. My father was a minister, belonging to a church that believed in a hell. He said if you believe in a Heaven you have to believe in a hell—you had to take them both together. This reminds me of the old negro preacher who used to come to my church. He was quite pleased for a while, but finally he wrote me a letter saying, "I cannot go with you any longer. Your church has no devil in it, and I cannot go with any church that has no devil."

That is the orthodox idea. I have heard my father preach, piling scripture on top of scripture, to prove the real existence of hell-fire and damnation; but he was not as strong as the Presbyterians. They believe not only that the God they worship does provide hell-fire and damnation, but that also He voluntarily creates people that for all eternity are to be damned and punished, consigned when born to that future. John Calvin stood by and saw his student burned at the stake because he denounced and would not adhere to that one dogma.

But the world moves on. It is not so bad as it was three or four hundred years ago, and it was not so bad then as it was a thousand years before that time. It was no worse, it was as bad as could be from that on. These doctrines have formed a black pall that has been thrown over the human family to hold it down and destroy it. This question of what shall your future be, has been, as I say, the alpha and omega of the depression and destruction of the human family.

Now, if religion is to be worth anything, it must be practical. If I stood up here before you today just for the purpose of displaying oratorical powers I would never stand here again. It is with the hope and with the desire to teach something that will lift up the human family that I am here—that not only those who listen to me, but those who read throughout the entire world may know that there is a God in Israel; that the truth taught by Jesus Christ is the road, and the one road by which we can be guided; that we have this freedom, and we have this knowledge, and we know who God is. We know that He is Love, Life, Wisdom. We know all that, and what His form is we do not care to know. We are willing to wait for that, but we have the knowledge of this truth and its kindred thought, that each of us lives, moves and has his being in this same Divine Principle, in this same Divine God, that we are part and parcel of it, and therefore it is not hard to love your brother if you love God, for God fills him.

Man, in his creation, was given certain powers, or what we term self-selection; that is, the power to do evil or to do good. Therefore it throws the responsibility of what your future shall be upon your own selves. Now, mark it, you can all live in heaven here; be happy, harmonious, healthy, prosperous and perfect here if you want to be, or you can be filled with disease, with sorrow, with fear, with want, and with all the thousand and one ills the human family is said to be heir to, if you want that. You have to work out your own salvation. Jesus Christ came, showing us the way. He, The Way Shower, came to

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show us the road, and it is for us to take His teachings and follow as He taught and receive the blessings in accordance with the sayings, or for us to take the reverse and suffer the consequences, for we will reap a crop just as we sow.

Now, that being the truth, what is the sensible thing for a sensible person to do? If you sow the seeds of love and kindness and extend the glad hand to those who need it, make yourself a power of good along your line of conduct, fill your mind with good thoughts, declare in your affirmation what you want to come true, for you have to take care of yourself as well as your brother; you can live in health, in happiness, in heaven, in harmony now, and you will be in as much heaven here today as you ever will be. I do not pretend to say that there is no Heaven hereafter. Heaven, I think, means harmony, as I understand the word, and we will be in harmony in the future if we have a harmonious mind. They asked our Savior what and where this Heaven was. He told them they could not tell where that was by observation; that one cannot see it, cannot say lo! there it is, or lo! here; it does not come in that way. The Kingdom of Heaven, God, is within you; see that it is you who are the party responsible for your future existence. I have no doubt there are many places in the future where God's children will dwell—"In my Father's house are many mansions." You will find a harmonious condition wherever you go, and the one who passed on red-handed with crime is not going into that harmonious condition. He must somewhere repent, he must somewhere make restitution, he must somewhere make himself square with the Infinite law of perfect Love before he can become harmonious.

I think all of us will probably have debts to pay in the future, but I believe this will be so, that there will be a time, somewhere in the Infinite love of God Almighty, where we will be permitted and will have the privilege of making restitution for every wrong we ever did. We are responsible for our sins—that is as true as that the sun shines today, and that we will be punished in accordance with our conduct is true; but it is just as true on the other hand that we will be blessed with happiness, with health, with prosperity and with all kinds of good if we sow the right kind of seed.

This religion is practical; it is something from which if you will take it up and apply to your own conditions, you will receive the benefit, and you do not have to wait for all eternity to get stars in your crown. You can just as well have the starry crown now as in the sweet by and by. You will have stars in accordance with the seed you sow; the tree will be known by its fruits. There is no dodging that. All of the ministers in the world cannot pull a soul into heaven, so-called, and all of the teachers, such as I, in the world cannot bring one of you into the condition where you are harmonious. You have got to do that for yourself, you have got to reap the crop you sow, you have got to exactly follow the line and bring out your own salvation, you have got to do it yourself. You must go alone, and God Almighty's love will never go back on you as long as you ask, seek and knock for this Infinite power, but you have to ask, seek and knock in such a way as is intelligible.

Now, I noticed in reading one of my lectures over, that I promised to go on

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and take up the subject of prayer in detail, further than I had in a former lecture, but something came in between so I did not carry my intention out. You must know how to pray. Good people of the whole world, good, upright, honest people are praying and their prayers are not heard, because they do not know how to pray. They are praying to a being who does not exist. There is no personal God in that great, beautiful Heaven; God is Omnipresent, is everywhere. He is in you, in the whole universe; God Life animates everything, God Love sustains all, God Wisdom protects all, and God's Power controls all. God is Omnipresent, hence He cannot be a personal God. But God has a personality. You can speak of God's characteristics—call them Love, Good. You can consider all those characteristics of the Deity a personality or you can call them characteristics. You can have your choice, but God has this personality. The Apostle, who I think knew, said we could not tell. We cannot tell who, or how it is, but we will know by and by because we will be like Him and will see Him as He is. I am willing to wait until such time as God gives us this insight.

Another thing in praying. If you have followed these lectures you know you cannot petition and receive an answer, because we have all things now. All you have to do to have that manifest is to know that you are the image and likeness of Infinite love and Infinite good, and therefore you must have that manifest. Do you want health? How can the image and likeness of Infinite love be anything else but healthy? Do you want prosperity? How can one that is the heir of God Almighty, who knows and has all things—how can such a person be in want? It is because he does not know how to take hold, does not know how to pray. You have to claim your right. You are the heir of God Almighty and you have to claim your heirship. You have prosperity and God Almighty does manifest everything to you; you have the power and dominion and have the right to command, and if you do this you will receive the blessing.

In this lecture I have given some ideas which you should follow out. Practice everything I have told you today and you will receive the blessings yourself, and you will grow in stature mentally; you will grow until you become intellectual giants, and by and by you will play with the angels of light in this great heaven of universal harmony and universal knowledge, part and parcel of God Almighty, and His children as manifest on this earth.

Remember that everything is practical, that all results must come from you, and when you get yourself right, practice what you should practice, and then the question, what shall your future be, will be answered, because you will know, you will read as you run, and see harmony, happiness and perfection on the horizon of Infinite Love.

The pearls of truth are the common property of those thinkers who free them from the slime of error. It is the optimist who is not content with the old fields where the pessimist sits and grumbles at the mud and constantly seeks for some new fault in his surroundings that will excuse his indolence. It is the optimist who finds the new stores and is constantly adding to the world's treasure house of knowledge.

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Poise

HARRIET DOANE PRENTISS

SOMEONE has said, "There is an inmost center in us all, where truth abides in fullness, and around, wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in. This perfect, clear perception, which is truth, a baffling and perverting carnal mesh blinds it and makes all error, and to know, rather consists in opening out a way whence the imprisoned splendor may escape, than by effecting entry for a light supposed to be without."

The emphasis upon this statement would indicate that our problem is a temperamental one, and when we know how to adjust to conditions as they pass we will have taken a formal step in the direction of progress.

Our struggle to attain lies in the difficulty we meet within ourselves. We make ourselves too much anxiety by our attitude toward circumstances and events.

It is said that "everything depends upon the way we accept it." We do not appreciate our energy or realize the strength at our command. We cherish anger, envy, depression, sorrow and thoughts of poverty, and wonder why we do not receive in return the bounteous gifts of prosperity, health and opulence.

The first note to sound in the scale of progress is that all unfoldment comes from within. We must ever develop and grow from the inside, and we progress as rapidly as our inner consciousness will permit.

One person is quick to perceive and another is dull, in instances where appearances are the same to both. Thus demonstrating that it is only "he that hath eyes to see, can see; ears to hear," etc.

Growth can be accomplished by a painless process, but it does not come to most of us through our spiritual perception without the experience of travail, as it does to the lily, which neither toils nor spins. It seems necessary for us to be goaded into unfoldment through suffering and pain. If our every thought were a profitable one and really worth while, and our impulses kindly, our lives would reflect the quality indicated by this attitude of mind. We would see more beauty in the landscape and sense the fragrance of life, thereby realizing perfect adjustment to its conditions.

Poise may be said to be so correct an understanding of our spiritual natures that by a process of unfoldment we may incorporate all that is necessary to our perfect expression. So long as there is a struggle for comfortable adjustment, while friction and inharmony are a part of our experience; so long as there is a lack of mental concord there cannot be equilibrium.

The dominion given to man does not mean that he can alter the laws of the universe at will, but it does signify that he can so tune his mind that it will correspond with the activity of life and attract to him the conditions he would realize. Electricity responds to our touch only when we have a knowledge of the combinations which attract it, but through his intelligence man can chain it to do his bidding.

Every element of nature can be

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utilized for the fulfillment of man's desire through an understanding of proper adjustment. There is a key to the storehouse of plenty, but it will only respond to the combination lock of wisdom, in permitting us to secure our birthright.

We have the strength and ability to accomplish anything we wish, but it requires a proper recognition of it to call it forth.

By following the laws of harmony we can eliminate discord; when we know how to generate it health is as possible as sickness.

We cannot know repose until our activities of mind are rhythmic and in accord with the harmonious forces of our being. We permit ourselves to feel the friction and jar of life and then wonder at our weakness. Anything which destroys the rhythmic adjustment of our thought unbalances and throws us out of poise.

We must learn the art of keeping the mind in tune if we would see in the perspective of life that which we wish it to reflect to our consciousness.

Living as we do in an atmosphere alive with mind activity, we are called upon constantly to accept or reject the different varieties of thought which are vibrating through the ether and confronting us at every turn.

We attract from this atmosphere whatever corresponds to our own unfoldment within, for the reason that what we are in our consciousness will draw to us its complement. This is an uncomfortable fact to recognize sometimes, but if we will accept the premise and eliminate the discord in our mentality we will change conditions and generate harmony.

To be strong one must not harbor a thought of weakness.

Poise can only be experienced through peace of mind and a right adjustment within.

We are sometimes of the opinion that modern teaching will enable us to endure adverse conditions with more fortitude than we have hitherto been able to attain. This it does not claim! What it does profess to accomplish is to teach us how to attract to us through the power of constructive thinking and the forming of perfect ideals, conditions which are favorable to the promotion of growth.

It has been said of some of the adherents of New Thought principles that their path is so smooth they cannot understand suffering and adversity and, therefore, do not know how to sympathize with it.

Would their freedom from problems not indicate that they had learned how to avoid them?

A rose knows how to select temperature, soil and conditions favorable to its expression of beauty. It can attract to itself all that it requires for its fragrant, graceful expression, but under the stress of adversity it could easily be destroyed by the blight of frost or chilling winds.

Man cannot thrive under the stress of ill-health, distress, or poverty, but he can, through his intelligence, attract to himself conditions favorable to his comfort and happiness. The spur of adversity is sometimes necessary for the awakening of spiritual power, but it is only when the relief of intuitional perception comes to us that we are emancipated from distress; the veil is lifted when we behold the vision of truth, which will show us our inherent capabilities.

One must "listen only for the harmonies of life if he would hear them;

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see only the beautiful in people and nature if he would keep the heart glad and delight the eye." "God is man's inspiration; man is God's expression."

Let us hold ourselves open to the highest inspirations our souls are capable of receiving, and make ourselves a channel for God's highest expression. Jesus led the way—let us follow the light of his spiritual unfoldment.

QUESTION NOT GOD'S PROVIDENCE

That poet was exceedingly wise who wrote:

"With cheerful feet thy path of duty run,
God nothing wills nor suffers to be done
But what thou wouldst thyself, couldst thou but see
Through all events of things as well as He."

It is the Christian's shortsightedness that makes him question, as he sometimes does, the providence of God. He sees things only from the day where he stands. God sees things from the standpoint of the eternal day. He sees them complete, beginning and end and all. He chooses best for man. Nothing is so helpful for a young disciple as to leave events in God's hand, and then go forward cheerfully, doing each day's best. The souls who thus walk in God's will, borne forward, so to speak, in its current, are invincible. They accomplish God's purpose for them—always a larger purpose than they could have for themselves. They go from strength to strength. They cannot be dismayed. In such lives there is no permanent disappointment. There is always fulfillment, in some way, and so joy and peace and power. No Christian can be or ought to be "disappointed in life."

BANISH GLOOM FOR YOUR STOMACH'S SAKE

That the emotions are closely connected with digestion we all know. But we do not always act as if we knew it. We may select the hour immediately following luncheon to interview a fat man, of whom we crave a favor, but at the same time entertain a whole brood of dyspepsia producing thoughts.

In one of his numerous books Horace Fletcher describes an interesting laboratory experiment with a tabby cat. When the cat was annoyed and teased immediately after a full meal the process of digestion was completely stopped. When the teasing was discontinued and the cat gently stroked and talked to in soothing tones, digestion was at once resumed in a normal manner.

Nietzsche is reported to have said of himself: "No invalid has the right to be a pessimist. * * * The years in which my vitality sank to its minimum were those in which I ceased to be an optimist."

To keep healthy and happy the will must be invoked to arouse the mind from those pessimistic musings and absurd, unreasoning forebodings, into which most minds drift at some time or other.

Pessimism is largely a form of self-indulgence and is a luxury that few can afford if they desire health.

Resentment and hatred are emotions which should be well subdued if one would have his food agree with him.—*William E. Towne, Nautilus.*

Your manners will depend very much upon the quality of what you think on; for the soul is tinged with the color and complexion of thought.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

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Watch and Pray

LECTURE—BISHOP OLIVER C. SABIN

Before the Evangelical Christian Science Church

WATCH AND PRAY. This is the fundamental requisite of perfect scientific demonstration—watch and pray.

A gentleman came to me yesterday to be treated for something. He said that he had prayed for himself. I asked him how he prayed and he said he asked God to cure him of his malady, giving it the name. I told him that instead of such a prayer being a benefit it had the tendency to fasten the malady on him. I always instruct my patients to let us do the praying. All they have to do is to enjoy themselves as best they can. We have a great many students who get the idea that they can attain some physical culture system of healing upon this Science and make the combination more effective than the science alone. Wherever they try it they fail. Physical culture by itself will cure people at times. At times the Science cures people by itself. But you cannot mix fire and water and make them harmonious. One must destroy the other, and the water is sure to destroy the fire.

In this system of praying by petition, as in the instance I referred to, giving character and recognition to so-called disease, is doing that which I have always warned you not to do—"putting the beggar on horseback."

We heal by the understanding that all that is is good, and that all that is is from God and of God, and that God is through all and in all and that these manifestations of so-called evil are not real, have no existence and are destroyed the moment you place the Truth against them, just as when you put water on the fire the fire is destroyed. The fire is extinguished, and that is so with all kinds of praying where you give character to a disease. Instead of saying "Father, please heal me of this headache," affirm "I am the Infinite Child of Infinite God, a spiritual being, living in spirit, and can have no headache, and all beliefs of headache have their soundings in error, are untrue and do not exist. I have no headache, and I can have none, because no such thing can come near, around me or about me, because I live in Infinite good and there is nothing but good." That prayer destroys the belief of headache.

> There is no necessity for being poor, there is no necessity for being sick, or having any kind of inharmony or sorrow, if you will watch, and as soon as you detect the symptoms of so-called evil, pray and kill it. He who watches is the sentinel. He detects the enemy as he comes. The prayer is the platoon of soldiers with their muskets loaded, who shoot the enemies as they come over the breastworks. You detect the enemy and then you kill him by the application of the Truth. But no Truth will kill unless it is applied. You must watch, and in your watching know that all that is, is good. Let the seed you sow be what you want to see reaped in the crop, for as you sow, you reap. Sow only that kind of seed which you wish to reap in your life harvest.

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But the prayer, "Father, please heal me of this headache," comfortably fixes the headache. You thus fasten it upon you. You have given it character, you have given it a home. Therefore, do not pray that way. You must watch every presentation of so-called evil. Here is a man that comes to you with a lie. If you believe it, it has all the effect upon you that the truth could have. For instance, he may tell you of some great catastrophe that has befallen some of your friends. You believe it, and it crushes you just the same as if it were true. But if it proves not to be true upon further investigation, the Truth annihilates the original story. It is so with all these so-called manifestations of sickness. They are all and every one of them manifestations of error. If you acknowledge the error, give it a home, it will whip the very life out of you if you will allow it. But the very moment you can rise above it and stand in the firmness of your spiritual perfection, even though your hand is mashed, the bone will grow and God Almighty's harmony will become manifest.

That is the difference between scientific prayer and the prayer of the good people who belong to the churches. I am not questioning their integrity, nor am I impugning their motives. They are honest and sincere—just as honest and sincere as the woman who throws her baby to the crocodile, believing that she is serving God Almighty. But they are mistaken. They are praying from a wrong standpoint, and the millions and millions of prayers that will go up today from the whole Christian world will not be answered except those that are given with the understanding that all that is is good.

You must make your watching and praying practical. You must ask God for wisdom. When I say ask God, I mean ask the way we ask, "God does give me wisdom, God does teach me how to watch, God teaches me how to pray." That is the prayer to give, but you must keep yourself in touch with Infinite Power all the time, under its direction, so to speak, and let the power of Infinite Mind lead you and guide you in all your affairs.

Pray, saying, "God Almighty does lead me and directs me and prevents me from making mistakes and makes everything I touch a success; fills me with health, with harmony and with happiness." Fill yourself full of these beautiful things and the things that you want. Do not pray, "Father, keep poverty away from me and cure me of all my diseases." When you so pray you are loading yourself up with a lot of hobgoblins that have to be killed. Give them the go-by.

Watch. Here comes along a tramp thought that says, "I am fever, or headache, or anything like that, and I want a home." You are on guard, you are watching. You say, "Yes, Sore Throat, come right in; I will get some gargle and we will go to work and gargle, and we will have a good time, and you can send me to the boneyard." That is the way not to watch. The way to do is to say, "Mr. Sore Throat, you are a liar; now get," and if he does not go hit him between the eyes mentally. Tell him to go to; he is no part or parcel of you, and you give no home for any such tramps. Hit him. Just see how quick he will leave you.

Everything is not honey and not sweet that manifests itself here and claims recognition as something which it is not. All that is real is sweet and honey, but the trouble with so-called man that we

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see before us is that he is always hunting around for some false god to worship. If he cannot find some human being fool enough to want to be worshipped he will get some diseases. I know a person who had nothing more the matter with her than did the blue sky. She had a doctor. He prescribed that she drink one quart of water a day. Her appetite was good and she slept well but was in bed most of the time. They sent for me. I rarely ever go away from home to see anybody, but they said this was such a terrific case, and her brother was a minister, so I consented to go. I treated her one month, and she had a rattling good time, the treatments made her feel good. At the end of the month I told her I did not think she needed anything further, but she stayed in bed just the same. If she wants to go off and have a good time on an automobile tour she always has plenty of strength to get up, but she loves to be sick. It is so pleasant to have people say, "Oh, you poor thing." It has a sweet sound to some ears. I would as lief anybody would take a club and knock me down as to "poor thing" me. I have been accused of being heartless because I would not "poor thing" to some of these people that are sick all the time and hire doctors by the year. I have been abused a great many times because I did not see the "poor thing" in the proper light, but that is human nature. It loves to be "poor thing-ed," it loves to be baby-ed. That is all error. Watch and pray. Deny all such thoughts of error as come to you, and pray, "God does drive all these thoughts of error away from me."

There is no necessity of persons being poor, there is no necessity of your being sick, or having any kind of inharmony or sorrow, if you will watch, and as soon as you detect the symptoms of the so-called evil, pray and kill it. He who watches is the sentinel. He detects the enemy when he is coming. The prayer is the platoon of soldiers with their muskets loaded who shoot the enemies as they come over the breastworks. You detect the enemy and then you kill him by the application of the Truth.

But no Truth will kill unless it is applied. I have told you thousands and thousands of times that if you are to succeed in anything you have to throw into the vibration that which you want. Do I want headache? No. Then you have no headache. That is the medicine that kills it. I give that with the understanding of who I am, my condition and the condition to which and for which I go to my Heavenly Father. Watch, and then you must kill the evil by the prayer.

These two words, watch and pray, cover the whole field of metaphysical demonstration, the whole world; it is all covered there, and it is very simple, very simple indeed.

Now, suppose here is a man in business. He is not watching in the sense I have been talking about, but he is on the other side, watching against evil. He is preparing for evil all the time, and that is the wrong way to watch. You are building up a foe that will destroy you. You must watch and, in your watching, know that all that is is good, and that these manifestations that are not good are evil and must be destroyed. Therefore, do not watch for evil, do not watch for hard times, do not think that next month will be a cold month like this one unless you want it so, unless you love cold weather. Think that the sun will shine and that the birds will be with us singing their sweet songs, and we

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will all be happy, healthy, harmonious and prosperous. Let the seed be what you want to see reaped in the crop, for as you sow you reap. If you sow the seed that you are going to be hard run, that you are going to be poor, this or that catastrophe overcomes you, you are sowing the seed that by and by will have its harvest, and as you sow you are sure to reap. Therefore, watch in your sowing and sow only that kind of seed which you wish to reap in your life harvest.

I have made this very practical, very plain, because I want to impress not only upon this audience but upon all who may read the imperative necessity of watching, so that the very moment that any such thing as evil makes its presentation in the thought you may destroy it with the prayer of the understanding. If you do this you will always be happy, you will always be healthy, you will always be prosperous, and you will always have perfect harmony surrounding you. There can be no failure unless you are a coward and run. I have told you time and time again that in this work there is no place for a coward. You must stand right up and face the Apollyons you meet in the pathway, denounce them to their teeth, right in their faces and eyes. Do this and you are bound to win success, but if you run every time a foe presents itself they will keep you running all the time. I am a poor runner. I would rather fight than run, and I think that is the best way for us all to do.

The most certain sign of wisdom is a continual cheerfulness. Her state is like that of things in the regions above the moon, always clear and serene.—*Montaigne.*

I CAN'T

There is an old story of a father who tested his sons by giving them a hundle of sticks to break. Each tried his strength upon it, but in vain. At last, when all had failed, the father quietly untied the bundle and showed them how easy it was to break all by taking them one at a time.

Too many of us say we cannot do a thing when what we should say is that we cannot do it all at once. No one can. It is step by step that things are accomplished. A young man is sometimes daunted by his first vision of life. Everything worth while looks very difficult, almost impossible of achievement. But he can make a beginning. Then the next step will be easier. No one is required to master a business or profession in a night. No one achieves anything but by the patient work of day after day. We do not grow suddenly to our full stature.

When the word of the Lord first came to Jeremiah he said, "I know not how to speak; for I am a child." But God rebuked him with the answer: "Say not I am a child; for to whomsoever I shall send thee thou shalt go, and whatsoever I shall command thee thou shalt speak. Be not afraid because of them; for I am with thee to deliver thee."

Still, today, as in the time of Jeremiah, if anyone is hesitating before a plain duty, saying in his heart, "I cannot," God is ready to answer, "Be not afraid. I am with thee." The impossible thing shall grow possible as we attempt it, bit by bit.

"Treat a man with as much deference as you would a picture; look at him in the best light."—*Emerson.*

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HARRIET DOANE PRENTISS

THE LAUGHING CURE.

I'm going to try the laughing cure,
And make myself care-free;
To live more like a master
And not let things master me.

I'll aim to do my thinking up,
Instead of thinking down;
Thus smoothing out the wrinkles,
Destroying gloom and frown.

Life is charged with mirth and pleasure,
'Tis my birthright here, to be
As happy, bright and full of cheer
As the birds up in the tree.

In a world so full of Eden,
I mean to have my share,
And not depend on finding it,
Some other time, elsewhere.

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Freedom

LECTURE—BISHOP OLIVER C. SABIN

Before the Evangelical Christian Science Church

THE subject of the lecture this morning is "Freedom."

I asked a man whose mother had been a slave what, in his judgment, was the greatest subject in the world. Without hesitation he said, "Freedom." A few years ago I saw an old colored man on the street working very hard with a wheelbarrow, moving bricks. He was quite old and feeble. I said to him, "Uncle, you were a slave, were you not?" He said, "Yes, sir." "Well," I asked, "did you ever have to work as hard as you do now?" He said, "No, sir." I asked him if he ever wished for those days back again, and he replied, "No, sir." I asked him why and he said, "I loves my freedom."

> If you seek freedom through the knowledge of the Infinite Good, holding on to the Infinite Good for its leading and protection, claiming your rights as the Infinite Child of Infinite, always affirming upon the side that is right and the side that you want, you will always be harmonious, you will always have that which you seek; but if you go through the world shaking and fearing, dreading disaster, dreading want, dreading sorrow, dreading sickness, you will realize exactly what you fear, and by and by you will be like Job, who said: "The thing I feared most has come upon me." Never think, or claim, or have anything to do with anything that is not good. Claim that all good belongs to you, for you are the child of the Infinite God Almighty, and that it is for you to have, it is for you to do, for you to work out.

Take that same thought in the world's history, and wherever you have seen a people struggling for advancement it has always been for freedom that they have been working. Our forefathers, who have been scattered among the various nations of the earth, were persecuted because of their faith in religion. To seek a greater freedom they practically banished themselves to the shores of this wild continent and, later on, to complete the revolution in thought which they were seeking to establish, this nation had its birth. The underlying principle for which they fought was freedom.

It would be an endless task to tell of the conflicts in the world's history that have been centered in the thought of freedom. And if this be true as it is in the physical world, how much truer is it in the moral? There is a yearning, a desire in the soul of man for freedom; man wants to know; he wants an answer to that old question, "If a man dies shall he live again?" He wants to know what of the immortality of the soul.

The first philosopher that we know of in history who single-handed taught this doctrine of the immortality of the soul was Socrates. The same thought in a broader sense is the underlying principle of the seventh heaven of the Brahmin. But all the millions who follow under Brahminism there is a desire, a yearning for freedom, freedom from the ills that have been heaped upon them by designing ecclesias-

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ticism, a superstition, a fear. All that they can do is to lie down and weep for freedom. The mother who casts her babe into the mouth of the crocodile does not do it with the desire to get rid of her offspring, but to obtain freedom from some unknown, some fearful catastrophe that the future has in store. And you can take our every day lives and apply the same thought. The world at large as we see it before us are slaves, not in the physical sense, but mentally. They are slaves to their fears. A very large proportion of those who worship in the churches are slaves to the fears of the future punishment. They think they can scrape along here and commit sin and steal and murder, and then if they can avoid the law and its punishment they are all right so far as this world is concerned, but by and by—which to them does not mean "the sweet by and by"—they expect to pay for all this deviltry they have done here. So they are slaves to the fear of future punishment. Some of them have this idea of future punishment down so fine that it would seem easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for one to escape that future damnation.

My father was a minister. Along those lines he believed in brimstone and the devil and a hell, as did all other good men. Then as a boy I became intimate with Presbyterians. Afterward some of the best friends I had were Presbyterians. One excellent young man showed me clearly, as he thought and as I took it for granted, that if I committed one sin I was guilty of violating the whole decalogue, guilty of all the so-called sins, and I thought, as the old saying is, "I might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb." I made up my mind if I had to be sent to hell for the commission of one sin I would just as well commit the whole bunch, because I knew they had me. I could not live without somewhere stepping over the bounds of the saving line.

When I was baptized I thought I was saved, for "He that believeth and is baptized is saved." I believed and I was baptized through the ice, and I felt sure that I was saved, but after a while they knocked this pinning from under me. I had not only to believe in everything else but I had to walk along straight and if I committed one sin I was gone. That was the fear that drove me out of the church. I cannot say I was driven out, because when I first heard of this so-called new thought, or Christian Science, I became so determined that I would not join that church that I sent back West and had them dig up my letters from the church there for myself, my wife and children. My wife said she would not join, but I did. I joined the Methodist Church, although I have never been in a Methodist Church since. I was determined to join so I would keep out of this church, but I could not do it; something here held me.

It all comes from this universal thought, freedom, or for the desire for freedom. You remember the text just read in your presence from Revelations, saying that when all shall be harmony and God Almighty's love shall be the measure from which all nations are measured, God Almighty good will be the rule, that not only will that be extended to us, but that we in turn will extend it to others, and all shall live in this universal world, universal love, God Almighty, and that He will guide us and direct us and bless us.

When we come into this beautiful state which is coming, then the prophecy

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will turn true and they will learn war no more. They will beat their swords into plowshares and their other implements of war will be thrown away. Great warships will be no longer needed, armament for the destruction of mankind will be no longer devised and war no longer practiced. Universal harmony, love, do unto others as you would have others do unto you, love God and love your brother—this will be the only rule by which the world will square its actions. Then we will have what is termed that beautiful millenium, that sweet by and by.

Lack of freedom is the cause of every particle of sickness that there is in the world. Fear is the mother of all diseases, and it is this injecting thought into the mind of the people that creates diseases through their fears.

Never admit that you are not the master. If you are attacked with anything that is called disease, deny it; realize as you have been taught in this lecture who you are, that you are the Infinite Child of Infinite Love, that God Almighty is in you and you in Him and that you live, move and have your being in this Infinite power, this Infinite good, this Infinite love, and that nothing can touch you. Make that declaration and throw it into the vibration, and I tell you it will come back to you freighted with health and harmony, but if you "poor thing" yourself, say to yourself, "I have headache, my stomach is bad, my eyes are weak and my hearing is getting thick," it will be only a short time until the hearse is at your door to take you away. You are doing business for that side of the house. I tell you I am going to fight on the other side and I am going to stay here just as long as these "poor things" will let me.

That "poor thing" business is what is damning and killing the whole world. Let us fight against it, fight against this idea that there is anything but life. God is life and God is all, and as our Savior said, the last enemy to be overcome is death. Let us fight upon the lines we are upon, from where we are. We have a chance, but the very minute we surrender, the very minute we acknowledge this or that evil, that very minute it becomes our master, and we have none of the enjoyment of freedom

For instance take a man in the financial world. There is another place where there is a great necessity for freedom, for from the cradle to the grave, apparently, it is a struggle for the almighty dollar. But many take hold of it from the wrong end of the string. In the first place they commence to bet against themselves, they commence to prophesy against themselves and say, "He can do but I cannot," simply building up a stone wall before them that they cannot get over. It is the man who believes in himself and the woman who believes in herself that are successful, and the one who does not believe in himself is a worthless proposition. He is simply no good.

"Are you going to have a prosperous year in business?" "Yes, sir." "How is your business?" "It is fine." "Are you going to succeed in this enterprise?" "Certainly, I am." Never say anything or think anything except that what you wish to behold in reality, and see how from this sowing the fruited sheaves of prosperity will come unto you and how you will go through the world prosperous and contented.

You can apply this same rule to every other department of human life. If you seek freedom through the knowledge of the Infinite Good, holding on to the In-

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finite Good for its leading and protection, claiming your rights as the Infinite Child of Infinite Love, always affirming upon the side that is right and the side you want, you will always be harmonious, you will always have that for which you seek; but if you go through the world shaking and fearing, dreading disaster, dreading want, dreading sorrow, dreading sickness, you will realize exactly what you fear, and by and by you will be like Job, who said, "The thing I feared most has come upon me."

Take what I have said this morning and apply these rules to your actual life, blot out the idea that anything has been said here for the purpose of sensation or human plaudit, take it as the cold truth, practice along these lines, and your sun will be brighter, your life will be prosperous, healthy and happy, and you will be a benediction to the community in which you live. Go back on everything that cries doubt; remember that all that is is good. Therefore, never think or claim or have anything to do with anything that is not good. Claim that all good belongs to you, for you are the child of the Infinite God Almighty, and that it is for you to have, it is for you to do, and for you to work out. All that anybody can do is to point the road—you must work out your own salvation. I cannot save you and you cannot save me. I will be judged exactly in accordance with the crop I sow; I will reap the crop just the same as everybody else. We are governed by this inflexible, unchangeable, inexorable law of God Almighty, Good, Wisdom, Power; therefore, be careful in your thinking, be careful in your conduct, be careful in your sowing. Always have the star of freedom upon your banner.

NO GOD

The fool hath said, "There is no God."
No God! Who lights the morning sun,
And sends him on his heavenly road,
A far and brilliant course to run?
Who, when the radiant day is done,
Hangs forth the moon's nocturnal lamp,
And bids the planets one by one
Steal o'er the night-vales, dark and damp?

No God! Who gives the evening dew,
The fanning breeze, the fostering shower?
Who warms the spring morn's budding bough,
And paints the summer's noontide flower?
Who spreads in the autumnal bower
The fruit-tree's mellow stores around;
And sends the winter's icy power
To invigorate the exhausted ground?

No God! Who warms the heart to heave
With thousand feelings soft and sweet,
And prompts the aspiring soul to leave
The earth we tread beneath our feet,
And soar away on pinion fleet,
Beyond the scenes of mortal strife,
With fair ethereal forms to meet,
And tells us of an after life?

No God! Who fixed the solid ground
On pillars strong, that alter not?
Who spread the curtained skies around,
Who doth the ocean bounds allot?
Who all things to perfection brought,
On earth below, in heaven above?
Go, ask the fool of impious thought,
That dares to say, "There is no God!"

—*William Knox.*

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Mrs. Rhoda S. Eaton,
EDITOR.

The World of Chance

CARRIE lived in a lovely home, where she had every comfort and pleasure. Her Aunt Mary thought of nothing else, it seemed, but something for her amusement. But Carrie was discontented. She had grown tired of dolls and her pony cart and all the lovely things, and wanted —well, Carrie didn't know really what she did want.

Early one morning she lay in bed thinking to herself: Oh! I wish that things were not always the same all the time. I know nurse will be in soon and take me down and fix my breakfast for me, and I know that Peter will come then with the pony cart, and I know just where we will drive and when we will get back. And when mamma or Aunt Mary gives me a big box I know while I'm pulling the wrappers off that there's nothing in it but a big doll or some toy. I wish I could find lions and tigers in a box, maybe, or that an elephant would come in sometimes, instead of nurse, or the pony and cart would turn to an airship with a dragon pulling it. I'm so tired of knowing what's going to happen.

Just then something moved on her pillow. She sat up and beheld the queerest little man in the world. "Who are you, and how do you come to be sitting on my pillow?" asked Carrie in astonishment.

"Why, I'm the Fairy of Chance," replied the odd little fellow. "And I heard what you were thinking and have come to grant your wish. Wherever I am you never know what's going to happen next."

"Oh! how delightful!" exclaimed Carrie, clapping her hands; "things will just happen so."

"Exactly," replied the little man. "Look out!" he added, but too late, for his nose suddenly grew out as long as a broom handle, and before poor Carrie could duck her head it had hit her a tremendous whack on the cheek, which sent her tumbling out on the floor. As she sat staring in amazement it shrunk back to the little man's face and suddenly turned to a potato.

"Why, what was that?" cried Carrie, half angry.

"Oh! that's nothing; just chance," re-

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plied the little man, affably. "Things just happen, you know."

"But you've got a potato, instead of a nose, now," cried Carrie, laughingly.

"So I have," said the little man, putting up his hand and feeling it. "But I think a potato nose is as good as any other," he added, in a dignified tone, for he did not like Carrie's laughing at it. "You can't catch a cold in your head with it, anyhow. Let me pick you up." He stooped and seized her in his arms, when "Ouch!" cried Carrie, for the arms had suddenly turned to lobster claws and stuck into her soft flesh.

"Oh! that's nothing; just chance, like you wanted things," explained the little man. Just then there was a trumpeting sound, and a purple elephant, with wings, came walking through the keyhole, blowing fireballs from his snout. "Why, this is awful," exclaimed Carrie; "the idea of a purple elephant with a Roman-candle snout, walking into my room!"

"That's nothing; just chance, like you want," said the little man; "and I think I heard you think something about elephants just now, didn't I?" Just then the elephant turned to a mouse and started to run toward Carrie. She gave a shriek and tried to jump on a chair, but her legs turned suddenly to candy and snapped off under her. She shuddered as the mouse jumped in her lap, but it had meantime turned to a poodle.

"When is breakfast time?" asked Carrie, for she was growing very hungry. "How do I know?" replied the little man, testily; "it hasn't been any breakfast time with me for thousands of years; it just has to happen, you know." Carrie started to cry, when suddenly the sun that had been shining brightly through the window went out and all was total darkness.

"Why, what's the matter?" whimpered Carrie; "where's the light gone?"

"Will you stop asking me such silly questions?" said the little man, angrily. "It just happened, that's all, and you know as much about it as I do."

"But what are we going to do?" cried Carrie, bursting into tears.

"Do!" roared the little man; "why, do nothing; what else can you do in a world where you never know what's going to happen next. We just have to sit and wait for the next thing to happen, and it may not happen at all."

"Do you mean the sun may never come back?" blubbered Carrie, in the darkness.

"Of course, I do," snapped the little man. "I never saw such a girl. Here you want things to happen without any reason, and now when I've taken all the trouble to come from Lolly Land and grant your wish you cry. Put on your wraps; it's commencing to snow." And, sure enough, it commenced to snow hard. "Oh! how I wish I had not been so foolish and discontented," moaned Carrie, as she groped, shivering, through the darkness and snow, searching for her fur coat.

"Then I'll leave you, you unrgateful girl," cried the Chance Fairy. "But I'll give you a good shaking first." With that he seized Carrie and shook her until her head swam and she knew nothing. Then suddenly she heard the voice of the nurse say: "Get up, Miss Carrie; it's a beautiful day."

"Oh! how glad I am that things don't happen just so without any reason," she exclaimed as she watched the warm sunlight streaming through the window. And never after that did she complain.

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BOYHOOD

No man, young or old, knows what is in a boy's mind. Once he knew. Once he was familiar with the ritual, free of the fellowship, understood the degrees and administered them to others. Suddenly he was expelled and he has never been able to get back in again. His mind, ruthlessly deprived of the memory of passwords and grips and observances, seeks in vain to recall them. Though he beat forever on the door, it never will be opened to him. Nothing is more remote from the mind of the grown-up person than the apparently simple matter of the division of the boy's year. Philosophers have studied and guessed, but they never have been able to explain why at one time boys play marbles, at another time spin tops and at still another time fly kites, and why in every part of the world they abandon one pastime in a body and take up another.

The boys know. They all know. But the rigorous freemasons won't tell. Are they bound by some frightful oath not to reveal the secrets of their caste? Do traitors and informers among them suffer dreadful penalties? Is it possible that the sad little boys who are sometimes seen gloomily treading their way through the winter streets, wearing low socks and French berets or the velvet clothes of little Lord Fauntleroys, with curls hanging down their lace collars—is it possible that these are the Morgans of this freemasonry, that this is their fate because they have communicated the secrets of their order? It must be true, for no mother in her right mind would so punish her offspring. He wears the uniform of the outcast. Every boy's hand is raised against him. But if it is a punishment the punishment is excessive. No boy could if he would communicate these secrets to the mature.

It would be more difficult for a boy of ten to explain what he knows and thinks to a man of forty than it would be for a Tibetan priest to elucidate in his own language the mysteries of esoteric Buddhism to a Wall Street broker at a quick-lunch counter.—*F. P. Dunne, in The Metropolitan.*

EILEEN MARTIN

"I'm pretty little, but I'll try," said seven-year-old Eileen Martin, daughter of a section foreman, who discovered a broken rail on the tracks near her home, saw by the semaphore signal that the "Overland Limited" was in the block, and knew that danger threatened the train. She had come from her mother to see the "Limited" sweep by the little town of Alta, Cal., as she was accustomed to do. She saw the broken rail as she crossed to her safe place of observation.

The discovery gave wings to her little feet. She ran to the station, but found that the agent, who had set the signals, had gone home to dinner. She climbed upon a chair and told him through the telephone of the broken rail. There was not a minute to be lost. The agent asked earnestly through the telephone: "Can't you take the red flag, Eileen, run down the track a little way, and flag the train? Try it; that's a good girl."

"I'm pretty little, but I'll try," came back to the agent the answer of the childish voice. And try she did, with such effect that the train with its many passengers was brought to a stop less than 100 feet from the broken rail; and the name of Eileen Martin went over the wires to all parts of this country.

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Eileen Martin's technical knowledge of the semaphore, telephone and signals of the railroad could not be possessed by every child, and few at seven would have had the quick wit to realize the danger or to act so promptly upon the means at hand to avert calamity; but Eileen was equal to it, and the story of what she did in her childish way is worthy of being told in every primary school in the land.

She was only seven, and "pretty little" to stop a train, but she was willing to try.

PRAYER

Prayer is the way through which God has taught us to come to Him. We go to Him in secret, and we close the windows of our consciences. We go to God singly and with no other intervening thought. We go to God as He told the Samaritan woman, in Spirit and in Truth, for God is Spirit, and if we would be heard we must go to God in Prayer, in Spirit and in Truth, in the sacred chambers of our hearts and consciousness and pray to God from that pure source. Then He will hear us and answer our prayers, and all the world can see the developments of our prayer when it is answered.—*Bishop Sabin.*

There is probably no better guarantee for an old age of efficiency than a genuine love of one's vocation. This is the only receipt that turns work into play, and robs it, strenuous though it may be, of its canker and sting of anxiety and hurry with resulting strain, brain-fag and possible neurasthenia and premature decline.—*G. Stanley Hall, in Youth's Companion.*

THE "HOUN' DAWG" SONG

It is strange how quickly the American people seize upon trifles. In less than twenty-four hours a homely refrain, warbled at a political gathering, is known from one end of the country to the other. It not only gives us a pleasant relief from ragtime music and sentimental tunes, but it gives a touch of humor to the Presidential campaign.

The followers of Champ Clark at Joplin brought in what is known as the "Houn' Song" from the Ozark Mountains, and sang it around the Missouri city with telling effect. It has a pleasing rhythm, and the sentiment of the lyric recalls the folklore of ancient days. Here are the words of the song:

"Every time I come to town
The boys keep kickin' my dawg aroun',
Makes no difference if he is a houn',
They gotta stop kickin' my dawg aroun'.

My dawg Drum is a good ol' houn',
Trails the 'possum on the driest groun',
Makes no difference if he is a houn',
You gotta quit kickin' my dawg aroun'."

Some of the paragraphers have designated this homely ditty of the yellow dog as the "Battle Hymn of Joplin." Within a day it was sent by telegraph to all parts of the land, and as soon as the music can travel by a little slower process it will doubtless be sung everywhere. It is not a new song, for it has been familiar in the Ozarks for two generations, but it broke bonds at Joplin and has now become part and parcel of America's musical history. If it does not carry Champ Clark into the White House, it will not be the fault of the song.—*Washington Herald.*

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Realization

EDITH PHELPS CALE

"BELOVED now are we the children of God, and it is not yet made manifest what we shall be."

Jesus said, "I and the Father are one," and He claimed nothing for Himself that he did not accord to all mankind.

We cannot rise higher than our own individual aspirations will take us, "A stream cannot rise higher than its source." We have within ourselves potentially all power, all wisdom, all knowledge; for within us is the spirit of the Divine, and He is all of these.

Then how, it is asked, can we gain this wisdom for which we yearn, this something beyond our grasp? The only answer that comes to me is, to raise our individual consciousness onto a higher plane, and this can only be done by a more conscious realization of our oneness with the Infinite Spirit, which must come from within ourselves. It is always there awaiting our recognition, but we have not yet learned how to tap the reservoir of God's Omnipotence and receive from its fullness.

From a sandy desert arose a range of mountains, whose snow-capped summits were lost in the clouds; when the sun shone upon them they glistened in the sunlight like the proverbial clouds with the silver lining of which they were an emblem, for they were God's promise to the desert.

The convulsions of nature had at some period of time in the making of this old world hollowed out a deep basin on a mountain side. During summer many streams of water fed by the melting of snow at the summit made their devious ways to this basin, forming a beautiful lake, whose waters sparkled and danced in the sunlight, but were only known to the dusky wanderers of the desert and an occasional hunter who came to shoot and trap the wild game which came to its brink for drink.

Where this lake overflowed it formed a river, which flowed down the mountain side, sometimes spreading out over little valleys and again confined within narrow gorges, through which the water rushed in rapid descent. Ever on toward the thirsty desert it was impelled as if responding to its call. Occasionally it fell over high precipices, forming great cataracts, whose vibrations echoed and reechoed among the surrounding mountains, telling the desert of its promise and approach. And so, on, ever on, the river surged along—typical of life, sometimes calm and placid, sometimes angry—until it reached the valley below, through which it flowed, being swallowed by the thirsty desert, until, diminutive in size, it finally sought an underground channel.

This desert, many miles in extent, was a bleak, barren waste of sand with no sign of life except along the banks of the river, which was fringed with a thin growth of cottonwood trees and thickets of brush, where the little rabbits with their ears sticking straight up jumped from thicket to thicket, and occasionally larger wild animals that had wandered away from their mountain home—these seemed the sole occupants and owners, except where a narrow thread wound its way through the sands, which marked the course of an emigrant trail, over which occasionally white-covered wag-

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ons—prairie schooners they called them —wended their slow way along, drawn by tired horses or oxen. This trail was marked by the bleached bones of animals which had died from hardship or thirst.

None of the wanderers crossing this desert dreamed of the wealth which lay within its drifting sands, waiting for the time to come when God should awaken in the consciousness of a human being the possibilities that awaited them by the utilizing of the power hidden away on the mountain side; for man had not as yet come to the conscious realization of the connection between the lake and the parched and thirsty desert below, and the possibilities awaiting this recognition.

When once the realization dawned upon him of the power that lay dormant within this placid lake of clear and sparkling water, the swift rapids and mighty waterfalls, when he had tapped God's reservoir on the mountain side and made connection with it and the sands below, lo! what a change! Where once was naught but desolation now blossom forth great fields of waving grain, fruits and flowers. It teems with life; where once only an occasional jack-rabbit was seen, now roam great flocks and herds of domestic animals.

The falls have been harnessed and the power thus generated lights the homes of the inhabitants, runs the machinery that tills the soil, and also furnishes the power which keeps the wheels turning of great manufacturing establishments, around which have been built towns and cities, furnishing employment and making happy many thousands of human beings.

Where once was the thread of the emigrant trail with its white-covered wagons moving with slow pace along, are steel rails over which run the swift electric cars, and no one wonders.

What has brought about this change? The power had always been there since before the advent of man, but locked up within the breast of the quiet lake and noisy waterfall. Now the God in man has recognized and utilized it, and this is only the commencement of what awaits man by the recognition of God's power lying dormant within ourselves.

As the waters of the lake caused the parched earth to blossom forth in beauty, so the great reservoir of His Omnipotence, awaiting the recognition of His children, will water our souls if we will but open ourselves to its inflow, and the harvest will be great, for He will enrich them with His wisdom and love, and that peace that passeth understanding will be ours.

We should not think of God as something apart from ourselves, for He lives within the soul of every human being. He no longer is heard speaking from a burning bush. We should go into the innermost chamber of our souls, shut the door from without, and there in silence communicate with Him. Thus will come the realization. He will never fail us, and when we can live in the continual realization of His presence, whatsoever we ask of wisdom will come to us. Thus it was with Jesus; He fully realized this Oneness, and it has always been recognized by the great masters of the past.

"O, Lord, thou hast been our dwelling
place
In all generations,
Before the mountains were brought
forth,
Or even thou hadst formed the earth
and the world,
Even from everlasting to everlasting,
Thou art God."

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Things to Be Remembered

DR. J. W. BUSH, Columbus, O.

"WHATSOEVER a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

He that soweth wheat shall reap wheat, and he that soweth cheat shall reap cheat, and he that soweth wild oats shall reap sickness, sorrow and suffering before he dies, and if he does not turn from his evil sowing he will reap a bad harvest after death.

Man is sowing something, either good or bad, every day that he lives. He sows by thought, by words, or by actions. He sows to the flesh by evil thoughts, evil words and evil actions. He sows to the Spirit by good thoughts, good words and good actions, and "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Man is also, while he is sowing, leaving the results of his sowing behind him. To illustrate, take the farmer in the hills of Ohio, Kentucky and West Virginia and other hill countries. In the fall when he sows his wheat he sows it broadcast with the hand. He partly fills a bag with wheat, swings it over his shoulder, starts across the field, and every step he takes he puts his hand into the bag, gathers up a handful of wheat and scatters it to his right and to his left and in front of him, and as he passes on he leaves a broad wake of it behind him. Just so with every man and woman who has reached the years of accountability. Every step they take through this life they are either sowing evil thoughts, evil words or evil actions to their right, to their left and in front, and leaving a broad trail of this evil scattered along the road behind them, or they are sowing good thoughts, good words or good actions to their right, to their left and in front, and leaving this good seed scattered along the road behind them to bless and make mankind happy now, and to do good service in helping men and women to think right, talk right and live right.

There are many men and women who sow to the flesh daily by dissipation, by lewdness and by evil speaking. These are the three crowning evils of this present age, and there are many people whom the world looks upon as "good," who are guilty of these evils, especially that of evil speaking.

Did you ever stop to think, dear reader, of the far-reaching results for woe in your sowing of evil words? One time a woman went to a priest and said to him, "I have come to you to confess my besetting sin. My sin is that of speaking evil of my neighbors." The priest pointed to a thistle, and said to the woman, "Go, gather the seeds off that thistle and take them and pass throughout this neighborhood, and as you go, each step you take scatter these seed to your right, to your left, and in front of you, and when you have sown them all return to me for further directions."

She did as she was bidden, and the next day she returned to the priest and reported that all the seed had been sown. The priest now said to her, "Go the same way you did on yesterday, travel the same paths, and gather up all those seeds you have sown and bring them hither to me."

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"Ah," said the woman, "that would be impossible, for those seed are now scattered to the four winds."

"Even so," said the priest, "it is impossible for you to gather up and retract all the evil you are doing by sowing evil words."

It is true that "no man liveth unto himself and no man dieth unto himself." Every man has his influence, and that man's influence, either in thoughts, words or actions, lives right on to bless or curse mankind, one or the other. We should all, therefore, bless ever and curse never, by thinking pure thoughts, speaking pure words and living pure lives.

"Beloved, follow not that which is evil, but that which is good." "Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good."

To sow to the flesh means to sow to the baser part of our nature—to our passions and appetites. To sow to our flesh means to devote our time, our labor, our thoughts, our words, our means, and all that we have and all that we are scattering along life's pathway, to the gratification of earthly and sensual desires.

Now, no man under the sun has any right to sow thus, "for he that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption." But if the man who has been living a selfish, evil life—whose life has been evil continually—will quit sowing to the flesh and sow to the Spirit, he can of the Spirit reap happiness here and eternal happiness "over there."

"And having begun in the Spirit," let us keep on sowing, sowing, constantly sowing to the Spirit, day by day and hour by hour, until we have finished our life's labors and laid our armor down. If we do this, "neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor power, nor things present (all the evil men and women on earth), nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature," if they should undertake to ruin us and make us unhappy, could prevent us who have sown to the Spirit from reaping light, life, health and happiness.

"Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ; for he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting"—i. e., life and happiness more abundant.

HOW IS THE WORLD TO BE CONQUERED?

Jesus left His commission that His disciples should conquer the world. Christianity asks for that power. But the world will never fall at the feet of Christianity until the Church believes it has the power to bring it there. Christ taught a wider belief. He taught the possibilities in every human soul. He taught that without bullets, without cannon, without sumptuary laws, without class legislation, with naught that could mar the happiness of a single human soul, the world should be conquered. Each soul needs to lay hold upon the thought of its own unmeasured possibilities.

The meeting place of God and man is within man, and it is there that the mind should be concentrated instead of without; and instead of being centered upon things it should be centered upon spiritual ideas. If you will consider this, you will see what a marked difference there is between the two methods of concentration.—*Unity.*

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One Way to Conquer Worry

BARBARA BOYD, in "Washington Post"

Let's take a little scrutiny of that word "worry" and see if, when we know it in all its parts, we can't banish it.

It has the upper hand of many of us now, and is driving us with the lash of a slave driver. We are cowed and helpless before it. But if we will just take our courage in our hands, get a scalpel, and begin to dissect this worry, we may find we are letting ourselves be pursued by a bogy, which, after all, has no parts.

Worry comes from a Dutch word, "worgen," to throttle. And therein lies its whole power. We let it throttle us. We let it choke our courage, or our faith, or our self-reliance, and then we are a helpless figure before it. It has us, and we are weak, dismayed, cowed.

Worry seizes us about money matters, and instantly we are in a panic. It throttles the power to do. We can't think calmly or decide wisely. All we see is failure. As soon as we worry, we shut off instantly the ability to recover ourselves financially. It weakens and disheartens us. But if we refuse to worry, if we turn on this bogy and vanquish it, if we do not let it lay its paralyzing hand on us, we can begin instantly to think of ways and means to recoup. Hope energizes us. We begin at once to plan new lines of work.

Or perhaps it is gossip of some misconduct on the part of a member of the family that reaches us, and worry seizes us. We can't breathe. We scarcely seem able to live, so strong and relentless is the grasp of this seeming fiend. In this condition we are utterly unable to give needed aid to the one who is beginning to stray, the aid perhaps that would bring his feet back before he has wandered far into forbidden paths.

We do not understand, perhaps, just this physical power of worry. Though we know it injures us, it has seemed some intangible thing that we could not free ourselves from.

But its intangibility becomes tangible in this actual physical effect that renders us incapable of doing our best. Just as throttling us shuts off our heart's blood and makes us limp and weak, so worry shuts off the life blood of the spirit, and leaves us faint and trembling. So with this understanding of it, we should fight it, the same as we would fight any disease that was attempting to lay us low. We must fight it in its own field, the mental; but now that we know where to center the fight, victory may be ours.

When something happens that is a worry-breeder, we must turn a resolute face first upon worry itself. We must know that though it is immaterial, it can fasten itself upon us like a material thing and drain all energy, all courage, all power to do. We must fight it valiantly, knowing that once vanquished, we will be left with courage undaunted and mind undimmed to handle the real problem that is pressing for solution. And, if clear-eyed and cool-headed, we can settle it successfully.

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THE MENTAL ATTITTDE FURNISHES THE LIFE PATTERN

Whatever you fix your mind upon vigorously and expect you attract. If you are always talking poverty and expecting poverty you cannot hope to attract prosperous conditions. The money mental attitude attracts favorable conditions for money making. It attracts money-making opportunities. Things that are alike, affinities, tend to get together. Our environment will correspond to our prevailing mental attitude in the past. No one can carry through life a poverty-stricken, self-effacing, self-depreciative mental attitude and attract to himself prosperous conditions. Whatever you wish to become or are ambitious to accomplish you will attain in proportion as you picture these models vividly in your mind. You must hold them tenaciously and struggle vigorously to attain them. What we get in this life is not made of chance; luck plays a very unimportant part. What we get and what we become correspond very largely to our mental habits and the character of our efforts.

A man who is down in the world and whom I have been trying to encourage, says: "I cannot do this. Suppose I cannot get the place." In other words, fills his mind with pictures of doubt and discouragement which tend to kill his spontaneity and discourage others' confidence in him. In other words when he tries to get a position or assistance, he goes with such a dejected, melancholy, failure air, with such an appearance of being a nobody that he cannot inspire sufficient confidence to enable him to get help. He does not realize that he radiates his lack of self-confidence and fear to the very people he is appealing to for assistance.

If we wish to make the most possible of ourselves the first thing to do is to sweep out of our minds all the enemies of our success, all negative thoughts and moods. Wipe out from your vocabulary all negative words and expressions, all the "I can'ts" and such expressions as "That is just my luck," "I am always blundering," "I never could do things right," "I have always been an unfortunate creature of circumstances." Such a vocabulary of negative words, such a philosophy of negative expressions would ruin the brightest man that ever lived. Your mental images become your life patterns. If they are black, hideous, discouraging, pessimistic, your life will correspond. Get the negative thought out of your mind, expunge everything that is pessimistic, banish every discouraging thought and substitute confidence, light, beauty, truth.—*Orison Swett Marden, Nautilus.*

FACING AWAY FROM SHADOWS

There is only brightness and light to be seen in Jesus Christ. In him was life, and the life was the light of men. When Moses had been close to God on the mount, his own face shone with a light that came from God Himself. So when the shadows come into our lives, there is one sure escape from them, and only one; to turn to God in our ever-present Savior Christ. And if, instead of having to turn to Christ, we keep our gaze fixed on Him all the time, what chance at all will shadows have to get into our lives? "When you walk toward the sun, all your shadows are behind you."—*Sunday School Times.*

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Thought Control Means Strength

FRED G. KAESSMANN

THOUGHT controls. As the thought—so the action. Also—this merely to bring more forcibly to your attention the significance of the second sentence—so the strength of the action.

A young man said to me, "I fear I can't make it go. I don't think I can make it go. Oh, I wish I could make it go, but I don't think I can make it go." Continuous performance—et cetera.

This young man failed—he was doomed to failure.

He was his own worst enemy. When a man fails of his own support—when he himself believes himself defeated—his defeat is at hand. The elimination is simply a question of time—never a question of fact.

Thousands upon thousands of others are in the same boat. A good many of them are New Thoughters. This is sad—but true. When a person professing New Thought talks in this strain, the thing gets to be pitiful. Brief, temporary lapses may be forgiven—but not exhibitions day after day.

Said a lady recently to me, "I think I can do it. I may be able to do it. It seems as if I should be able to do it."

I "butted in."

"No, Mrs. So-and-so, you don't think you can do it. Your mind cannot even be said to be wavering. It knows that fear has it in its powerful grip. Now, please go home. Weigh all the facts carefully. Satisfy yourself that this proposition is a good, clean, honest proposition. Satisfy yourself that eight hours' daily work will pay you as well as eight hours daily elsewhere. After you have talked with yourself for an hour or so come to a definite decision—then call upon me again. At present you are in no condition to entertain the proposition."

When she called again she began again, "Yes, I think I can make it go. It seems to me that I should be able to do well. If the instrument will do all that is claimed for it, I think I can do well." Of this there was much more—despite much advertising matter and a strong positive talk. She was "turned down." It costs several hundred dollars to train properly a salesman, and sad experience has taught that persons having weak thought force cannot be made into successes in a few rapid-fire talks—plus even the most careful, persistent coaching.

The moral: Think over carefully every proposition put before you—then decide definitely. Women especially should get this habit. The majority are sadly in need of just such training. "Which would you take? Do you like this? What would you do? What do you think of this? I don't know. Isn't it hard to decide?"

The best I can say of such is that they are plain, unvarnished nuisances. Perhaps such find my incisive ways a pain. They like my ways no better than I like theirs.

However—which is the better way?

Make up your mind definitely right now!

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IMAGINATION ESSENTIAL

The same element must enter largely into the accomplishment of anything in this world, from the growing of character to the swaying of nations.

That indispensable element is imagination.

Sam Walter Foss' poem tells what happened to the two lunkheads born in the same town. One had no imagination, he knew he was a lunkhead, and he grew up a lunkhead, grew old a lunkhead, and meditated on his lunkheadedness until he died.

The other lunkhead didn't know he was a lunkhead. He grew up imagining himself a great man in embryo. He pictured himself thinking great thoughts, associating with great people, doing great deeds, making great plans, swaying a city full of people with his eloquence, influencing the world to a higher and better plane.

And strange to relate, he grew up doing all these things, and when he was old there was only one man who could see clear through him and realize that he wasn't what he appeared to be—that he was only a lunkhead that the world misunderstood, thinking he was a great man. This man was the other lunkhead who was born on the next farm, grew up in the same town with him, and always knew that he and this other boy friend were nothing but lunkheads.

Whatsoever you would be in this world imagine yourself as it.—*Nautilus.*

What if earth
Be but the shadow of heaven and things therein
Each to each other like, more than on earth is thought.

—*Milton.*

THE MARTYR HABIT

Someone tells of a woman who had "the happy faculty of putting all who come near her in the wrong," her manner doing it if not her words. Things will do, but they are not quite right. She is making no complaints, of course, but she feels how much better everything would have gone if her advice had been asked or followed. She finds unkindness in every thoughtless remark and bears it with a martyrlike air that is exasperating. We all know the type—the satisfaction with its own goodness that some way awakens the worst in every nature that comes near it—but the point worth considering is that this disagreeable martyr habit is such an easy thing to grow! Just a little nursing of grievances, a little indulgence in the feeling that proper place and consideration is not accorded us, and we can make ourselves habitually miserable and unlovely.

THE POWER OF AFFIRMATION

One hears much about parrot-like affirmations and the danger of them.

This is a perfectly groundless fear.

In the first place, if there is a conviction of the power of the affirmations, the affirmations cannot be parrot-like, no matter how mechanically they may be made.

Let it be remembered that if the spontaneous feeling of "I am well and strong," "I can succeed in what I undertake," were in the heart, there would not be any need of affirming these things.—*Alma Gillen.*

Nothing is beyond the power of prayer, and no human mind has ever compassed the power of the spiritual to overcome material troubles.

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Boomerang Arguments

The liquor people are seldom logical in temperance campaigns. In the first place, they always insist that prohibition is a failure, and that more liquor is sold in the "speak-easy" and the "blind tiger" in prohibition States than in the licensed saloons of the "wet" States.

But if that is so, why do they oppose prohibition at all? If it sells more liquor, they would necessarily be on its side—wouldn't they? This is boomerang argument number one.

They claimed, as to Maine, that this prohibition State spent one million one hundred thousand dollars annually on strong drink. Therefore, they insisted, prohibition was a failure. But one million one hundred thousand dollars, though a sum far too large to please temperance people, means only one dollar and forty-eight cents per inhabitant for Maine per year. In the rest of the United States the drink money has averaged seventeen dollars and thirty-nine cents per inhabitant per year. Prohibition has therefore cut down the bill more than fifteen-seventeenths. This is, therefore, boomerang argument number two.

The liquor people also maintain that the express companies ship each year into the prohibition States of our whole land twenty million gallons of liquor. But there are fifteen million inhabitants in these States, and that means only one and one-fourth gallons per inhabitant per year. Statistics show that the rate for the rest of the country is nearly twenty-two gallons per inhabitant per year—at least, so the "Continent" says. Prohibition has therefore cut down the consumption of liquor by over nine-tenths. Surely this is boomerang argument number three.

The question that, as yet, covers the situation—and has never been met, so far, by the liquor advocates—is this:

If prohibition does not prohibit, why do the liquor interests fight it so passionately? That is a real argumentative question, and not a boomerang.—*Forward.*

Luxury

When homeward from his busy day the toiler travels far
He'll simply push a button when he wants to stop the car;
The man will pull a lever and the door will open wide
And gently jolt him down the step into the street outside.

A button he will press to start the elevator's flight;
Another button floods the room with soft electric light.
And then to cheer the weariness that comes at close of day
He throws a switch and turns a crank and lets the music play.

Oh, what's the good of hands and feet and what's the good of brain,
When with such little effort men such ample service gain?
What call is there to strive and wait and theorize and guess,
When all you need is to decide which button you will press?

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WHERE THE BEST HUMAN VIRTUES GROW

We came from Madrid to Rome along the Riviera, which must be one of the beautifully embroidered edges of creation. There were pines, palm trees, oleanders, aloes, roses everywhere; a fadeless indigo sky overhead. On one side the sea like the sky made versatile with the eternal motion of waves, blue wings of water, ever and ever coming toward you, never reaching you, always dissolving along the shore in a veil of white foam. On the other side the Apennines crowded down like ragged cathedral towers built by giant angels, with the villages of men hanging upon them like amulets.

I have observed this—that the best men and women are not to be found anywhere in the most beautiful and comfortable places. God knew what He was about when He made the greater part of the earth difficult to live in. The best human virtues grow where the soil is poor, where the weather threatens more than it blesses, where the skies are often gray and the sea sends in a cold mist to dishearten the land.

A man finds the match for all his strength in such conditions, and the necessity for using it. And strength is not enough. He has to add to it the desperate hope of faith in God before he is equal to the odds. The last places from which religion and honor and courage and virtue will fail are these terrible coasts, where men live between a grizzly land and a frowning sea. The situation does not call so much for intelligence as it does for a narrow and invincible integrity of the soul.—*Corra Harris, in Saturday Evening Post.*

OPTIMISM AND PESSIMISM

Optimism makes the world's great preachers, philosophers, architects, inventors—in a word, the world's masters. Pessimism fills insane asylums with the demented, penal institutions with criminals and society with discords. The optimist sees God within. The pessimist sees devils in every little child—this child which is "born in the image and likeness of God"—and he vainly thinks he can dispossess them by punishing the child. This belief, however, I am happy to say, is rapidly waning.

HOW RACES ARE MADE STRONG

We have hard problems, it is true, but instead of despairing in the face of the difficulties we should as a race thank God that we have a problem. As an individual I would rather belong to a race that has a great and difficult task to perform, than be a part of a race whose pathway is strewn with flowers. It is only by meeting and manfully facing hard, stubborn and difficult problems that races, like individuals, are, in the highest degree, made strong.—*Booker T. Washington.*

FINISH EVERY DAY

Finish every day and be done with it. You have done what you could; some blunders and absurdities crept in—forget them as soon as you can. Tomorrow is a new day. You shall begin it well and serenely, and with too high a spirit to be encumbered with your old nonsense.—*Emerson.*

"Jealousy is no kin whatever to the family of love. Vanity begets it and selfishness gives it birth."

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Get Rid of Discontent

We frequently hear the statement, "I am tired of this eternal grind." But how can anyone be otherwise than tired when he continues to deal with his work as a grind? You know weariness and disgust are nothing but states of mind. And if you think of your work as a grind you make it so. On the other hand, you can make your work a source of joy. It all depends upon how you approach your work. Then we know that it is what we do in joy that has the greatest worth, and that brings the best results. The question then is why we should not enjoy everything we do, inasmuch as we have the power to live and work in any state of mind we like.

Do not carry the burden of your problems on your mind. Such a practice will unfit your mind for the solving of those problems.

If you are guilty of discontent, get rid of it without delay. For it is nothing but an unwholesome state of mind. And do not imagine that things about you have to be changed before you can be contented. Be contented anyway, no matter how things are. To be discontented is to have a sick mind, and such a mind cannot make things right. But a contented mind can make things right, because it is a well mind, and therefore has the greatest power.

The Home

The ideal home is not self-centered. It is a center of service. So far as circumstances will permit, the old-time ideals of hospitality should be maintained. In wise and uplifting ways the home should be shared. It is a good practice to invite young people who are away from home. It relieves loneliness, discouragement and temptation. Remember, it is—

"Not what we give, but what we share.
The gift without the giver is bare."

"The home is the bulwark of civilization." Within the extreme limits of wealth and poverty a home may be good or bad irrespective of social position or property. Our homes are what we choose to make them. It is a question of what we admit and what we keep out of them. Our best selves and the best that we have to give should go into the home. The home life, to a large degree, determines the character of children. The home tends to make us all better or worse. Thus the home becomes the chief factor in determining the character of the community and the nation. The trend of our times is away from the home into the countless amusements and interests of modern life. But home life at its best should be strongly maintained and cherished. It should not be narrow or selfish, however, and from it should develop and overflow steadily lives enriched for service and blessing.—*The Churchman, in Washington Star.*

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THESE THINGS BRING SUCCESS

Talent is power—tact is skill; talent is weight—tact is momentum; talent knows what to do—tact shows how to do it; talent makes a man respectable—tact makes him respected; talent is wealth—tact is ready money.

For all the practical purposes of life tact carries it against talent, ten to one.

An employe who has the opportunity and who can show his employer how to improve his business by new or improved methods, how to secure new markets and extend his customers, how to economize in time and material or expenditure, or how to increase the profits or revenue of a concern, is the man who will ultimately merit a position of trust or make a start for himself as a master man. Men lacking in initiative must always be servants.

There is no royal road to success, but the first step toward attaining it is a determination to play a first and leading part in whatever position you may occupy.

Cultivate a confidence—not a conceit—in your own power to overcome difficulties.

Remember that you have entered upon a career with boundless possibilities.

Unlike a profession, commerce has no limitation and is not ruled by doubtful etiquette, old and musty formulas, or in any way circumscribed.

The whole world is at your service and success within your reach. Therefore enter upon your business life full of hope and courage.—*C. S. Town.*

But it is as impossible for a man to be cheated by anyone but himself, as for a thing to be and not to be, at the same time.—*Emerson.*

THE FIRST STEP

It is the first step that counts. If there is no one small deviation, there never will be an accumulation of deviation. If one never bend a little, he will never bend a great deal. All great movements and activities have small beginnings. Single thoughts and single acts lead to habits; habits are translated into character, and character controls destiny.

When the small things are taken care of, all things are taken care of. If each problem of the moment is rightly met, all problems are rightly met; for there are no other. If principle is observed in the so-called petty details of life, all problems will be met fairly and squarely from the point of view of principle.

DID IT EVER OCCUR TO YOU?

When the world looks dark and existence seems useless, the trouble may most likely be found in the fact that you need at least ten hours' sleep. Nothing more serious than that. So give nature what she needs, and the sun will shine again.

Mr. Evarts told Lord Coleridge, when they were at Mount Vernon, the legend of Washington throwing a dollar across the Rappahannock. "But," objected Coleridge, "the Rappahannock's a broad stream." "Yes," retorted Mr. Evarts, "but a dollar went further in those days." At a dinner-party this story was praised as Mr. Evarts' best. "O," said Mr. Evarts modestly, "I don't say all the good things credited to me. Now what I might have said was that it was not so strange George Washington threw a dollar across a river, since he threw a sovereign across the sea."—*Philadelphia Record.*

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When Is a Man Old?

How do you tell when a man's old? There's different ways, but I claim there ain't but one you can go by. That's the way I'm goin' to use on myself. When I get to be old I ain't goin' to find it out by countin' up to see, nor by my whiskers, nor by my gums, nor none of them signs. They'll all fool you. No, sir! But one of these times I'll get throwed down and I won't bounce back. Then I'll know it's all over. When a man gets that way, he's old. Old, see? It don't make any difference how much longer he lives after that, he don't ever get any older.

Just years don't count. There was a widow woman once, down Laramie way, and a man with three thousand cows that wanted to marry her. The man did. He wasn't but thirty and he was doin' real well and gettin' ahead fine; but she told him "No" the first time he asked her, her bein' a widow woman and figurin' she'd just egg him on some. She reckoned there'd be plenty of time the next time. Yes, only there wasn't any next time. All the man done was just to get discouraged and go back to the cow business. And then the next thing we knew she'd run off with a sheepherder that was comin' 72 in the spring and didn't have but three teeth and them scattered, and his nose all on a slant where an old buck sheep had pasted him once, and one eye with a comical glimmer in it, and no great shakes for looks. She didn't want him much, and she kept tellin' him so and fightin' him off the best she could, but it didn't do her a speck of good. He stayed right with it till he got her. That shows. I'll leave it to you which one of them two men was the old one. It wasn't the sheepherder. He had the bounce in him. If a man's got that young feeling it don't matter a mite how many years he's got on his string. They don't cut any figure.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

IN THE SWIM

A reviewer in the *New York Nation* illustrates his own comments on a certain new volume of essays by a story that is worth putting into circulation. Three hearers, he says, of the admired Dr. X. were talking in the vestibule after the sermon.

"We must admit," remarked the first, "that the doctor dives deeper into his subject than any other preacher."

"Yes," said the second; "and stays under longer."

"And comes up drier," added the third.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

ONE COUNTRY

From snow-capped pole to pole,
  From east to western sea,
One fatherland, one flag behold,
  One people, self-ruled, free.

No creed, no race embroil;
  No hue, no race divide;
But friendship floods all lands on earth
  Like mighty ocean tide.

One Father formed us all
  With kindred heart and mind;
Our country is the peopled world:
  Our brothers all mankind!

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THE NEWSPAPER BREAKFAST

There is a side to the newspaper breakfast that perhaps neither the husband nor the wife has thought of, and which is well worth considering, and which, when once considered, may remove this cloud from the domestic horizon.

It is becoming well understood that the state of mind in which we eat has much to do with the digestion of our food. If we eat when we are worried or hurried or despondent, our food does not digest. It is not assimilated, and the body does not get the nourishment it needs. Now the man who eats his breakfast to a mental accompaniment of murders, suicides, fires, burglaries and accidents is certainly not mixing his breakfast with cheerfulness and optimism. The ghastly details of some horrible crime are not good aids to digestion, nor is the news of a bank failure or a panic on Wall Street apt to bring peace and tranquility to his spirit. Rather it gives an inward feeling of panic and apprehension, as he wonders if it will be likely to affect his affairs that paralyzes digestion. Bad news is apt to cause him to push away the remainder of his breakfast untasted, and to start off in a depressed, fearful state of mind. This is not going to put him in the best condition to handle the complications that may await him.

The wife, too, if she sits at the opposite end of the table in gloomy or melancholy silence, because evidently her husband does not love her any more, is not eating her food in that state of mind that makes for good digestion.

Bright, cheery talk, a discussion of plans or pleasure for the day or week is surely a better way to pass the breakfast hour, better if only from the hygienic point of view.—*Barbara Boyd, in Washington Post.*

WALKING IN THE DARK

Secretary MacVeagh, at a dinner in Washington, was urging the need of scientific financial laws.

"But let us make these laws scientifically," he said. "We must let in the light. We must work in the light. If we work in the dark, you know, we will go wrong—like young Cornelius Husk.

"Cornelius Husk was called one Winter morning before dawn, and told to go and harness the mule to the dearborn.

"The lad was too lazy to light a lantern, and in the dark he didn't notice that one of the cows was in the stable with the mule.

"As he tried to harness the cow his father, impatient at the long delay, shouted from the house:

"'Corney! Corney! What ye doin'?'

"'I can't get the collar over the mule's head,' the boy replied. 'His ears are frozen.'"

SHAKE OFF PREJUDICES

We must treat our social duties with deep attentiveness; we must be prepared to change our opinions, to give up obsolete views, to assimilate new ones. We must shake off the prejudices and treat the subjects with a perfectly open mind. A sailor who would persist in hoisting the same sails, regardless of the conditions of wind, would never reach his harbor.—*Henry George.*

Selfishness forever strikes a discord. Unselfishness makes melody. Which shall we choose for ours, the music or the jarring note?

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LABOR IS WORSHIP

Pause not to dream of the future before us;
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us;
Hark, how Creation's deep, musical chorus,
Unintermitting, goes up into heaven!
Never the ocean wave falters in flowing;
Never the little seed stops in its growing;
More and more richly the rose heart keeps glowing,
'Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labor is worship!"—the robin is singing;
"Labor is worship!"—the wild bee is ringing;
Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing
Speaks to thy soul from out Nature's great heart,
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
From the rough sod blows the soft-breathing flower,
From the small insect, the rich coral bower;
Only man, in the plan, ever shrinks from his part.

Labor is life! 'Tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth;
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory; the flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;
Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune.

Labor is rest from the sorrows that greet us,
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin promptings that ever entreat us,
Rest from world sirens that lure us to ill.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willow;
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Labor is health! Lo! the husbandman reaping,
How through his veins goes the life current leaping!
How his strong arm, in its stalwart pride sweeping,
True as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides.
Labor is wealth! In the sea the pearl groweth;
Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth;
From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth;
Temple and statue the marble block hides.

Droop not, though shame, sin and anguish are 'round thee;
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee;
Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee;
Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod.
Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor! all labor is noble and holy;
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy. God—*Frances S. Osgood.*

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ST. PATRICK'S DAY

A Song of the Shamrock

The country of America is broad and free and great,
She takes unto her mighty heart the stranger at her gate;
I landed here a ragged boy, without a single groat,
Without a friend, without a place, without a Sunday coat.
She fed me and she prospered me, she filled my pockets lank,
She gave to me a little home and money in the bank,
But once a year my soul goes back to places far away,
And wanders o'er the bogs and brooks upon St. Patrick's day.

I smell again the smoky peat upon the cabin hearth,
I see the settle by the door—the dearest spot on earth;
I hear the music, glad and sweet, of Nora's silver voice,
While up the wild and windy glen the peevish pipes rejoice,
And then the best and bravest lads that ever saw the sun
Come marching by at early morn, both full of fight and fun,
With emerald feathers in their hats, and silken sashes gay,
A blackthorn stick in every fist upon St. Patrick's day.

Old Erin's harp in silence hangs upon a willow tree,
Her sons are scattered far and wide o'er alien land and sea,
Her mischief-loving leprachauns are dead as last year's rose,
But close against her bosom still the little shamrock grows.
For while a bit of Irish sod is there its roots to hold,
The shamrock dear of Ireland will flourish and unfold;
And while an Irishman is left above the churchyard clay
He'll wear a shamrock on his breast upon St. Patrick's day.

—*Minna Irving, in Leslie's.*

SOME TIME

Some time we're going to do a kindly deed,
Or speak a helpful word to some lone heart,
Some time we're going to plant the living seed
In soil where it will thrive and do its part.
Some time we'll stoop to help a wearied soul
That staggers underneath a heavy load;
Some time we'll pause, while rushing toward the goal,
To aid a brother on the rocky road.

Some time we're going to stop the ceaseless grind—
This everlasting hurry-life we live,
And be more loving, tender, true and kind;
More thoughtful and more ready to forgive.
Some time we'll only see the good in men,
Be blind to all the worthless and the bad,
And recollect our own weak faults, and then
Just strive to make the whole world bright and glad.

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Wit and Humor

Smart Sayings and Flashes of Fun From Many Sources

AUNT MANDY'S GOOD LUCK.

The beaming black face of Aunt Mandy appeared at the kitchen door as she exclaimed:

"I'se come for de wash, and I'se some mighty good news for ye! I'se mighty joyous, I is."

"What has happened, Aunt Mandy?" said I.

"It's dis way," said she, "I'se going to marry Brother Johnson!"

"Well, now, Aunt Mandy, I don't see anything so good in that. Why, you will have him and his eight children to do for."

"But," exclaimed she, "he has promised to get back the six big washes fur me dat his fust wife had. I calls it mighty good luck, I does!"

VINDICATED.

"That young girl who married the rich old fellow the other day simply sold herself."

"No, she didn't. I saw her father give her away."

SOURCE OF HAPPINESS.

"Now, I want something in your happiest vein," said the editor.

"Better pay me in advance, then," declared the poet.—*Washington Herald.*

SOME WEAPONS LEFT.

Knicker—We can't carry revolvers any longer.

Bocker—But they didn't take away the girls' hatpins.—*New York Times.*

THE WORLD GROWING BETTER.

"Do you honestly believe the world is growing better?"

"Yes, I do. I saw a woman paying car fare for a twelve-year-old boy this morning without making any effort to convince the conductor that the child was under six."—*Chicago Tribune.*

A LADY OF FORESIGHT.

Bride—Beloved, will you promise one thing?

Groom—Anything, my own, anything!

Bride—Well, when we've been married a reasonable time, and we get our divorce, promise that my brothers, who are struggling young lawyers, shall represent us!—*Satire.*

WIRELESS.

"This wireless telegraphy reminds me of a groundless quarrel."

"What possible connection is there between the two?"

"It's practically having words over nothing."

COMMON HUMAN FAILING.

There's a lot more praying by people for things they want to have than giving thanks for things they have already —*New York Press.*

WEATHER WORRY.

As the colored preacher said: "Life, my breddern, am mostly made up of prayin' for rain an' den wishin' 'twould cl'ar off."

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THE COWARDLY SORT.

"When I arose to speak," related the martyred statesman, "some one threw a base, cowardly egg at me."

"And what kind of an egg might that be?" asked an attentive listener.

"A base, cowardly egg," explained the statesman, "is one that hits you and then runs."—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

THE RIVALS.

Riggs—Singular, isn't it, that neither of your stenographers wants a vacation this year?

Griggs—No; it's easily explained. I recently took a good-looking young man into the office, and neither of the girls is willing to go away and leave the field to the other one.—*Purple Cow.*

THE PENALTY.

"There seems to be a penalty provided for everything but stealing a man's daughter."

"There's a penalty for that, too."

"I'd like to know what it is."

"Hard labor for life."—*Houston Post.*

REASONABLE RESTRAINT.

Jones—Is it necessary for you to send your daughter to Europe to complete her musical education?

Brown—Yes; I can't stand the infernal racket here any longer.—*Portland Oregonian.*

LOVE'S WAY.

She—I'm afraid, Tom, dear, you will find me a mine of faults.

He—Darling, it shall be the sweetest labor of my life to correct them.

She (flaring up)—Indeed, you sha'n't!—*Boston Transcript.*

HER POOR MEMORY.

He—You must never cherish an enmity against your neighbor. If your neighbor injures you, forget it.

She—So I do; but the trouble is I've a very bad memory, and keep forgetting I've forgotten.—*Judge.*

THE ABROAD HABIT.

The Gossipy Guest—Yes, I have to go on the Continent again for my health.

Waiter—How did you lose your health, sir?

Gossipy Guest—Earning money to go on the Continent.—*London Opinion.*

SIMILARITY.

"I can do quite as much as the old fighters in the times of chivalry when the champion unhorsed his opponent."

"How so?"

"Don't I do it whenever I take a night off?"

NO CRITERION.

Tommy—I don't think aunty will stay; she didn't bring her trunk.

Johnny—Huh! Look how long the baby has stayed, and he didn't bring anything.

THEIR PROPER TIME.

"That friend of yours certainly has a choice collection of old jokes."

"But, my dear, you must consider that this is the proper season for retailing chestnuts."

ACCESSIBLE.

"Where are wives supplied to keep rods in pickle for their husbands?"

"I don't know, but I suppose in their family jars."

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Blessedness of Being Different

FLORENCE SLACK CRAWFORD, in "Unity"

"The world is so full of a number of things,
I am sure we should all be as happy as kings."

It was thus that Robert Louis Stevenson proclaimed how little excuse we have for monotony! In a world so full of variety and abounding beauty, what possible reason can we find for being dull or disinterested? You have a share in this variety. Perhaps you have never thought of it until now, but believe me, of all the things for which you should be glad, there is nothing which should bring you such unceasing joy as just that you are different. Not in the old Pharisaical sense, that you are better than your fellows, but that you are unlike them.

The greatest need in this world today is the realization of one's individuality, and I am certain that to me, at least, one of the greatest pleasures this universe affords is that no where are two things alike. No two trees in the forest, no two blades of grass in the field! Everything has its own character, and is founded on a separate thought. Individuality is your birthright. It was intended from the beginning that you should have a distinction all your own. You are to live into visibility an idea which the Father has concerning you—you alone. Your name is to be different from that of all your brothers and sisters. It is to be indicative of your character, and your character is your realization and expression of the great I Am who dwells within you, and lives through you, yes, lives you, for you cannot exist apart from it.

In the past we have been in a perfect maze of quandary, not knowing whither to turn. Ignorance of our being has so clouded us that we have stumbled blindly about, seeking in this one and in that, a leader, being willing to be led or driven—content to go in droves. But now that a light has dawned upon us, and we are beginning to see a little of the truth about ourselves, we are learning to think, and to be for ourselves more and more.

THE FATHER OF ALL is revealing Himself to the world through YOU! Think of the honor, of the possibilities, of the dignity of it! You are to make known to your fellow beings a Perfect Idea. They too have ideas to express, but in no particular is it akin to that of yours, save in love, for all perfection is founded upon that.

I remember one day when I was stroking my little kitten, I was so overcome with this thought that I just cried out to it, "Oh, you little bit of God." Such a wave of thankfulness came over me that it was just a cat and nothing more. I thought of its beautiful fur, of its wonderful grace and cunning, and I felt so full of gratitude that it was just itself, and was willing and content to be a cat. It is certainly as great a thing for a cat to be a cat as for a man to be a man, and in a sense to a cat perhaps belongs often the greater praise, for a cat truly expresses what it is without a flaw, whereas man lives often in pre-

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tense or imitation and appears to be what he is not.

Oh, the blessedness and simplicity of being just what you are! Of putting into expression the very actuality of your own consciousness of your self. To coil your hair this way because it is the natural thing for you to do. To wear blue because you love it. Not because Mary has a blue dress, or because dame fashion decrees it, but just because you love blue. What marvelous sentences would fall upon our ears if you should give utterance to what you really think! If you would let fall from your lips the pure words, founded in love, which well up in your heart, just because you feel them and they have come to you. And oh, that you would sing just because you love to sing, regardless of how your master taught you; without a thought as to whether you shall be heard or not; just to sing from pure love of song, because it lies in your heart, and must be given expression. Think you that the lark in the early morning heavens is wondering if he sings in the most approved method? No, a thousand times no. When you hear that wondrous song, you say, "Listen, it is a lark." Did you know him more intimately, you would say it is such and such a lark, for his song is all his own, created in his own breast, given forth from his own joy, and for no other reason than just that he is glad. I am sometimes almost overcome with the thought of the wonder which shall be in this world of ours, when man shall live like that, shall be himself from simple joy of being.

* * * *

I believe the time is fast coming when we shall work because of our love of creation, and in everything the thought will be as apparent as the thing itself. If this is your rightful privilege in your work, how much more so is it your Father's in his work? How much more apparent then is your individuality. You may ask, "How am I to attain my own; how am I to recognize and encourage my individuality?" First of all, be still; next, love; these are the great essentials. Now at this very moment you are yourself, different, but this difference may not be expressed in beauty, and all love-thoughts must be beautiful. Therefore you must cease your clamorous thoughts, and be still, receptive to the ideas which will flow to you as surely as you are quiet long enough to receive them. These ideas, founded in love, when carried into activity will mold your nature and form into beauty far beyond your fondest dreams. Only the beauty must not be the object of your quest, but rather seek love and receptivity. Beauty is the effect, ally yourself with Cause. How steadily the lilies gaze upon the sun! Do thou as persistently gaze upon love, and all good will follow thee.

Recogizing your source and your mission, you will have at once your freedom. Immediately you will see that a like source and mission belongs to your fellowman. Feeling certain of a calling all your own, cease tostrive. Fear leaves you. Envy, greed, malice, criticism—these all fall away from you. Are you not already more beautiful because of their departure? Trust will now take the place of unrest in your mentality. New interests have sprung up in your life. Joy and thankfulness radiate from every feature. But you say, "The mission, where is that?" Did I not say, "Be still." Your work at first is your nearest duty. Be faithful in it; no one can do it so well or so individually as you. When you have perfected it, lo!

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you will find the other already at your door. Keep the mind alive with trust and thanksgiving, and your good will crowd to you. I know, for I have learned.

Never doubt yourself. From the very beginning the very hairs of your head have been numbered. Think, then, how important you are—creation so beautiful that you would wonder, if you but knew! Possessed of a beauty all your own. Can you judge between the loveliness of the violet and the rose? How perfect, and yet how individual they both are! Do you catch the inspiration? Go forth, then, confident that all good attends you. "The anointing with which thou hast been anointed abideth within thee, and thou needest not that any man should teach thee." Oh, the blessedness of it—within thee, and thou needest no man to teach thee! Those words have been the inspiration of my life. I hungered for so much, until I learned that I have it all in the great within. There you will find it, also. Stop clamoring, be yourself—be still.

THE CHIEF OF ALL PURPOSES

There is no action so slight or so mean but it may be done to a great purpose and ennobled thereby, nor is any purpose so great but that it may be helped by slight actions, and may be so done as to be helped much—most especially, the chief of all purposes, the loving of God. His is not the finest authority or intelligence which cannot be concerned with small things. There is nothing so small but that we may honor God by asking His guidance of it, or insult Him by taking it into our own hands.—*Ruskin.*

BETWEEN GENTLEMEN

One day the old Southerner walked into a banker's office. The Southerner was a typical gentleman of the old school—suave, courteous to the point of punctiliousness, and honorable to a degree of martyrdom.

"What can I do for you?" asked the banker.

"Well," replied the Southerner, "somewhat more than thirty-five years ago I lent a man down South some money—not a very big sum. I told him that whenever I should need it I would let him know, and he could pay me the money. I need some money now, so I shall let him know, and I would like to have you transact the business for me."

"My good friend," replied the banker, "you have no claim on that money. You can't hold that man to that loan. You say it has been thirty-five years since you lent it to him? The statute of limitations has run against that loan years and years ago."

"Sir," replied the Southerner, "the man to whom I lent that money is a gentleman. The statute of limitations never runs against a gentleman."

So the banker sent for the money, and within a reasonable time thereafter the money came. There was a courtly gentleman at the other end of the transaction also.—*Kansas City Star.*

The person who would make and keep friends must be friendly not only when he is in the mood, when it is easy, when things are going to suit him, but all the time. Intermittent friendliness seldom wins or holds friends. It is the kindly interest and good feeling that can be relied upon even when the wind is in the east that is the price of friendship.

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STIMULATING GENIUS

Genius is the most curious psychological phenomenon with which the mind of man has ever grappled. Nobody knows what it is; nobody has ever explained the causes of it. A great crisis arises in a nation's history and the Moses who leads it out of the wilderness emerges from the obscurity of a Kentucky log cabin and takes his place among the immortals. The nation tries one after another of its greatest generals and meets defeat upon the battlefield, until there comes from the counter of a country store a plain man who had graduated at the bottom of his class at West Point, and had until then been a failure in the army as well as elsewhere. The king selects from among the poets of the empire a bard to take the place of Tennyson, and he produces nothing but drivel, while along comes an unassuming little Anglo-Indian, and writes the epics for a race. Genius can neither be forced nor stimulated. It either is, or it isn't, and that's all there is to it. All the prize contests in the world can't produce a Shakespeare, but neither starvation nor misery can choke one who has a message to deliver.

Out in Missouri some months ago they offered a prize of $500 for a State song. All the highbrow composers got busy with their fountain pens and pianofortes, and guaranteed to turn out another "Dixie." Songs were submitted from every State in the Union until the judges were in despair, but somehow Orpheus wasn't on the job, and not a tune turned in measured up to the plans and specifications. And then all of a sudden Uncle Dave Ball, fresh from Pike County, dropped into Jefferson City one day whistling a ditty from the Ozarks touchin' on and appertainin' to the subject of "houn' dawgs," and in a week all Missouri was het up about it. Now the contagion has spread so far abroad that there probably isn't anybody from Maine to California who doesn't know how they've been kickin' that dawg aroun', and who isn't convinced that it has "gotta" stop. Meanwhile, no doubt, they've given up trying to award that prize out in Missouri; but they've got the State song they wanted, and it hasn't cost them a cent.

No, you can't make a genius to order. It simply can't be done.—*Washington Post.*

TRUE SYMPATHY

The love of God is a strengtheneing, sustaining, healing power, quite different from the weak, sympathetic feeling which is sometimes called love. The difference is apparent in a case of suffering. One who realizes and expresses the love of God will be a real helper, sending out a strong, harmonizing, uplifting force, while the one who has only a weak sympathy to give will not only be unable to help, but will be open to receive in himself the conditions he sympathizes with.

Sympathy is a much misunderstood word. It is really the Divine compassion, and it should flow freely from every heart. The world has much need of it. But, mistaken and misdirected, as it often is, it lifts no burdens and does no healing.

Every one who feels himself yielding to the weakness often called sympathy should brace up and declare his divinity. He should insist on expressing that true love which first nerves and strengthens him with power to accomplish according to his word of life, and strength, and health.—*Unity.*

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Morality of the New Thought

SARAH F. MEDDER, in "Practical Ideals"

THE New Thought in its moral aspect has special application to daily living. The supreme effort of humanity is directed, in one way and another, to often get the worst instead; it is not that we want it, and do not strive for the best with greater or less energy, but because we waste our energy in useless and unprofitable efforts.

We need to take a New Thought of things, of methods, and of ourselves in order to get satisfactory results. There is a widespread misconception of the New Thought movement. New Thought is a broad title, beneath which many a vague transcendantalism has found shelter, and proclaimed itself as the only true conduct of life. We are often accused of being a conglomeration of all sorts of fads and creeds; in fact, a little of everything and not much of anything. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The New Thought means a new consideration of men, of things, of efforts, of events, and the laws which govern them. It means profitable thinking, based on unchanging principles, which bring results in the betterment of living. Hence, as a help to a right understanding of our doctrine we need a concise statement of just what New Thought is and its adaptation to human needs. This need may be met effectively by conventions throughout the land; by the preaching of earnest apostles, filled with the power of the New Thought gospel; and best of all, by the consistent living of the New Thought in the home, the family, the workshop, wherever man meets man in the conduct of human affairs.

Every advance in life is based upon something sure and steadfast. There are certain things in the universe upon which we can always depend; which are so because they are, and there is nothing more to be said about it. Volumes of reasoning will not change them. The simplest child can tell the story as well as the greatest philosopher. These sure qualities of things are the keys to the storehouse of all wisdom. Through the understanding of a basic principle, we are able to discover and develop divine possibilities where they seem not to exist. We know the night will surely follow the day, that the tides will ebb and flow, that the laws of attraction and repulsion are forever the same. These are the seen things apparent to all. Yet this same, sure, dependable quality is inherent in things unseen, as well. This New Thought of things gives us as never before a faith in the things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.

We little realize how much this trust in things unseen enters into the work of each day. The level, the compass, the square are simply common tools to the careless observer; but the architect relies upon their exactness to build in strength and beauty. The artist knows, within the primary colors lying flat and crude upon his palette there are countless tints of beauty, subject to his creative thought. The pebble, tossed carelessly away by the boy who does not think, may be picked up by one, who, by taking a New

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Thought thought of the cast-away, finds a rare gem hidden beneath the rough exterior. The housewife preparing the family meal knows she can depend upon the invisible qualities in the seemingly inert substances she handles. The baking powder, properly used, will raise the bread, the salt will always be salt, the pepper be peppery, the vinegar or the fruit be acid, according to its kind. Her creative thought can bring out countless combinations, nourishing and palatable. Whether or not she thinks of it, she has used an unchanging law of God as her sole dependence. Let her take the New Thought of these common things and she may follow on to a knowledge of a mighty principle, an unfailing law, permeating all things and all men, which will transform her world. I did not like the term New Thought at first. It sounded "faddy," but now there is nothing so expressive. We take a New Thought of things familiar, and lo! we have opened up a mine of riches; we have struck a sure foundation. In the New Thought of God, the first words of the Book of Books, "In the beginning, God," take on a new life quality, which leads up to this, "In the beginning, God; in all development, God; in the ultimate of all things, God; God is everywhere, God is here." Then are we ready to take on the New Thought of ourselves, and our fellow men. Because God is, I exist, He is my Creator, my life.

This New Thought of God changes everything. No longer a God, dwelling apart in a place called Heaven, which we can only approach through the gates of supplication or praise, and which we may gain or lose, as we stand to be judged before a great White Throne at a last great day, but a New Thought, a sweet thought, a comforting thought, of an everywhere present God, always with us, whom it is ours to recognize and trust, here and now. Because God is, I am His child and heir to the good things of His Kingdom. Taking a New Thought of this newly discovered privilege, why should I be sinful? Why should I be sick, or why should I lack for things needful? Does He not say, "Son, all that I have is thine?" I have taken on a New Thought of my place in His universe. I see my own divine possibility. I know that this body of mine is the showing forth of my soul, or my active, conscious thought, which is capable of patterning after the Divine Ideal, which is freedom, or to live in bondage to the carnal, which is slavery. I know I am body, soul, and Spirit, filled with the life divine. God fashioned this marvellous body a perfect mechanism, that it might do His perfect work. My physical members are too good to be prostituted to base uses. Why should my soul be given to selfish ends when God has endowed me with mighty thought forces to be used happily for Him.

It is only as we learn to look upon hindrances cheerfully, and meet disappointment bravely, that life begins to reveal its meaning. Divine Love makes the accomplishment of every task worth while and in this realization we learn to enjoy the battle and the conquest of life, for it is only as we learn to meet these periods of struggle that we really enjoy the blessings of calm, contentment, health and happiness. "To the victor belongs the spoils."—*Estelle Hodskine Morse.*

I, grateful, take the good I find;
The best of now and here.

—*Whittier.*

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MAKE EVERY DAY COUNT

The man who starts out in the morning with a determination to do something during the day that will amount to something that will be distinctive, that will have individuality, that will give him satisfaction at night, is a great deal more likely not to waste his day in frivolous, unproductive work than the man who starts out with no plan.

Begin every day, therefore, with a program, and determine that, let what will come, you will carry it out as closely as possible. Follow this up persistently, day after day, and you will be surprised at the results.

Make up your mind, at the very outset of the day, that you will accomplish something, that you will not allow callers to chip away your time, and that you will not permit the little annoyances of your business to spoil your day's work. Make up your mind that you will be larger than the trifles which cripple and cramp mediocre lives, and that you will rise above petty annoyances and interruptions and carry out your plans in a large and commanding way.

Make every day of your life count for something; make it tell in the grand results, not merely as an added day, but as an added day with something achieved.—*O. S. Marden.*

KEEP ON

If the day looks kinder gloomy
An' your chances kinder slim,
If the situation's puzzlin'
An' the prospects awful grim,
An' perplexities keep pressin'
'Till all hope is nearly gone—
Just bristle up and grit your teeth,
An' keep on keepin' on.

HAPPINESS IS REFLECTIVE

Surely happiness is reflective, like the light of Heaven; and every countenance bright with smiles and glowing with innocent enjoyment, is a mirror transmitting to others the rays of a supreme and ever-shining benevolence.—*Washington Irving.*

Here is my work to do, not to worry over. My work, I say; but if I can know that it is not my work, but God's, should I not cast away my restlessness, even while I worked on more faithfully and untiringly than ever?—*Phillips Brooks.*

"No man yet realizes his spiritual consciousness who thinks and speaks mostly of the dark side of life. The spirit is light, and he who lives in the spirit is in the light, and sees only joy, peace and good, and thus only good manifests to him."—*Lucy A. Mallory.*

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EFFECTS OF FEAR

A woman who nursed three goldfish in a small aquarium tank graced with aquatic plants thought she would add a bizarre touch to her water garden by dropping into the tank a gayly colored celluloid alligator she had picked up at a 10-cent counter. She dropped the alligator. One of the goldfish instantly leaped several inches above the water, flopped back inert and never moved again. The mistress of the goldfish was sure her darling had died of fright.—*New York Sun.*

Continual thought upon beautiful things silently brings forth a beautiful spirit.—*Henry T. Bailey.*

MUSIC OF THE MORNING

The music of the morning is the laughter
that I hear
Upon the stair where childhood comes
with pitter-patter clear,
The ringing, swinging music of his lips
of song and light,
When love has led him dreaming down
the bloomy hills of night;
Oh, morning, morning, morning, on the
ripples with their gleam,
And on the lips of childheart murmuring
music out of dream!

—*The Bentztown Bard.*

We must accept things as they really are and not as we imagine them.—*Virchow.*

SEE WHAT 25 CENTS WILL DO!

How to Wake The Solar Plexus,

A unique booklet, by Elizabeth Towne, upon deep breathing and the Solar Plexus.

From very ancient times many writers have attached an unusual significance to the Solar Plexus and its functions. The Hindus of India claim that the soul functions through this great nerve center.

Be that as it may, this odd little booklet teaches that the Solar Plexus **is a center or storehouse** of life, power or energy; that when this center is aroused to activity through deep breathing and other exercises it radiates nerve energy to the whole body. The booklet contains breathing exercises of great practical value. It will help to outgrow fear, anger, hate, worry and to develop concentration.

Mrs. Blanche C. Martin, Instructor in a prominent girls' school, writes: "I have used your little booklet as a text-book on thinking and breathing, and the pupils look upon it as a revelation. They put it into practice, too, and send the booklet to friends and parents."

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IF YOU LOVE GOD

One day, when Jesus was in the temple teaching the people, a man interrupted, and asked Him a question. He said, "Master, which is the most important of all the Commandments?" Jesus replied, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart;" and there is another like it, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Jesus was always trying to make people happy. He wanted to show this man who asked the question, and the others who were listening, why it was that they were not happy. If you love God, you will keep the Commandments. If you love God, you will love your neighbor as yourself. Then you will be happy, for loving our neighbors makes us happy.

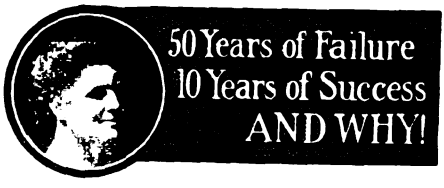
We live in deeds, not years.—*Bailey.*

LIVE WITH GOD

Men suffer because they lack knowledge, because they lack the blessed knowledge that peace, strength and ease come when we give up all mortal mind and all mortal will to Divine Mind and Will. Live at-one with God without carnal mind and will, if thou wouldst cease to suffer; blessed eternal peace comes to him who is united with God.

"It is not the job that makes the success; it is the man."

You find yourself refreshed by the presence of cheerful people. Why not make earnest effort to confer that pleasure upon others? You will find half the battle is gained if you never allow yourself to say anything gloomy.—*Mrs. L. M. Child.*



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You can read the experiences of these persons, together with those of the four others in our New Thought experience booklet, **"50 Years of Failure, 10 Years of Success, and Why,"** which is sent with **"Just How to Wake the Solar Plexus,"** by Elizabeth Towne.

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IF YOU LOVE GOD

One day, when Jesus was in the temple teaching the people, a man interrupted, and asked Him a question. He said, "Master, which is the most important of all the Commandments?" Jesus replied, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart;" and there is another like it, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Jesus was always trying to make people happy. He wanted to show this man who asked the question, and the others who were listening, why it was that they were not happy. If you love God, you will keep the Commandments. If you love God, you will love your neighbor as yourself. Then you will be happy, for loving our neighbors makes us happy.

We live in deeds, not years.—*Bailey.*

LIVE WITH GOD

Men suffer because they lack knowledge, because they lack the blessed knowledge that peace, strength and ease come when we give up all mortal mind and all mortal will to Divine Mind and Will. Live at-one with God without carnal mind and will, if thou wouldst cease to suffer; blessed eternal peace comes to him who is united with God.

"It is not the job that makes the success; it is the man."

You find yourself refreshed by the presence of cheerful people. Why not make earnest effort to confer that pleasure upon others? You will find half the battle is gained if you never allow yourself to say anything gloomy.—*Mrs. L. M. Child.*

50 Years of Failure
10 Years of Success
AND WHY!

HERE is a booklet containing seven fascinating stories of actual experiences of New Thought Families. These will interest you!

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The Solar Plexus booklet is about deep breathing and the Solar Plexus.

From very ancient times many writers have attached an unusual significance to the Solar Plexus and its functions. The Hindus of India claim that the soul functions through this great nerve center.

Be that as it may, this odd little booklet teaches that the Solar Plexus is a **center or storehouse** of life, power, or enegy; that when this center is aroused to activity through deep breathing and other exercises, it radiates nerve energy to the whole body. The booklet contains breathing exercises of great practical value. It will help to outgrow fear, anger, hate, worry and to develop concentration.

Mrs. Blanche C. Martin, instructor in a prominent girls' school, writes: **"I have used your little booklet as a text-book on thinking and breathing, and the pupils look upon it as a revelation. They put it into practice, too, and send the booklet to friends and parents."**

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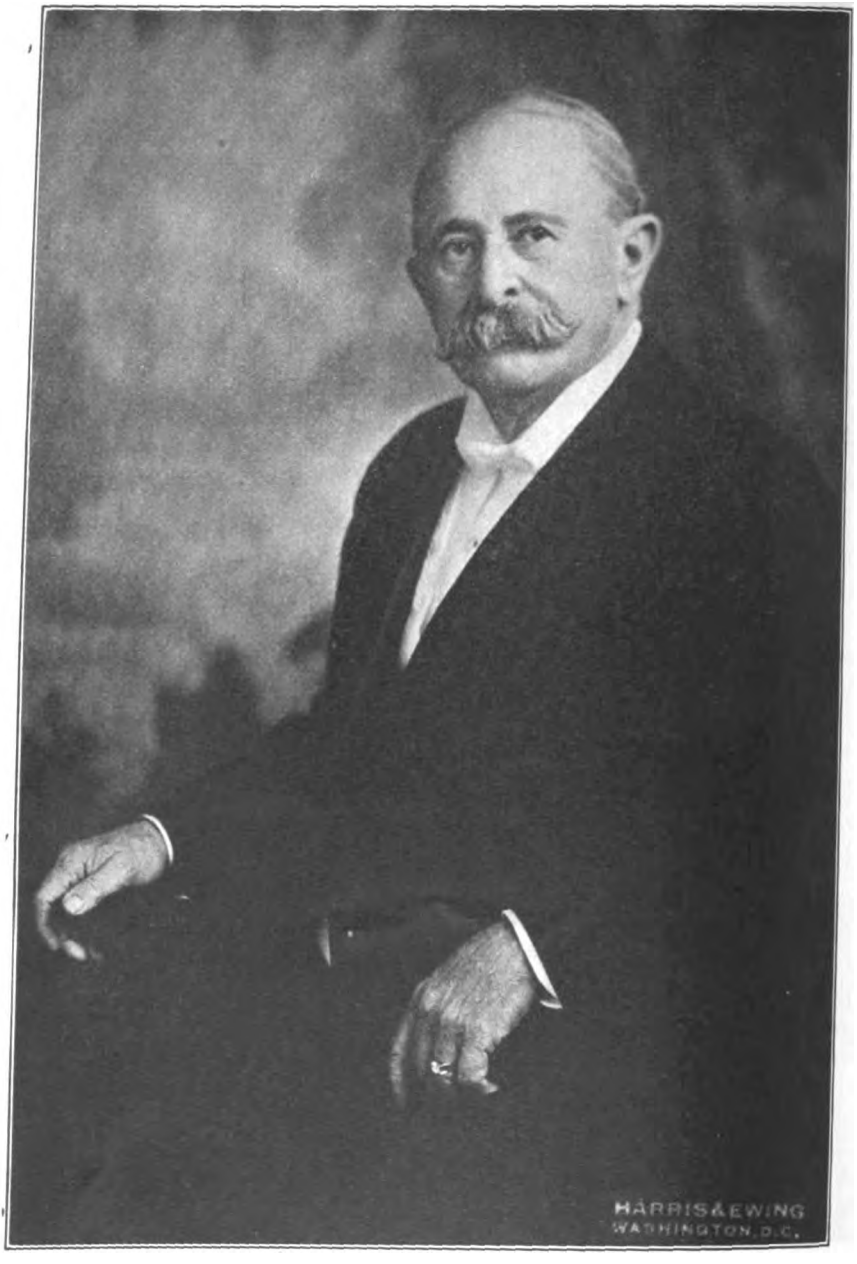

Oliver C. Sabin

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PAULINA B. SABIN.....*Managing Editor*
OLIVER C. SABIN, JR.....*Business Manager*

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In sending in subscriptions please do not fail to state whether it is for a new subscriber or a renewal of an old subscription.

Free Lecture Course at Atlantic City, N. J.

July 20 there will begin a series of twenty-one lectures to be delivered in the Greek Temple, on Young's New Million Dollar Pier, at Atlantic City, N. J. These lectures will be absolutely free, teaching how to heal the sick by divine methods, this being the third annual course at Atlantic City.

The first lecture of the series will be given by Mrs. Elizabeth Towne, the talented editress of *Nautilus*, at 3 o'clock p. m., July 20.

During this course of lectures I will give away a large number of books and periodicals upon the subject of Evangelical Christian Science. The books teach how to heal the sick.

The last lecture will be given on August 10.

This church is in no way connected with the Christian Science Church founded by Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy.

I will announce at a later date the name of the hotel at which I will stop in Atlantic City during the lecture course.

Lovingly yours,

OLIVER C. SABIN, *Bishop*.

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Free Lecture Course at Portland, Maine

On August 17 I will deliver the first of a series of ten free lectures in the music room of the Congress Square Hotel, at Portland, Maine.

These lectures will be absolutely free, and will be closely along the lines of teaching how to heal. Those who wish to learn the Science of Divine Healing will do well to be on hand promptly on the date of the opening lecture.

Any person wishing hotel accommodations in Maine during this lecture course may write to the Congress Square Hotel and make reservation, or any person wishing a less expensive place may write to Mr. Daniel K. Smith, 51 Roberts Street, Portland, Maine, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply, and Mr Smith will aid in every way possible.

I shall stop at the Congress Square Hotel during the lecture course, which will close August 27.

Lovingly yours,

Oliver C. Sabin

Bishop.

He That Cometh in the Name of the Lord

Just recently the press chronicled the remarkable recovery of sight, in a Methodist revival meeting, of a blind woman. The church people looked upon it as the work of God, but the worldly-wise physician said it was nothing of the kind. He said the woman had become excited, and through her imagination the optic nerves, which had been paralyzed, were revived.

This case is rich with suggestions for the trained metaphysician. The doctor explains how the cure was effected, yet denies God any part in it, and at the same time by his flippancy ridicules the process while admitting its efficacy. The church people look upon it as a miracle performed by the direct hand of the Almighty, and scorn the theory of the doctor, who explains just how God in reality wrought the so-called miracle. Thus ignorance sits in darkness both in the house of those who seek God without understanding and those who have built a curative system without this wisdom as a concomitant.

Both he who claims miraculous operations at the hand of God—meaning by that results produced outside of exact and universal law—and he who claims that God is not immanent in every movement and manifestation, do err, and are far from "coming in the name of the Lord."

He who comes in the name of the Lord knows the Lord. He does not stand outside of him and look at effects and judge according to appearances, but he stands at the center of his own being, where the Lord is, and is witness to the work that is perpetually carried on. Then he can say of himself: "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."

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Chain of Golden Thoughts

April

PAULINA B. SABIN

"Owe no man anything save to love one another; for he that loveth his neighbor hath fulfilled the law."

Love is not getting, but giving, not a wild dream of pleasure and a madness of desire. Oh, no; love is not that. It is goodness and honor, and peace and pure living. Yes; love is that, and is the best thing in the world and the thing that lives longest.—*Henry Van Dyke.*

In this world it is not what we take up, but what we give that makes us rich.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

Loving words will cost but little,
Journeying up the hill of life,
But they make the weak and weary
Stronger, braver for the strife.

Do you count them only trifles?
What to earth are sun and rain?
Never was a kind word wasted,
Never was one said in vain. —*Selected.*

God is Love; not that God has love, but God is Love. We live, move and have our being in God Love; love covers us, surrounds us, and we live in it as the fishes live in the sea, and when this power is called into force we are immune from every kind and character of so-called evil. Love is the power that conquers, that makes you the master, that makes you free. Love is the creative power, and nothing can exist or does exist except it be created by love; that is, nothing that is real, true and good. Therefore, in governing your line of thought square it with love and all will be well; happiness will be yours, such as leaves no sorrow therewith.—*Bishop Sabin.*

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Religious Revolution

LECTURE—BISHOP OLIVER C. SABIN

Before the Evangelical Christian Science Church

OUR subject this morning is "A Religious Revolution."

The word "revolution" means a turning over; it means a complete change. For instance, we had a revolution when this country revolted against the rule of the one-man power—the king power—and set up a republic. It was a change; whereas one man had ruled, now all ruled. A religious revolution means a complete change too; the old things have passed away, and in their stead a new system has been established.

Since the world's earliest history the idea of the Deity has been based upon a person—a single person. This came from the old idea of worshiping everything that came along, as in the first place the oldest son of the family was always the reigning deity after the father died. He had the power of life and death; his rules were simply unchangeable. Then they extended the rule of worship of the single being to the worship of something representing every basic idea that there was in the world. They had a deity for the rain, a deity for dry weather, a deity for sunshine, a deity for darkness, a deity for sickness, a deity for health. No one knows how many deities they had, but there were hundreds or thousands of them, all centered upon that one thought. There never was any change in that one thought approximating what our thought now is until it was taught by Jesus Christ.

> God leads and we follow. The command is to preach the gospel and heal the sick, and that is what we are trying to do. Now, do you not see how much better it is in the new faith than it is in the old? We have no fear of God, but we love Him; we have no fear of sickness, for the truth destroys it; we have no fear of sorrow, because Omnipotent Love drives it out; we have no fear of want, because the universal supply comes to us with the ministrations of God Almighty Good. He leads us with His Wisdom and protects us with His power; and in all of our transactions, when we take God Almighty into partnership, so to speak, our lives, our conduct, our actions and our business affairs are always successful. We say that all is good and that God sends you out with the sunshine upon you, filling you with happiness, with joy and with prosperity; that you are God Almighty's omnipotent child, and that you can have nothing but good, and that there is no evil except such as you believe in yourself.

Jesus Christ came teaching that God was Love—not that God had love and loved things as we love, but that God was Love Itself, the Esse. And so with life, that God was Life, not that God had life. Not that God sat upon a throne, filled with life, but that God was Life. Wherever there was a manifestation of what is termed Life, that was God manifest. Christ came teaching Heaven instead of being in a walled city, as we were taught to believe, was the kingdom of God within you. He told them that they could not see the kingdom of God; that it was not where they could

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see it; that they could not say, "Lo, here it is, or, lo, there it is;" that it did not come by observation, but was within them, and that they lived, moved and had their beings in this kingdom of Love, of Life and of Good.

Such a doctrine as that was never thought of before—such a doctrine as a doctrine of love, or as a religion of love, representing a Deity as a personage of love. Therefore God was regarded as a judge, full of vindictiveness, liable to mistakes, and when He found that He had made a mistake He would undo all that he had created. Under this system of thought, instead of being an unchangeable Omnipotent God Almighty He was very much of a changeable God; instead of knowing everything He did not know even the little things of life, for when He wanted Adam He did not know where Adam was, and called out: "Adam, where art thou?"

The idea of God is much more comprehensive when God embraces the whole, when God is Love, when God is Good, when God is Power, when God is Wisdom. You understand, then, that when you live, move and have your being in this Omnipotent Father, you are living in something that means something, and when you commit your ways unto this Lord God Almighty Omnipotence He carries you and controls you and blesses and leads you along the pathway of life, and instead of being a stumbler through life you are a success. You are led by God, and you can not make any mistakes when God Almighty leads you. This is a revolution from the old thought; you see it is a perfect change.

Another change is that our religion is a religion of love instead of a religion of fear. The old regime was fear. If you did not do so and so you would go to hell, or you would be punished this way or that way. And there was a power that was a close second to the power of God, if in fact it was a second, for the devil got the most of them. Only a few of us got up the back stairs. We had to go up a straight and narrow path, but the great herd went down the avenue and the devil got them. All ideas like that, of course, were not intended to make up love, but intended to make up fear.

If you could read my letters for a year and hear the wails that come from the insane asylums and from those that are about to go there from fear of the impending destruction after this so-called death! Go to your asylums and question the cause of this or that one's being there, and you will find that a large percentage are there through their fear of punishment after death; in other words, they are afraid of going to hell. That in our religion all vanishes. There is no hell, there is no heaven, except, as Jesus Christ says, it is within you, a condition which we make or unmake ourselves.

If you go out into the world and do business in stealing, cheating, rascality and scoundrelism you will get all the hell you want right here, and you will never be free from that hell until you have made perfect restitution. Do not fear that you will not get all the hell you want, but it is the hell you make yourself. The heaven you have is what you make, too. You sow your seeds and you reap in accordance with your sowing; therefore if you want to be in heaven, sow seeds of kindness, of good, of righteousness and of holiness, for as you sow you reap. That is a revolution from the old thought.

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You are told by the ministry of to-day that God brings these miseries on you for the purpose of disciplining you. God is the author of nothing but good; furthermore, God is All in All, and through all. Therefore there is nothing but good in existence, and these so-called evils that come up and manifest themselves to us are lies, and all they want for their complete annihilation is to be touched with the truth. Take a lie of any kind and put the truth against it. There will stand the truth, but the lie is nowhere to be seen—it never was anything, it was always a lie, and always was nothing. But so long as you believed in the lie it had all the force and effect of truth. And so with all kinds of diseases; every disease in the world is a lie, but so long as you believe in it, and so long as it is fastened upon you by the minds of those who believe in it, so long it has the power and effect of the truth, and it will kill you so far as your bodily life is concerned. We do not believe anything like that; we believe that all that is is good and that these so-called manifestations of evil are false and untrue and do not exist and cannot exist, for God Almighty is All and God Almighty is Good. We prove what we say by the manifestation of healing. These poor people who believe in the reality of evil can not heal anything. They are a set of blind leaders of the blind and they can not do anything.

We have a revolution. Our theory is that God is Good, that God is Love, and that there is nothing but good and there is nothing but love, and that all of these so-called manifestations of evil are false. Now, we have a further revolution. Instead of having a God that we are afraid of we have a God that we love. He leads us, and He protects us, and of everything we do He makes a success. It is an impossibility for us to go wrong if we commit our ways unto the Lord and trust. We do that and we get results. It is a nice thing to have a theory, but it is a great deal better to prove your doctrine by results. We prove our doctrine by results. Where are the result of orthodoxy to-day? Do we hear of its ministers healing anybody? Never. I have been told by a minister of this town that he would not believe that God healed the sick if he saw it with his own eyes, yet I have heard him ask his congregation to pray for the healing of this one or that one. It is a system of hypocrisy—that is what it is.

The healing of the sick is in the teaching of Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ said certain signs shall follow those who believe in Him. They shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover. Why do not the professors of orthodoxy believe the Bible? It is because they are grounded in dogma; it is because they are tied to a professional religion.

The more I think and the more I ponder upon the subject of churches, the more I am led to believe that God Almighty does not intend that this organization shall ever have a church. There are four or five very wealthy men standing to-day, so far as I know, with offers of substantial sums of money to help us build a church. I have never seen the time in my consciousness that I could bear the thought of taking a cent of it. I do not believe in any paid professional religion. I believe that truth can be practiced by anybody anywhere if he knows it. You do not have to be a Catholic or a Baptist or an Evangelical Christian Scientist to practice the

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Truth. It is the truth that does the work, not the churches. Whether we will ever have a church building I do not know. There are hundreds and perhaps thousands of societies organized in this church throughout the world, but they are societies like this; they have not a church building in the whole world.

What does this mean? It may mean that there is a revolution here. Who knows? God leads and we follow. The command is to preach the gospel and heal the sick, and that is what we are trying to do. Now, do you not see how much better it is in the new faith, in the new doctrine, than it is in the old? We have no fear of God, but we love Him; we have no fear of sickness, for the truth destroys it; we have no fear of sorrow, because Omnipotent Love drives it out; we have no fear of want, because the universal supply comes to us with the ministrations of God Almighty Good. He leads us with his wisdom and protects us with His power, and in all of our transactions, when we take God Almighty into partnership, so to speak, our lives, our conduct, our actions and our business affairs are always successful.

We do not send our people out into the world handicapped with a curse by telling them God is going to destroy them or punish them or throw sorrows upon them to purify them. We say that all is good, and that God sends you out with the sunshine upon you, filling you with happiness, with joy and with prosperity; that you are God Almighty's omnipotent child, and that you can have nothing but good and that there is no evil except such as you believe in yourself. We do not believe in the long face and the sanctimonious, hypocritical expression—and some of them have an expression that we call the "holier than thou" look. We do not believe in the kind of religion that produces such countenances. We believe in a religion that means something, that is practical, that is filled with love and is not a mouthing, but puts these thoughts into practice. That is the kind of religion that ours is.

It is a revolution, and may God Almighty bless the revolution and make it successful, and we know He will.

THE POWER THAT UNLOCKS ENERGIES.

The power to unlock energies lies in the idea. It is ideas which release energy. Therefore, whatever stimulates ideas, or brings forth new ideas, helps to keep you from becoming a chronic victim of habit—neurosis. But to be fully effective as releasers of energy ideas must be carried into action. Otherwise they are like the blossom that is never fertilized. They bear no fruit. They do not fulfill their purpose. They are not complete. The man who thinks and seldom does is incomplete and unbalanced. His physical energies are locked up by his mental bias. The hands should be trained early in life to carry into action the ideas of the brain. We gain power by doing things. By thinking and dreaming alone we lose power, or the consciousness of power, because our life is incomplete, one-sided, unbalanced. The value of our ideas, after all is said and done, lies in their utility.—*Wm. E. Towne.*

"Every great and commanding movement in the annals of the world is the triumph of some enthusiasm."—*Emerson.*

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Habits of Thought

HARRIET DOANE PRENTISS

IT is possible to acquire a habit of any kind, and when it is formed it becomes automatic in its action. Since this is true, why are not all habits made to conform with high ideals?

Nothing ever happened but that thinking made it so. What we are or what we accomplish is the result of our daily attitude of mind. All that we attract of love, health, prosperity or intelligence comes as a result of well-directed thought energy.

Every circumstance or condition in life can be dominated by the operation of mind and a proper conception of its principles.

It is as easy to make a perfect adjustment of circumstances when this truth is perceived as it is to expel darkness from a room by turning on the light.

The illumination of our understanding and a realization of our capabilities will free us from all limitations.

We are prone to concentrate our minds more on the influence of weakness than on the efficacy of strength; more apt to dwell upon the impossible than on our ability to achieve. Thus we permit our habitual outlook on life to link itself with doubt, rather than a positive belief in the art of accomplishment.

This is illustrated by the scanning of a daily paper. One's eye will reveal ten instances of appalling disaster to one of successful achievement. The birth of new ideals and greater possibilities, the conquering of sin and iniquity are seldom mentioned, but the lists of deaths, disasters, bankruptcies and failures are recorded.

Think of the people who are influenced by these daily impressions—the mental pictures held and influences generated by these regular observations.

If "strength, beauty and a thousand charms beside" belong to youth, it is only because the mind of that period is awake and alert to the optimistic impressions of life. Hope is high, and faith in the possibilities of achievement is ceaselessly renewed. The pulse is strong, because there is buoyancy in the heart.

It is the habit of youth to be optimistic, to look out upon life with undaunted expectancy and view it from the angle which reveals the brightest side. Youth believes in purity, perfection and happiness, in spite of what it observes to the contrary. It looks about and sees conditions not pleasing to the eye, but with these things it is not impressed. The mind at this period is dwelling on ideals, focusing its attention on the joys and ambitions it expects to realize. It lives in its own world of faith, in an existence which cannot be robbed of its charm. If as we advance in life we would continue to interest ourselves in these original impressions and the development of ideals, we would rob age of its delusive terror and efface its appearance. We grow weak and faltering because we believe that we are powerless to avert the ravages of time. We lose the enchantment and romance of living, and cease to believe in our ability to realize our high conceptions of being.

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Why should we focus the mind on death and decay, when all science and nature proves that they are not true?

Lincoln was great because of the continual exaltation of his soul and his forceful belief in his latent possibilities. He was masterful in his recognition of his own high attributes of mind, and believed sufficiently in his strength to fulfill his ideals.

We all have the same potentialities, which require only recognition to bring them to life. Two-thirds of the world are asleep to their divine possibilities and the consciousness of their latent energy

We feel the strong currents of a primal impetus surging about us, the urge of life pressing in upon us, and in our resistance to the tide of activity are caught in the vortex of weakness and despair. We do not realize that if we would keep in rythm with the pulse of life we would be carried along on the breast of success, health and achievement.

We do not understand or rely sufficiently on the sustaining strength from which life is generated and which is urging us on to growth. If we did we would be giants of power and masters over the conditions of life.

To feel one's limitations is to be limited; to believe in weakness means to express it. The opposite is also true. A belief in strength will generate it.

If for one hour at a time we should form the habit of concentrating our energies on constructive thinking, the experience would soon become automatic, and the channel would be open for the fulfillment of our highest purpose.

Make it a habit to be optimistic, to believe in your power, to love your neighbor, to speak an encouraging word on all occasions, to be charitable in thought generous with praise, to see beauty in the landscape, to lend a hand, to believe in Eternal Life, to have faith in the influence of good suggestion, to listen for the harmonies of life, to feel the thrill of prosperity, to expect a perfect adjustment of conditions favorable to growth.

This habit will create for us a realization of the best there is in the world, transform disease, distress and discord into harmony and order and bring us face to face with our desire. "Seek and ye shall find."

THE WORLD IS GROWING BETTER

Just because the world grows better every century the sins and sufferings that exist become more noticeable and are more attacked by the reformers. Discouragement and pessimism are out of place to-day, for—

"The world is growing better, no matter what they say,
And the light is growing stronger of a radiant, new-born day;
And the world is growing kinder, more clearly yet we see
The great, eternal purpose working for what is to be."

No matter if the world laughs at you, take your own self seriously. The mob laughs at what it does not understand, ridicules what it cannot comprehend. Too many men who have the fire of genius within never let it kindle into flame because they fear the laughter of the crowd. * * * Forget what others think. The thing that matters is what you think yourself, and that you believe in yourself.—*John Nicholas Beffel.*

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Fear Not

LECTURE—BISHOP OLIVER C. SABIN

Before the Evangelical Christian Science Church.

THE great law writer of England, Blackstone, made two great divisions of the conditions of mankind—the wants and the fears. We want all the good, and we fear all the evil, is the thought.

There is, perhaps, not one other subject in the world that lies closer to our strife for absolute success in life than this subject of fear. The greatest handicap the world has ever known in the progress of the human race has been what is termed fear. Fear came down to us by tradition; from a time long before we have a written history of man, and those traditional stories are, almost all of them, histories of this or that fear, arising from this or that superstition.

In the earliest part of the world's history of religion it was not by a system of love or a system of enticement that the churches or the religious ideas were builded up, but it was through the oppressive thought of fear. The fear of some kind of evil has filled the churches and borne the human race down and made them slaves, and has prevented the advancement of intelligence and civilization. Fear has always hung upon the wheels of progress—this outgrowth of superstition and fear, engendered thereby ever since we have any history of the world at all. Even in this blessed age in which we live, the world is not yet free from it. I am talking now about this religious fear. It fills the churches.

> If there ever was a law through which God healed the sick, that law exists to-day. If ever there was a law by which man could raise the dead through the power of God Almighty, that law exists to-day. If ever there was a law by which the multitudes could be fed with the fishes and the bread, that law is a law to-day; and while we do not demonstrate it in that way, we demonstrate in various ways the fullness and perfection of all the laws taught by Jesus Christ.
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> The man who ignores his own power—that gift from God Almighty—and denies that which belongs to him engenders what is termed fear, and as is a man's faith so shall he be. According to his faith he receives. He sows the seed and he reaps the crop. Fear is a crime against yourself; it is a crime against the State; it is a crime against the world. You must not fear anything.

I cannot remember of ever hearing a discussion, lecture or sermon, when I was a boy, upon this subject of God's being Love. I never heard the subject of God's being Love lectured or talked about, except incidentally, until I heard of this new thought some twelve of thirteen years ago. I had not attended church for a great many years before that, and perhaps they had advanced during those years.

But the idea that God was a God of love, other than that He gave His Son that we might crucify him; that God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son was the story we got every Sunday. That story was that God so loved the world that He crucified

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His Son, that His Son's death might pacify His rage against the human family. That thought to me is abhorrent. It always was abhorrent, and there never was a time in my early history that I dared to question the story, because that was, so to speak, the bed rock, the Alpha and Omega of theological orthodoxy.

How much more beautiful is our religion than that! We have a God, a God of Love, whose Son was sent to this world that the world might be redeemed from its own sins by the knowledge of the Truth which makes them free. This religion develops, I might term it, through the body and the mind of the man who believes. Those who believe lose this scared, long face; we must not call it hypocritical, because they who have it are sincere, but if I should go around with a face as long as my arm, with religion pinned on my lapel, know that I am a hypocrite, because I do not believe in that kind of religion. I do not believe those people are hypocrites; they are not hypocrites, they are sincere.

But here comes this thought, this truth—we know it is true because it demonstrates itself: A person who believes in hellfire and damnation and believes that God and the devil are reaching out for the human family can not heal the sick. Look at the ministry in this town and all over the world. Honest, upright, holy men they are, the great majority of them, and yet they cannot heal the sick. When I learned this truth and the healing power came with it, I felt as did the woman in the Bible story who had found the jewel. It was the priceless something that I wanted the world to have.

If there ever was a law through which God healed the sick, that law exists to-day. If there ever was a law by which man could raise the dead through the power of God Almighty, that law exists to-day. If there ever was a law by which the multitudes could be fed with the fishes and the bread, that law is a law to-day, and while we do not demonstrate it in that way, we demonstrate in various ways the fullness and perfection of all the laws taught by Jesus Christ.

Christ did not come teaching that the world was a world of hate. He did not come teaching that God Almighty wanted His blood. He did not come teaching that He had to be sacrificed to appease His Father in Heaven—no such doctrine as that. He did come teaching law that God was Love, that God was Life and Good. That is the doctrine that Jesus Christ taught, and it is the doctrine that should have been taught ever since. But it was lost sight of, and by the manipulation of man, in what we term religion, they reversed the Christ doctrine and turned it into hate. Instead of religion's being the mission and rule of action that should lead the life of mankind up to greater and greater greatness, through this fear, this fear of destruction, they made it a crushing machine.

That is what held the world back, but the world is being emancipated. Yet we are fought to-day as the Truth always has been fought. Error fights Truth wherever Truth is found. When the patient was brought to Jesus Christ to be healed, the devil within the patient threw him down and fought and fought before he would come out. And how often do we find it thus in our work? Wherever you find error it fights the Truth. And it does not have to be error that you can see. It is this something that we term malicious animal magnet-

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ism that goes out and fills your mind full of hobgoblins of evil and leads you along the lines of evil and evil thoughts so far as it can. That is the cause of all this great flood of suffering and sin. It is engendered largely by fear.

Of course, this subject is illimitable, and I can only touch the edges of it.

The world is governed to-day by fear, and has been governed by fear, by the fear of armies. The strongest nation engenders fear into the weaker and controls in that way, and when we come to the individual and apply it to the individual man instead of to the people at large, we find that fear is the cause of almost all the kinds of sickness that there are in the world. Sit with your back to a draught, and the fear is that your face is towards the coffin. Go where there is contagion and the fear is that you will get it. And you will get it unless you have the knowledge of this Truth, which Jesus Christ said would make you free.

Fear is the cause of nearly all the want that there is in this country. The fellow that has always been afraid that he will come to want is always back-capping himself, saying: "Well, you can do this, but I can not. I tell you, I know I am going to have a hard time; I know hard times are coming."

The man who ignores his own power, that gift from God Almighty, and denies that which belongs to him, engenders what is termed fear, and as is a man's faith so shall he be; according to his faith he receives. He sows the seed and he reaps the crop. The person who is always prognosticating evil, sorrow, catastrophe, "looking out for breakers," as the saying is, is sowing the seed, and his harvest will be breakers. All this is engendered and created and manufactured by fear. Fear is a crime against yourself; it is a crime against the state; it is a crime against the world. You must not fear anything.

Let people bar their doors and put great chains across them, and directly some burglar comes in and robs the roost. The lock that holds the door and gives you protection is God Almighty Love, which covers you as the waters cover the fishes in the sea. Nothing can harm you or molest you or disturb you when God Almighty Love protects you. "Commit your ways unto the Lord and trust, and He will bring it to pass." It is God Almighty power that protects you; it is God Almighty power that supplies you; it is God Almighty power that gives you health. God Almighty gives you happiness, and if you trust this beautiful love and protection of the blessed Father you are safe. If you trust in His love and protection, you do not have to lock your doors, you do not have to fear sickness, you do not have to fear want.

You do not have to be a scoundrel and cheat your neighbor, but you can afford to be honest. And, furthermore, you can not afford to be anything else than honest. This religion of ours makes us all honest if it does nothing else. One does not dare to be dishonest, because if one is dishonest he reaps the crop that he sows and he will get just what he sows. The fellow who pinches receives pinchingly in his crop; the fellow who is dishonest will have to pay back in some other way. The fellow who throws out hatred and malice is bound to receive that kind of a fruitage in the harvest time, because as you sow you reap. Therefore, sow right, sow love, sow good, sow honesty and righteousness, and the fruitage will be harmony.

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happiness and all the good in this God Almighty world.

I think that our religion is better than it used to be. I think "The world do move," if I may paraphrase the expression of the Richmond negro divine, and that we are going forward. The world is becoming thickly settled with people who love, with people who are "on the square," with people who are free from fear; and as we go on teaching, throwing out the life-line, the emancipation will continue. It is the stone that Daniel spoke about in his interpretation of Nebuchadnezzar's dream — the little stone that was hewn from the mountain without hands, and he saw in his vision that it rolled on and rolled on until it filled the earth. That was the stone of love, the love taught by Jesus Christ, and it has been rolling on and will roll on until harmony universal is settled among the children of men, and we will be entitled to and receive all the good there is from the source of universal Love.

The Woman Who Understands

Somewhere she waits to make you win,
Your soul in her firm white hands—
Somewhere the gods have made for you
The woman who understands.

As the tide went out she found him
Lashed to a spar of despair—
The wreck of his ship around him,
The wreck of his dreams in the air—
Found him, and loved him, and gathered
The soul of him to her heart;
The soul that had sailed an uncharted sea—
The soul that sought to win and be free—
The soul of which she was part;
And there in the dusk she cried to the man:
"Win your battle! You can—you can!"

Helping and loving and guiding—
Urging when that was best—
Holding her fears in hiding
Deep in her quiet breast—
This is the woman who kept him
True to his standards lost—
When tossed in the storm and stress of life—
And ready to pay the cost—
Watching and guarding—whispering still:
"Win! You can—and I know you will."

This is the story of ages—
This is the woman's way—
Wiser than seers or sages,
Lifting us day by day—
Facing all things with a courage
Nothing can daunt or dim;
Treading life's path wherever it leads—
Lined with flowers or choked with weeds,
But ever with him—with him;
Guardian, comrade and golden spur,
The men who win are helped by her.

Somewhere she waits, strong in belief,
Your soul in her firm white hands;
Thank well the gods when she comes to you—
The woman who understands.

—*Progress Magazine.*

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THE EVIL OF STRONG DRINK

"Every year I live increases my conviction that the use of intoxicating drinks is a greater destroying force to life and virtue than all other physical evils combined."—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

"If we should sweep intemperance out of our country there would be hardly poverty enough left to give healthy exercise to our charitable impulses."—*Bishop Phillips Brooks.*

The direct and indirect cost of the liquor traffic for twelve months is fully equal to all the pensions paid by the United States since the foundation of the Government. We could construct at least four Panama Canals with the money spent for strong drink every year. How many homes, churches and schools it would build!

"When it has come to this—that the sick do not want a tippling physician, that the client does not want a tippling attorney, that the merchant does not want a tippling clerk, that the railroad does not want a tippling employe, that the manufacturer does not want a tippling mechanic, that the farmer does not want a tippling workman, it is high time that the young woman should make the abiding resolution that she does not want a tippling lover or husband. One generation of high-minded, right-thinking young women would make a tremendous difference in the thought and habit of this century on the subject of strong drink."—*John Mayhew Fulton, D. D.*

"There are ruts of all kinds, deep ones and shallow ones, but ruts of any description are dangerous, and should be climbed out of with alacrity. There is the religious, the literary, the business, the domestic, the art and the artisan rut."

UNKNOWN RESERVE OF FORCE

Those psychologists who write of the "subliminal self" (that unconscious part of the personality which is below the "threshold of consciousness," as they put it) tell us that no man can possibly know his own full powers. They assert that few human beings ever call upon the reserves of power in their deeper selves. Like the coal that burns in the furnace, and yet never gives out anything like the full percentage of heat and power that might be obtained from it, so the average person never rises to full self-realization. Those who try the most, who call upon themselves for the most and largest effort, are the ones who come nearest to revealing their powers to themselves and to the world. "You never know what you can do till you try," is a bit of scientific psychology as well as a common-place of experience.

THE SPIRIT OF GLADNESS

The spirit of gladness when combined with the spirit of strength will enlarge the mind, expand the soul, and enrich all thought and life; it is the moving mystery from within that makes everything good in human nature grow; that makes man noble and great; that makes human existence a world of immeasurable richness and sublime worth. It is the same spirit that makes life "a thing of beauty and a joy forever;" that makes the lovely and the true become the tangible and the real; that causes all things we have loved so much come forth into our world in abundance. Therefore, be glad when you feel strong, and be strong when you feel glad; and always know that you can.

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Make Your Religion Practical

LECTURE—BISHOP OLIVER C. SABIN

Before the Evangelical Christian Science Church

RELIGION has been made a mystery from the earliest ages, and, in thus making a mystery of it, its great benefit to mankind has been, to a very great extent, destroyed. In our churches of to-day, the ones we were raised in, there was always mystery. The most eloquent sermon I have ever heard any man preach was "Great is the Mystery of Godliness," preached by Alexander Campbell, the great founder of the Campbellite Church (the Disciples of Christ). I tell you there is no mystery at all about religion, and the mystery that has been thrown around religion has been its destruction.

We have been used to reading, in the language of our text, "That he that dwelleth in the secret places of the Most High shall abide in the shadow of the Almighty." We did not think that it meant us here and now, but that it meant in the sweet by and by—somewhere, some time we would come into the fulfillment of that promise and enjoy its benefits, whereas, religion that is worth anything is practical and applicable to our condition along the science of life, the science of how to live as taught you by the religion that is vitalized with the truth.

In the 91st Psalm, read to you this morning, you are told that the "truth shall be his shield and his buckler," and we are told by our Savior that "You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." It does not mean that you are to be free, some time away off, somewhere, you do not know when or how, but it means that it frees you now; that it eradicates every destructive tendency in the so-called nature of living, gives harmony and gives you perfection now.

The world has been living in that man-mystified religion, and what is the result? Look at the hundreds of millions of people that cover India. I receive letters from that country almost every month, and I have been told by two or three of these letters that the average wage in India for an ordinary working man is one

> Do not put it off; deliverance belongs to you now. When you are promised deliverance, when you are promised that thousands may die at your side and ten thousands at your right hand, it is literal; it means that you are shielded; it means that wherever you may go through so-called accidents and mishaps nothing can touch you; it means that when you are on the stormy seas you can speak the word and control; it means that when you are on the stormy seas you can speak the word and be the master; it means you can take the God-power given to you and exercise it, and thereby control conditions instead of having conditions control you. In other words, instead of being a slave you are the master. It is for you to be or not to be, for nobody on the face of the earth can help you. You have to work out your own salvation; you have to follow as you are led, and simply let God lead you. There are certain things laid out for you to do, and you will be impelled to do them, and you will have success in doing what you do.

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and one-half cents a day. That is the work of the religion that pays you off in the sweet by and by. You have to live with your nose to the grindstone and keep it there ground flat as long as you are on this earth, in order so that, maybe, somewhere in the dim future, you do not know where or when, this promise will be made clear and effective to you, and you will be made free. Our religion takes hold of the practical affairs of life. We do not go, nor have to go, to mankind for advice.

I was amused the other day at an incident that occurred in my life. A man came to me and gave me a card. He was a representative of Bradstreet's Information Bureau, and all business men understand what that is, at least all lawyers do. It is a sort of system of nosing around to find out what the other fellow has got, that is what it means. I looked at his card and laughed. I said that if I owed anybody in the world I did not know but that I had the money to pay, and if there was anybody that I wanted any favors from I did not know who he was, for I asked no favors from any human being on the face of the earth. We are independent; we go to God Almighty. If I wanted a thousand dollars in the morning there is not a living person on the face of the earth to whom I would go for a cent. If God did not give me money, it would not be had; I would go to no human being for a favor.

Why? Don't you love your brother? Yes, I love him with all my heart. Why don't you go to him? Simply because I have a better place to go to; I have a better bank to draw on, and when I draw on that bank the fellow does not make any excuses, and say: "I am sorry; I really have not the money." That other is the procrastination thought of the sweet by-and-by, when you are going to get health. Your health belongs to you now, and it belongs to every child of God who takes God into his confidence and trusts and relies on Him. Commit your ways unto the Lord and trust, and the promise is that He will bring it to pass.

Now, we know God's promises are true, know it because they are demonstrated to us every day of the world. We know this to be true. Then what is the use of living this half-living way you live, clogged up with debt, with fear of sickness, bowed down and depressed by sorrow? Why is it, when you can hold up your head and look to the Father of All, who is All, and who takes more pleasure in giving than you do in receiving? Ask and He will bring it to pass; He will give you deliverance.

There are a good many promises in the Psalm read to you this morning, and I think that with perhaps the exception of Christ's Sermon on the Mount and Moses' farewell address there is more wisdom, practical, common-sense wisdom, in the 91st Psalm than in any other part of the Bible. What you want to do is to make those promises literal. Do not put it off; deliverance belongs to you now. When you are promised deliverance, when you are promised that thousands may die at your side and ten thousands at your right hand and you remain unharmed, it is literal; it means you are shielded; it means that wherever you may go through so-called accidents and so forth, nothing can touch you; it means when you are on the stormy seas you can speak the word and control; it means you take the God-power given to you and exercise it, and thereby control conditions, instead of having conditions control you. In other words, instead of being a slave you are the master. It is for

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you to be or not to be, for nobody else on the face of the earth can help you.

Now mark it. You have to work out your own salvation; you have to follow as you are led, and simply let God lead you. There are certain things laid out for you to do, and you will be impelled to do them, and you will have success in doing what you do.

How many of my students I have had trouble with during all my teaching! They want to wait until they are full-fledged healers and metaphysicians before they attempt to use anything they know. You have to use what you know. Of the one who was given the one talent not so much was required as of the one who had ten, but he had to do what was for him to do. And so it is with your science. Practice what you know. When you have a little demonstration it makes you feel good, and you say, "If God will only do some of the big things for me," not knowing that it took the same ability to make one of the hairs of your head as it did to create the earth and all the worlds of the universe. All was done by the Omnipotent power, by the One power—that is, the unfathomable Supreme God Almighty, who is All in All and through all; and in Him do you trust.

I remember the first case of appendicitis that ever came to us for treatment. Before I came into this thought a great many of my friends had died from that thought, but the surgeons did not know how to handle it with the knife as they do know now. A woman in Galena, Ill., whose friends had all arranged to take her to a hospital to be operated upon, telegraphed me for treatment. In three hours' time she was up eating supper with her family and having a good time, and instead of going to Chicago to be operated upon did a big day's washing next day.

One of my friends in Chicago, one of the brightest newspaper writers I ever knew, left me, and did not come down for several days. I asked for him, and found they had taken him to a hospital and operated upon him for appendicitis; had taken out his appendix and he died, from the operation. That is the difference between the Science and the knife. I was delighted with the healing of the case that came to us, but since then if we should lose a case of appendicitis I would feel disappointed. We do not heal; God is the Healer.

What I am trying to impress upon your minds and upon the minds of all my readers is to make your religion practical. Make it the rule of your life. When you want anything, ask for it. Do not be afraid to ask God, for He loves you and you love Him. He has everything for you, and all you have to do is to ask and you will receive. "Whatever you ask in my name, believing, that you shall receive," is the promise. Now, follow the teaching of Jesus Christ, the greatest metaphysician the world has ever known, and you are bound to succeed. Your religion will make you a success.

The young fellow who believes in himself and who dwells upon the fact that he has dominion and power, sooner or later will make success along certain lines upon which he is working. There is no more necessity for being a failure than there is for being a horse thief, not one particle. It is our own fault if we do not succeed in what we undertake. Ours is the practical religion; it blesses in business; it blesses in health; it blesses in all your environments, I do not care what position of human endeavor you

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care to demonstrate. God Almighty will give you success in everything if you ask, seek and knock.

That is our religion, that is our practice, and that is why every Scientist, who is a real, thorough Scientist, wins success. They do not always win it at first; the little fellow has to grow, but he will grow. Let him hang on to God Almighty, and God Almighty will make him succeed; there is no such thing as failure. But if he fears and takes hold with a trembling hand, his mind filled with doubt, he is like a fellow who goes into court and pleads guilty; all there is to do to him is to railroad him. The person who is any good is the one who stands by his rights, by the truth.

The truth is that we are the image and likeness of Infinite Spirit, and Infinite Spirit is Infinite God, in all and through all, and is All. Therefore, you live, move and have your being in this universal All; you partake of it; you are its image and likeness; you cannot be a failure, for you are the image and likeness of success and perfection.

This personal God idea holds you back, but you must get rid of that. I know that when the idea was first advanced to me, that the God I had worshipped all my life, sitting on a throne with books before Him giving judgment, was not the right God, I was shocked; it was really a great shock to me. A man told me once that he did not believe I knew what God was, and I was almost insulted; I do not really know but that I was insulted. I felt sure I knew what God was, but I did not know anything about Him, that was the fact of it. I believed that God was this great Being who lived forever. I did not take into consideration that life held Him there. If I had I would have gone a little further and philosophized on the subject, and would have come to the conclusion that, if the life that held Him alive went out, He would be a dead God. Then I had to go a step further, and say God is Life and God is All; therefore All is Life. God is the Esse, He is the It, and we are His image and likeness. And so with truth, so with wisdom, so with power. We are its image and likeness; all the power we have and all the strength we have come direct from this Infinite Power of Life. All the life we have and all the life there is is simply this Infinite God, and all life in you is God within you, because God is Life; therefore all Life is God, God manifest everywhere.

Now, when we come to understand that, and come to understand further that there is something in this beautiful, beautiful character that takes you in His arms, so to speak, and carries you along the pathway of life, makes all your undertakings a success, fills you with love, happiness, prosperity, carries you along under the shadow of His wings, there is something you can love, there is something to love. But there was very little to love in the God we used to know. I do not believe in any kind of a personal God. God is impersonal, but He has a personality, and that beautiful personality is what we love; that is what gives us success in all of our undertakings of life; therefore our religion is practical.

Every one of you can go away from this room to-day with the understanding you have and practice the rule whereby you can live and be a success. There is no necessity of being a failure. It is a crime to be a failure; it is a crime to be poor; it is a crime to be sick; it is a crime against yourself, and I tell you that so long as the world worships and hugs this crime, this crime of wickedness

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and of unbelief, people will continue to go over the fall of death, filling your graveyards, your hospitals and your jails. You must know the truth; you must practice the truth, and you will get the reward that belongs to them who have the truth; it will come to you free.

It matters not to me who believes what I say or who does not. I teach the Truth as God gives it to me, and I am trying in my weak way, as God gives me power to live and to do, to manumit the human race, and it is gradually being done, it is being done by the circulation and scatterment of the Truth, for the Truth alone is what makes you a success.

May God Almighty bless all of us, and fill us with the knowledge of this Truth, will be my constant prayer, and the time will come when the universal Truth will go over all the earth, and we can raise up our eyes and sing anthems of Love, Joy and Peace.

DON'T DRIFT

Don't drift with the negative. Act with the positive. Act with all your forces; live each day by itself. Then, when night comes you will sleep calmly and be ready to make your choice fairly for the work of to-morrow. You can never reach the ideal. You can never reach perfection. All good is relative.

Do the best you possibly can now and in your present environment, and do it gladly, cheerfully, positively, and you will grow right along toward a higher, greater good, and you will find happiness and peace and success. The current of good which you will bring to life within yourself will protect you and help you at every turn and support you under all conditions.

IF WE KNEW

Could we but draw back the curtains
That surround each other's lives,
See the naked heart and spirit,
Know what spur the action gives—
Often we would find it better,
Purer than we judge we would;
We would love each other better,
If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives,
See the good and bad within,
Often we would love the sinner
All the while we loathed the sin.
Could we know the powers working
To o'erthrow integrity,
We would judge each other's errors
With more patient charity.

If we knew the cares and trials,
Knew the efforts all in vain,
And the bitter disappointment—
Understood the loss and gain—
Would the grim external roughness
Seem, I wonder, just the same?
Would we help where now we hinder?
Would we pity where we blame?

Ah, we judge each other harshly,
Knowing not life's hidden force;
Knowing not the fount of action
Is less turbid at its source;
Seeing not amid the evil
All the golden grains of good;
Oh, we'd love each other better
If we only understood.

—*Selected.*

How many a shaft at random sent
Finds mark the archer little meant.
How many a word at random spoken
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken.

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Just Be Glad

All Things Respond To the Call of Rejoicing and Gather Where Life Is a Song

WHEN fate seems unkind, do not be unkind to yourself by becoming disheartened or dismayed. Instead, rejoice in the great fact that you are greater and stronger than any fate; that you have the power to master your whole life, and determine your destiny according to your own invincible will. Then resolve that you will begin at once to prove that strength, and cause all the elements of fate to come with you, and work with you, in building for that greater future which you have so often longed for in your visions and dreams.

Therefore, whatever your fate may be, just be glad. You can change it all. And as you proceed to exercise this divine right, the darkness of to-day will become the sunshine of to-morrow, and the disappointments of the present will become the pastures green of the future.

When calamities or catastrophes have overtaken your life, do not think that fate or Providence has ordered it so. Do not think that it has to be. Instead, forget the sorrow and the loss, and congratulate yourself over the fact that you now have the privilege to build for greater things than you ever knew before. Do not weep over loss; but rejoice to think that now you are called upon to prove the greater wisdom and power within you. You have been taken out into a new world. Before you lie vast fields of undeveloped and unexplored opportunities—fields that you would not have known had not this seeming misfortune come upon you. So count it all joy. All things are working together for a greater good. Now it is for you to come forward in joy and accept the greater good. A richer life and a greater future are in store. Therefore, rejoice and be glad, and give strength to your rejoicing. Let your soul repeat again and again that sweet reassuring refrain—just be glad. In that refrain there is comfort and peace; it lifts the burdens, removes the clouds, dispels the gloom; it takes away the sadness and the loss, and all is well again. And naturally so, for all things respond to the call of rejoicing; all things gather where life is a song.

There is more to live for than you ever imagined. Thus far most of us have only touched the merest surface of human existence; we are only on the verge of the splendor of life as it is; we are standing on the outside, so to speak, of the real mansion of mind and soul; and one reason is we live too much in the limitations of our disappointments, our lost opportunities, our blasted hopes, our vanquished dreams. We remain in that small world, deploring fate, when if we would only permit mind and soul to take wings and go out upon the vastness of real existence, we would find not only freedom, but a life infinitely richer than we had ever dreamed.

But if mind and soul are to take wings in this fashion, we must learn to be glad. The heart that lives in disappointments is heavy. It will sink into the lowlands, and remain among the

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marshes and the bogs. But the glad heart ascends to the mountain tops. Therefore it is when we have such a heart that we can go out in search of new worlds, new opportunities, new possibilities, new joys. And the glad heart always finds that for which it goes in search. The reason is simple; for all things respond to the call of rejoicing; all things gather where life is a song.

The great soul is always in search of ways and means for adding to the welfare of others. But no way is better, greater or more far-reaching than this—just be glad.

Life becomes worth the living only when the living of life makes living more worth while for an ever-increasing number. It is only the joys we share that give happiness; it is only the thoughts we express that enrich our own minds; it is only the strength we use in actual helpfulness that makes our own souls strong. Therefore, to add to the pleasures of others is to add to our own pleasure; to add to the wealth and comfort of others is to add in like manner to our own. This the great soul knows; and every soul is great that has learned to be glad regardless of what may come or go in the world.

To be glad at all times is to be of greater service to mankind than any one other thing that we can do. If we have not the power or ability to apply ourselves more tangibly in behalf of others, we can instead be glad. We can always give sunshine. And we shall find that just being glad is frequently sufficient, even when needs seem great and circumstances extreme. In most instances it is all the world wants; but it does want human sunshine so much that those who can give it at all times need not do anything else to reap immortal fame.

Surround us with an abundance of human sunshine, and the day's work will easily be done; we shall, with far less effort, overcome our obstacles; our troubles will largely be removed and our burdens entirely laid aside. Give us the privilege to work to the music of rejoicing and our work will become a pleasure; every duty will become a privilege, and all we do will be well done. This is the way the world thinks and feels. So therefore be glad. Give an abundance of human sunshine everywhere and always, and you will please the world immensely.—*Eternal Progress.*

TEN YEARS OF THE NEW THOUGHT

A New Thought person can compare himself as he is to-day with himself as he was ten years ago, and he can see that he has traveled immense distances and attained to glories he dreamed not of. He can look back and see that the evils of ten years ago are the blessings of to-day; the losses of ten years ago are the gains of to-day; the disgraces of ten years ago the glories of to-day; the unrests, the shames, the sorrows of ten years ago make up the peace that flows like a river within him to-day.

He looks back, and behold all things have worked for good; wherefore he takes heart and looks forward to still greater good.

Amid the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood;
To one fixed trust my spirit clings—
I know that God is good.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

—*Whittier.*

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Seek Ye the Kingdom of God

LECTURE—BISHOP OLIVER C. SABIN

Before the Evangelical Christian Science Church

RELIGION should be practical; it should be something that leads us along the pathway of life, making our lives and our works successful.

It is nice to go to a service and hear a beautiful lecture by an accomplished orator—I enjoy those things myself—but when it comes down to putting that in the place of the religion that gives you the right key to live, it reminds me somewhat of that old story of Nero, who fiddled while Rome burned.

The world at large is in ignorance of this Truth—not only in ignorance of it, but very much prejudiced against it; and this prejudice is engendered by professionalism. The doctor is against it because it heals the sick, and, like the dwellers in that ancient city, Ephesus, he is ready to shout out at all times, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," and ready to burn the other fellow.

For that other profession, the orthodox ministry, there is no excuse whatever, except, perhaps, their ignorance and inability to do with the Truth, and what the Truth would permit them to do if they studied it. The reason why the orthodox ministry cannot heal the sick is that they have not been taught rightly. They have a religion that is simply professionalism. The rank and file of the churches are honest, upright, sincere, good people, striving to follow in that line of life that will redeem their souls, and, as they view it, keep them out of hell fire hereafter. They are perfectly sincere. There is no doubt of that. The man who throws himself before the wheels of Juggernaut and permits himself to be crushed is sincere, but I tell you that sincerity alone does not give you the knowledge of the Truth that makes you free.

Of course, I do not expect any of those poor people are to be lost. I have no such thought, but the Truth that makes you free gives you the road to life, the rule to live by and to make yourself happy and successful along all your endeavors. That is the Truth that Jesus Christ taught.

> You can not afford to do evil if you have any principle, and you have principle, because you have so much greater good and a so much more pleasant life, so much more enjoyable and everything is better, as long as you follow in the road of doing good, seeking the Kingdom of God and its righteousness. Do not do good simply because you want to be rewarded, but do right because it is the right thing to do and you love to do it. Let that sentiment saturate your entire existence. Then you will not have to worry about what you are going to eat or whether you are going to be clothed. The result of such sowing is a crop of success, a crop of happiness; and as sure as water seeks the level of the sea, so sure will those who practice along these lines be successful and happy in every respect. This is one of the axiomatic principles of the universe, one of the very fundamental principles of the science of life and how to live. If you do this, your life is a pleasure not only to yourself, but to your friends. It is a joy to those who associate with you in your business affairs.

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Moses, in his last address to the children of Israel, dwelt impressively upon the fact that if in their future lives and national existence the Israelites would commit themselves unto the Lord and love God and serve Him there would be nothing too good for them; or, in other words, God would bless them in multiple. He would multiply them and give them all the comforts and good of life. He told them, on the other hand, that so soon as they failed to that they would reap the reward of that failure. Read that address, read the history of the Jews, not only as it is given in the Bible, but as it is given in Josephus and other authorities, and see how literally true that statement of Moses was from the beginning to the end of their national life. The Jew is no longer one of a nation; he is an individual—one who is a descendant of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob—but he does not know just who he is, whether Reubenite or Levite. The Jews have never had a priest since the Roman general took their city and destroyed their records. They have never had a priest since. These rabbis they have to-day are the fellows who are mentioned in the Bible as slipping up the back way like a thief or a robber. In other words, the distinct nationality of the Jew has been blotted out; he no longer has a national status. The Jewish people forfeited their nationality and right to be a nation by their own weak conduct.

Our text to-day is given by Jesus Christ. He said: "Seek ye the Kingdom of God and its righteousness, and all shall be added unto you." He goes on and talks about the conditions of life, tells His hearers not to worry, not to worry about what they are going to wear. There is one very comforting sentence in that lecture. Christ said God Almighty knew you had need of raiment, and you ought to be thankful for that. But do not worry about it at all. If you seek the Kingdom of God, the Kingdom of Good and its rightness, you are going to get it. Do not dwell upon these things. Sometimes I am almost led to be facetious along these lines. I hear these women—God bless the women; I have no natural prejudice against them—talking about Irish shirt waists and such things, while they ought to know they are worrying about something that they are told not to worry about at all. You ought not to worry about such things. God knows you need such things. Christ illustrates this by that beautiful illustration of the lilies that grow in the valleys of Palestine, great, big, beautiful, strong lilies. They still grow there. The natives made firewood out of the stalks. He says "If God so clothe the grass of the field which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you? Are you not of more importance than the lilies of the field?" Then He discusses again all supply, and illustrates it by the parable of the birds. He said: "Consider the birds—they are not worrying about great, big crops, nor building barns, nor hoarding what they raise for a future day. God feeds them. The birds have plenty; and how much more will He feed you?" All you have to do is to seek the Kingdom of Good and its rightness; do good and do right, not for the sake of the reward—that is no way to do—but so train your consciousness that you love to do right because it is the right thing to do, and it is more pleasant and agreeable to do right than to do wrong.

Somebody said that evil was as natural as the spark to fly upward. I used to

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think perhaps that was true, but I tell you my life does not square itself along those lines since I came into this truth. You can not afford to do evil if you have any principle, and you have principle, because you have so much greater good and a so much pleasanter life, so much more enjoyable, and everything is better, as long as you follow in the road of doing good, seeking the Kingdom of God and its righteousness.

Do not do right simply because you want to be rewarded, as I say, but do right because it is the right thing to do and you love to do it. Let that sentiment saturate your entire existence. Then you will not have to worry about what you are going to eat or whether you are going to be clothed. The result of such sowing is a crop of success, a crop of happiness, and as sure as water seeks the level of the sea, so sure will those who practice along these lines be successful and happy in every respect. This is one of the axiomatic principles of the universe, one of the very fundamental principles of the science of life and how to live. If you do this your life is a pleasure, not only to yourself, but to your friends. It is a joy to those who associate with you in your business affairs; it is a blessing not only to yourself, but to your family and to your Nation and your State; it makes you a great and good man; it makes you prosperous. If the people of this Nation could all become imbued with this great truth, and square their actions along these lines, we would not see so much double dealing, somersaulting and political acrobatics as we have nowadays. Let politics go; we have nothing to do with it. Seek the Kingdom of God and its righteousness, and everything shall be added unto us.

If you follow this rule you will be blessed along all the intricacies and affairs of life; you will be prosperous; you will never know what it is to be pinched. People say: "How is God going to help me? I am drawing a salary. How can I be helped?" Sometimes when I hear this I feel like giving an illustration from my own life. I was sitting in a room with six partners, and we were all writing politics and law, and about the various things connected with the great corporation we were running. I could not have been transplanted more perfectly out of that corporation of which I was president if some big strong man had taken me by the back of the neck, lifted me up and carried me into another room, put me at another desk and said: "Now, write religion." My partners gave a banquet in my honor, and gave me the News Letter. I converted it, and from that time to this the News Letter and I have been going hand in hand, preaching the Kingdom of Good and its rightness, and God Almighty has given His blessing. You have no idea of the broadcast blessing that has gone out from the presses of that publication and is going out to-day through the thousands and tens of thousands of sheets every year teaching the Truth, giving it to the world, and God Almighty footing the bills.

Do right. It becomes natural to you, a fixed habit, after a little. It is not a question of loving to do right; it is because right is the natural thing to do. Be square and, I tell you, you will never find an honest man in business that ever fails—a strictly, thoroughly, truly honest man that trusts in God. You can not be unsuccessful if you take God into partnership with you and go with Him.

Now, this little talk this morning is thoroughly practical; it simply tells you this: To seek the Kingdom of Good, seek

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the Kingdom of God, do right because you love to do right, because it is the right thing to do, and the reward of such conduct is that everything shall be added unto you.

There is one other thought that has been presented to me time and again, that this kind of work makes you slothful, makes you lazy, so that you do not want to work. I have never worked so hard in my life as I have since I have been in this thought. It does not make you lazy; it makes you vigorous; it makes you alert; it makes you bright; it makes your intelligence infinitely brighter. The last eleven months I was treated by an Eddy healer, substantially all she treated me for was intelligence. I told her to treat me for intelligence. I wanted to be smarter than anybody else; that was my aim. I was shooting at the moon; there was nothing too good for me. Do not say, "It is not for me," because it is for you. I wanted to be smarter, and have been praying along these lines ever since. I tell you if you take God into partnership with you, He will lead you and your work will prove that you are on the right track.

Take these few simple words of love that I have given you, apply them to your lives, not only you, but all who read; know that this is the God Almighty truth, that this is the rule to make your life a success; and if you follow it, so sure as the sun shines in the firmament, so sure as God Almighty reigns, your life, your work will be a success, and you will be a blessing to all who know you.

Parents who neglect to give their children an opportunity for soul culture, are neglecting a grand and blessed opportunity.—*Frank Harrison.*

PAUPERIZING THE FAMILIES OF FELONS

It is a sad thing that justice cannot wield her sword without striking every member of the criminal's household.

The shadows of the prison bars fall far and stigmatize the innocent as well as the guilty.

It is not within the power of Governments to alleviate this social distress. Governments cannot alter human nature. The unoffending families of felons must cringe before the sneers of their neighbors. But when poverty also stalks in the wake of punishment and the imprisonment of the breadwinner deprives his dependents of food and clothes and roof, the punishment all too frequently outweighs the misdemeanor.

To the everlasting shame of America, prison labor has enriched thousands of contractors and a score of States. It is but wise and just that malefactors shall be made self-supporting by rendering useful service, but whatever profit is derived from their toil should be turned into a fund out of which their dependent families may derive support.

One Northwestern State now holds in its treasury almost one million dollars, earned by exploiting its penitentiary inmates. Every dollar of this surplus is blackened with inhumanity.

Is it necessary to go farther into the matter? Do you need additional incentive for immediate action? Write right now to your representative in your own legislature and urge him to fight for a measure that will erase this stain on the communal honor.—*Woman's World.*

"Though I understand all mysteries and all knowledge * * * and have not love, I am nothing."—1 Cor. 13:2.

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The True Being

M. EVALYN DAVIS

BE kind and loving; be superior to superstition and ignorance; be restful, poised and true; be fearless and optimistic; be all that the Master asks you to be, and nothing that is good can be withheld from your conscious knowledge.

In this state of true being you will find yourself in that blissful Kingdom of Heaven, which you so desire to experience, in the here and now.

M. EVALYN DAVIS

In this state of perfect being the storms of earth-life cannot beat destructively upon the shores of your world, for you will know of the power of the word of Truth to calm the waves of distress.

Bring about a wedding of the earth-consciousness and the soul-consciousness and then "Let no man put asunder that which God hath joined together."

Within you the Great I Am awaits recognition. Within your own soul is the universe of wisdom, and within you are the different individualized centers of love, known as Father, Mother, Brothers, Sisters, Teachers and Friends. Within you the rose buds and blossoms and passes on to bloom forever in your soul-consciousness as a thing of beauty and eternal fragrance.

Within you is the boundless Truth of God and "The Kingdom of Heaven." You are the image and the likeness of the All Good. It is necessary for you to *know yourself* in order to avail yourself of these riches.

The earth-children are half asleep; they are dozing, as does the kitten before the cosy kitchen fire; but when the fire burns low the animal must turn to the living heat and fire within or perish from the cold.

Arouse yourself and stand firm in the pathway of wisdom and love. Know the true worth of your *own* soul and acknowledge as did Christ, "The Father and I are one," and know that this is no idle statement. Surely it means much to be *one* with the "Infinite and Eternal Energy," the All-Intelligent Power of the Universe. Let no adverse winds sweep you from your foundation of spiritual understanding of the *greater* self, the *true being, the Christ indwelling.*

"God is omnipresent—like the one current of electricity shining in many lights, as if itself many yet one continuous and undivided force. Or, like endless space, occupying endless cavities. He is here and now—dost thou not feel His blessed presence?"

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THE HOLY PRESENCE OF THE ALMIGHTY.

This afternoon—I say it with deep reverence—I came nearer to feeling in the presence of God than I have ever known—it was a wonderful experience. I thought I must be going to die, there in the sacred forest of Scotland. It was about three in the afternoon when I crossed the brook and entered the great forest. The moment I entered I was struck with the sense of sacredness, the holy silence, the sacred twilight. As I went in, slowly and hesitatingly, I came to a company of noble trees, their great trunks rising to an enormous height, like grand columns of a temple, and bathed in a soft warm light as through cathedral panes, while far above, the warm sunshine glowed in their spiring tops, and one broad beam fell slanting down the mountain slope and glowed, oh, so beautifully, on the great trunk of a noble spruce, filling all the space around with a rich, soft light. The silence was profound; not a sound could be heard. As I stood there gazing at the great tall trunks and the snow-laden branches and the soft light and the one great trunk glowing in the twilight, suddenly I felt I must kneel, I must pray, I must bow down; a Presence was there, a great, glorious, calm, holy Presence, and I felt that I must pray. Something tugged at my heart, moved in my breast; I felt that I must do something. I must speak, must acknowledge the intense happiness, the gratitude that possessed me. I could not go on. I stood there in the deep snow, uplifted, moved as I have not been for years, listening for something, I knew not what, longing to do I knew not what, feeling as tho my soul were trembling to leave my body, and float up into that soft radiance that filled the silent forest. Then I came away, chastened, and, oh, so happy, feeling that a benediction had been laid upon my head. I had been in God's temple, had felt His presence there, His hand had been laid upon my head in blessing, and I heard the sound of the organ and the voices of the worshippers, had seen the lights of the temple, and the glorious radiance. Oh, that it might always be so; that I might see more and more, and feel and know, and melt forever into the light and radiance of that Presence!—*R. G. P., in Bible Review.*

A LITTLE DIFFERENCE

Occasionally something "gets by" even the watchful copy editors of the Associated Press. Not long ago a story came into the Atlanta office, was edited and put on the wire for the Southern Division and got as far as Louisville before the urgent "Kill it!" caught up.

The story concerned a fight between two Southern gentlemen in a rural community. They used a scythe, a corn knife, a shovel and a butcher knife to express their real feelings concerning one another.

One combatant died on the field of battle and the other, badly cut, died soon after he had been removed from the gory scene.

The A. P. story told all the distressing and bloody details and wound up with this sentence:

"It is thought that these two men had some sort of a misunderstanding."

The sweetest, most loving judgments of others come from those who are most unsparing in their judgments of themselves.

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The First Step

WM. E. GIBSON

THIS is to all who desire to enter the harmony of the Spiritual Life. You must learn that God is spirit and that you are His image and likeness.

You must learn that God is All, embracing All, and that the All is perfect. You must learn that you are a part of the All, a perfect part of a perfect whole.

You must learn that every part is in vital relation to the whole and has a perfect means of communication with the whole.

This is the foundation upon which the superstructure of your spiritual house must rest. This is the "Solid Foundation" upon which if any man build the rains may fall, the floods rise and the winds blow, but the house will stand.

You will have to dig until you find this "solid rock" foundation before you can build a house that will stand.

This is done by cleansing your heart and mind of all error, by killing out, so to speak, all anger, hatred, malice, jealousy, narrowness, impatience and anxiety; all sensitiveness to offenses; all fear, worry, doubt, and by filling the mind, thus cleansed, with love for God and for all mankind.

You must indeed become as a little child, denuded of all preconsciousness and preoccupation. The heart must be wide open and wholly receptive to the vibrations of Truth. This done, you are prepared for your spiritual building, or, to change the figure, you are prepared to enter the path of wisdom and the higher life. You may then ask for that which is your own and know that you have it.

This is only the entrance to the way; the rest you must find yourself. To attempt to tell you more about the way would be only reciting individual experiences, which experiences differ in each individual case. No one can give you eyes with which to see the beauty of the way, nor can anyone give you ears with which to hear the music unknown to carnal mind, unheard by carnal ears; neither can anyone give you senses with which to appreciate the finer vibrations of other raptures of the soul. All of these you have within the sacred vault of your higher self. Knowledge is the key that unlocks that vault, but to apply the key the heart must be pure and the hands clean. With cleansed hands (square deal) and a purified heart (honest motive) step boldly forward. Each step thus taken will shed enough light for you to find the next footing. We have opened the gate, but you, whoever you are that seek Truth and the Spiritual Life, must go forward and go alone; yet not alone, for God, the Infinite Good, is with you. He is the path upon which you tread and the lamp to your feet. He is also the Truth and the Life you seek.

This is the beginning of the way as taught by Jesus, the great Master, and as taught by all great teachers since His day. It is the way as taught by leaders and teachers in Divine Science to-day.

Those who go this way go from frowns to smiles, from sorrow to joy, from trouble to peace, from poverty to wealth, from sickness to health, from age to youth; nay, from discord to harmony.

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HARRIET DOANE PRENTISS

A DEGREE.

What are years to me;
I live in eternity!
'Tis decreed that I am
A part of the plan
For the growth and progression of man.

Tides of the sea do not change,
Earth, moon and stars have their range;
They move and revolve,
But never dissolve,
As in orbits they circle and sway.

Mind is Infinite, too;
Love never ceases to woo;
Every age has the power
Of thought for a dower
Which nothing can spirit away.

Even earth renews its display;
Its forms are a ceaseless array
Of beauty and joy,
For mind to decoy
Into shapes time cannot dismay.

Yes! I am a part of the plan!
I dwell in eternity's span;
My spirit, forsooth,
Is perpetual youth;
I am indestructible man.

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The Enchanted Forest

ONCE upon a time, a long time ago, when there were fairies and witches, and the animals knew how to talk, a very rich count lived in a big castle on the shores of a beautiful lake. There were lovely lawns and gardens all about the place, but just at the back was a deep, dark forest, which was enchanted and every one feared to enter. The tall trees shut out the light, the ground was overgrown with bushes, and all kinds of wild animals made it their home.

The count had two beautiful children; one a girl with golden hair, who was called Rita, and the other a boy, who was yet but a baby, named Ronald. The count was very devoted to both children, and as the fourteenth birthday of Rita was approaching he mounted his charger and went off to the city to buy magnificent presents for the little maid. But on his way back a storm came up as he neared home. He had just reached the edge of the forest when the wind began to roar, the lightning to flash and the water rose up above his saddle as he was crossing the stream. In a few moments he would have been drowned had not there appeared in a tree above the water a big, brown bear, who bent the branch down toward the struggling man.

"I will save you, Sir Count," said the bear, "if you will give me your daughter in marriage," and he placed a rope of vine within reach of the Count's hand.

"Anything, anything," gasped the count, who was almost drowned as he grasped the vine and allowed the bear to draw him slowly to land. Then he made his way home, but with a heavy heart, for he remembered his vow to the bear.

The count feared to tell his wife about the promise he had made. But the next day when Rita did not return from her walk in the meadow he knew that the bear had come and claimed his bride. Then he told his sorrowing wife. She was almost heart-broken, and though she was very devoted to Ronald, she mourned for years for the lost daughter.

At last, when Ronald was about sixteen, his mother told him of the sad fate of his sister, and he determined to enter the enchanted forest and free her from the monster who had carried her away in its depth. So he saddled his horse, put on his golden armor and rode down the

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dark path under the trees till he lost sight of the walls of his father's castle.

Presently he heard a mighty roar, and his horse jumped aside, throwing its rider to the ground. But Ronald sprang to his feet, drew his sword and stepped forward to face a huge brown bear that came at him with flashing eye and angry growls. Ronald threw himself upon the bear and was about to thrust a dagger into its throat, when a beautiful lady rushed out of the forest and knelt at his feet.

"Do not kill him, sir," she cried. "That is my husband. He is a prince that a wicked witch has enchanted. For two days each week he is a man; for the other five a wild beast that roams this forest. And nothing can cure the spell except some one draw three drops of blood from his left ear while he is still a bear and sleeping. As he is very rough when a bear, I have never been able to do this."

Then Ronald knew this was his sister, and told her who he was himself. The bear had now run off into the woods, but the brother and sister walked together to her home in a cave, and she hid Ronald under a bed. When the bear came home she gave him a good supper, and he was soon snoring in his couch of leaves. At midnight the sister, who was Rita grown into a woman, woke Ronald, and they crept over to the sleeping bear. Ronald threw a blanket over the beast's head and held him tight, while Rita took a sharp knife and made a tiny cut in the ear. Three drops of blood came out, and as the last one fell on the floor the bear sprang to its feet—not a bear, but a handsome young prince in silken robes, with a golden sword at his side and a jeweled cap on his fair curls. Out in the dark forest there was a crash of falling trees and hurrying feet. And the woods vanished from sight.

And where the enchanted forest had stood was now a beautiful valley with a great stone castle, into which the prince, who had been a bear, took his beautiful wife to live for many years.

A LITTLE CHILD

I was in heaven one day when all the prayers
Came in, and angels bore them up the stairs
  Unto a place where he
  Who was ordained such ministry
Should sort them so that in that palace bright
The presence-chamber might be duly dight;
For they were like the flowers of various bloom;
And a divinest fragrance filled the room.

Then did I see how the great sorter chose
One flower that seemed to me a hedgling rose,
  And from the tangled press
  Of that irregular loveliness
Set it apart! and "This," I heard him say
"Is for the Master," so upon his way
He would have passed; this I to him:
"Whence is the rose, O, thou of cherubim
The chiefest?" "Knowst thou not?" he said, and smiled:
"This is the first prayer of a little child."

—*Selected.*

A RAINY DAY

The rain is raining all around,
  It falls on field and tree,
It rains on the umbrellas here
  And on the ships at sea.

—*Stevenson.*

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A GOOD PLAY

We built a ship upon the stairs
All made of the back bedroom chairs,
And filled it full of sofa pillows
To go a-sailing on the billows.

We took a saw and several nails,
And water in the nursery pails;
And Tom said, "Let us also take
An apple and a slice of cake;"
Which was enough for Tom and me
To go a-sailing on till tea.

We sailed along for days and days
And had the very best of plays;
But Tom fell out and hurt his knee,
So there was no one left but me.

—*Stevenson.*

GOING TO BED

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candlelight.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me on the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

—*Stevenson.*

THE WHOLE DUTY OF CHILDREN

A child should always say what's true
And speak when he is spoken to,
And behave mannerly at table;
At least so far as he is able.

—*Stevenson.*

GET RID OF DISCONTENT.

We frequently hear the statement, "I am tired of this eternal grind." But how can anyone be otherwise than tired when he continues to deal with his work as a grind? You know weariness and disgust are nothing but states of mind. And if you think of your own work as a grind you make it so. On the other hand, you can make your work a source of joy. It all depends upon how you approach your work. Then we know that it is what we do in joy that has the greatest worth, and that brings the best results. The question, then, is why we should not enjoy everything we do, inasmuch as we have the power to live and work in any state of mind we like.

Do not carry the burden of your problems on your mind. Such a practice will unfit your mind for the solving of those problems.

If you are guilty of discontent, get rid of it without delay. For it is nothing but an unwholesome state of mind. And do not imagine that things about you have to be changed before you can be contented. Be contented anyway, no matter how things are. To be discontented is to have a sick mind, and such a mind cannot make things right. But a contented mind can make things right, because it is a well mind, and therefore has the greatest power.

"WHAT'S THE KID DONE"

A woman left her baby in its carriage at the door of a department store. A policeman found it there, apparently abandoned, and wheeled it to the station. As he passed down the street, a gamin yelled: "What's the kid done?"—*Collier's.*

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Your Dreams Can Still Come True

HERBERT KAUFMAN, in "Woman's World"

IF truth be told, the first real fairy spells are just beginning to glorify the word. There never was an era of magic before. But now all things can be—your dreams can still come true—the maddest, farthest, fairest dreams ever flung to the stars.

Any son of woman can achieve the ultimate in this century of far-hurled dares.

Manger or mansion—cradle of gold, or trundle of husk, predestine nothing.

We have begun to look the truth straight in the eye and to measure humans by the standard of fitness, not by the moss-grown, moth-eaten tradition of creed and breed.

The meanest lie that ever blighted the universe—the lie of caste, of superiority by birth—is gasping under the throttling heel of Progress.

East and West the thrones are toppling. The kingdom of brain has begun, the sovereignty of ignorance is ending.

The Golden Age has dawned. This is the mighty moment. This is the most brilliant hour among all the illustrious sands of time. The Genii have returned, but they no longer serve the lamp of Aladdin—instead they are slaves of the lamp of learning. The Titans reincarnated, flail with arms of steel, swing the trip-hammer, spin the turbine in the waterfall, shovel mountains off the map, and bore pathways through a hundred miles of granite.

Sons of laborers, farmers and clerks—grandsons of peasants, serfs and foundlings, are sawing continents in half, building tongues to talk across the seas, changing water into light, making corn out of desert sand.

Your old dream was not big enough.

If the seed of deed is in your son, if he is dogged and patient and self-respecting and courageous—wholesome of mind, stalwart and bold—he bears keys that unlock every gate.

TRUST TO HIS LOVE

Take to God thy heart's desire,
  Whate'er thy wish may be
Take it to Him who bade thee come,
  And take it fearlessly.
Never do thou so wrong Him,
  The gracious Father above,
As to doubt, whate'er His answer be,
  It will come in tenderest love.
Shall He refuse bread, or give a stone
  Howe'er mistaken thy plea?
Nay, take to Him thy heart's desire,
  And trust to His love for thee.

The value of a man does not depend upon the truth he possesses, or believes, but on the sincere labor he has bestowed upon getting the truth, for it is not the possession of truth but the search for it that increases his strength and thereby makes him more perfect.—*Lessing.*

Fear depresses the vital energies of the muscles and slackens the motions of life. It causes the mind to shrink back on itself and to render the system negative to surrounding impressions, and thus engenders disease.—*Dr. Mason Good.*

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The Curse of a Hateful Heart

REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY, in "New York Journal"

THEREFORE if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.—Matt., v., 23, 24.

The ancient Jews were great givers. They loved their faith, and because they loved it they were never backward in contributing to its support.

The Temple was the one place into which the delighted Israelite delighted to enter; and as often as he went in he took along with him his gift, which was humble or rich, according to the worshipper's means.

It might be a heifer, or a kid, or a pair of turtle doves, or a bunch of herbs, or a box of gum for incense, or money, or, in case of the very rich, great bars of gold or silver bullion.

Now, Jesus, too, loved to go into the "House of the Lord," and one day while in the Temple, He noticed the worshippers "bringing their gifts to the altar." The rich and the poor, the illustrious and the humble, the grandees in their princely robes and the beggars in their rags—He saw them all making their offerings to the "God of their salvation."

And as he looked at them He knew that behind the gifts were all sorts of motives—some noble and some ignoble. As He stood there looking on, He knew that some of those gifts were beautiful in the eyes of the Father and that others were an abomination to Him.

He knew that the hearts of some of those thronging the altar were pure, sincere, unaffected, and that the hearts of others of them were mercenary and insincere; and by turns the lights and shadows played over His beautiful face, the lights born of the thought of the hearts that were true, the shadows of the thought of the hearts that were false.

And so in His great Sermon on the Mount Jesus said to the people, voicing the thought that had come to Him in the Temple:

"Therefore if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift."

It is the prerogative of genius to be able to do that which shall be above criticism; Jesus, the supreme spiritual genius of all time, here pronounces the truth about which there is no room for controversy.

And this is the truth—that to attempt to worship God while we are estranged from our fellow-men is a hollow mockery!

As the plain-spoken evangelist puts it: "If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar." The statement hits hard, but its truthfulness can not be questioned.

To go to church on Sunday to bow the head to Infinite Goodness, while in your heart there seethes and boils the bitterest of ill-will toward a fellow-human being, is the very perfection of the monstrous and the horrible!

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No matter how beautiful the church may be, no matter how eloquent the sermon, or powerful the prayer, or sweet the music, you will get no good from the service if the hell-broth of hate bubbles in your heart.

The black thing in your unbrotherly heart will fling its shadows; will make the sermon dull, the prayer flat and insipid and the music a harsh discord.

But once in all the Bible is God defined and here is the definition: "God is love." And of that definition here is the eternal corollery: "He that loveth not knoweth not God." It is a law of the spiritual universe, a law which not even God Himself can change.

Not even God Himself can wipe out the truth of those awful words: "He that loveth not his brother abideth in death." Just so certain as two and two makes four, just so certain as two straight lines can never inclose a square, just so certain it is that the heart that hates is dead—and will remain dead so long as the hate continues.

This is not preaching—it is the simple, solid, terrible, eternal truth.

Jesus knew all about this fearful truth, and that is why He spoke those words that day on the Mount.

He wanted His hearers to understand that before it was possible for them to worship God aright and to worship Him profitably, it was necessary for them to ask themselves this question: "Do we hate anybody, or is there anybody who hates us?"

Jesus told them to settle that question first of all. Was there any estrangement? Was there any bad blood? Did the person bringing the gift hold malice toward someone, or did someone hold malice toward him? Then he must leave his gift right then and there, and go out and fix up the difficulty, so that there should be peace and good-will.

That done, he might come back and offer his gift, and go on with his devotions. Then the gift would be acceptable. Then devotion would be a beautiful thing to behold.

Jesus saw clearly. There was no deceiving Him. He knew not only facts, but the great basic principles beneath the facts, and what He knew He fearlessly declared.

Not for one moment did He hesitate to inform men that under the giving of the gifts, and under the devotion which attended the giving, there was a more important thing still, which was none other than this—that we should love one another, that we should desire to do each other good, and not evil, all the days of our life.

"BLESSED ART THOU AMONG WOMEN"

I am a sculptor. I work in the dark.
If my hand slip,
I mar for a lifetime perhaps; dull the Spark,
Or seal the lip.

My tools are so fine, that they may not be seen—
Yet mould and shape
Flesh, bone, nerve and brain to forms noble or mean—
Angel or Ape.

O steady my hand, Thou that gavest the Clay!
Make clear my sight!
With all of me, Lord, I entreat and I pray
That I chisel right.

—*Florens Folsom, Nautilus.*

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The Coming Man

MARTHA GRIFFITH BINGHAM

FIND out what a man's desires are and you can easily prophesy what he will eventually become. A man's desires are the foundation of his character and the cause of his present condition, whether good or evil. A man rises no higher than his highest ideal. It is the desire for evil that brings the evil result, and it is the desire for good that brings the good result. He who has no desire for strong drink never becomes a drunkard. He who has no desire to play cards does no become a gambler. It is evil desire that drags a man from the heights to the lowest depths of a living hell. By his desires and low ideals he has created every evil which lives to torment him by its presence, and it will continue to live and draw its abiding strength from him until he desires new and better conditions which will gradually lift him from his self-created hell to a self-created heaven upon earth.

The savage has a fine physical development and a corresponding lack of the finer development of the intellectual power because his desire is fixed upon the physical rather than the intellectual power, and he believes it to be a necessity. As men have become civilized their desires have changed from the longing for physical to intellectual superiority. Every quality of the savage is either a latent or a converted force in the civilized man. The creative force in the man of to-day is diverted from the physical to the intellectual power. The desire to overcome by physical strength that was exhibited by the savage chief is exhibited in the intellectual world by the financial kings who kill, not the physical body, but the business of the weak business man. The love of power in the intellectual world is just as marked as it was in the physical realm.

As man's desires are, so are his possibilities, for, either consciously or unconsciously he is looking for the fulfillment of those things of which he is thinking. Men change by elimination and addition. Both processes are necessary in the development of either the individual or of a people. Paul expresses the same thought when he says: "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man I put away childish things." In other words, men must put away those things which hinder, which produce evil and change their desires to those things which will produce a perfect manhood, before there is any change in their outward condition. Growth is from within. Possibilities are from within. Greatness and genius never arise from outward conditions, but they work from within out. The body is daily casting off that which is useless, but it is renewed from the center, from within.

There is that to growth which is not explainable, but it is an unwritten law that he who runs may read. The hidden things of the mind invariably work out upon the outward body in some form or other. The thoughts and desires of the life at some time or other will become manifest. Every face is a story book. You have read the life history, you have read the desires, you have read the suc-

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cess or failures of men and women in their faces as you passed them on the street, in the street car or in the home.

That which you sow will grow and bear fruit, and let not the man who sows wild oats, evil thoughts, evil desires, think that he will gather lilies. He who would reap wheat in his riper years must sow wheat in the sowing time. He who lives in unhappiness is responsible for the condition by his desires, and he who lives in happiness and content has created it likewise by his own desires and his own ideals.

The latent forces of man are powers which he may use or misuse. He who uses his God-given creative power may divert that power entirely into physical development if he so desires; or he may divert that same creative power in the intellectual channel and create around himself all those things which he desires.

Because we have asked and received help is the very reason, God's reason, why we should ask again. It might withhold our plea to an earthly friend, but not to the heavenly one. Was there help for yesterday's burden, temptation or need, and shall we fear that the love and power which answered then is exhausted to-day? Thrust yourself deeper and deeper into the stream of God's power, and feel it again, as you have felt it before, able to do exceeding abundantly. Remember and trust.—*Forward.*

For whoever is acquainted with his own mind will, in the first place, feel that he has a Divine principle within him, and will regard his rational faculties as something sacred and holy; he will always both think and act in a way worthy of so great a gift of the gods. —*Cicero.*

THE LIGHTNING FLASH

That sudden shower that hurried by
  Curtained the canopy of blue;
Its angry clouds transformed a sky
  That only genial sunshine knew.

I heard the rustle of a breeze
  That makes the human instinct sure—
A warning noise among the trees,
  The downfall's certain overture.

The birds withheld their jocund strains,
  The cattle to their coverts crept,
As on the drowning grass and grains
  The watery battalions leapt.

The caught pedestrian on the street,
  The vehicle that made delay,
Each urged a "double-quick" retreat;
  The farmer's men left grain and hay.

The dust that lately stifling rose,
  And came in clouds that signal drouth,
Was stilled; and where a small brook flows,
  Sharp lightning came from west and south.

It glimmered over field and hill,
  It wrote upon the thirsty sod
(I see its startling outlines still)
  The blazing "Autograph of God!"

—*Joel Benton, in The Outlook.*

"Not grudgingly or of necessity" makes a good motto for action as well as for giving. No one likes to be served by one who acts as if every request were an imposition, does as little as possible, and does it with a scowl. Such a person is certain to "get the cold shoulder" everywhere, for sullen looks spoil all pleasure. If we have suffered misfortune, at least let the trouble end with ourselves, and do not let us pass it on to others.

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Conscience

DR. FRANK CRANE

MANY over-conscientious persons suffer from chronic indecision. They are so afraid of doing wrong that they do nothing at all.

Such persons should reflect that, after all, the great questions of life are hardly ever certainties; they are most all to be decided by weight of probabilities.

Usually all we can decide is that it is probable that to do thus and so will be for the best. Rarely can we know with absolute surety.

Do not torment yourself with questions: "What if it's not best after all?" "I may have been mistaken, and I dread the responsibility of my decision," and all that. Of course you may have erred. You are human. But when you have done the best you know, drop it.

Do not allow yourself to live in perpetual gloom and self-punishment because you have done wrong. Your business is to make the most of your life—now.

If you have made mistakes, profit by them. If you have committed sins, turn from them and do better.

The only use of the past to any mortal man is to make the future stronger and sweeter.

If you believe in God at all, you must believe He is as good as an ordinary earthly mother; and what mother would not be glad to help a child who had done wrong and turned, repented and now was trying to do right?

Get the future habit. Keep your heart and mind pointed forward. The law of happy, healthy life is "Forward, march!"

Many a conscience becomes sore, inflamed and irritated by constantly debating with it. Don't argue. Obey conscience instantly; or else look into the matter and see if your conscience is not misinformed.

The great tragedies of life come from shillyshallying with duty.

Shakespeare's Hamlet is the picture of a soul dallying with conscience. He very naturally finds that—

"Conscience makes cowards of us all.
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

The simple rule of life, therefore is first to realize that one's first duty is to learn the truth, to love the truth, to follow it, and to take no substitutes.

Whosoever puts authority, or custom, or other folks' opinions, or his own personal comfort or advantage in the place of truth will be intolerant or immoral.

Second, the only way to find the truth is to obey as much of the truth as you already know.

Third, remember that conscience without love is a torture to yourself and a plague to your friends.

Fourth, your conscience was given you that you might regulate yourself with it, and not others.

Fifth, no mortal may say what is always right for his neighbor; all he can say is what is right for himself.

Sixth, judge yourself severely; others with the utmost leniency.

Seventh, don't expect absolute accuracy from your conscience; the best you

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can do, as a rule, is to decide what is most probably right; do that, do it at once, and don't cultivate vacillation.

Eighth, don't argue with conscience. Investigate; if you find that conscience is not justified in its demand, set it aside; if it is justified, obey it.

Ninth, get what good you can from the past, and drop it. What is gone is gone. Face the future.

Last of all, be friendly and sociable with your conscience; don't treat it as a pestering nuisance, nor as a stranger, or as an enemy.

For conscience can make you as comfortable as it can make you uncomfortable.—*Dr. Frank Crane.*

OUR CLOTHES

We should not be proud of the clothes we wear,
They're all second-hand, as we know;
For something, an animal, insect or bird,
Has worn them before, long ago.

And even the lilies, the Bible tells us,
Have robes that a king could not buy.
So we have no cause to be silly and vain
About what we wear, you and I.

—*Lizzie De Armond.*

Let us beware of losing our enthusiasm. Let us ever glory in something and strive to attain our admiration for all that would ennoble, and our interest in all that would enrich and beautify our life.—*Phillips Brooks.*

Vanity does not seem a very large sin at first sight, but how many souls it has choked and destroyed it would stagger its apologists to compute. Its very emptiness and apparent harmlessness make it doubly dangerous.

LIFE'S MIRROR

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true.
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

Give love, and love to your heart will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

For life is the mirror of king and slave,
'Tis just what you are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

—*Madeline S. Bridges.*

It is our privilege to help a little, each one of us, in the building up of the kingdom of God on earth. There can be no drudgery about such work.

"Christianity is a religion that will not keep; the only thing to do with it is to use it, spend it, give it away." The Christian miser is a pitiable figure.

"When you are living in the spirit of progress, a failure in one direction means that there is something still better in store for you in another direction."

Every day ought to have its moments of fine, high, clean emotion. Pleasure does not measure up to the mark—nor does business. Days filled only with material work and enjoyment do not reach real living. Religion and unselfish love should have their part in every day in order to make life worth while.

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Spring

The World's Regeneration At the Easter Time—Earth's Glad Renewal

MRS. S. Q. MORRIS

THE ascent of life speaks in the glory of the early Spring flowers. The pale crocus, the hyacinth, the purple violet, are but parts of the endlessly beautiful and diversified resurrection robes of the soil. We, too, must rise and put on our festal robes and help to make the world a jubilee of joy and health and beauty.

The universal impulse is to show forth renewal. The earth clothes herself in fresh garments, the trees put forth new leaves, the bulbs and shrubs adorn themselves with robes of glory which they have been making when they were dreary and the earth cheerless. Everything thrills and throbs and sings with the joy of living. Winter is dead. Spring is here.

Now we will see the kingdom of life made manifest if we watch the tender power of love at work in field and home and heart.

Are we grateful enough for the beauties so freely bestowed at this season? The greening trees, the soft, restful grass, the praise songs of the birds with commonplace notes which no human voice can copy.

"In the beautiful Spring of the year,
Oh, wonders of God! Oh, Bounteous and Good!
We feel that Thy presence is here,
That Thy audible voice is abroad in the wood
In the lovely Spring of the year.
And we know that our Father is here."

Oh, beautiful is this Springtime of color, freshness, fragrance, purity! Thank God for power to sense it, to realize it, to be grateful for it. Jesus loved the outdoor life. His discourses are redolent of field and hillside sights and sonnets and thoughts. He watched the sower and the growth of the grain and the work of the harvest. He had a thought of pity for the flowers of the field, with their brief life and certain fate. He never taught that there was anything religious in sadness, or helpful to thoughts of heaven in the neglect to notice the beauties of earth. We need to practice daily and hourly thanksgiving that we may show to the world the shining face of joy, so that all may know that we are trying to live the life that the New Thought teaches.

If our faith brings us nothing of gladness, how can we expect to become attractive to others? The ideal life is one long climb toward the shining summit of immortal happiness, with God at hand to aid and conscience ever singing sweet songs of peace. As the warmth of the sunshine of Spring makes the buds to open and the flowers to bloom, so we can let the light and sunshine of God's love come into our lives. Our whole bodies should be full of light. Our Oneness with God should be such that we shall not merely be lighted, but be lights so that no earth shadow can come between us and our light. Look to the east, where the glorious rising sun of joy is shining for you. Hopefully face the

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light and admit it to your life, and the darkness shall be lost in splendor.

This is the season when with tenderness we celebrate the resurrection of Jesus. The angels raised Him and bore Him away. As though it were a new truth, the bells of Easter peal 'round the world the announcement that He who died for the Truth's sake at early dawn withdrew the eclipse of death, and broke from the sepulchre the Lord of Life and Glory.

Is it not, indeed, like a new truth to realize by this resurrection that we, too, shall live forever? That the shadows which fled from the Savior's tomb were as the vails of our own mortality, vanishing in the light of God?

We must never forget that it was not the principal object of Jesus' teaching to make others believe that He only was divine, mortal, immortal or the Son of God. He wished them to believe this for their own sakes or their own generation. As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the Sons of God.

As the earth awakens to glad renewal of life after the Winter's sleep, so in this Easter dawn rises again upon the world the glory of the Supreme Truth, needed to awaken us to the splendor and power of endless life.

In the glory of Thy resurrection may we triumph over everything that binds and narrows and shrivels life, until at last we stand before Thee in the deathless glory of Thy arising.

"Once more full foliage crowns the Spring, and by her magic spell
The shadows dark are charmed away which o'er my spirit fell.
I hear her low voice as she lulls the violets on her breast,
Or combs the pine tree's flowing hair upon the hilltop's crest.
I know her haunts in glade and glen, for when her footsteps pass
Springs up in Eden loveliness, the radiance of the grass,
Each tree she kindles by her torch bursts into leafly flames,
And like the desert burning bush, God's presence there proclaims."

—*J. E. Jerome.*

THE WAY TO PLEASE GOD

"Walking in the light" means doing the things God wants us to do. What these things are may be clearer to puzzled Christians after reading the words of a cowbody, as given in the "National Advocate:"

"Lots of folks, that would really like to do right, think that servin' the Lord means shoutin' themselves hoarse praisin' His name. Now, I'll tell you how I look at that. I'm workin' here for Jim. Now, if I'd sit around the house here, tellin' what a good fellow Jim is, and singin' songs to him and gettin' up in the night to serenade him, I'd be doin' just what lots of Christians do; but I wouldn't suit Jim, and I'd get fired mighty quick. But when I buckle on my straps and hustle among the hills, and see that Jim's herd is all right, and not sufferin' for water or feed, or bein' run off the range and branded by cattle thieves, then I'm servin' Jim as he wants to be served."

If you have faith preach it; if you have doubts bury them; if you have joy share it; if you have sorrow bear it. Find the bright side of things and help others to get sight of it also. This is the only and surest way to be cheerful and happy.

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Real Heroes

Not Clever, But Do Things Through Sheer Loyalty and Force of Character

DOROTHY DIX, in "Washington Herald"

I WISH that I had the distribution of a few of the Carnegie hero medals. I would pin them upon the worn and weary breasts of the men and women who are fighting the battle of life with blunt weapons.

There is heroism for you! There is courage for you, there is loyalty, there is victory wrested out of defeat, greater than any poet ever sung.

Anybody with a drop of red blood in his veins can lead a forlorn hope with the band playing in his ears and the mob cheering behind him.

Anybody in a moment of impulse can dash into a burning house or plunge into the water to save a life.

Anybody can be faithful to a trust in the face of a single temptation.

Anybody, with health and strength, and intelligence, and talent, and powerful friends can achieve success.

"God," said Napoleon, "is on the side of the heavy artillery."

It is easy to win the battle when you have the big army, and the heavy artillery, and all the newest munitions of war, and a well-stocked commissary.

But how great the valor of those who also win who have no big guns, no skilled leaders, who fight on empty stomachs, whose muskets are obsolete, whose swords are dull!

I would not rob the brilliant, and clever, and strong of one laurel leaf, but the luster of their achievements dims before those of the men and women who without talent, without health, or strength have still done their part in the world.

They are those who have fought the battle of life with dull weapons and won out.

As I write these lines I am thinking of one of these heroes. He is a little dingy, dried-up old bachelor, whose abilities have never taken him higher than a clerk's stool in a counting room.

He has seen hundreds of bright young fellows pass him in the race for success, and he knows they look upon him as a failure. That is the way he regards himself.

He cannot do things swiftly. His hands are clumsy. Ideas come to him slowly. He can only work patiently, and faithfully, and honestly.

These are not the qualities that insure promotion, but they hold down a job, and on the meager wage that he has earned he supported a houseful of helpless old women who were left dependent on him. He is one of those heroes who have fought the battle with blunt weapons.

And I think of still another—a man who, without education, labors at a menial occupation for weary hours every every day, and then does extra work at night in order that his children may have better advantages than he had.

His shoulders are bent under the burden he carries; his hands are knotted and gnarled.

He is shabby. He never thinks of spending a cent upon his own pleasure.

He is worn with labor until his very soul faints with weariness, but he keeps his children at school instead of putting them to work to help him.

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He is giving every ounce of strength he has to lifting them up above his own head. He is another of those who are fighting the battle of life with blunt weapons.

And I think of a woman who was a pretty, petted, spoiled young girl, accustomed in her youth to every comfort and luxury. While still a mere girl she married a drunken brute who abused and misused her, and finally deserted her, leaving her penniless with a six-months-old babe in her arms and two old women dependent upon her.

This woman had never done a day's work in her life. She had no trade nor profession, nor especial aptitude at anything. She was not clever, and she was frail in body, yet she went bravely and cheerfully to work at the first job that offered itself, but it has never even occurred to her to turn her back upon those who clung to her skirts or to give up the fight.

Somehow, despite ill health, despite lack of much intelligence, she has managed to care for her own without asking anyone's help. The wolf has never been more than an arm's length away from her door, but with her poor little blunt weapons she has kept it at bay.

And I think also of another woman, a little ignorant country dressmaker, so unskilled she does not even ask first-class prices. There is no magic touch in her fingers, no artistic sense of color in her taste. She can only do plain, honest, ill-paid sewing.

But for years and years she supported an invalid husband, who died by inches of a lingering disease. Then when he was gone, and she had toilsomely paid the last cent of the funeral and doctor's bills, a railroad accident killed her brother and his wife, and left seven little children with only her to stand between them and the orphan asylum.

This woman crowded all seven of the children into her little cottage, and by a miracle of self-sacrifice and labor she fed and clothed and educated them, and kept them together, and raised them up into being fine men and women.

She was a figure of fun, this clumsy, ignorant, homely little village dressmaker, but I never looked at her without seeing a halo of glory about her battered black bonnet, for she was one of the greatest of those heroes who have fought the battle of life with dull weapons and triumphed.

All honor to the brilliant and the strong who achieve success, but surely our finest tribute of reverence should go to those who are weak and not clever, and are, perhaps, afraid, but who do great things through sheer loyalty and sense of duty—those who fight the battle with dull weapons and win.

THE BEATITUDE OF ENDURANCE

"Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he hath been approved, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord promised to them that love Him."

Not, blessed is the man who is never tempted. That would mean to be out of the world. The Lord wants us to be in the world, though not of it. Ignorance is not strength. Innocence is not virtue.

Not, blessed is the man who seeks temptation. "Lead us not into temptation." Unnecessary risk is foolhardiness, not courage. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. Enough tempting will come without our seeking it.

Blessed is the man that endureth, stands up under it, resists, conquers.—*Maltbie D. Babcock.*

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Conversation

A Man Is Measured By His Talk—The Greatest Accomplishment

BEHIND conversation stands life—the stuff out of which conversation is made. Robert Louis Stevenson, a charming talker himself, insists that "natural talk, like plowing, should turn up a large surface of life, rather than dig mines into geological strata. Masses of experience, anecdote, incident, cross-lights, quotation, historical instances, the whole flotsam and jetsam of two minds forced in and upon the matter in hand from every point of the compass, and from every degree of mental elevation and abasement—these are the material with which talk is fortified, the food on which the talkers thrive. * * * There can be no fairer ambition than to excel in talk; to be affable, gay, ready, clear and welcome; to have a fact, a thought or an illustration, pat to every subject; and not only to cheer the flight of time among our intimates, but bear our part in that great international congress, always sitting, where public wrongs are first declared, public errors first corrected, and the course of public opinion shaped, day by day, a little nearer to the right."

How far indeed all this seems from 'What is there in it for me!" What a light it throws on being interesting in one's talk! Behind the talk lie the talker's mind, heart and soul; they shine through it. If a young man is devoted to personal profit, to make close bargains, to grasping every business advantage in sight, how can he talk spontaneously and delightfully about general things? His mind is clamped on greed, on his own selfish chances of gain. He can talk about himself and his business, and perhaps about politics as they affect his business; but to larger ideas and ideals he is thoroughly indifferent, and so cannot discuss them so as to interest anybody.

The girl whose whole mind is set upon adorning herself can not become an attractive talker. The girl who is vain, jealous and frivolous can not be delightful in conversation. She may talk a great deal—all the time, in fact—and she may be clever in her criticisms of others, or amusing in a shallow, gossipy way. But really interesting she can not become. Usually, as she grows older, she settles upon a few adjectives, which she uses incessantly, and her talk becomes so narrowly personal that no one except those who are her neighbors and intimates can find any interest whatever in what she says.

Yet the way to be interesting is an open path—always open and never crowded. Life being its material, it opens everywhere. The eternal, impersonal, disinterested values are found in every human lot. Anyone who determines to turn away from self and from mere personalities, and look to these wider, more beautiful thoughts, can do so without trouble. Anyone can begin to become interesting in any place on earth. Anyone can then learn to bear a part in the great international congress of talk, and do good work in forming public opinion and public taste.

The Christian's daily speech should not be selfish, but unselfish. It should not be critical, but sympathetic. It should

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not be cynical, but believing. It should not be profane or evil, but pure and clean. It should not be narrow, but as wide as the eternal concerns of the human soul. Such conversation as this is always bound to interest everybody. Imagine how interesting as a speaker the Apostle Paul must have been. Luther's table talk has been preserved and published. Francis Xavier was the most attractive figure of his day, and even the rough soldiers enjoyed his conversation.

A man is measured by his talk. No man is better than his daily speech shows him to be. If we are narrow, bitter, selfish, material, in our conversation, we are narrow, bitter, selfish, material persons; that is all there is of it. The idea some people have of themselves, that they are really high and noble souls who are too "reserved" to show it in their conversation, is a very foolish idea. There is nothing behind such silence but emptiness of spirit. For true spirit, true nobility, inevitably shine forth through speech, though it may be quiet speech. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh;" and if the hearts of Christians are full of sympathy, hope and unselfish thoughts, their speech will be full of interest and sure to attract listeners every day in the year.

THINGS AS THEY ARE

"Oh, take the world as it is, John—you can't change it!" cried an older man to his nephew, who was bent on reforming certain long-established abuses in the town where they both lived. "This old town was here long before you were born, and you've got to accept things as they are!"

"I don't mean to!" said his nephew determinedly. "If I found myself in a pigsty, even if it had been there ever since I was born, I'd set to work to clean it up, and make it a better place for living in. The world would not be much ahead of a pigsty to-day if lots of people, born into it all along the ages, hadn't kept working at it, and cleaning it up, and making it better and better all the while. I want to be one of that sort—not of the other sort, that accept whatever is, and settle down to it ignobly. The last thing I will ever consent to do, while I live in this town, is to accept its current abuses. I'll fight single-handed, if need be, to my last breath, against them—and I have faith that, if I do, I can accomplish something for town betterment."

He did, too. That kind of man always does. The man who refuses to accept evil when he finds it in power, and who fights valiantly against it, helps the world forward by just that much. He may not win out in a spectacular way, but he betters things nevertheless. No one of us has to accept things as they are, if they are wrong. Every man has a divine right to make the world better. An ignoble acceptance of the wrong order of things is easy—but it always spells defeat. Victory lies with the side that refuses to accept things as they are, and fights forward toward things as they should be.—*Forward.*

Thirty thousand Roman Catholic men last year marched in the streets of Pittsburgh in the "Holy Name Society" procession. Each man was pledged, as a member of this society, never to use a profane word. Clean lips are the outward sign of a clean heart, and such a procession is an encouraging sign of the times.

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Boyhood's Days

How the Times Gone By Linger in Our Memories

JOE BURT, in "Bloomington (Ill.) Pantagraph"

IT seems but a little while since we were boys with flaxen hair and rosy cheeks, and care free, enjoying those pastimes which were ever dear to the hearts of youngsters of tender years. The time has passed by so fast, years have come and gone, that we have hardly noticed the flight of time; seasons have come and gone, ever moving around in their annual cycles. We think them brief when we look back to our boyhood days, and a feeling steals over us which awakens a tender memory of those happy by-gone days and recalls those fond recollections of our good old home that sheltered us, and the tales father and mother used to relate. They would tell us some wonderful stories that we still imagine we can see ourselves gaping as we sat and listened by that old-fashioned fireplace.

Home was our world, the sun, moon and stars were all within the horizon of our birthplace. Our universe was small, and as our thoughts drift along that dim and distant past it pictures to us those scenes we loved so well. We live again by running streams and hillsides so green, where the sky was ever blue and the stars shone like lamps from above, where shadows and misgivings never troubled us, for our hearts were light and free; oftentimes we would hear of places and of people away off somewhere, but what interested us mostly were those sugar plums mother gave us when we were on our good behavior in our boyhood days.

There were times that the days dragged along slowly and it seemed as if winter would never wear away, but our boyish mind was always active to devise means to while the time away. You could find a crowd of youngsters coasting down the hillsides; many were there with frozen fingers, but it would never lessen their interest in the sport. They would dash up and down the hillside as if nothing had occurred. Aches and pains were never thought of, and even now, when we see a bunch of youngsters enjoying that good old winter sport, it makes us feel as though we want to take a hand in it. Those were jolly days. Yet, boylike, we never felt quite contented. We lived in those balmy days of spring, and we never got through counting the time till the birds began to sing, and those days were all too short for us. Our time was all taken up with activity and bliss. On every vacant lot and alley we would be playing leap frog and shinny and other outdoor sports.

Gradually the days lengthened into summer, and there would be a crowd of us on the common playing baseball as if our life depended upon it; dust, dirt and broken fingers never bothered us. We paid little heed to timely warning or punishment that our parents would inflict, as there was always some consolation when we thought of the time we had. We kept things going until autumn came into sight, when visions of nuts and autumn fruit kept floating through our minds in

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a perfect kaleidoscope of fun, joy and happiness to our eye.

We never spent much time in forethought of what the results might be, but set about to accomplish what our heart and mind desired. We never found a tree so big or limb so high but what we would climb to reach the largest and best that caught our eye, as we wandered through the woodlands in those happy autumn days. It seems to us as if we still can hear the echoes ringing in our ears of our boyish shouts of glee. And as our thoughts wander down the years of time which reveal all our mischievous ways we can not help but find a bright and sunny side to all our boyish faults.

Our thoughtless mischief was ever tempered with effective love and smiles reflecting kindly impulses and confidence. Now, even late in life, recollections make us feel as though we had made full amends for all of our youthful adventures, and now when our hair is turning white with the thoughts that many years' experience has taught us—the frolics of life we have seen in all its phases, in sunshine, in prosperity, in direct adversity, which has shattered our fondest hopes—still there is nothing which can compare with the hour which leaves its vivid impressions upon our memory of those happy boyhood days.

If all our emotions and impulses which filled our hearts and minds in our childhood could be pictured to us which time could not efface, how rich we would feel; but all that is left to us now is a faint recollection of those golden hours. Yet we love to let our mind drift back to live again amidst the scenes which were dear. We love to ramble once more along those grassy lanes which beguiled our childish feet. All through life we may have battled that in old age we might recline in ease and comfort. Our hearts may be rich with fruitful experience, yet a treasure which we will always cherish is recollection of our boyhood days.

LOVE DOES NOT COUNT HARDSHIPS

Love does not count the cost. It endures hardship without repining. A business man who complained that the train ride to his office was tedious one day saw an invalid lifted to the baggage car. She was lying on a cot, carried by four men. "She'll be left in the baggage car, and the men will come back into the coach," the business man thought. But they did not come. He did not see them again until he was near the city. Then through the open door of the baggage car he saw the bearers of the cot holding it by the four corners, bracing themselves against the motion of the train in order that they might make the hard journey as easy as possible for the one they loved. "They must have found their task wearisome," the observer remarked to a friend. "No," was the answer. "It was a service of love, and love never wearies."

IN THE PLACE OF PRAYER

"I believe in a man having a private resort for the consideration of all the bearings of his life. I have had such places ever since I could remember. I have occasion to go back to them, in recollection, with joy and thanksgiving. Places in far-away, quiet fields, where I used to go between school hours and bend my knees as a mere boy in his teens and talk to God. Oh, the sweetness of those hours! One came back even to play and enjoyment of a boyish kind, and work, and suffering, with new life and new hope."—*Joseph Parker.*

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COMPENSATIONS

1—BLIND.

When first the shadows fell, like prison bars,
And darkness spread before me like a pall,
I cried out for the sun, the earth, the stars;
And beat the air as mad men beat a wall.
Till, impotent, and broken with despair
I turned my vision inward. Lo, a spark—
A light—a torch; and all my world grew bright.
For God's dear eyes were shining through the dark.
Then bringing to me gifts of recompense
Came keener hearing; finer taste, and touch;
And that oft unappreciated sense
Which finds sweet odors and proclaims them such,
And not until my mortal eyes were blind,
Did I perceive how kind the world, how kind.

2—DEAF.

I can recall a time when on mine ears,
There fell chaotic sounds of earthly life.
Shrill cries of triumph and hoarse shouts of strife;
A medley of despairs and hopes and fears.
Then silence came and unavailing tears.
The stillness stabbed me like a two-edged knife;
Until I found the Universe was rife
With subtle music of the neighboring spheres.
Such harmonies, such congruous sweet chords
Wherein each note conveys a healing balm.
And now no more I miss men's spoken words;
For in a quiet world of larger thought
I know the joy that comes from being calm.

3—SHUT-IN.

Across my window glass
The moving shadows of the people pass.
Sometimes the shadows glide along the hall;
And neighbors come, to call,
Bringing a word or smile
To cheer my loneliness a little while.
But as I hear them talk,
These people who can walk
And go about the great green earth at will,
I wonder if they know the joy of being still,
And all alone with thoughts that soar afar—
High as the highest star.
And oft I feel more free
Than those who travel over land and sea.
For one who is shut in—
Away from all the outer strife and din,
With faithful Pain for guide,
Finds where Great Truths abide.
Across my window glass
The moving shadows pass.
But swifter moves my unimpeded thought—
Speeding from spot to spot
Out and afar—
High as the highest star.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Nautilus.

Is toil but a treadmill? Think not of the grind,
But think of the grist, what is done and to do.
The world growing better, more like to God's mind
By long, faithful labor of helpers like you.

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THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD.

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn in the peace of their self-content;
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart, in a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their tracks where highways never ran;
Let me live in my house by the side of the road, and be a friend to man.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road, where the race of men go by—
The men who are good, and the men who are bad—as good, and as bad, as I!
I would not sit in the scorner's seat, nor hurl the cynic's ban;
Let me live in my house by the side of the road, and be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road, by the side of the highway of life,
The men who press on with the ardor of hope, the men who are faint 'mid the strife;
But I turn not away from their smiles, nor their tears—both parts of an Infinite Plan;
Let me live in my house by the side of the road, and be a friend to man.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road, where the race of men go by;
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong—wise, foolish—SO AM I!
Then, why should I sit in the scorner's seat, or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road, and be a friend to man.

—*The Mentalist, Adelaide, S. Australia.*

PRISONERS.

Prisoners, all—
Knowing the taste of sunlight and freedom,
The beauty of the stars, the great round moon
And glorious woods and fields.
Yet in our madness we shut ourselves in prison,
Lock our hearts' doors to the call of gentle earth,
Shut our eyes to her beauty,
Clutch with fierce hands at our brothers' goods,
Hug with desperate arms our gathered spoil
And call for blessings on our garish alms.

Prisoners, all—
In bonds of our own contriving.
All nature calls on man to be free.
Each day the sun calls to earth in gladness,
Stars smile in beauty and winds blow in freedom.
But man must bind in chains
Himself and his brother,
Grope in blindness for that which but degrades—
For the thing whose having
Leaves but the greed for what his brother has.

—*H. C. Thomas.*

Give us this day our daily bread, we pray,
And likewise, Lord, our daily thought,
That our poor souls may strengthen as they ought,
And starve not on the husks of yesterday.

—*Phillips Brooks.*

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Wit and Humor

Smart Sayings and Flashes of Fun From Many Sources

NOT LIKE FATHER

An old Irishman who had made a good deal of money, but who wasn't very particular about his habits or conduct, lived in Chicago. His custom was to go down town about once a month on a spree, and then come back home and beat up his family and break the furniture. His aged wife, who had stood him for many years, was blind.

Finally he died, and his children gave him a fine funeral. They had plenty of money now that the old man was dead, and so they spread themselves. At the church there was elaborate ceremony. The blind widow was dissolved in woe. She cried and cried all through the services, paying scant heed to what was going on until the eulogy was pronounced. She listened. The priest referred to the dead man in glowing terms. After about ten minutes of this the aged widow nudged her son and whispered: "Danny, do they be havin' two funerals here to-day?"

DIDN'T TAKE THE HINT

Nora.—Oi towld that installment mon thot he naden't call so often.

Mistress.—Did he take the hint?

Nora.—No, mum; he took the pianny.—*Exchange.*

HIS EXPERIENCE

"I hear our dentist is going into the real estate business."

"No reason why he shouldn't succeed. He has had lots of experience in dealing with ache-rs."

NOT HOT ENOUGH

Mr. Justice McKenna, of the United States Supreme Court, took up golf a time ago, and played it at the Chevy Chase links near Washington.

He was practicing one day, and there was nobody with him except his caddie. He teed up his ball, made all the preliminary waggles he could think of and swiped at the ball. He missed it a foot. He tried again, and this time struck the earth eighteen inches behind the tee. He made another effort and missed again.

Then he stopped, looked at the ball and said: "Tut-tut! Tut-tut-tut!"

"Mister," observed the caddie, "you'll never learn to play golf wit' dem woids!"

A REAL SURPRISE

Lily.—I'se gwine to a s'prise party tonight, Miss Sally.

Miss Sally.—What will you take for a present?

Lily.—Well, we didn't cal'late on takin' no present. Yo' see, we don' wan' to s'prise 'em too much.—*Brooklyn Life.*

THE PURCHASING POWER

Knicker—Does Jones understand the purchasing power of a dollar?

Bocker—Yes; what troubles him is the purchasing power of his wife.—*New York Sun.*

DEPENDS

"Money makes the mare go."

"Not at the races. There 'tis the mare makes the money go."

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WHAT KEPT HIM GUESSIN'

"Uncle William, are you troubled about the hereafter?" "No, suh; it's de wharfo' of de herein what keeps me guessin'!"

WISE ADVICE

"I have letters to burn from that foolish woman."

"Then take a friend's advice and burn them."

OUGHT TO WORK BOTH WAYS

"But you will have to be identified, madam, before we can cash your check."

"I don't see why; I didn't have to be identified when I deposited the money here."—*Chicago Tribune.*

WHY SOLOMON WAS WISE

"I wonder why Solomon was considered the wisest man?" asked Mr. Meekton's wife.

"Probably, my dear, because he had so many wives to give him good advice."—*Washington Star.*

GOOD FOR INSOMNIA

She—The Rev. Wilkins is something of a faith healer, you know, and I'm thinking of attending his church for my rheumatism.

He—I can recommend him for insomnia.—*Sydney Bulletin.*

HEREDITY

Miss Gush—Mrs. Richley carries herself so splendidly always; nothing ever disturbs her.

Mrs. Chellus—Yes, indeed; she carries herself just as steadily as her grandfather did the hod.—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

THE RESPONSIBLE ONE

If it wasn't for the watch-mender, we wouldn't have such a good time.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

PRELIMINARY CONSULTATION

Chief Counsel—The first thing to do is to get at the root of this trouble.

Associate Counsel—The root of the trouble is the late Mr. Bigwad's fortune.

Chief Counsel—Exactly; and we must get at it.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

A CHILD'S ARITHMETIC

Said the teacher to Johnny: "What is half of one-third?"

And John, unaccustomed to such vague things and obscure: "I don't know for sure, but it can't be so awfully much."—*Woman's Home Companion*

GENUINE HAPPINESS

"It is the duty of every one of you to make at least one person happy during the week," said the Sunday school teacher. "Have you?"

"I did," said Johnny promptly.

"That's nice. And what did you do?"

"I was to see my aunt, and she's always happy when I go home again."—*East and West.*

HARD TO GET ON HIS FEET

"In the Cumberland Mountains of East Tennessee," the Hon. "Bob" Taylor says, "a good coon dog is considered a valuable asset. A visitor once asked a native, Bill Smoon, how many dogs he had.

"'I ain't got but five,' said Bill dejectedly. 'Looks like I never kin git a start on dogs ag'in.'"—*Exchange.*

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As You Think, You Must Become.

The Absolute Necessity of One's Holding a High Estimate of One's Self.

WHATEVER passes through the mind, the life processes register with the faithfulness of truth, so what you think you *must become.*

The reason why our lives are so lean and our achievement so small is because we think too meanly of our possibilities and set such narrow limits to our accomplishment. We allow our doubts and fears, our criminal lack of self-faith, to drive away the good things of life for which we strive. The statue cannot be greater or more beautiful than the model in the sculptor's mind; what he brings out of the marble cannot overtop his ideal. He must hold a grand conception in his mind, or he cannot bring it out of the stone with a chisel.

No matter how your condition seems to contradict it, insist upon holding a grand picture of yourself, the image of your better, your divine self. If you do not have a high estimate of yourself, your possibilities, if there is a flaw in your ideal, if it is warped and twisted, mean and lean, the defects will be outpictured in your life.

It is a great thing to establish the consciousness of your superiority, your divinity; for what you think of yourself, your estimate of your ability and your character, what you believe you stand for in the world, will largely determine your position in life.

Your mind becomes impressed with your self-estimate, and your convictions govern your actions. Your small estimate of yourself will make a pigmy's impress upon your conviction, and you will be barred from doing the work of a giant. You must think yourself a giant before you can do a giant's work.

If your life is ever transfigured, it must be by your own mental effort, your own glory—the glory that comes from within, not from without.

Let your whole aim and ambition be to construct, produce, achieve, create things worth while, and you will be surprised at your increased capacity, your enlarged powers for doing things.

Look back upon the past lives of self-made men and women, and see how miraculously the way was opened for them, so that they were able to accomplished the thing they longed to do, and which they always kept thinking and hoping and believing they could do. Only keep trying, keep pushing, keep thinking, thinking hard along the line of your ambition, and the door will open for you as it did for them.

Do not be too anxious to see all the way. It may not be best for you. Keep pegging away, and keep up your trust in the great Unseen Power which often brings things out infinitely better than you had planned.

There is a tremendous drawing power, a mighty magnetic force in our longings and yearnings when we do our level best to realize them.

Many of our loftiest aspirations and grandest resolves starve for want of the nutrition of encouragement and the strengthening which only comes from vigorous exercise in our effort to realize our aims.—*Nautilus.*

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MOTHER'S BIBLE

A few months ago a Christian was telling in "The Congregationalist" of his memoirs of family worship in his boyhood home. "On our seventh birthdays each of us received a Bible. These were fat, morocco-bound books. On the title page of each our father had written the name and the date of baptism of the owner. Thenceforth at prayers I did not look over my mother's or my brother's book, but found the place and followed my father's reading in my own Bible, or made my stumbling way in turn through the three verses which were the portion of each when we read around."

There was something else in those reminiscences of his home that I want to pass on to you: "I found the heart of religion in the home in my mother's Bible. Between the pages were little, sacred things—soft clippings of baby hair, a picture prize of a shepherd and his sheep that I had received at infant school. That my mother should treasure in her Bible what I had won filled me with amazement. It seemed so high a flight from my concerns to her devotions.

"For I came soon to know that there was a little, sacred interval in each busy day, not always won, but always sought and planned for, when no ordinary knocking would gain an entrance to her closed door or bring her to my side. She and her Bible were alone with God. And I knew, without her telling, that I and my concerns were a part of her concerns in that time of prayer. Once or twice I had even been called in, when sin or sorrow was to be spoken of between us. And life had a different look when I came out through her door after that speaking. In ordinary hours my mother was not only one of the dearest, but often one of the gayest companions; but when she came down from that mount of silence it seemed to my childish eyes that her face shone."

God bless the mothers who find strength for the day's busy life "in the secret of His presence," and may many more learn the joy of the moments alone with God.—*John T. Faris in Westminster Quarterly.*

HOW GOD BLESSES

Those who, like Elijah, instantly obey the voice of God will have Elijah's experience of need satisfied and the future made plain. That experience may not come in the same way; God's ways of dealing with His children are various. But it is certain that in some way or other God will bring a blessing to everyone who conscientiously and continually seeks to please Him. The blessing may not be what we in our ignorance would choose; if we but let God have His way it will be what He in his wisdom chooses. The future may not be revealed all at once, but we can be sure that God will give us the light we need just when we need it.

Good intentions are not always wise intentions. It is not enough to desire to be helpful without taking the trouble to find out how. A resolution to be kind to the poor is well enough as far as it goes, but it will never go very far unless the one who makes it determines also to learn what kind of poverty is within reach of his aid and how that aid can best be given.

They can conquer who believe they can.—*Dryden.*

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It Rests With You

The nerves of your body know only the ideas that you send over them in the nature of thoughts. When you make your mental messages to be those of peace and harmony, health and wholeness, your nerves take up those ideas, and the thought of weakness or disorder is banished. Back of all nerves is free, unhampered, harmonious Spirit. When you become centered in this idea your messages to your body are changed from sickness into health, and your nerves are made new by the new state of consciousness that you have come into.

Your mental attitude, now that you have done all that seems best for you to do, is to be still and witness the salvation of the Lord. You doubtless fully know that this stillness in the place of the Most High is not mental torpor, but a quiet intensity that neither affirms nor denies in words, but holds itself in an equipoise of spiritual security. You have done your part; your true word has gone forth. Now rest at the center, and say: "It is well; thy work is sure; I am satisfied." Do not argue with anyone, nor discuss the matters which you have submitted to the Spirit; simply say: "All is well; it is finished."

Do not for a moment doubt but what all will be done for the best, even if appearance belie it. The Father is always with you and fully conscious of all that is going on in your mind and affairs. Your attitude toward Him decides whether or not His power will be made manifest. Then make yourself His outlet into your world and all the world about you, by trusting Him utterly, and looking to Him only for assistance.

Many faithful people struggle very much more than is necessary, because they think that the work devolves upon them in demonstration. This is a hard, limited way to look at it, and brings meager results. After one has faithfully invoked the aid of the Father, either in prayer or silent affirmations, and feels that there has been a movement of the mental waters, the soul should rest in the consciousness that so far as it is concerned the thing desired is at hand. In every case the Father does the work; we simply give form and direction to the Spirit power by our word or mental attitude. Be assured of this—that the Omnipotent Light knows every detail of your troubles, but is powerless to help you unless you make the proper spiritual connection. It rests with you!—*Unity*.

ENTERING OUR OPEN DOORS

God has opened a door before each one of us. Some particular service is waiting for us. Perhaps we have thought that there is nothing for us to do, no chance to serve. Perhaps we have been envying others their chances. But we have been making a mistake. We have been walking past the door, and the service has not been performed. If we ask Him, God will open our eyes that we may see the opening. Then if we ask Him, He will give us strength to enter for Him. Some one is waiting beyond that door for us—the peculiar service that each one can give is needed by some one. What if we do not give it?

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FIDELITY REWARDED

It is an interesting story which has been made public by the Pennsylvania Railroad. A passenger train conductor is to be retired after fifty years of active service, begun as a brakeman upon a freight train. During all these years the employe has never had a serious accident, has never had a passenger seriously injured or killed, has never been fined or suspended, has never been reported by a passenger, and has never been the cause of a lawsuit. No wonder that he points to his record with pardonable pride. Equally certain is it that the corporation for which he has labored so long and so well bestows upon him with genuine satisfaction his well-earned pension.

It is to be remembered that this story, so indicative of fidelity and trustworthiness, might be repeated thousands of times if publicity could be given to all similar records. There are men occupying lowly positions in every walk of life who are actuated by the same sense of duty and who, without hope of additional reward and almost without recognition, perform their duty faithfully and well. They are actuated by a conscientiousness that is worthy of highest regard.

And, with especial reference to Washington, there are in this city thousands of clerks who have given to the Government a liftime of honest, industrious and intelligent service. They are entitled to as much recognition and reward in their old age as the conductor who retires upon a pension from the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

The mountain top must be reached, no matter how many times we fall in reaching it. The fall is not counted; it does not register; the picking up and going on counts in life.—*Flora Howard.*

ABOUT ALCOHOL

Every two years, so the statistics show, more men in Germany are carried to their graves by drink than the nation lost in the whole course of the Franco-Prussian war. A Danish national commission, which receives its information confidentially from reports sent in by every doctor in Denmark, finds that each fourth death among Danish males is to be set down to alcohol as either a chief or a contributing cause.

In France M. Bourgeois, ex-Cabinet Minister, declares that "this scourge of drink has a permanent place in all our social miseries. It hides itself behind tuberculosis, in madness, in crime, but it is always at the bottom of all our evils, all our degeneracies. It is the chief enemy of the race." At one of the great French asylums for the criminal insane the physician in charge says that alcoholism is the great scourge that has ruined the patients, and sent them to this prison madhouse for the rest of their days. At the largest colony for epileptics in the world, that at Bielefeld, in Westphalia, the statistics of cases show that more than half of the epileptics who are received are children of drinkers. Sir Gorell Barnes, an English judge, who has worked out the figures of divorce records, says that in England the divorce court could almost close its doors permanently if it were not for strong drink.

Disease, vice, crime, madness—these are King Alcohol's four lords in waiting. Until he is dethroned, they will hold their dreadful power in every land.

If you want to be miserable, think about yourself, about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay to you, and what people think of you.—*Charles Kingsley.*

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The Truth That Makes You Free

THE idea of man separated in consciousness from Divine Mind is that he was arbitrarily created by God, who could or could not have created him, and that not being responsible for his existence, he has a perfect right to be rebellious and petulant if hardships come into his life. This is a childish view of the great plan of creation, in which man is such an important factor. It is only when man becomes meek and lowly—an obedient receptacle for the spirit of God—that he sees the Divine scheme of creation and his place in it. Then he becomes a willing co-operator, because his understanding accepts the law as it is and knows that it can not be changed by either God or man. They are so intimately linked together that the harmony of existence depends upon a mutual understanding. When this is established by man's willing obedience and acceptance of his part of the work, a new order of things is set up and a new creation inaugurated. The first step in this new order is the realization by man that he is sent into the world to do a specific work. As Jesus said at the age of twelve, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's Work?" and in His last prayer are these words: "I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do."

The Father has sent each one of us out to do a certain work. Are we doing that work? Have we asked what it is? Or are we aimlessly wandering about the earth trying to find satisfaction in the fleeting things of sense?

"Ye shall know the Truth and the Truth shall make you free."

That Truth is the relation of man to God, and how creation is carried forward. That relation is, in one sense, as Father and child; in another it is creator, creative instrument and creation manifest. Man stands as the instrument of God through which His potentialities are brought into visibility. As such instrument he stands in a measure a dictator as to how it shall be done. That is, he has discretionary power or free will. Freedom of will is illusionary, however, because if man wills to carry on creation in defiance of the Divine Plan and order, his creations in due time fall into chaos through lack of coherency. God fixes the plan of the structure, and gives into the hands of man all the materials for building. Man may also know the plan and build under its instructions, or he may go ahead without consulting the plan. Humanity has built age after age only to find that its structures do not endure. They are faulty because the Divine Plan has not been consulted by the builder.—*Unity.*

GET AT THE BIG THING

To do big deeds we must broaden our outlook. No success is greater than the outlook of the man who achieved it. Narrow minds and knockers go hand in hand. We knock our neighbor and forget our own shortcomings. Let's cheer up and get at the big thing. Enthusiasm is the beginning—and the culmination—of all things worth while. All other qualities are as nothing if we lack enthusiasm. It is the white heat that fuses all the other qualities into one effective mass.—*John Nicholas Beffel.*

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Hints to Patients

DON'T allow yourself to get angry, petulant or even impatient. Don't allow envy, malice, revenge or resentment a place in your mind. Such emotions set up cross-currents in the consciousness that reflect upon the body and its tissues, coagulating the blood and demoralizing the nervous system. Many cases are recorded where the milk of a mother recently angry has poisoned the nursing child. Abscesses, tumors, cancers and like appearances are the vents on the innocent body of the violent mental throes within. Remember that every thought and emotion must in due time express itself.

Cultivate patience, forbearance and love. "A soft answer turneth away wrath," is a truth of far-reaching importance. Therefore, think only loving thoughts, especially for those who may have wronged you.

Don't brood over the things of the past or the present. Many a soul is secretly hugging some fancied or real injury, and ignorantly suffering the consequence in a diseased body.

Don't let an accusing conscience nag you. Make peace with thine adversary quickly. Lay it all before the Lord, and it will be forgiven and its effects disappear.

Dismiss all such evidences of a lack of understanding of the divine harmonies of your Being by your word of denial, and affirm your unity with the omnipresent Spirit of Peace, Joy and Love.

Don't read books or newspapers containing descriptions of accidents, scandals, diseases or any of the mortal brood of errors.

Read and think only of the good, the true, the pure, the beautiful, and affirm yourself to be one with these, the only real states of God and man.

Don't talk about your disease, your troubles, your poverty. Do not mention those appearances in others.

Talk about the abundance of everything for the use of man. Talk about the fact that health is the normal state, and that it is much more apparent than disease. Think and talk about the many ways that health and harmony may be made manifest through holding right thoughts and speaking true words.

Many ask how these states of mind are made manifest in body. It is this way: Your body is both invisible and visible. The invisible part is sometimes called the "subjective consciousness." The basis of its form is the cell. Through the process of thinking you build into your brain and body millions of little cells that are endowed with just that quality of energy and intelligence which your word gives them. When you say, "I deny the belief in poverty or lack in myself and those about me," these little cells with one accord fall away from the "poverty consciousness;" then when you affirm, "The inexhaustible abundance of Almighty God is now manifest in and through me," every cell swiftly flies to that true center in your consciousness, and each glows with a magnetic impulse that eventually attracts to you that which you desire.

When you brood over your troubles, losses or failures, these little cells take on that state of mind and in due time reflect it upon your body. When your

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mind dwells upon disease and you talk about it you are filling those millions of cells with images of disease, and they will reflect it back into your consciousness and you will come to look upon disease as a necessary evil, instead of a passing illusion. If you say, "I am weak," or "I am tired," these little cells throughout your body fly apart like magic and a great lassitude takes possession of you. But if you say, "I am strong and vigorous with the strength and vigor of the Spirit," they rush to the center of tension and array themselves like bands of living steel throughout your whole organism.

Not only those mentioned, but each and every thought or emotion that you experience in daily life, affects these little centers of energy and intelligence, and you must in due time get the result. A man shall be held accountable for his lightest word.

If you are harboring grief, fear, avarice, anger, jealousy, lust, rest assured that they will show forth in bodily congestion, constipation, inflammation, paralysis and the many forms of fleshly discord.

But you can dissolve them. The Word of Truth is powerful to the destruction of every error. Your true and good thoughts are bearing their fruit, too, and you shall get the reflection in harmony, joy and peace for every thought and word of love and truth.

There is one mental condition that is causing two-thirds of the ills of the race, yet it is widely ignored as a causing factor; that is, sex lust. Deny its power over you and affirm: "I am in dominion. I am centered in Christ, and the purity, peace and love of the Holy Spirit overshadows and protects me."

THE TRUE SPIRITUAL HEALING

True spiritual healing is done through the quickening, freeing Word that lifts men up into the Christ consciousness where disease has no place, where its nothingness is clearly understood. There is in Truth no sickness, no disease. They are mere appearances resulting from a wrong concept and wrong action on the part of man. The work of the spiritual minister is to teach the truth that sets free from the delusions of the mortal and awakens men out of the nightmare of sickness and poverty and trouble. By ascribing all power to God the divided state of mind which ascribes some power to God and some to evil will no longer be as an upper and nether millstone grinding men in pain and suffering.

Learn these two things: Never be discouraged because good things get on so slowly here, and never fail daily to do that good which lies next to your hand.—*George MacDonald.*

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HOW GOD HONORS FAITH

This is a lesson in faith. There was the faith of Peter, who was ready to follow where God led him, and believed that God would honor his purpose to heal demons, and that his prayer for the restoration of the life of Dorcas would be granted. Then there was the faith of Aeneas, who believed the word of God's servant and acted on it; the faith of Dorcas which proved itself by her good works; the faith of the residents of Joppa, who turned to the Lord when they said that Aeneas had been healed, and faith of the residents of Joppa, who believed in the Lord in consequence of the reviving of Dorcas. See how God honors faith in Him!

THE ABILITY TO FINISH

Beginning a thing is easy; it's the sticking to it that is difficult. The test of character is the ability to go on and finish. It is a rare virtue and a valuable one. For whatever you have set yourself to do there will surely come a time of discouragement—when you doubt if, after all, it is worth while. Look out for that time when you are tempted to look back. It is there that the danger lies. It doesn't matter what your work is—earning a living or making a home or conquering a besetting sin—the discouragement is bound to come. Don't give way to it. Be prepared for it, and make up your mind to keep on just the same.—*Progressive Thought.*

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ARE ALL MEN LIARS?

It was not until yesterday, geologically speaking, that it dawned upon us that the Greatest Thing in the world is good, not evil. We don't more than half believe it yet in our heart of hearts. Our real working creeds, whatever we may nominally profess, range from—

"Truth forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne,"

to "Be good and you'll be lonesome." We still sympathize with Diogenes when he took a lantern to hunt for an honest man at noonday. We echo the cynical creed of King David, "All men are liars," as if it were gospel truth, though the fact is that most men are automatically 90 per cent truthful, and some average as high as 98 per cent. It would take superhuman intelligence to invent a higher percentage of plausible fiction than this. But that little two per cent of prevarication irritates us like a midge in the eye, and interests us so much more than the 98 per cent of monotonous, mechanical, parrot-like re-echoing of dull facts known as truth-telling, that we declare it to be the rule instead of the rare exception. We have become so accustomed to sharpening our wits upon lies that we have forgotten they are only the dash of mustard on the cold roast beef of truth. The difference between the most truthful and the most untruthful of men is merely the difference between 90 and 98 per cent. Our average output is at least 50 truths to one lie all day long and every day—though we occasionally work overtime or go fishing.—*Unity.*

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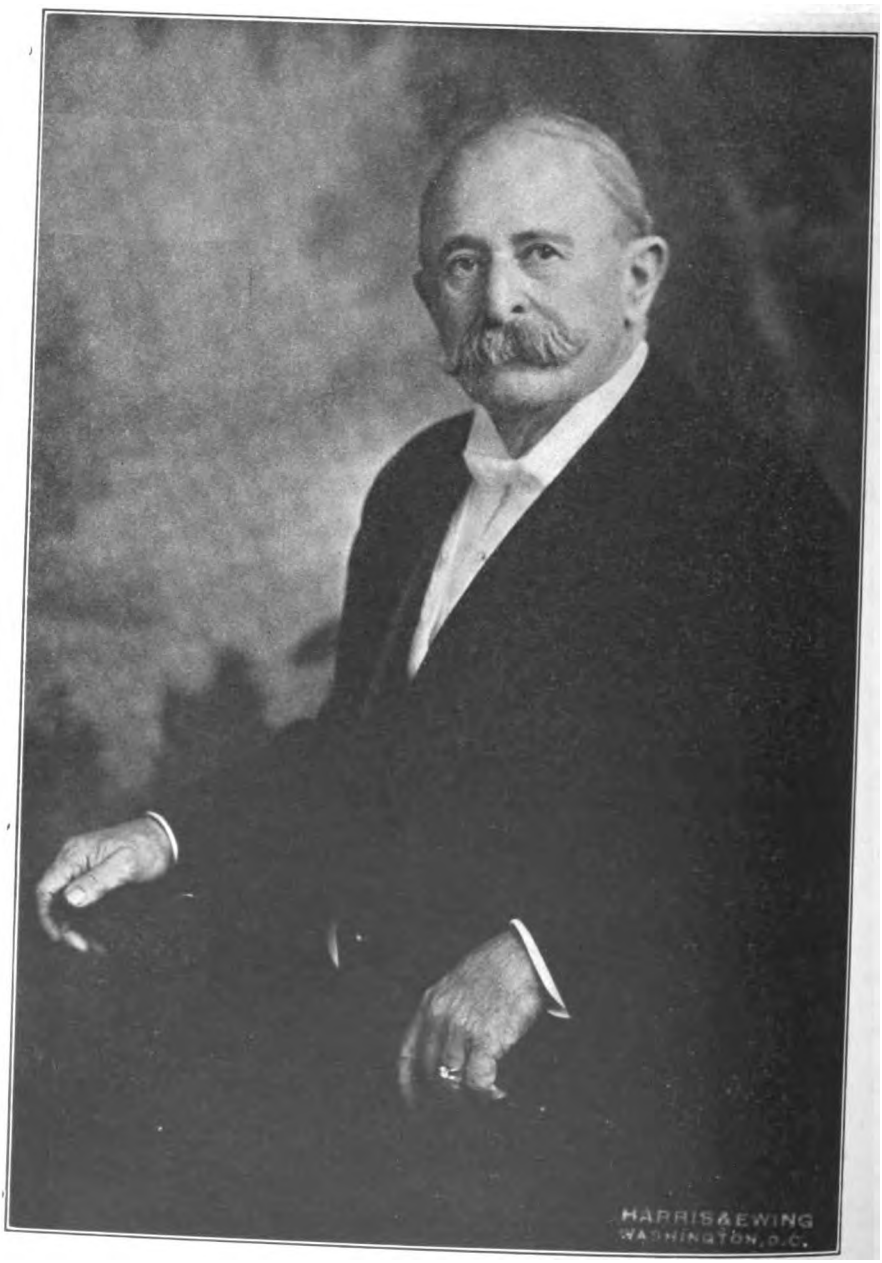

Oliver C. Sabin

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In sending in subscriptions please do not fail to state whether it is for a new subscriber or a renewal of an old subscription.

Free Lecture Course at Atlantic City, N. J.

July 20 there will begin a series of twenty-one lectures to be delivered in the Greek Temple, on Young's New Million Dollar Pier, at Atlantic City, N. J. These lectures will be absolutely free, teaching how to heal the sick by divine methods, this being the third annual course at Atlantic City.

The first lecture of the series will be given by Mrs. Elizabeth Towne, the talented editress of *Nautilus,* at 3 o'clock p. m., July 20.

During this course of lectures I will give away a large number of books and periodicals upon the subject of Evangelical Christian Science. The books teach how to heal the sick.

The last lecture will be given on August 10.

This church is in no way connected with the Christian Science Church founded by Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy.

I will announce at a later date the name of the hotel at which I will stop in Atlantic City during the lecture course.

Lovingly yours,
OLIVER C. SABIN, *Bishop.*

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Free Lecture Course at Portland, Maine

On August 17 I will deliver the first of a series of ten free lectures in the music room of the Congress Square Hotel, at Portland, Maine.

These lectures will be absolutely free, and will be closely along the lines of teaching how to heal. Those who wish to learn the Science of Divine Healing will do well to be on hand promptly on the date of the opening lecture.

Any person wishing hotel accommodations in Maine during this lecture course may write to the Congress Square Hotel and make reservation, or any person wishing a less expensive place may write to Mr. Daniel K. Smith, 51 Roberts Street, Portland, Maine, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply, and Mr. Smith will aid in every way possible.

I shall stop at the Congress Square Hotel during the lecture course, which will close August 27.

Sacrifice Born of Love

The world bows in reverential tribute to the sublimity and grandeur of courage exhibited by the victims of the Titanic disaster. It was the most inspiring manifestation of manhood and womanhood the world has ever seen.

Love and self-sacrifice, devotion to duty and honor, the exaltation of womanhood, childhood, weakness and old age were all interwoven in this surpassing tragedy of the remorseless deep.

In that carnival of death there was no aristocracy. The millionaire and the pauper, rulers of men and directors of gigantic operations, ship captain and officers went down in the icy waters of the Atlantic beside the penniless immigrant, the humble laborer, the common seaman, the servant, the ship's steward and the waiter. Social distinction, official position and conditions of life were all obliterated when the Titanic took her plunge into the abyss.

Nor was there aristocracy of manhood and bravery. Brave, indeed, were Major Butt, the gallant army officer; Clarence Moore, the capitalist and social leader of Washington; Millet, the world-renowned artist and journalist; Hayes, the millionaire railway autocrat; Captain Smith, the commander of the Titanic, and Col. John Jacob Astor, one of the richest men of America, all of whom wore the red badge of courage and went to their death with a smile on their lips. But no less brave was Miss Evans, a young girl, who resigned her place in a lifeboat to a married woman and mother, and calmly returned to the sinking ship and to her doom. No less brave was Gallagher, the young Irish-American, who leaped from a lifeboat, giving his seat to a woman lifted from the waves and sank reciting the prayers of the rosary.

There was the perfect democracy of courage. English and American, Irish, Scotch, German and Italian, Christian and Jew, Catholic and Protestant, side by side, facing the terrors of death, they expressed in the last analysis the Essence of Love. Love it was that inspired their heroic sacrifice and crystallized their courage. The human race can never forget, and never will, the sublime moral lesson of the Titanic.

Lovingly yours,

Olivier C. Sabin Bishop.

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Chain of Golden Thoughts

May

PAULINA B. SABIN

"Wisdom is better than rubies; and all the things that may be desired are apt to be compared to it." We cannot aspire to, nor gain, nor hold, great and successful positions if we have the consciousness and the heart of weaklings and cowards. We were born to look up, not down; we must believe in our own power of accomplishment as we believe in God Himself; we must know and do. At length all feet shall tread all heights, now unattained. "Why not thine own?" must be our deathless question.—*Julia Seaton Sears.*

Be noble in every thought
And in every deed!
Let not the illusion of thy senses
Betray thee to deadly offenses.
Be strong! be good! be pure!
The right only shall endure;
All things else are but false pretenses.

—*Longfellow.*

If you mean to act nobly, and seek to know the best things which God hath put within the reach of men, you must fix your mind on that end, and not what will happen to you because of it.

—*George Eliot.*

We are told by the wise men of old that in our getting, we should get wisdom. The same thought is carried out in the axiom, "In wisdom is power." It is knowledge, mind, that rules the universe—Infinite Mind, and its infinite manifestations are all in all and through all; and if we would be great, if we would be happy, if we would be successful, it will come to us only through the channel of the Infinite Mind—Divine Wisdom. He who knows is a master; he who does not is a slave.—*Bishop Sabin.*

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How to Live

Lecture Delivered by Bishop Oliver C. Sabin Before the Evangelical Christian Science Church, Washington, D. C., March 17, 1912

OUR topic of this morning's lecture is intended to be very practical; it is "How to Live."

We all want to live; I doubt if there are any under the sound of my voice that want to die. I surely want to live. This is the best country I have ever seen, and as long as the Lord is good to us here, what is the use of wanting to die? There is a way to build your body up and build your mind up so that you will live, and, on the contrary, you can build yourself so you will go down hill and soon die. Solomon says, "As a man thinketh, so shall he be," and that is a truism that is proven in the lives of all of us. There are no exceptions. Therefore, the first rule I lay down this morning regarding how to live is to have a healthy mind. See that your thinker is healthy and that you do not throw out into the vibrations these poisonous thoughts that come back to destroy and to kill.

In some of my books I have laid down a rule like this: In your thinking, never think of anything nor in your talking say anything except that which you wish to see realized in actuality before you. In other words, think what you want, and know that what you are thinking you are going to get. The law that forces water to seek the level of the sea when released is no more certain of accomplishing its purposes than are you, if you throw into the vibration thoughts that will be realized as you wish them to be, whether for good or for bad.

> You must remember that every one of us is going to be saved in God Almighty's Kingdom, because there is but one Life, and that Life is God Almighty manifest, and there is no death in it. You want to understand that we live, move and have our beings in the Infinite Good and in the Infinite Love; and that is all, and nothing can come against you, around you or about you but perfection. You must realize these things, and when you want to do anything, to go into business or any enterprise, take God with you, trust God, lay your plans before Him, affirm that He does lead and direct you and make your life a success. Hold to that thought and you will always have success, you will always have happiness, and you will always have harmony. Affirm health, know that God is your health, and you are His image and likeness. Hang on to this fundamentally great thought, and you will always be healthy, you will always be happy, you will always be prosperous.

One of the great fundamental principles of how to have a healthy mind is to have a healthy God to worship. "He that dwelleth in the secret places of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." Remember that. Remember that as you throw into the vibration your thoughts of the Universal Deity those thoughts will be realized. Here is a historical fact, and one that if you will analyze you will see is axiomatically true, that a person or nation never rises above its idea of what its Deity is. You never saw a nation that is beyond their conception of their God. If you see a man that is full of

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vindictiveness, who believes in the doctrine of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, and "he that sheddeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed," that kind of a man believes in a God that sits on a throne with a rod in His hand, judging—they call it justice.

These people who believe in that kind of a Deity have an idea that God was so inexorable that in order to change His mind and enable Him to forget the sins of man, the Son stepped in and said: "I will take the sins of those people on my hands, and you may take me and crucify me." What a vile doctrine that was. Even in my boyhood days I could not see the loving Son of God step out before the Father, saying: "Save them; I am the Lamb; kill me." It is the same kind of a doctrine that was put into the Jewish books, the slaughter of beasts and so forth; their doctrine is the same kind as the doctrine that they got from the Egyptians, that had been there thousands of years before. Whether the Egyptian was the first or whether he came after the Indes we do not know, because the history of that time, whatever it was, if there was ever any written, was destroyed by this great apostle of truth, called Mohammed. He burned the library, with its 6,000 volumes, and the world whose history was covered by those books is comparatively a blank. We know nothing of it except as we find through the rocks and mausoleums and so forth.

The one who believes in the doctrine that Jesus Christ taught that God is love, not love only to those who are close to you or that you naturally love, but the universal principle of universal love which takes in those that despitefully use you, and makes you love them. Such a person as that has a healthy body, and instead of growing old as the years go by he grows younger. The wrinkles leave his face, the bloom comes back on his cheeks and his eyes sparkle with delight when he contemplates the beauties of universal love.

You do not have to go through the world fighting. Some people go through this world believing it is against them; they are ready to fight at the drop of a hat, and if some one is not ready to drop the hat they are willing to drop it themselves. Such people as that always have diseased minds, and diseased bodies always accompany diseased minds. You never saw a healthy body in your life that had a diseased mind and you never will; it is an impossibility. Therefore, one of the most important rules is to know God, to know that He is a God of love. As this thought saturates your very mental existence your body responds, your surroundings respond, and instead of being a hotch-potch of evil and good and everything else mixed up, your have perfect harmony and perfect love and perfect peace.

The thought I take up as secondary importance in the problem of how to live is to have a healthy body. You have the healthy body through the application of the rule that God teaches if you trust Him. Here is a person who believes in disease; he believes that there is a hereditary taint running through his family; his ancestors died along about a certain age; he believes he may have this disease or that disease at a certain time of life. The result is almost universal, that when the time arrives for the development of this disease the body responds.

You must remember that every one of us is going to be saved in God Almighty's kingdom because there is but one life, and that life is God Almighty

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manifest, and there is no death in it. You want to understand that we live, move and have our beings in the Infinite Good and in the Infinite Love, and that is all, and nothing can come against you, around you or about you but perfection. You must realize these things, and when you want to do anything, to go into business or any enterprise, take God with you, trust God, lay your plans before Him, affirm that He does lead you and direct you and make your life a success.

Hold to that thought, and you will always have success, you will always have happiness and you will always have harmony. If you are going into a business transaction, instead of depending on your own weak and silly mind, as many do, affirm that God leads you and directs you and blesses you and makes your life a perfect success in your undertakings, and you will never fail.

It is just so in the application of health. Affirm health, know that God is your health and you are His image and likeness. Hang on to this fundamentally great thought, and you will always be healthy, you will always be happy, you will always be prosperous, and the sunshine of God Almighty's love will cover you from the morning until the night and forever and aye.

That is the rule we have to adopt to make us happy, one of the axiomatic principles of how to live. If you live this way your life is a benediction, you are a blessing to the community, you are a better citizen, you are a better neighbor, you are a better man to be in the world, because the world is better for your having lived. Take the opposite picture, and you can see what it is. The reverse side fills your asylums, fills your jails, fills your workhouses, fills your poorhouses, fills the slums and gutters of life with mortals who are reaping the crop of the seed that is sown during their lifetime, with no one so poor as to do them reverence. Each and every one, whether it be for the good or for the other side, reaps as he sows. Therefore, in your sowing be careful to sow the right kind of seed.

Remember always that it is love, love applied—not this mouthing; that is nothing—that love applied only wins. I may get up here and mouth love and talk love and preach love, but if I do not put it into practice, carry it into my daily life, it is worthless to me, but if you do practice it and allow love to lead you, you can almost always pluck the stars from the firmament, and there is no power that God Almighty will withdraw from you. You can do the things that Jesus did, and even greater, for He has promised it.

Let me say to you, my friends, to-day, and to those who may read, remember your lives must be beautiful here to-day; you must be filled with happiness, sunshine and love on this earth, for there is no hereafter where the angels will pluck the stones from your pathway unless you are in harmony and can receive those blessings. You are either in heaven or hell to-day as much as you will be in accordance with the crop you sow. There will be a beautiful time in the hereafter for all eternity for those who have sown the proper crop. Those who go down sowing bad seed will have to make repentance and restitution for every evil they have committed. I believe the time will come when we will have the chance and opportunity, an opportunity that we will embrace, in doing right in every place we ever did wrong, and I believe after that we will be washed whiter than

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snow. I think all of God Almighty's children will have nothing against them; all will be good, for they will be the image and likeness of Infinite Good and will be like Him. Therefore, if you want to live, sow seeds of righteousness, and allow your rule to be along the lines where God shall lead, and your life here and forever will be a benediction to all who see you.

If

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired of waiting,
Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies;
Or, being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good nor talk too wise;

If you can dream, and not make dreams your master;
If you can think, and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with triumph and disaster,
And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to broken,
And stoop to build them up with worn-out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings,
And risk it on one turn of pitch and toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings,
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them, "Hold On;"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch;
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you;
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son.

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

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Free

DR. JOHN D. MILES

IT is a God-given longing, a hope in the human mind to be free as the fowls of the air; free from suffering, free from poverty, free from sickness, free from evil of every kind. This desire comes from the indwelling Spirit.

Freedom is a "God-given right." God said: "Let us make man in our image after our likeness, and let them have dominion."

In order to call forth Power and Dominion we must "grow into" the realization of the Truth that the substance (Spirit) of all Good dwells within us; with the perfect realization man can do what Jesus told the Apostles to do: "Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils; freely ye have received, freely give." To be free from material errors ye must "first seek the kingdom of God and His righteousness," and all good will flow to you, and your heart will be filled with love, the antidote or solvent of all manner of evil, inharmony, selfishness and poverty.

Freedom is man's birthright, being a part of the Creative Power (Spirit). Under the Divine Law we are heirs of God, and we are to "ask what ye will in my name, and I will do it."

Man lives a dual life, a visible and an invisible life. The visible life is a material life filled with worldly anxieties. The invisible life is Spiritual, God within us. It is the eternal life. Its foundation is God's eternal love, man's haven of rest, "the inner world" to which man can retire and commune with the Spiritual Power of eternal life, and be free from the visible or material world. Christ said: "When thou prayest enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door pray to thy Father which is in secret." * * * When the trials of the material or visible life seem to overburden us we can enter the "Spiritual realm and commune with God, who is "mighty to quicken, to vitalize" and renew our power and dominion and enable us to successfully overcome the cares and fear of material or visible life.

Being free agents and a part of the principle of eternal life and heirs of the Creator, all that was or ever can be created is our birthright. We are told to "Seek first the kingdom of God (the invisible life), and all things shall be given to us." Thus we are free to "seek, knock and ask."

Seeking the within or invisible Power is touching the hem of Christ's garment and receiving immediate results. "And the whole multitude sought to touch Him; for there went virtue out of Him, and healed them all." Christ said: "I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice and your joy (Freedom) no man taketh from you."

When we are burdened with material worries and our nerves seem as though they would snap asunder "be still and know that I am God" (Psalm 46:10), and in the Spiritual realm of Love we receive the power to overcome all visible and worldly trials and cares. Jesus said that "the knowledge of Truth makes you free." He also said: "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also."

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The foundation of Divine Science and healing is the understanding of the Truth that God is Spirit. We must know that Truth is eternal, and to know the Truth makes us free from the power of evil and heals us in mind and body. The Bible teaches that as a man thinketh so is he. Christ taught the individuality of man, and declared that each individual must work out his or her own salvation. Man being free to think and act in his individual capacity, why not be a philosopher or optimist? Live the Truth, keep the Ten Commandments, avoid material extremes, practice the essentials of a happy life, which are chastity, sobriety and honesty. Live in the Spiritual realm of peace and enjoy God's beautiful sunshine. Jesus said: "Look to Me for everything and you shall not be disappointed. Look unto Me and be ye saved."

Why must we look unto Jesus to be saved? Simply because there is nowhere else to look for eternal life. Omnipotent Power and Love are our salvation. They are free for all, but we must seek, knock and ask.

"God is my all; I am free and know no fear, since God and Love and Truth are here."

Facing the Ocean Problem

WHEN we consider one by one the many risks unnecessarily taken by the Titanic and then weigh them as a whole, it is seen that the odds against making the trip across the Atlantic with safety to ship and passengers were well-nigh overwhelming. The fact is also strongly impressed upon us that Congress has its work cut out for it, if it stoutly adheres to the declared purpose to use its powers in ridding ocean travel of the train of avoidable perils that to-day surrounds it.

It will not do to say that the Titanic was foredoomed. The most devil-may-care and sordid ownership would think twice before sending a vessel like the Titanic and her precious cargo on a voyage straight to the bottom, though that such a thing has been done in the case of merchantmen is undeniable. The Titanic stood a chance to thread the sea of known perils without meeting with disaster. That she so signally failed in the attempt to run the gauntlet poignantly serves to bring into the open the contributing causes as set forth by those competent to speak, and from which is drawn the conclusion that the hazards pointed to destruction and horror, and also that Congress has much to do if it would make a recurrence of the sickening circumstances as remote as possible.

Dismissing the more speculative reasons assigned for the loss of the largest and, theoretically, most seaworthy vessel ever built, the fact seems well established by a preponderance of expert opinion and in the light of what happened that the Titanic was too unwieldy to wind in and out through the icebergs; that its great tonnage made its destruction in the circumstances inevitable, and that the loss of life was made unpreventable owing to the wholly inadequate supply of lifeboats on board. Any one of this group of causes alone could have been instrumental in causing the loss of life, if not of

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the ship, but the last named is to be anathematized as the most cold-blooded and reprehensible on the list. The argument that a complete outfit of lifeboats was not essential rested on the confident assertion that the Titanic was unsinkable, a confidence now seen to have been baseless.

Another group of contributing causes includes the indisputable facts that the Titanic was sent over the northern route in spite of the knowledge that the ocean was studded with icebergs, than which no greater peril besets navigation; that a dangerous rate of speed was maintained nevertheless; that our maritime laws are inadequate to afford protection to Americans exposed to the shortcomings of the foreign steamship companies, and that our system of wireless communication with the sea was crippled by the interference of amateur meddlers.

While the tragedy off Cape Race imposes a heavy obligation on the maritime powers which share in the responsibility attaching to preventable sea horrors, it is to be remarked that none of the things herein enumerated as conspiring against safety and security lies outside the reach of corrective legislation.—*Exchange.*

THE NEW JERUSALEM

It is doubtful whether the world will grieve or rejoice at the news that Jerusalem is to be modernized with a new tramway service, a fine electric-lighting and water-heating plant, curbed and cemented streets, a telephone service and policemen on bicycles. Tourists will travel in more comfort, but it is a question whether their interest will be increased as a result of the modernizing process now in prospect.

From the standpoint of advantage to the merchants of Jerusalem it is likely that they will lose by reason of the improvement. It will be of little interest to Americans, for instance, to visit a city as modern as any in the United States. Probably they would derive just as much knowledge of history and just as vivid an impression of the Jerusalem that was, by sitting in their own homes and reading the Bible. In fact, the turning of Jerusalem into a modern city will impair in the minds of visitors the picture of the city as the cradle of Christianity.

It is hard to see all these landmarks that link the present with the past uprooted by the march of civilization, but it is probably better for the people living near the landmarks. It is all very well for visitors to endure hardships that come with improper sanitation, bad sewerage system and the like, but it is not very humane to ask that the natives endure these things perpetually, so that visitors may be entertained or even educated in history.

To many persons, no doubt, it seemed like sacrilege when the houses in London made famous by Dickens were torn down. The dead, however, must make way for the living. It is well that certain memories should be kept alive, but if the embalming process must halt civilization it is but right that it should be discarded.

It will be too bad to see the old Jerusalem disappear, but the evolution is inevitable. If the commercial profit that has come to the merchants of that city from the visits of tourists is not enough to hold back the hand of modernism, mere sentiment can not be expected to act as a deterrent. The new Jerusalem will not be so interesting to visitors, but it will be far more habitable for natives. —*Washington Post.*

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The Power of Love

Lecture Delivered by Bishop Oliver C. Sabin Before the Evangelical Christian Science Church, Washington, D. C., March 24, 1912

THIS might be termed a stormy Sunday, and the other ministers of this city have the advantage of me in this, that they can give a little short talk and quit, but I am under bond, so to speak, for good behavior. Everything I say is going to be printed, and if there was but one of you present I have to give as good a talk as if there were thousands. Therefore, I am assuming that there is a large audience before me this morning.

The topic of this morning's lecture is "The Power of Love." I will read to you a short chapter from our Savior's Sermon on the Mount, commencing with the 5th chapter of Matthew, 38th verse, reading to the 48th.

"Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth;

"But I say unto you that ye shall resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.

"And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also.

"And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain.

"Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.

"Ye hath heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy.

"But I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you.

"That ye may be the children of your Father which is in Heaven, for He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.

"For if you love them which love you, what reward have ye? Do not even the publicans the same?

"And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? Do not even the publicans so?

"Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect."

> You can not heal a person that is filled with hate. Hatred is a most grievous sin. You have to come to God Almighty with a pure heart. You do not always have to come believing, for you can not do that, but you have to have a willing disposition to do right. Take your own self. If you permit yourself to hate anybody, you soon fill up with disease and you can not live long. These people who live on hatred are monsters, and they show it in their faces. Some may live quite awhile, but their life is nothing but drawn-out misery. Nobody with hatred in his heart can have happiness; he can not throw out any sunshine.
>
> Carry out this principle to perfection: Always have it in mind that you live, move and have your being in Infinite Love: and whatever you are going to do along the lines of human endeavor, affirm that God Almighty Love leads you and controls you, and that success is yours and you are bound to have it.

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This idea of fighting your way through is the cause of most of the world's misery, and it has had behind it usually as the mainspring, causing the fighting, religious dogma to sustain or tear down, one side against the other, but the great power, the invincible power, the power that never fails to conquer is the Power of Love. If your heart is filled with love, you are simply adamant; nothing can withstand your onslaught; no evil can exist against you. It would be utterly impossible for a man to strike you on the other cheek. He might strike you on the one cheek if you were not prepared. The preparation is: "I am the Infinite Child of God Almighty, and God Almighty protects me and you can not strike me. I thank God in the name of Jesus Christ." If you can get that thought in before your assailant attempts to hit you, he can not hit you at all.

The Associated Press gives a pertinent illustration which I have given before, but will give again this morning. I think it was in Idaho or Montana, in one of the bad towns in the mining country. Those of us who have been associated with that class of people know that there are very many bad men who seek quarrels and fights just simply for the purpose of killing some one. A man went up to another one and said, "I am going to shoot you," or words to that effect. The man replied: "You can not shoot me; God Almighty is my protection; I am not afraid of you; you can not touch me; God Almighty sustains me and protects me." "I will show you," said the fellow, ripping out an oath, but he dropped dead before he could fire a shot. That was a matter of current news, and went out throughout the entire United States. To us there is nothing singular in it.

With love you can simply control everything; your heart is filled with love; you love everybody. You commit your ways unto the Lord, who is Love, and you live, move and have your being in love. You realize that, and you so declare that love covers you as the waters cover the fishes in the sea. You live in love; therefore you are invincible.

I am going to give some instances, so that my readers can have something to think about, where love has conquered in various fields of life.

In the first place, you can not, as a rule, heal a person who is filled with hatred. It was not long ago that I had a lady whom we had been trying to heal for some time. She was apparently a very sweet-dispositioned woman, but our treatments apparently had no effect. I knew there was something wrong somewhere, I could not tell where. I watched her very closely. I asked her if there was anyone in the world she hated, and she said: "Yes, there is." She went on and told me how she had been wronged in the settlement of an estate. "That is why you are not healed," I told her, and went on and explained to her the necessity of her loving everybody. We treated her that she might love her enemies, and in a very short time she was perfectly well. You can not heal a person that is filled with sin. Hatred is a most heinous sin.

You have to come to God Almighty with a pure heart. You do not always have to come believing, for you can not do that, but you have to have a willing disposition to do right. There is an old principle of law that runs through the equity courts that if you would have equity you must do equity; in other words, if you would receive right you have to do right. It is the same principle

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that our Saviour enunciated when He said: "You will reap as you sow."

Take your own self. If you permit yourself to hate anybody, you soon fill up with disease, and you can not live long. These people who live on hatred are monsters, and they show it in their faces. Some may live quite a while, but their life is nothing but drawn-out misery. Nobody with hatred in his heart can have happiness; he can not throw out any sunshine. More than that, love makes you invincible. I am going to give you some illustrations.

We had a very large rat in our house, almost as large as a young cat, and it had been visiting the dining-room and other places in the house. I heard a conspiracy being made against the rat. I told him that I loved him and wanted him to go away, that his enemies were after him, and the rat was never heard of again; he migrated.

Once in going to the cottage in the rear of our house I noticed a thick patch of ants. There must have been several hundred in the bunch, just where they would be stepped on. I told those ants: "You are here where people will hurt you. I love you, and I want you to go away." When I came back the ants were gone.

A lady in California wrote me of a demonstration she had in treating scale bugs which get on the trees and destroy the fruit. She treated that the bugs could not come to her orchard, and while her neighbors' trees were killed her trees were not disturbed, but were loaded with fruit.

Another lady wrote me from Texas that the army worm was destroying her cotton. She plowed a furrow around her place, and treated that no worm could cross to her cotton field. She wrote me she had a beautiful crop, and not a worm had touched it.

Always treat with love. All of these cases you have to treat with love, and control by love or you can not be anything.

Once while down on the shores of Virginia I saw a man whipping a fine, spirited mare hitched to some sort of a skeleton wagon. He was trying to make her go, but she would not go. I went up to him, and asked if I might try an experiment on that animal. He said "Yes." I treated something like this, giving the name of the horse: "You live, move and have your being in Infinite Life. The life in you is God Almighty life manifest. Infinite Love covers you. You love your master and he loves you, and nothing but love can control you. You go on and do your duty, and stop balking and love your master." I closed it as I close all my prayers, "and I thank God for this in the name of Jesus Christ." I spoke to the man, saying: "If you do not whip your animal any more she is perfect, but if you strike her again she is ruined." In the afternoon I saw her being driven in a double team, something she had never done before. That was a case where love conquered.

Without going into detail any further, let us bring it down to practical life with us. If you want to be a success in life or in your business, you have to take love with you, be courteous, be kind, be loving and be honest, or you can never do anything anywhere that will do you any good. You never can afford to cheat or be dishonest. Remember though you might beat a man out of five cents or a million dollars that it will be a curse to you if you do. Be honest; then carry on your work with love and you can not fail. It is as fixed a law as is any of

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the great laws that control the universe. As you sow you reap. Throw out the vibrations of love, and love comes along with its cornucopia of plenty, and you are blessed in all your undertakings, and you are happy therewith.

I think one of the prettiest closings of a letter I ever received was from an eminent Presbyterian minister who lived in St. Louis, who closed his letter this way: "May God Almighty love be with you, and bless you, and give you such blessings as leave no sorrow therewith." That thought carried into the life of all of us or any of us, as we move around the pathway of life, brings us success. You do not have to go to a gymnasium and work up your muscles or use Indian clubs and box to learn how to defend yourself with the manly art or anything of that kind. Meet your man with love, and be as soft as silk. But if you show fear—and you can not show fear and love together, because love casteth out the fear—he is right on top of you.

Carry out this principle to perfection: Always have it in mind that you live, move and have your being in Infinite Love, and whatever you are going to do along the lines of human endeavor, affirm that God Almighty Love leads you and controls you, and that success is yours and you are bound to have it. Mark you, you can not receive anything unless you claim it. You have to claim what you want. All is yours, and when you say, "I am afraid to claim," you are doubting God Almighty's word and committing an actual sin. Therefore, claim the earth and the fullness thereof, because it all belongs to you. Love is the key that unlocks, the key that gives you success, the key that fills your pathway with flowers of happiness and contentment, and God Almighty Love is all in all and through all, and you thank God Almighty for it in the name of Jesus Christ.

ONE BOOK ENOUGH FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

A book agent will attempt to sell his book under many adverse circumstances, and in many cases he will succeed, but there are times when he sees that a graceful retreat is the better part. An agent tells the following story:

"I approached a farmer in a poor community and began showing my book. He listened with interest, but when I had finished the first lap of my speech said that he couldn't read. Of course, that put a new light on the matter, but I didn't give up, for we meet many customers who can't read. I told him of the great help it would be to all his children and his wife, and he still was interested.

"I thought I was making progress, but I wasn't. I had finished my speech with the usual peroration that is designed to make the customer enthusiastic and make him sign for the book—a thing few will do without considerable persuasion. Instead of taking the pencil, he said:

"'It's a good book, all right, and all that, but I can't read. My daughter, she can read, but she has a book.'"—*Indianapolis News.*

Wouldst shape a noble life? Then cast
No backward glances toward the past;
And though somewhat be lost and gone,
Yet do thou act as one new-born.
What each day needs, that thou shalt ask.
Each day will set its proper task.

—*Goethe.*

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Psychology of Higher Efficiency

WE MUST think before we can act, and the way we feel determines largely how we are to think. In like manner, the mental attitude we take will determine definitely how much energy we are to apply, and how much we are to hold back; and, also, the way we live on the inside will determine conclusively what the quality, the worth and the real value is to be of every force or faculty we may express in practical effort.

We find, therefore, in a general way, that we can increase the worth of our efforts by making certain improvements in the way we live in the within; that we can increase the amount of energy we apply by the mental attitude we take in our work, and that we can improve our actions by making certain corresponding improvements in the way we think and feel; but these facts, although of great value, do not take us any further than into the a b c of the psychology of efficiency. However, that in itself would increase efficiency from twenty-five to one hundred per cent wherever applied —a good beginning to be sure.

Every thought is a force; it may be a slight force or a very strong force, depending upon the depth of the mind at the time, and upon the amount of energy applied in its expression; but it is in every instance a force; and as a force it will produce certain definite effects upon every faculty in the mind and upon every condition in the body.

This being true, it is highly important that the force of every thought be favorable to the activities of the mind; but whether it is to be or not will depend upon the way we think; and therefore we can readily understand how efficiency can be increased or decreased by the way we think.

When the force of every thought we think is favorable to the actions of the faculties we employ, those faculties will do more and better work; but if there are thoughts or forces in the mind that are detrimental to the actions of those faculties, results must necessarily be decreased accordingly. This is surely very simple, and illustrates one phase of the psychology of efficiency.

To make practical application of this phase of the subject, the course of action must be to train the mind to think only such thoughts as tend to increase mental activity and promote efficiency in every faculty employed. Thoughts that are depressing, discouraging or destructive must never be permitted, while thoughts that are animating, upbuilding and constructive should be encouraged under every circumstance.

To simplify the matter, make it a point to analyze your own thinking with a view of determining upon what thoughts are favorable to effective mental action, and which ones are not. You will soon be able to make a clear-cut distinction between the two, and by permitting the favorable ones only you will in this one way alone increase your efficiency many per cent.

If you think that you are weak, you tend to weaken both mind and body; if you think that you are strong, you tend to strengthen every faculty and power in your possession. If you think that you are incompetent, you discourage and

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depress your faculties so that they cannot do as good or as much work as they naturally have the power to do. In fact, you can decrease your natural talent fully one-half by constantly suggesting to yourself that you do not amount to much.

Continue to think that you are only an average man, and your talents will find it uphill work to get above the average. Remember, every thought is a force, and such forces can hold down your faculties as well as help them onward; but which it is to be will depend upon the way you think.

On the other hand, continue to think, with faith and conviction, that there is far more talent and power in you than you ever dreamed, and you will prompt more and more of that talent and power to become active in your mind. The result will be that you will steadily rise in ability, capacity and efficiency.

Think of yourself as having the capacity to do only so much, and you limit every power in your possession; you place a brake, so to speak, upon your mind, and you can advance only as fast as that brake will allow. However, if you remove that brake, and fill your mind with the spirit of continuous growth and expansion, you will advance rapidly until all your former limitations have been outgrown absolutely.

In this connection, it is important to remember that people who continue to be "just average" do so because they are saturated with a belief that they can never be any more. They have thus "fenced in" their talents so they cannot get out into the pastures green of greater achievement

We must eliminate all such beliefs and detrimental states of mind by living constantly in the conviction that we can be more than we are; that we can increase our capacity every day all through life; that we can become more and more able until we actually acquire genius, and that there is no limit whatever to any of the powers or talents we possess.

To live in such a conviction is to let loose, so to speak, all that is in you. Barriers and obstacles are taken down, and the mind is given full freedom to grow, expand and develop in every direction, without any end.

If you would attain higher and higher efficiency, you must turn on the full current, remove the brakes, and give all your talents and powers full freedom to speed on. There is no danger ahead on the path of advancement. The track is always clear and the roadbed in perfect condition.

It is our privilege to accomplish as much as our full power will permit; to become as efficient and as able as possible through the full and most effective application of the all that is in us; and to get as much out of life as we can appropriate and enjoy in the great eternal now; but to this end we must eliminate every habit of mind that can in any way hold back or retard a single faculty. On the one hand, the mind must be free to be all that it can be; and, on the other hand, every thought we think must have a tendency to prompt the mind to greater things, and actually help the mind to the real achievement of these things.

The more able you think you are the more able you become, provided your convictions in this connection are deep, unselfish and sincere. The same is true of your capacity, both physical and mental. Know that you can do

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more and more, and you constantly awaken or stir up new energies in your system, thereby increasing the value of your capacity and power in every direction.

It is indeed surprising how much we can really do when we think we can; and how many things we can see through to a successful finish, when we are deeply and positively determined to do so. And when we work in poise there will be no detrimental reactions.

In the application of our ability and capacity to do our work we shall find it highly advantageous to consider the psychological side, and to make practical use of the chief principles involved; for the way we approach our work with our thoughts and feelings will make all the difference in the world.

When you take a deep interest in your work, your mind enters more deeply into the essentials of that work, and you gain, accordingly, a better understanding of it, as well as a better mastery over its principles. This is one reason why we always do those things the best in which we take the deepest interest; but there is also another reason. It is this, that the more interest we take in a certain work, the more talent we give to that work, and therefore results must necessarily be greater in proportion.

The way you think about your own efficiency will determine largely how efficient you are to be, because your mode of thought in connection with any movement you make will increase or decrease the amount of energy and ability expressed in that movement. And the most important mode of thought entertained in connection with your own efficiency is always that of firm conviction in your ability to increase your efficiency constantly along all lines.

The more firmly you believe in your own efficiency the more efficient you cause your faculties, talents and forces to become; and the reason is that such a belief not only gives your mind a higher standard to work for, but also tends to prompt all the actions of the mind to work with more energy and zeal for the attainment of the higher goal.

The more determined you are to become more efficient, the more push and go you give to your faculties, and the more you increase the tendency of all your powers to work up towards that high mark of efficiency that you are determined to reach. The same results will be secured when you try with earnestness and sincerity to feel efficient; and the reason why is evident, because to feel efficient is to cause all the elements within you to act their best; and this in itself will mean greater improvement in everything you do than you ever imagined.

Make it a point, therefore, to feel efficient; try to feel the spirit of efficiency in every atom in your being, and try to build up in yourself a state of mind in which you are actually conscious of the full expression of efficiency. Practice in this connection will steadily develop the real feeling of efficiency; and we all know as we feel, so we think and act.

LOVE IS NEVER WASTED

I know that love never is wasted,
Nor truth, nor the breath of a prayer;
And the thought that goes forth as a blessing
Must live as a joy in the air.

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HARRIET DOANE PRENTISS

Concert Pitch

Mind! one's port of refuge is;
From it we draw our strength and light.
To utilize this power for good,
Will make conditions balance right.

Only self can desecrate
The idols of one's high desire.
By confidence and wise intent,
Man may his fondest dreams acquire.

Nothing can stay one's power to love—
The stream is open from within:
The sure control of heart and pulse
With man's own spirit doth begin.

One's mind is free to roam at will,
To seek its complement in thought.
From its own centre springs the power
To bring to life what it has wrought

The perfume of the new-mown hay,
Elysian fields, are free to all.
The song of birds, the flowers, the sky,
Are not denied by Nature's wall.

In many streams the sweetest notes
Of harmony and joy resound.
They find their level in the brain
That with melodious thoughts abound.

Then listen for these cadences—
The symphony of life is rich
With concord, love and ecstasy,
For minds attuned to concert pitch.

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Be Ye Perfect

Lecture Delivered by Bishop Oliver C. Sabin Before the Evangelical Christian Science Church, Sunday Morning, April 21, 1812

THE subject of this morning's lecture is "Be Ye Perfect." I thought inasmuch as almost everybody who occupies a public rostrum to-day will talk upon the great disaster on the sea, the loss of the Titanic, a few remarks on that subject might be acceptable to our congregation and readers.

There is a lesson to be drawn from the ocean tragedy. Those of you who will scan the public press of tomorrow morning will see a great many harsh, apparently unchristian and utterly uncalled for abusive sentences from a great many who like to shock the world. I am a lawyer, educated in the law, and have been taught to look at all sides and give all sides a square deal.

The Titanic catastrophe in many respects has not been equaled in the world's history. It weighed upon my mind so heavily that it kept me partially awake several nights. I could hardly sleep from thinking of it. I could see, in my mind, after the little boats had all gone, our Major Butt, of the President's staff, and Col. Astor shaking hands and saying to each other "Good-bye" as the ship went down. They were noble, heroic men, who died in defense of and in accord with the duty of Caucasian civilization. At the battle of Trafalgar the British Admiral Nelson nailed a flag to his mast, and upon that flag was written: "England Expects Every Man to Do His Duty." When it was known the Titanic would go to the bottom here came the rushing horde of laborers on the ship to take forcible possession of the lifeboats, to do anything to save their own lives. Capt. Smith said to those men: "Boys, remember and be British." I love old England; I love her for the civilization that she has thrown out all over the world; I love her as the advance guard of all that is great and grand in the world's civilization. It was the British flag which rid the world of human slavery, and Britain has been the forerunner in all climates, among all people, for the

> If our religion teaches us anything it teaches us that we must be perfect, that we must follow along in the steps that our Savior has taught us, must follow in the rules of this science, and if we do this we are perfect, and nothing can touch us, come near us, around us or about us but perfection. We must realize in our consciousness that we are the image and likeness of Infinite Love, Infinite Good and Infinite Life, and that nothing can come near us, around us or about us but that which Infinite Love decrees. Had this prayer been breathed upon the Titanic, "God Almighty protects this ship and everybody on it," with a perfect realization and understanding, the Titanic would have had her docking at New York upon the proper time. It takes no more power and no more science to make a world than to create a hair. How many times have I, on the sea, breathed a prayer, and by virtue of the command as taught in our science and by our Savior declared against the storm and seen it die almost before the prayer was finished. The power inherent in man, if he is perfect, is omnipotent, because it is God-given.

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advancement of nobility of mind, grandeur of character and broadness of intelligence.

The idea of hundreds and thousands of brave men going to death rather than see one poor little woman or child die for lack of room! These men proved their manhood; they proved their civilization by living up to the character and characteristics of what we call Caucasian civilization.

There is a principle in law which is known as "criminal negligence." I may do an act with no intention in my mind of doing anything unlawful or disturbing the rights of anybody else, but if the trend of the act has a tendency in the mind of a sound reasoner to cause danger and I ignore that principle of law I am what would be termed "criminally negligent."

The only feature of this great catastrophe on the sea that might be termed criminal negligence was the lack of sufficient lifeboats. Let us look at that a moment and let us be fair. Here is a new system of buildings ships. Had that ship struck the iceberg head on the ice mountain might possibly have stove in one or two of the compartments and let water in there, but yet in her nearly nine hundred feet of length she had an abundance of air-tight compartments to have floated her, making the ship itself virtually a lifeboat, thus obviating the necessity of the little boats.

But it did not occur in that way. The berg hit the ship along its side with a glancing blow, ripped out all the compartments on the side and so strained the others that the ship sank in something less than three hours. I remember in my history that a great deal of fun was made of me when on the northern waters because I always had my boys and girls roped when I had them on the boat, out on the ocean fishing in the small boats. I roped my own girl and my two boys, and never had an accident. The grandsons came along, and I was still roping. One day we were out on the ocean and quite a storm came up. The boat was rocked back and forth, and the first thing I knew my oldest grandson was overboard, but he was roped. Nobody on that boat could possibly have saved him, because the breakers were not a hundred yards away from us with their mighty waves. I took hold of the rope, pulled the lad up and said to him: "Do not be afraid." He came up laughing, the little fellow about eight years old. He was not hurt a particle. That paid me for all the roping I ever did.

I believe in being overcautious, but do not think we ought to condemn these men of the Titanic, as the law would say, "without benefit of clergy," because of this peculiar kind of accident that occurred to that ship which might not occur in a million years again. I can not see that anybody is criminally negligent. I can not see anything in the great body of passengers and the master of the ship but what is worthy of our highest commendation and praise. You can read this article alongside of those you will see to-morrow, and I think you will read between the lines, and you will see a great deal more of the principle of justice in what I have said rather than if my words were those of vituperation and abuse.

I am going to read a poem in connection with this accident which was written by Stephen Chalmers. The scene of the poem is after the little boats had left:

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OUT OF THE DEEP.

(Stephen Chalmers, in the New York Times.)

"The gray beast of the north withdraws his fangs.
The stars peer through the fog. The crouching sea
Creeps o'er the deck, a chilling misty pall.
But still she lives.

"The boats are gone. But one hope there remains.
The weak are launched, save for that saintly few
Who linger where love binds ev'n unto death.
The weak are safe, and strong unhindered arms
May seize upon a straw and be disgorged
From out the vortex of her last, long plunge.

"How slow the minutes pass when all's prepared.
Ready's the grave, three thousand fathoms deep;
Ready the mourners circled on the sea;
And Love cries Life farewell athwart the gloom.
On the last strand of an uncertain thread,
The stout heart sickens an eternal hour,
In silence pregnant with the soul-wrung prayer:
'End our suspense! Be merciful! Be swift!'
How slow the minutes pass!

"Ah, who shall say, for who shall ever know,
How moved that hour for those to death addressed?
The coward nerves himself, shamed by the brave,
Yet weep the brave in stronger sympathy;
For each his naked brother sees at last.
Poor Dives, leaning by yon polished rail,
Turns eyes to Lazarus, as poor as he;
And yon straight soldier, envoy unto Kings,
Squares his strong shoulders and salutes his God!

"Was that a cheer? A hymn? Or some old song,
Rousing tradition's call in every heart?
And that deep voice which rises o'er the snarl
Of wind and water, grinding berg and floe—
Does it appeal to Jove, who hath decreed?
Or, head erect, adjure all die like men?
And do the moving lips in this white face
Whisper: "We wait! But turn Thy pity, Lord,
To such, as living, die with us each day.'

"Now deeper sinks the sea-queen's mighty head.
Her red heart, sea-choked, gushes scalding mist.
Her body shudders, and her thousand eyes
Are one by one eclipsed, 'til, with a sob,
A submerged gulp whose horror stabs the night,
Her crowded taffrail leaps toward the stars,
As holding up her sacrifice to Heav'n.

"Night draws her veil. The wind along the waves
Chant 'Requiescat!'"

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In taking up the further consideration of our topic this morning we must remember what our Savior said in discussing these matters, that we must be perfect as our Father in Heaven is perfect. If our religion teaches us anything, it teaches us that we must be perfect, that we must follow along in the steps that our Savior has taught us, follow the rules of this science, and if we do this we are perfect, and nothing can touch us, come near us, around us or about us but perfection. We must realize in our consciousness that we are the image and likeness of Infinite Love, Infinite Good and Infinite Life, and that nothing can come near us, around us or about us but that which Infinite Love decrees. Had this prayer been breathed upon the Titanic, "God Almighty protects this ship and everybody on it," with a perfect realization and understanding, the Titanic would have had her docking at New York upon the proper time. It takes no more power and no more science to make a world than to create a hair. All with God is possible; there is no such thing as staying the power of the Infinite. How many times have I, on the sea, breathed a prayer, and by virtue of the command as taught in our science and by our Savior, declared against the storm and seen it die almost before the prayer was finished. The power inherent in man, if he is perfect, is omnipotent, because it is God-given. "Let us give him power and dominion to go out and subdue the earth." That is by virtue of your constitutional charter rights. Use the rights that God Almighty has given you, and know that these promises are not mockery, but reality if you but believe.

"You have power and you have the right to command. When Peter and John were going up to the temple a poor man accosted them, asking for money. Peter looked at him and said: "Look on us; silver and gold have we none, but such as we have give I unto you. In the name of Jesus Christ I command you to rise up and walk." You must eliminate the thought when you are discussing these things, those of you who are not in the science, that this power to command and control is a miracle. There never was a miracle and never could be a miracle without a disjoining, so to speak, of all the principles of universal law. Suppose this little earth was taken out of these great systems of worlds that are held together by principles known to us as gravitation and attraction; it would be that much out of existence if it would be possible to take a particle of it out, and some of the other worlds would draw one way less and another way more, until finally the thing would be in a jangle, and if it was possible to get it into one pile all the worlds in the entire illimitable universe would be one solid mass. Do you not see the absurdity?

Take a magetized piece of steel and put it close by one that has not been magnetized, and see how quickly the magnetized piece jerks the other to it. It is done by law, these same laws of magnetism, adhesion and gravitation that hold the worlds in their universe. There never was a time when there was one scruple less in the entire universe or in this earth than there is to-day, and there never can be, because everything is governed by inflexible, irresistible, unchangeable law, and there can be no change.

When we hear talk about the world being created it is all nonsense in the way we have looked at it heretofore.

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The world is being created to-day. A river created every day flows past this beautiful city on to the sea. In the beginning creation is going on and on. And so throughout the entire universe, reproduction, re-creation. And the day of judgment as well—the same inflexible law that makes you reap as you sow is the judgment day that will go on and on forever. There is no dodging it, no escaping it, but all must meet the outcome of their own actions. Therefore, in all your work hold this thought, that you are the child of the Infinite Perfect; declare it, claim it, throw it into the vibration, live to it constantly, and you will always be perfect. The elements can not hurt you, the rivers can not drown you, railroad accidents can not touch you. Hold the thought when you enter any place of public transportation, that Infinite Love controls and guards and directs and protects. When you go to sleep throw into the vibration the thought that the household is protected from fire, from storms, from earthquakes, from thieves and from every wicked combination, whichever way they may come, and nothing can harm you if you hold yourself under the shadow of the Almighty.

That is where you must live; that is where you must move; that is where you must have your being in the day and in the night, in the morning and in the evening and in the noonday as well, for God Almighty reigns forever, an omnipresent and perfect Guide and perfect protection, and He makes your life a continuous ovation of success, strews your pathway with the flowers of beautiful sunshine, and not a wave of trouble can cross your peaceful breast. God Almighty reigns and reigns forever and for aye.

ERROR AND HARMONY

Eleanor Hope, Kansas City

There are times when one feels error
  Creeping through him like a chill;
When the mind with care seems burdened—
  Adverse thoughts control the will.

Then 'tis best to make an effort,
  And declare that all is well,
Knowing that the declaration
  Truth in every word doth tell.

Let the heart be heavy—bleeding,
  And the less of love it shows
Toward humanity, producing
  Lack of harmony and woes.

But if error thoughts be banished,
  Firmly driven out each day,
By the truthful affirmation
  Harmony will soon hold sway.

And the glorious light of heaven,
  State of joy and love supreme,
Soon will break the clouds of sadness,
  Soon will through the darkness gleam,

Bringing knowledge of the day-spring,
  Perfect dawn of perfect peace,
When, all doubt and discord ending,
  Happiness will never cease.

—*Eleanor Hope, Kansas City.*

KEEP A-GOIN'

If you strike a thorn or rose,
  Keep a-goin'!
If it hails or if it snows,
  Keep a-goin'!
'Tain't no use to sit and whine
When the fish ain't on your line;
Bait your hook an' keep on tryin'—
  Keep a-goin'!

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

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Limitation

HARRIET DOANE PRENTISS

WITH mind, energy, strength, courage and universal opulence ever at our command; with every facility for accomplishment latent in the forces of expression and nature in a constant process of renewal; with people constructed for all conceivable grades of work, receiving impressions from every angle of mind activity, why do we encourage the idea of limitation in anything we choose to accomplish?

One hears the aphorism daily, "There is a limit to endurance, accomplishment, growth, health, knowledge, age," etc., and we are ever coming in contact with people who live within the pale of their own mental inclosures.

In our present stage of development there are many limitations, but in every instance they are self-imposed. For the seekers after knowledge the dawn is breaking into emancipation from bondage.

Humanity is in the habit of confining itself within the range of pre-ascribed ideas and conforming to them. It limits itself to creeds, dogmas, people and circumstances, and condemns itself to suffering and distress, through the acceptance of a belief in border lines of achievement.

Mind will only express for us after its kind. We are the simple reflection of our thought attitude. If our outlook is narrow or circumscribed, if we indulge ourselves in an unprofitable quality of thinking, fill our hearts with envy and our minds with criticism, pictures of distress, inharmony, etc., we have in return the complement of this generating influence, and express weakness of body and a lack of general prosperity. Our lives are just as successful as our conceptions. To the extent that we feel circumscribed do we experience limitations, whether it is for health or opulence.

One person accomplishes much and another but little, depending on the range of the individual perception. There is no lack anywhere in supply. Inequality of experience can not justly be accounted for in any other way.

The earth is issuing forth its bounty with precision, regularity and abundance as the seasons roll on, and the fault is with ourselves if we are not generously supplied.

Every means for the carrying out of any project is at the disposal of man, and the reason why one person seems more favored than another is because some people know better than others how to appropriate their share, and draw to themselves what they require for their best expression. In all ages there are enlightened souls whose perceptions are far beyond the average. These prophets are valuable torch-bearers, but their enlightenment and readiness to guide do not imply that they have gathered the entire harvest from the tree of knowledge, or that others are not as capable of receiving direct inspirations as themselves.

Christ was correct in asserting, "These things can ye do, and even greater," "All things come to those who believe," etc. He fully realized the wide scope of possibilities for all.

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Everyone who places himself in an attitude of mind to receive inspirations can become a messenger of divine mind. Everyone who believes in his own power and will listen for the voice of the Spirit can succeed in whatever undertaking he chooses to project.

To the degree of one's awakened interest, readiness to receive inspirations and faith in the possibility of accomplishment can he succeed in bringing to life his ideals.

Things are not accomplished in a spirit of arrogance or self-conceit, but through an honest search for knowledge and confidence in "the powers that be" forces will be set in motion which will enable one to fulfill every desire and bring to successful issue all that man may contemplate.

There are conditions which must be understood in order to accomplish an achievement, but there is nothing impossible to a race or an individual willing to conform to the governing principles of spiritual intelligence.

Under certain conditions the ear can recognize a voice in a distant land; when laws of action are adhered to a message can be sent by wireless from one end of the earth to the other; when we are en rapport with the elements the human eye can serve the purpose of its own telescope and perceive the stars millions of miles away.

Mind can not be clouded with ignorance, doubt and superstition and have a clear conception of its inherent capabilities. It must seek enlightenment and progress along the lines of least resistance to its own perfection.

The spirit pervading a body must furnish its own warmth, through its recognition of that element. In order to eliminate fear, it must understand its indestructibility; it must generate a current of harmony which will keep the entire action of its organism rhythmic. Stagnation, disintegration and decay must be overcome by the activity of normal ideas.

Inertia is laziness of mind, and can be controlled by a process of awakened interest in life.

Health is a matter of mental adjustment and of being in tune. When the mind is capable of eliminating discord, when peace predominates and a soul can feel at home in its own temple, perfect health will be the result.

There are laws of supply and control which must be finely balanced in order to create equilibrium. A better adjustment of mind to the harmonies of life will create for man the conditions of health and success for which he is seeking. This and this alone will be the means of fulfilling the purpose of his high calling, and achieve the object of perfect expression in the human race.

"It was a jolt to our ancestors to learn that the world was round instead of flat. Some of us even yet wonder how the Chinese can be on the other side of the globe without being head down, but do you ever notice that we always assume that we are on the top of the earth and the poor Orientals on the wrong side of it?" We do not even go so far as China in reaching that conclusion. All our opinions, customs and prejudices are so many globes, and whoever does not stand right beside us must necessarily be on the wrong side, with his head and his views upside down. We admit that the earth turns on its axis, but it takes us a long time to believe it and to realize that other people's heads have their turn of being level.

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The Sea Captain

I have watched them wave from the crowded decks,
As my ship put out to sea;
With their smiles and tears, and their joys and fears,
But most in a merry glee—
Two thousand precious human lives,
And their care was laid on me!

I have watched them wave to the crowded piers,
As they turned to their native land;
With a cheer all 'round for the homeward bound,
And a tear for the foreign strand—
Two thousand precious human lives
In the hollow of my hand!

And this is the law of the untamed sea,
Where never a law is known;
Where none may say where the right may lay,
Save me, and my word alone—
"If you bring not back these precious lives,
You must not bring back your own!"

And they haunt our sleep, on the mighty deep,
And the awful waves run gray,
And no man knows, when the tempest blows,
What night will end the day;
But our lives are pledged, that we'll bring them home,
And the pledge we always pay!

—H. F. T.

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Giving

WILLIAM E. GIBSON

THE miser thinks that giving impoverishes the giver, and closes his hand tightly on what he gets, forgetting that the same force that he uses to hold what he has also closes the hand to what may come. What little he gets of blessings he forces in as it were through the cracks of his fingers. He thus has no pleasure in receiving and no comfort in retaining, and, of course, no joy in dispensing, for what goes out must be forced out. Such a one can only receive small things, for he will not open his hand wide enough to admit larger good.

The wise man knows that giving enriches, and so he gives open-handed. He becomes as it were a channel through which the gifts pass, possessing them only in their passing, but ever conscious and gratified that the channel is growing larger as the gifts become great and frequent. He realizes that to keep them coming is to keep them going. This is true on the physical plane, but more marked on the mental plane.

He who gives the best of his thoughts to the world only makes room for still better ones that are ever crowding forward, seeking an open channel through which to express themselves. These anixous thoughts pay well for the use of the channel. They make its walls growing walls instead of decaying walls, and as long as the channel is free from the debris of selfishness, pride and indifference the flow will increase in volume and in purity.

If men could understand that they are stewards for the Master, and could know that whatever good come to them—on the physical plane, the mental plane or the spiritual—is theirs only in the passing, they would get more joy out of life; they could see the futility of attempting to hoard up, to corner or to control the flow of what passes their way. They could see at a glance that all such attempts mean stagnation, decay and final death to their best interest, for the stream of infinite good must flow, and it will find other channels.

DAFFODILS

The town is yours, O Daffodil!
Just tilt your yellow cup and spill
  Its sunshine into everything.
Oh, Daffy, dear, we love you so!
When the four winds of heaven blow,
And you stand smiling, then we know
  'Tis spring.
Methinks an angel did come down
And match the color of your gown
  With morn and midday sun,
Then linger on the garden scene
To choose the comely shade of green,
  So deftly is it done.
If every printed page were white,
And every voice were silenced quite
  To one sweet blossom's breath,
A single golden daffodil
Would preach the Infinite Good-Will,
  The Love that conquers death.

—*Fellowship.*

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Sparks From the Forge

WILLIAM E. GIBSON

Enrich thy being with thoughts of Life, Light and Love. These are forces that destroy Death, Darkness and All Error, and manifest Health, Happiness and Harmony.

* * *

Seek ye first the Kingdom of Heaven, Harmony within, and every good thing will seek you.

* * *

He that will not forgive can never be forgiven, for he that forgives his brother also forgives himself. He that thus forgives himself God has already forgiven.

* * *

Harmony is Heaven's first law. This obeyed, all other laws are uselessly made.

* * *

The just never judge. He who judges another leaves his own work undone. Thus he who judges another condemns himself.

* * *

Love, the only badge of discipleship, worketh no ill, is patient, enduring, long-suffering, sees no evil, finds no fault. Where anger, malice, jealousy, revilings are, this badge can not be shown nor worn, for it is unknown.

* * *

Perfect praise is perfect prayer heard and answered anywhere.

* * *

Remain quiet while wrong triumphs. Right, the master might, will shortly win the day.

* * *

Bless the world and it blesses, too; curse at it, and it curses you.

* * *

Stand fast upon the Solid Rock,
Nor ever step or tire,
Unless by stepping thou shalt rest
Upon a rock still higher.

* * *

Ingratitude is the keenest dagger that can pierce the human soul,
But love and forgiveness will make all wounds whole.

THE THOUGHT FOR OTHERS

A girl, passing along a quiet street, paused suddenly to push a broken bottle and some bits of glass from the sidewalk. "So many little bare feet run along this way," she said to the companion who half impatiently remonstrated. "Our feet are safe enough, but I always think of those of others." It was only a little thing, but it marked a trait of Christian character—the quick thought for others more helpless and less shielded than herself. There are so many hurts and mishaps that might be avoided if only we gave a little unselfish care to the path other feet must tread, so many upset tempers and sore hearts that a little thoughtfulness beforehand might prevent. That our own steps are safeguarded should be all the more reason for trying to make safe paths for others. —*Forward.*

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MAN! STAND UPRIGHT

Man is timid and apologetic; he is no longer upright; he dares not say, "I think," "I am," but quotes some saint or sage. He is ashamed before the blade of grass or the blowing rose. These roses under my window make no reference to former roses or to better ones; they exist with God to-day. There is no time to them. There is simply the rose; it is perfect in every moment of its existence. Before a leaf bud has burst its whole life acts; in the full-blown flower there is no noise; in the leafless root there is no less. Its nature is satisfied, and it satisfies nature in all moments alike. There is no time to it. But the man postpones or remembers; he does not live in the present, but with reverted eyes laments the past, or, heedless of the riches that surround him, stands on tiptoe to foresee the future. He can not be happy and strong until he, too, lives with nature in the present, above time.

This should be plain enough; yet see what strong intellects dare not yet hear God Himself unless He speak the phraseology of I know not what—David, or Jeremiah, or Paul. We shall not always set so great a price on a few texts, on a few lives. We are like children who repeat by note the sentences of grand dames and tutors, and, as they grow older, of the men of talents and character they chance to see, painfully recollecting the exact words they spoke. Afterward, when they come into the point of view which those had who uttered these sayings, they understand them and are willing to let the words go, for at any time they can use words as good when occasion comes. So was it with us, so will it be if we proceed. It is as easy for the strong man to be strong as it is for the weak to be weak. When we have new perception we shall gladly disburden the memory of its hoarded treasures as old rubbish. When a man lives with God, his voice shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brooks and the rustle of the corn.—*Emerson.*

THE KNIGHT ERRANT OF TO-DAY

The young knight-errant of to-day, in his imitation of the Master, is not called to the actual giving up of life, except as he gives it in daily consecration. In his own home there are father and mother who have borne heavy burdens and who are in need of sympathy and spoken love far more than the young people around them are aware. It does them good, uplifts them, keeps them from discouragement and brightens their lives to have the son in his brave boyhood show by look, manner and action that he cares for them. In every household there are little things to do that count much in the sum total of helpfulness. In every household there are things left undone that add much to the sum total of drudgery. To mention only a single commonplace, the boy who never forgets courtesy in his intercourse with his mother and sisters, who takes off his hat when he meets them on the street and hangs it on its proper nail when he comes into the house, who is always polite and never obliges anyone to go about after him, keeping tally of his possessions, is worthy to be initiated among the knights of the hour.

Everything comes to those who wait,
And the lazy man waits to greet it;
But success comes on with rapid gait
To the fellow who goes to meet it.

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THE NICEST THING IN ALL THE WORLD

Of all the things I like to do,
And, oh, there are so many,
Like going to the store, you know,
To buy things with a penny,
Or 'round to Maudie's house to play,
Or to tea at Arabella's,
Or running out into the rain
With rubbers and umbrellas,
The best of all, I really think,
Is when together, after tea,
We go to Mr. Lovell's store
For one ice cream and spoons for three.

Sometimes we play it's heaps of snow
That we have got to shovel,
And then we work so very hard
It 'muses Mr. Lovell;
Sometimes we dig a tunnel through
A lovely chocolate mountain,
Or make an island in the sea,
Or just a frozen fountain.
We take our turns, and, honor bright,
We play as fair as fair can be,
Or else there'd be no fun, you know,
In one ice cream and spoons for three.

Sometimes I go with dear papa,
And have the biggest plateful
All for myself. I shouldn't like
To seem a bit ungrateful,
But 'tisn't half so nice and sweet,
Some way—I wonder whether
It's 'cause I have three times as much
As when we go together.
Oh, yes; I think—and so do they—
For Arabella, Maud and me,
The nicest thing in all the world
Is one ice cream and spoons for three!

CHILD SERVICE

Children, dear, when you hear
Dropping rain upon the pane,
Just be happy, never fear;
Sunshine always follows rain.

Children sweet, when your feet
Make the grown-up people fret
At the noise of girls and boys,
Tell them you'll be sober yet.

Children pray, when the day
Does not go quite right at school,
Think of this, that perfect bliss
Comes of minding every rule.

THE "MEWL"

"The mewl," wrote a school boy, "is a hardier bird than the guse or turkey. It has two legs to walk with and two more to kick with, and it wears its wings on the sides of its head. It is stubbornly backward about going forward."

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Brave Little Red Wings

IT was a very cold winter and the New England settlers found it hard to keep warm and get food. Then they were in constant fear of the Indinas who lived around. Yet, as a rule, the Indians were friendly and a great help by bringing in for sale the skins of wild animals, whose fur could be used by the whites for clothing, and the game of the woods they sold in exchange for beads and other trinkets.

Not far from one of the settlements lived Mr. Ford, an English farmer, who had made his home in a clearing by building a log cabin. There was only one child in the family, Pauline, just eleven, such a sweet, gentle maid that both red men and white loved her.

One of the chiefs of a neighboring tribe often came to sell skins to Mr. Ford, and always brought with him his son, Red Wings, who was just Pauline's age. The lad was a fine-looking boy, and Pauline had been very kind to him, showing her few English toys and sharing her sweetmeats with him at Thanksgiving. Red Wing's father, who was known as Black Bear, was a surly man and always disliked by the white men, but he pretended to be very friendly to the settlers.

One morning Black Bear went hunting with the other men of his tribe and did not notice that little Red Wings had come along. At noon the Indians sat around the fire and spoke of their plan for robbing the settlers, and the boy, who was playing about, heard all they said. They intended to attack the Ford cabin first, burn the house, and take the family prisoners; then they would go to the town near. The rising of the moon about 7 in the evening was to be the signal for beginning the attack.

Unnoticed by the men, Red Wings heard all the plans, then springing to his feet, sped into the woods. His only thought was of his little playmate, Pauline—he must save her and her toys at any risk. The Ford house was ten miles away, but he set out at a run, knowing he could reach there before the band of Indians, who would hunt several hours yet. Like the wind he sped through forest, over streams, and through fields, till five miles had passed beneath the flying little feet.

Then he began to tire, and for three miles he walked rapidly. But the sun was sinking in the west, and shadows grew long across his path. He stopped to bathe his aching head in the cool stream, then tottered on another mile and fell exhausted. Crawling on his hands and feet, he crept through the bushes, over the mud and briars till at last he tumbled against the kitchen door of little Pauline's home. Mr. Ford heard him fall and, bringing the lad in, laid him tenderly on a couch.

In a few panting gasps he told all about the intended attack.

Mounting a swift horse, Mr. Ford dashed to a neighbor, who, with his three sons, lived a short distance away. The youngest boy was sent galloping to town to warn the settlers and bring help at once, while the men returned to the Ford cabin, where they sat with guns on their knees, waiting for the rising moon. Forty minutes went by and forms were seen skulking amongst the trees. Then, just as the moon rose above the hill, there

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was a wild shout, and a band of Indians swept down on the little home.

But down the road there was another hurrah, and a party of armed settlers dashed up on the astonished red men. The Indians broke and scattered, but not before the leader, old Black Bear, was severely wounded. The men from the town pursued the flying foe for many miles, but the Fords helped the bleeding chief into their house and dressed his wound. Carefully they nursed him till he was well, and when he returned to his tribe with his little son, he was a different man. The kindness of the whites had won his heart, and he became their best friend, while Pauline and Red Wings played together again.

WORTH REMEMBERING

Never spend money before you have earned it.

Take things always by the smooth handle.

Never put off until to-morrow that which you can do to-day.

Pride costs more than hunger, thirst, or cold.

Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.

We seldom repent having eaten too little.

Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.

Never buy what you don't want because it is cheap.

When angry count ten before you speak. If very angry count a hundred.

It is better to prefer honorable defeat to a mean victory, to lowering the level of our aim that we may more certainly enjoy the complacency of success.—*John Ruskin.*

INDIANS

I have been a war chief, with a hardy, roving band,
Lurking in an ambush all along the bloomy land;
I have been an Indian with a heart that beat for war,
And the hungry, thirsty passion that an Indian has for gore!

I have worn a feather and a tomahawk and spear
And knelt upon the desert of the meadows with my ear
Bending low for echo of the foot of pale-face crew,
When lads were little Indians in the land of April's dew!

I have counted wampum by the council fires of bark,
And listened for the war whoop whirling down the dreadful dark;
I have pitched a dream-tent of a blanket from my bed
And smoked the corn-silk peace pipe with my comrades of the red!

I have been an Indian in the boyhood land of rose,
And hunted in the wood lot for wild deer and buffaloes;
Ah, tribesmen, true and tender, in far fields beyond the blue,
Here's a war whoop out of childhood that a chieftain sends to you!

BE STILL AND KNOW

The grandeur of strength is in silence,
In the power of quiet and will;
To turn from life's turmoil and worry;
To know, and to work, and "be still."

—*S. Gertrude Cooley.*

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God Is Love

Every Doctrine That Is of God Begins and Ends in Love

DR. J. W. BUSH, Columbus, Ohio

THE most lovely and interesting characters that have ever figured upon the stage of human life have been those who have most cordially reciprocated the interest and love which have been shown to them or of which they have been the objects. To be insensible to the interest and love which another has shown for our welfare and happiness or to receive it and yet be ungrateful and disregard it is oftentimes to forfeit not only our present advantages and enjoyments, but those that are future. The attempt to isolate ourselves in our childhood from the interest and love of those who have given us being would be a folly not less egregious and ruinous than it would be for those of mature age, who perceive the interest and love which God Almighty has taken in their happiness and yet live regardless of it.

But we are not of those who think so dishonorably of our fellow-men. We do not expect, however, to see anyone exercise faith and love in God who has not first perceived faithfulness and love manifested in deed on His part towards man. It were the height of unreasonableness for one to demand the regard and love of a fellow-creature without having afforded him such evidence of regard and love for him as would show his demand to be both reasonable and dutiful. His faith becomes confidence in his friend, and is the test of his love, and the love reciprocated is also a test of his faith.

Nor does God Almighty call upon us to endure as seeing Him in all of His power, wisdom and goodness until He has demonstrated His claims upon our hearts. In teaching us thus to love He has given us occasion to trust, that our trust and love growing together may find that fullness of health, happiness, harmoniousness and prosperity to be enjoyed in His favor.

There is the most abundant evidence from God's word that He loves us, and if we misconstrue the evidence of His love so as to make us doubt His sincerity and faithfulness, because men have deceived us and proved themselves insincere and unfaithful, we do violence to our own understanding and most manifest injustice to the character of our God.

Men sometimes make professions of love without one fact to prove it genuine. They love in word only. But herein is the love of God, "that He sent His Son to redeem us;" to wipe away the falling tear and say to the troubled spirit, "Peace be with you;" to heal the sick and to teach the world the way of health, happiness, harmony and prosperity. This is love in *deed* and in *truth*. And everyone who knows and has received the Truth has therein the reason of his love plainly declared. And although men have sometimes lied to us, and deceived us, we have often received their testimony as true. Ought we not, therefore, receive the testimony of God, whose word challenges all the world to show that He has ever deceived or lied to the children of men? All that has been written was written to set forth to us the love of

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God, to destroy in us a heart of unbelief that we might receive in good and honest hearts the love of God and enjoy it.

Herein does All Good proceed toward us as a wise parent trains his child. The child must be made to feel and hear and trust the parent's authority, because the parent trusts and is bound to obey God. The child is to know who holds the absolute right to govern without being doubted; and that as He has commanded the parent to train the child for Him, he does so because the source of power is the source of good.

A child needs but little reasoning to convince him of that which is intuitively evident. Let him feel that you have rights by feeling that you are right. And should the parent be asked at any time by the child, "Why?" is it not evident that in the weakness of its reason it is seeking a further exercise of its faith, trust and love? It is, therefore, to find an answer in the language given the parent by God Almighty's Truth; for if its mind be not thus met with such nurture and admonition and instruction it will speedily obtain such delusive answers for itself as will cause it to desire and believe what is hurtful and false.

When it is asserted by the Apostle that "God is love," it is to be regarded as the unavoidable conclusion to which his mind came, by what is sometimes called an induction of particulars, as drawn from the Holy Scriptures, and from what he himself saw and heard and handled of the Word of Life.

This great truth, that "God is Love," we learn in the same manner as we learn that God is Infinite, that God is Power, that God is Wisdom, that God is Good, that God is Everywhere. In the creation of the so-called material world, as seen in the planetary system, and in giving motion to that system, we have the proof of His power. In the newly organized, living kingdom of nature, when first it came into existence, was seen a wisdom to us unlimited. And in the introduction of animal life we behold a being constructed for enjoyment, each of its movements yielding its gratification, each of its senses an inlet to pleasure, and the whole preparing a way for greater enjoyment still and finding happiness in occupation. This fact of Jehovah demonstrates that He, "The Happy God," is good, or delights to impart health, happiness, harmony and every good thing. But as there was a greater happiness to be enjoyed than could be had from the mere movements of an organized body or from that inlet of pleasure formed by the five senses—a happiness to be enjoyed from a knowledge of God in a survey of His works—this will require an organization so peculiar that it will constitute a new race of creatures, which shall display, besides the power, wisdom and goodness in common with the preexisting creations, an attribute of intelligence which shall enable them to understand the manifestation and appreciate the Divine perfections, and themselves to constitute a part also of the manifestation and perfection; who shall be capable of consciously and voluntarily promoting the objects of the great system, and should be held responsible for understanding, appreciating and intentionally promoting it to the extent of their means.

Now, this is only saying that man, besides having a physical, organic and animal nature, will be also an intelligent, moral and accountable being, and this will bring to light the moral perfection of God—that holiness of nature by which He has complacency in all moral

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goodness, and the justice by which He exhibits His holiness in retributive acts.

This very meager outline of the Divine manifestations as developed in the works of creation will give us some correct idea of how the earth became the scene of moral government. In the creation of man, as he was, with the high and noble endowments of an intellectual and moral quality, we perceive a being capable of moral government; and with reference to his moral nature, made holy and fit for communion with his adorable Creator. While he stood in his primeval innocence and purity he was happy in the plenitude of the Divine goodness; and the happiness that he enjoyed was to continue his as long as he continued to trust God for guidance and for every good thing. God's goodness was, therefore, to man in his primeval state, his darling attribute. What would have been the development of the goodness of God to the generations of holy and happy men no one can tell. Indeed, the great principle laid down in the moral government of God is holiness in order to effect happiness. Holiness constitutes the loveliness of the Divine character. We can not love Him without loving holiness and hating so-called evil. But we know neither what is evil nor what is holy until taught of God to estimate the loveliness of His own character. We must see the beauty of holiness before we can desire to be holy; and this we learn from the fact that every doctrine that is of God begins and ends in Love. If God were not Love, how should we have thought that was His name? An evil spirit never suggests that word. God must have revealed Himself ere we could have believed it. There is no Almighty Love among the worshipers of the so-called evil spirit; they tremble in their idolatries, and know nothing of a power to cast out fear and disease.

Nor should we have found a way out of fear, want, sickness, sorrow, etc., had not God sent Jesus Christ among us. To know God, the Eternal Love, is to know Him whom God sent among us. If, then, we would govern rightly either the passions of others or our own, we must evince the life of love as a power utterly opposed to all evil, and bound to resist it with all the power God has given us, and make ourselves living examples of purity, health and happiness.

The law of love is the law of liberty. Supposing we were at liberty to choose our own pleasures. Should we decide on self-denial as the beginning of bliss? If the care of one's self is virtue, as we are taught by some who treat largely of our moral constitution on philosophical principles, then, of course, self-denial is foolishness. But mere self is not the main motive anywhere in nature. Love is stronger than death; and Love is the law of God, written in the hearts of all creatures. From the lowest impulse of natural instinct up to that of the highest angel, the sense of others absorbs that of self, and all happiness is found in that intensity of feeling that blends self-consciousness so completely with the sense of some beloved being as to render them but one. Even among the lower animals the love of offspring is mightier than that of self-preservation. Often has it been seen that sheep, after they had become so much wasted and lean from disease as to be no longer able to walk about or lift their heads from the ground, would yet hold up the leg to invite the starving lamb to the miserable pittance that the udder could still supply. How many a human mother endures the bitterness of this world with heroic front

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for the sake of her little ones, but for whom she would prefer to hide herself and die! Thus by Love God provides for our spiritual progress amidst the changing scenes of life, and will ultimately, if we will only trust Him, lead us triumphantly over self, disease, fear and want and to that plane whereon our intelligence, effort and experience shall completely harmonize with love.

It was that Jesus Christ who asked the man if he would be healed, and who touched him and said, "Go, sin no more," that must still be the healer. The disciples that healed the sick did not do it of their own power, but it was Jesus Christ working thru them. And it is from a consciousness of what Christ is to us that we can heal the sick to-day. The infidel system knows nothing of Divine healing or of Love in its Divine forms, and its abettors would have scoffed, as did the Jews, at Jesus Christ, who bowed His head as He hung upon the cross. They could not have seen what faith learns from love—that Jesus Christ suffered Himself to be immolated merely to demonstrate what love can do to win hearts, and to teach men to understand the nature of the mercy they could trust.

We can not, if we would, live wholly to ourselves; our hearts forbid it; our lives for weal or woe, the revelation of God in providence and grace, forbid it; and true Christianity is in spirit and deeds a total denial of this self. But the law of God is not incongruous; it enjoins love, and so orders causes and consequences that obedience of love enlarges the power of loving, and with it the capacity of trusting and enjoying.

And there is no substitute for Love; when this is wanting its opposite is present. Those who obey not love submit to fear, and fear is the most cruel passion in the world, since it will commit any crime to calm itself, if only for a moment, although the more evil it commits the more is its torment.

Now, this must be the government of infidelity; and what are its modes of action and rewards, the outrages of the Reign of Terror may, without comment, suffice to show. Where Almighty God is not acknowledged there the very love that is divine must form a hell and rule in fire. It is possible to make ourselves so completely our own objects as really to look at nothing else with any degree of love, and then to render it the business of life to be adulated and admired. The passion for human approbation scruples at nothing that may serve to win applause, and men can imitate demons from a desire to be idolized.

But the true hero is not ambitious for distinction. He wishes, indeed, to rise to the highest excellence, but aims not at being alone in the world; he loves others as he loves himself, and, trusting in God as the source of blessings to the innumerable company that walk alike in the light, desires all the families of mankind to be in harmony with God, who is All in All. His idea of love is the love of Him who would have all men be happy, harmonious, healthy and prosperous here and come to the acknowledgment of this truth. Love is, therefore, due to none if not to all; and if to all it is not because we have any especial right to it, but as the common gift of God, like sunshine, that falls equally upon the so-called evil and upon the good, although none rightly enjoy it but those that feel that light is love, for without faith in the giver we find no spirit of goodness in the gift.

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THE CAMEO CLUB SALON

Mme. CLARENCE de VAUX-ROYER, President

Calling for Peace

By ROSE M. de VAUX-BOYER, New York

Can I call you, soul of mine,
From the woodland of the Pine?
Will you come and claim your own,
Shadow-mate to shadow grown?

For I see your face tonight—
Feel you in the pale moonlight;
In the tender, voiceless air,
In the silence—everywhere!

If I turn, you fill my thought;
In my prayer, your image's wrought;
Like the waves upon the beach
In their wash and endless reach;

With their ripple or their moan;
Calling, calling for their own!
Thus my soul is like the sea,
Calling home, eternally!

Can I call you, soul of mine,
From the woodland of the Pine?
Will you come and claim your own,
Shadow-mate to shadow grown?

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Why You Should Join a Woman's Club

BARBARA BOYD, in "Washington Post"

IF women's clubs did nothing but benefit their club members, they would be worth while. For the woman's club has brought back into many a woman's life the brightness and cheer and enthusiasm that had long since departed.

As one clever writer on the subject says: "To the home-making woman of moderate means the woman's club is a blessing. The club has shown her the value of cheerfulness in the home, and taken her back into the half-forgotten dream world of her girlhood—the dream world of romance and music and art—and wakened into new life the half dormant mind that has been dwarfing itself in the discontent of household troubles.

"Bright women, who by reason of routine have become apathetic half invalids, fretful, nagging and complaining, blossom out into healthy, cheerful women through the influence of the clubroom and the contact with the brilliant minds of other women. In the smaller towns the woman's club is something else to look forward to besides the weekly prayer meeting, the Monday wash and the Saturday's baking."

So that if the club did nothing but these things its existence would be justified.

But it does these and more. Listen to what some of the women's clubs of the country have done and are doing:

In Alabama, through the efforts of the women's clubs, a general interest is being aroused in the betterment of the conditions in the schools in rural districts.

In California, as the result of agitation on the part of the club women, a censorship over theaters and moving-picture shows, in order that the general standard may be kept high, is being considered.

Nearly 200 women of Denver have organized to keep the public apprised of the coming of good plays, and to ignore the poor ones. This is a practical step for better drama.

The women's clubs of Florida are working for a stringent child-labor law.

The club women of Georgia are urging employers to co-operate to devise plans for making the girls' night schools more effective.

A minimum living wage for women in industry is one of the movements the club women of Illinois are interested in.

Abolition of public drinking cups, extension of the work to stamp out tuberculosis, forestry and pure-food laws—these are some of the things the club women of Kentucky are working for.

In Maryland the compulsory school attendance bill and a ten-hour for working women are enlisting the efforts of club women. Another work the club women of Maryland are thinking of taking up is the censorship of theaters and moving-picture shows.

To bring the farm woman and her children into closer touch with her sisters of the city, the club women of Minnesota are starting an energetic campaign to use rural school houses for club rooms and social centers.

Omaha club women are showing the sincerity of their interests in their sisters in industry by urging the merchants to

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close their stores by 9 o'clock on Saturday evenings.

A ten-hour workday for wage-earning women is the work laid out for the clubs of New Jersey. Other club women of New Jersey are investigating market conditions, weights and measures, and trying co-operative buying, all with the idea of reducing the cost of living.

The club women of Cleveland are raising a scholarship fund for educating poor girls.

Better housing conditions and social work for the immigrant population of the State are among the work the club women of Pennsylvania are undertaking.

Pittsburgh club women are working to bring down the cost of living. Training women in the business of housekeeping, educating its members in the cost, quality and quantity of household commodities, compelling full weights and measures are among the means they are adopting to accomplish their aim.

And this is only a very small part of what the club women of the country are doing. It is an inspiring record, and the country will soon show the result of such earnest work. It is worth while to have a hand in such work. Every woman who can join a club should do so. She will be benefited and she will benefit others. And if she is in a section where there are no clubs it is not a difficult matter to start one. The club in the nearest large city will help.

To watch the corn grow and the blossoms set, to draw hard breath over plowshares, to read, to think, to love, to hope, to pray, these are the things that make men happy. The world's prosperity or adversity depends upon our knowing and teaching these few things.—*John Ruskin.*

THE GAINFUL LOSS

There is one thing in life the loss of which is always a gain. To many persons it is the one important, central thing in being alive at all. These are always unhappy people in the end. Others throw it overboard early, and they are the happy ones of earth, wherever their lot is cast, for they are rid of self.

"In every part and corner of our life," says Stevenson, "to lose oneself is to be a gainer, to forget oneself is to be happy." The most inevitable daily thing in existence is work—and not until a man forgets himself in his work is he a happy worker. As long as he thinks of self, he will work for the wage, not for the right and thorough doing of the work, and so he will miss all the dignity of labor and the joy of a thing well done.

Outside of daily work, daily relations with other people can not be happy until self is forgotten. Shyness and embarrassment come from self-consciousness; rudeness and irritability come from selfishness; resentment and envy are part of self-love. All happy human intercourse depends upon putting self in the background and keeping it there.

The closest personal joy in life—love for those nearest and dearest—can be fully enjoyed only by forgetting self and considering others first and foremost. It is because of the continual intrusion of self that so many homes lose their happiness, and become places of discord and suffering. Self must be lost before any joy worth keeping can be gained. Renunciation of self sounds hard; it looks like a blank wall, but in reality it is God's gate into happiness.—*Forward.*

The soul, heart and mind must be put into all we do to make each undertaking a grand success.—*Brother Ananda.*

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Butter in a Lordly Dish

I NEVER had any particular admiration for Jael, nor do I praise her for her killing of Sisera, that defeated the defenseless chieftain. In point of polite hospitality, however, she is something of a model for us. Before the fugitive who came to her tent she set forth the most sumptuous fare she could devise. He asked for water, but she gave him milk to drink and butter to eat. Moreover, that yellow-hued dainty was served in fitting style. She set forth "butter in a lordly dish." The account doesn't say so, but, personally, I have no doubt she found a few springs of parsley, withal, for garnishing.

Would that the example were more largely followed! How much our kind acts would gain if they could be done graciously! There is a way to grant a favor so that the effect of it is like that of a slap in the face. And there is a way to grant one so that the gold of the act is further gilded by the grace of its performance.

There is a right and there is a wrong way to do even those things that are helpful. I know a woman who always makes excellent jelly for the fair, but does not put it up in good taste. Hers is the last on the table to be sold. There is a man who has as level a head and good ideas as any one in the community. But he has never cultivated the slightest grace of expression and he passes for a boor. Both the jelly and the ideas would find quicker takers if retailed in more attractive packages.

A coat covered with spots, soiled linen and dusty shoes may be the garb of man of sterling worth. Some really great men have been careless in the matter of personal appearance. But, in general, any character is more effective that strives to be as attractive outwardly as inwardly. Listen to the genial autocrat of the breakfast table: "Looks are the first letters of introduction we present to the public. It is our looks that, in the first place, make them willing to know something more of us or that render them anxious to know as little of us as possible."

We sometimes take roughness or uncouthness for strength. Or we assume that the cultured, urbane gentleman is a weakling. In either case it is easily possible that we are wide of the fact. That one is a rough boor is no proof that he is not also a coward. And, on the other hand, some of the gentlest and most courteous of men could not be driven from what they thought was right with cannon shot.

Inner worth is the great thing, but outer attractiveness may well be, at least, a secondary consideration with us all. The rough diamond must be cut and polished before it finally gleams in the royal crown.

Young man, young woman, do not despise the little things that go to make up the efficient life. Add to the grand old virtues the fine and winning graces. Let the world see integrity made attractive. Serve your butter in a lordly dish. Do the right thing in a handsome way.

Remember, that really able men are failing every day because they never learned such simple arts as those of being neat or courteous. Remember, that

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well meaning women in every community are comparatively friendless because they have never fathomed the meaning of the word tact. Learn them to set forth the virtues of life in such style that they may be not only good, but also interesting and attractive. Any kind of butter you have to provide will find a readier market if you display it in a lordly dish.—*Churchman.*

THE QUIET ZONE

Around each hospital, in some of our large cities, there is a "quiet zone" established by city ordinances. Street musicians and hucksters must be silent within the limits of these zones or keep away from them. Automobilists are stopped, by warning placards, from blowing their horns. Heavy traffic is diverted to other streets, and sound-deadening pavements are laid in preference to the usual noisy ones. The idea has been so successfully carried out in New York that now the "Society for the Suppression of Unnecsary Noise" has taken up the further plan of having "quiet zones" around the public schools, too, to prevent the noise and din that distract the pupils from their lessons and render them nervous and inattentive.

"Quiet zones"—how pleasant they sound! How pleasant they are in actuality. In this restless, noisy world, they are needed almost everywhere. Luckily, there need be no legislation for them along one line; for every individual can, at will, establish a personal "quiet zone." No matter how noisy the environment may be, if a soul is at peace with itself and its fellows, it establishes a quiet zone about it in the hurly-burly of daily life.

How can it be done? First, every morning, by laying the pavement of prayer around our duties and cares. Things prayed over daily become daily less harassing. The soul is quieted and strengthened to bear and strive. Prayer for others about us smooths away friction. Praiseful prayer keeps us conscious of our Infinite Helper and our many blessings. Secondly, Bible-reading, every day, takes us out of ourselves into peace and power. Third, the daily habit of gentle speech and controlled irritation and worry creates a quiet zone which rests ourselves as well as everyone else who comes near. "Study to be quiet," says the apostle. It is a wise counsel, never more needed than in this hurrying, worrying age.

"GETTING MAD"

No man is at his best when he has lost control of himself, and the time of all times when a man needs to be at his best is when he is being attacked. Yet how many men deceive themselves into thinking that they actually gain in force and effectiveness by letting go of themselves —"getting mad" and showing it—under provocation! To do so is both to weaken oneself and to uncover that weakness to others. The man who can continue to smile, inside and out, no matter what provocation to do otherwise, has a weapon that makes him hopelessly invincible to his enemies. The man who "gets mad" hands over his best weapon to the opposition.

One thing we can do, and no man and no circumstance can prevent us. That is, to live our own lives well. If every one did that, the whole world would be transformed, and the millennium would come; and we can start the millennium in our own little corner, now.

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Sunday Loafing and Sunday Work

The Sabbath is a day of rest, but not a day for lying around in deshabille and supine idleness. The Presbyterian Advance in an article on this subject said: "Lying around is almost as bad as lying about."

"You were not out at church yesterday. What were you doing?"

"Oh, I was just lying around."

How many there are among professed Christians who lie in bed very late on Sunday morning. They have a very late breakfast, and everything is so far behind that they can not catch up that day.

The men are lying around, unshaved, unbathed and undressed. They are looking bad and probably feeling much worse than they look. The women are lying around with disheveled hair, in work-stained dresses—looking decidedly frowsy. Just lying around, not fit to be seen, and with no thought of attending church. Doing no good, getting no good out of the God blessed Sabbath. The question arises: Does lying about things harm one more than this lying around on Sunday?

It is certainly not the way to enrich the Sabbath. Try the opposite course. Sunday morning "get up, wash up, dress up, shave up, shine up, go up to church, think up toward God." You will feel better Monday morning and be better morally, physically and every other way.

There are others, who, though very different from the "lying around" kind, are just as bad, so far as getting any good out of the Lord's day. They get up early, don their working clothes or business suits and spend the day the same as on the other six days, ignoring God's decree that, "six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work."

Their plea is that it is a work of necessity in the support of themselves and family. There are works of necessity and mercy which are not only permitted, but are commended, even commanded: but such works are easily distinguished from the ordinary labor for wages. As has been said: "Sabbath work at its safest enriches only by taking money out of one pocket and putting it in the other."

SILOAM

Bishop Heber

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

O, Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine;

Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still thine own.

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WHERE THE TITANIC SANK

The discussion as to whether the Titanic was on the northern or southern course across the Atlantic is simplified by a reference to a map of the world. It is an accepted fact that the ship gave her location when struck as 41:46 north 50:14 west. It was to that point the Carpathia steered, and she found the survivors some distance farther south.

Latitude 41:46 north is south of all the New England States except the southern shore of Rhode Island and Connecticut; the Titanic was in the same latitude as Long Island Sound and south of all our great lakes; it was south of the States of Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon, and parts of Iowa, Nebraska and Utah. The ship was on a line almost due east from New York City, Chicago and Oamha, and some distance south of Boston and other New England cities.

Take the map of Europe, and the location of the Titanic as to latitude is more strikingly illustrated. The ship sailed from Southampton, England, in latitude above 50 north, and she was nine degrees, or about 600 statute miles, south of that latitude when she struck the iceberg. She was in latitude not only far south of the English Channel, but farther south than any part of Germany, France or Austria, and in about the same latitude as Rome and Constantinople. The Riviera, where many Europeans and Americans go to find a mild winter climate, is farther north than was the Titanic when she ran into the ice field. The ship was in the same latitude as the Adriatic Sea and the northern part of the Mediterranean. She was not more than 100 miles north of the Azores, which is on the southernmost course across the Atlantic, even for ships bound for the Mediterranean. If a line were drawn from New York City to Madrid, Spain, that line would pass near the point where the Titanic sank in a great field of ice. All reports show that the ice field was fast moving south.

How far south would the Titanic have had to go to have escaped the ice?

THE WORK OF DRINK

At the Salvation Army "shelters" in London, where the lowest types of wandering outcasts are cared for, it has been found that half of them have sunk to their degraded level through drink alone. Of the remainder, nearly all have fallen through this cause or that—illness or domestic trouble or business disaster—combined with drink. With intoxicating liquor removed from the community, in other words, one-half this degraded misery would utterly vanish and the rest be largely relieved. Is not this a temperance sermon, condensed into a few plain facts?

THE VERNAL LIST

Buds,
Duds,
Whitewash and suds;
Vans,
Cans,
Loud-rooting fans;
Bees,
Peas,
Sunshine and freeze;
Pills,
Bills,
Fever and chills;
Spring,
Bring
All of your string!

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Just Be Glad

WHEN things are not to your liking, be glad nevertheless, for the glad heart can cause all things to be as we wish them to be. When things do not give you pleasure, proceed instead to create pleasure in your own heart and soul. And you can if you will always be glad. Besides, things will soon change for the better if you continue in the spirit of rejoicing. It is the law that all good things will sooner or later come and be where the greatest happiness is to be found. Therefore, be happiness in yourself regardless of times, seasons or circumstances.

When things do not please you, resolve to please yourself by being glad. And you can add immeasurably to your happiness in this simple manner. Then you must remember that the fountain of joy within your own soul is infinitely greater than all external sources of joy combined. But as far as we can we should add the joys from without to the joys from within, and in all things be glad.

Rejoice in your strength, rejoice in your talents and powers, rejoice in the wonders of your own nature. For there is far more in you than you ever dreamed. So whatever may come, you are greater than it all, richer than it all. And knowing this, why should you not be glad?

When evil befalls you, consider the fact that the good that is yet in your possession is many times as great as all the evil you could ever know. Consider this stupendous fact and be glad.

Whatever may come or go, sing again and again the song of "the soul victorious," and mean it with your whole heart. Enter into this song with all the power of mind and spirit, for it is always that which we know and sincerely believe that contains the greatest worth and power.

When you resolve to be glad at all times and under every circumstances, resolve also to give your whole heart and soul to the spirit of your rejoicing. Give power to your gladness, and give life to your song. Open the way for all the sunshine of your soul; and see that every sunbeam from within be one of power as well as one of joy.

It is the full joy of the soul that makes the heart young and the mind great. For as it is in nature, so it is also in man. It is the full glory of the noonday sun that quickens the earth, that makes the fields green, that causes the flowers to bloom. Where the sun is strong all growth is luxurious and all nature bountiful. It is the same when the sunshine of the soul is full, strong and constant in the daily life of man. So therefore rejoice with great joy. Rejoice always and give life and power to your joy.—*Eternal Progress.*

There is a law of life, but there is no law of disease or death. What seems to be a law of disease and death is simply a state of ignorance of the one Law of Life.

People seem not to see that their opinion of the world is also a confession of character. We can only see what we are, and if we misbehave, we suspect others.—*Emerson.*

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SIMPLE LIVING

There are other questions in the care of health and in the treatment of disease, to be considered: food is the most important problem, I think; raiment, shelter, work, family, school, time and place also are important. Individual as well as family life is hampered, confused, even defeated, by possessions, trash, rubbish, merchandise, needless, foolish, expensive things, which are almost forced upon us by the accommodating merchant or agent. It is so easy to select, to purchase on credit, to order sent home, hard to settle for it, drudgery to care for it; in the long run, a few articles, kept clean and in order, better serve and satisfy.

The first rule, in awakening a new hope for better health, for freedom from disease, better living, a pleasanter existence, longer life, is to discard the accumulations of years which are of no use any longer, weed out the useless litter. The correct way for simpler, better bodily and mental health is a clear field, fewer articles, cleaner rooms, lighter work, simpler foods, more patience, and minding your own business. The mind, like the body, grows by what it feeds on; therefore hygiene requires pure thought equally with pure food.—*Health Culture.*

GOD IS SPIRIT

"God is Spirit," is the most important statement that Jesus ever made. One whose consciousness is centered in form, things, limitations of every description, insists upon having a creator of limitations. God to him is a personal being with monarchical tendencies. The Jews believed Jehovah to be a God of vengeance; a kind of "Jack-the-Giant Killer," who was "angry with the wicked every day." The orthodox Christian world of to-day has this same concept of God, and any Sunday you can hear God's likes and dislikes described by the average minister of the gospel. You will observe that these ministers invariably invest God with the parts and passions of an unusually arbitrary and unreasonable man.

This idea of God prevails among all people who have not thought carefully about the matter. The parents have believed in that kind of a God, and the children have accepted it as correct without using even everyday common sense. Thus it has grown to be a race belief that God is a fickle despot.

But Jesus of Nazareth did not recognize that kind of a God; on the contrary, he rung the changes over and over that God is Spirit—Limitless Being—everywhere present, yet nowhere confined.

Now if you are blinded by this limited concept of God you must rend the veil before you can drink of his eternal fount existing eternally within you.

This contracted idea of God arises from your own contracted idea of yourself. If you realized what you are, you would begin to get a correct idea of what God is.

God is Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.

Becoming good is a daily process, which must be repeated year in and year out if it is to amount to anything. Conversion does not make a soul good once for all. It only starts the soul on the way, with face toward the light. "It is in vain to ask God to make us good. We may ask Him to help us to become good; that He always does."

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The Little Things of Life

ADELAIDE K. BROOKS

NEVER has there been a time when character and conduct counted for more than they do to-day.

Could human beings only be taught their own dignity and their own power! The time used in reading senseless stories, idle gossip, jabbering nonsense, is a fault which civilization of to-day is forever committing.

Self-reliance is what we all need to learn; that we are to depend upon our own energies and resources for all permanent, substantial good, and the immediate present (to-day) is the time, the hour, for cultivating the higher faculties of our being, calling into exercise our powers of virtue and integrity.

We too often look for sudden and quick methods of success. We continually throw away our mental forces in frivolous and non-focused thoughts.

The man who is in earnest not only brings the full powers of his own mind to bear upon his project, but he draws about him the influences of intelligences which people space, and these intelligences do come to the aid of the deserving.

We must of necessity get from humanity what we give it.

If we distrust every person we meet, we at once create an unwholesome and most unfortunate atmosphere about ourselves.

Believe in yourself; believe in others, and through this right thinking you have a clearer conception of the true life.

It is better far to rule by love than fear. Let no harsh word mar the good we may do here and now. We will learn the law of kindness in utterance so perfectly that it will be second nature to us, and make more music in our life than all the songs the sweetest voice has ever sung. We must be of constant assistance to one another in small ways as well as great.

It is for you and me to cheer, stimulate and encourage, but not to do the work given to another to perform.

There is no such thing as a separate life.

If we send out thoughts of despondency, hate and envy, we are interfering with the harmony of the universe.

Real life means faith, hope and love.

There is no better land than this in which we are now unfolding into realization.

My investigation leads me to believe that this next life is a most practical one in every way.

It is not a dream-life, thank God, but a reality.

God's greatest gift to man is the power to reason.

Many people make the mistake of regarding the spiritual side of life as all there is in religion. I believe that we must put the proper valuation on the material side of life. Our efforts should be to see things in their true relation.

No genuine and earnest seeker after truth will allow bigotry or prejudice to stand in the way of his careful and thoughtful investigation of every subject.

We must keep along the progressive line.

A progressive man is tolerant, thought-

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ful, kind, true, noble—a man who dares look conditions and people in the face and call them by their true names.

More than half the cares of life are of anticipation.

The troubles of to-morrow disqualify us for the duties of to-day.

Let us take care that we do not miss our turn of service.

WHAT FAITH CAN DO

Several years ago in England, in that part of Northumberland where my relatives live, the Tweed was overflowing tremendously. It was flooding the fields, and the water came up so high that it was getting into the farmers' houses, and the sheep were being washed away, and one man said he saw a cradle going down on the flood. But I said, there is a higher law that can control this. I managed to get over to a stone bridge, and I stood there, and I said "In the name of Jesus Christ, go down. You cannot go into the farmers' houses and wash away the cradles and the sheep, and wash away the things that are needed. Go down. Go down." It did not go down in one minute, but I stood there for an hour and said: "In the name of Jesus Christ, recede; recede. That law that worked then will work now."

Did it? Yes, it did. I stood there until almost evening, but before I had gone the flood had gone; and that was the end of it for that year. I tried it another time when it came again, and it worked just the same. This second time I was not even able to get to the bridge, but I went up into the tower and stayed there and worked, and it went down.

The law will work for you every time when you are working with the law, and working in the universal, and for the good of all concerned, whether sunshine or shower, or whatever it is. You can so protect your property, your homes, yourselves, that nothing in the universe shall by any means hurt you.—*Sophia Van Marter, in Unity.*

TWO PECULIARITIES OF PURE FAITH

"Be not anxious about the future; it is opposed to grace. When God sends you consolation, regard him only in it, enjoy it day by day as the Israelites received their manna, and do not endeavor to lay it up in store. There are two peculiarities of pure faith: It sees God alone under all the imperfect envelopes which conceal him, and it holds the soul incessantly in suspense. We are kept constantly in the air, without being suffered to touch a foot to solid ground. The comfort of the present instant will be wholly inappropriate to the next; we must let God act with the most perfect freedom, in whatever belongs to Him, and think only of being faithful in all that depends upon ourselves. This momentary dependence, this darkness and this peace of the soul, under the utter uncertainty of the future, is a true martyrdom, which takes place silently and without any stir."

He who knows that power is in the soul, that he is weak only 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; just as a man who stands on his feet is stronger than a man who stands on his head.—*Emerson.*

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My Duty to My Brothers

THERE is that which remains forever firm, and to this we should ever stand related. There is substance which never changes. Let us do honor to the truth as reflected in the souls of our brothers. To fail in the recognition of the God within them is to be but half a brother. We need to believe greatly in each other. None of us can live by bread alone. Each of us needs all the rest of us. Oh, to scatter blessings broadcast! To love and to recognize in each that which is worthy of love; to give without thought of return; to do good for the very joy of it; to toss good will and sunshine right and left; everywhere to see dull eyes gleam with hope; to see the wan and tired smile; to flood the dark corners with sunshine and to touch men's lives so that they shall feel in passing the touch of some divine influence. Here are the highest aims: to have a big, generous, charitable nature that will draw the best from men; to infuse into them new life, new courage; to lift them up out of love of eating and drinking, of pleasure of sense, and to infuse the flame of love into them; to make them want to grow, to develop the latent powers within them.

To have something real to show for having lived, to grow wise and kind, is the greatest possible success. Let us be holy in the sense of whole souled, whole hearted. Let us be such brothers that those about us will look to us for courage, wisdom, faith, in their time of trouble. Let us live divinely, not ignoring the commonplace but ennobling it. Let us accord to the simple acts of life the dignity that belongs. Thus we shall make life deeper and truer, and advance in harmony with the eternal purpose of life. The spirit has descended upon all. Not one life from the highest to the lowest has been left out. Wherever there is uplifting thought, generous impulse, a helping hand, there the divine spirit speaks its benediction. It is a great deed to make an hour golden, to make a day brighter. A merry heart will always remain the best medicine, and sweetness of thought will forever purify all the places where it is found. Nothing is more Godlike than to have given hope. Let us send the tides of our love and good will to the whole earth. Let us forever recognize that there is but one life, one spirit, and that is universal. It fills all forms, shapes and manifestations of life; and is the real life. There is but One, and each of you is a center for the expression of that one wonderful, beautiful life. Enter ye into your kingdom of power; possess yourself of your birthright of knowledge. In the very center of your being you will find a holy of holies where dwells the Divine. Enter into the shrine within yourself and see what glory is yours. Then look about you and know that each life in this world of ours has the same beauty, the same worth. Tell your brothers about it, help them to stop drifting aimlessly on the ocean of life. Infuse them with purpose, teach them to aspire, aspire, and so in triple measure you shall receive the response in your own life, and upon the unselfish wings of aspiration you yourself shall rise to blessedness and peace.—*Calendar of the Metaphysical Club.*

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OUR GOVERNMENT'S LAXITY

Uncle Sam, it appears, while investigating the blackness of the British maritime pot, has some dingy kettles of his own that would bear burnishing up a bit. The discovery that no transport in the service of the United States makes any pretense to carrying enough lifeboats to save even half of the boat's capacity in passengers, suggests some housecleaning at home.

To say this is not to criticise the Senate's inquiry into the Titanic affair. That inquiry is going to be of great value and, on the whole, it is being carried on in the right way. But the fact remains that our army transports prove to be no better provided with life-saving facilities than was the Titanic; and it is a condition that must not be permitted to continue.

Uncle Sam has a bad habit of neglecting his most intimate responsibilities.

We pass safety appliance laws for railroads, but permit mail clerks to work—and be killed—in collapsible cars that have no chance in a wreck.

We demand factory inspection, fire-escapes, etc.—but not a Government building in Washington has good and sufficient provision of this sort.

We attempt rigidly to enforce sanitary conditions by a stretch of the commerce clause to make it reach over Chicago's Packingtown—but there is hardly a Government workshop in this town that would pass muster in a real investigation of its sanitary conditions.

Uncle Sam, while he is about it, would do well to brush up a lot of these dingy spots.—*Washington Times.*

"Nature and experience" are the watchwords of the age.—*Buchner.*

BITS OF WISDOM

No true work was ever wasted; no true life has ever failed.

We need to watch ourselves and not others.

God made us all free, and that freedom brings responsibilities.

Folded hands are more often the result of indolence than of lack of opportunity. One who shirks work and is silently praying that some one will do his work for him, while he unfolds his higher nature, is doomed to failure.

Let us learn to find our way through individual effort.

We should all feel it to be our duty to use time wisely, to make every hour count.

I believe there is a bright side to everything.

That every individual should be in themselves—every hour—an example of that brightness.

Let us all be content only with the best that we can do or receive.

Let us learn that the material problems are for us to solve. If the life we live be worthy, the way will not be so dark.

A cheering view of the future is important, but it is not so vital as a stimulating motive to the present.—*Adelaide K. Brooks in New Thought.*

The moment you believe yourself to be conquered you are conquered, even though success is within your grasp; all of which means that no person and no power can conquer a man; that he is only conquered when he conquers himself. Strange, is it not, that one's own destiny should lie in his own hands, and that no outside power can cheat him out of it?

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Wit and Humor

Smart Sayings and Flashes of Fun From Many Sources

CHAMPION TYPOGRAPHICAL BREAK.

Henry Watterson, editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal,* was one of a group of newspaper men who, during a convention of that fraternity, were one afternoon talking of typographical errors. Said he: "While I've heard of a great many funny typographical breaks in my time, about the oddest and most humorous transposition of types that ever came to my observation was that in a New York paper some years ago. The paper used to print the shipping news on the same page with the obituaries. Imagine the glee with which its readers found the captions changed one morning, a long list of respectable names being set forth under the marine head, 'Passed Thru Hell Gate Yesterday.'"

THAT NEW SUIT.

Patrick worked for a notoriously stingy boss and lost no chance to let the fact be known. Once a waggish friend, wishing to twit Pat, remarked:

"Pat, I hear your boss just gave you a brand-new suit of clothes."

"No," said Pat, "only a par-rt of a suit."

"What part?"

"The sleeves iv the vest!"—*Selected.*

NOT VANITY.

McGorry.—I'll buy yez no new hat, d' yez moind thot? Ye are vain enough ahlriddy.

Mrs. McGorry.—Me vain? Oi'm not! Shure, Oi don't t'ink mesilf half as good-lookin' as Oi am.—*Exchange.*

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In the State of Georgia, says the *Saturday Evening Post,* there lives a banker who is known behind his back as the "Human Safety Clutch."

He lives a mile from town on a plantation. One Sunday he remembered that he had left some important papers on his desk, and he gave an aged negro servitor on his place the keys and sent him for the documents.

It was a hot day and the road was dusty, but within an hour the old darky returned with the papers intact. The owner felt in all his pockets.

"That's too bad, Uncle Jim," he said finally; "I thought I had a nickel here I was going to give you."

"Marse Henry," said Uncle Jim, "you look again. Ef ever you had a nickel you got it yit."

HOW IT TASTED.

Two negroes were looking in at the display of preserves, canned foods and bottles of water in the window of a large store. "Say, Jack," said one, "did yo' ever taste any o' dat White Rock water?" "Ya'as," replied the other: "I done taste some to a party once." "Wha' does 't taste like?" "Tastes like yo' foot's asleep."—*Exchange.*

MIXED METAPHOR.

An Irish Unionist said of an Irish Nationalist: "Shall this man come into this House with unblushing footsteps, with the cloak of hypocrisy in his mouth, and draw five million acres out of our pockets?"—*Exchange.*

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APPLYING THE BRAKES.

I can stand, in the main, whether foreign or local,
The slang of the season, however it's billed;
You can slip it to me, whether written or vocal,
And find me attentive or pleasantly thrilled;
I am not over choice, though at times I may stagger
At weirdly grammatical shots from the tee;
But here's where I pause as I reach for my dagger—
"Believe me," "I get you" and "Take it from ME."

"You said something, Steve," is a nimble expression
Productive of point in the spiel of the day;
I'll stand for the gab, if you want my confession,
Which rings in the "goat" or the dog roundelay.
I make no pretense to a brow with an angle
Which slopes in its trend to a lofty degree;
But here's where I reach for my gun at the jangle—
"Believe me," "I get you" and "Take it from ME."

—*Grantland Rice.*

QUITE CREDITABLE TO NATURE.

An old lady, lauding some scenery, said to a well-known painter: "The whole trip along the river was like a series of your superb etchings."

"Yes," replied the artist; "nature is creeping up."—*London Telegraph.*

HE WAS A GOOD FORGIVER.

I. R. Sherwood, Democratic Representative from Ohio, tells this story, which is quoted in *Human Life*:

A man had for years employed a steady German workman. One day Jake came to him and asked to be excused from work the next day.

"Certainly, Jake," beamed the employer. "What are you going to do?"

"Vell," said Jake slowly, "I think I must go by mein wife's funeral. She dies yesterday."

After a lapse of a few weeks Jake again approached the boss for a day off.

"All right, Jake; but what are you going to do this time?"

"Aber," said Jake, "I go to make me, mit mein fraulein a wedding."

"What? So soon! Why it's only been three weeks since you buried your wife."

"Ach!" replied Jake, "I don't hold spite long."

A NEW DEGREE.

Some one wrote about a college out West that is very generous with regard to conferring the degree of D. D. Not long ago a carpenter was employed to build a chicken coop on the college premises, and when the job was completed it was so satisfactory that the faculty conferred upon him the degree of Chick-a-dee-dee.

SHOES FOR HIS WIFE.

"I want a pair of button shoes for my wife."

"This way, sir. What kind do you wish, sir?"

"Doesn't matter—just so they don't button in the back."—*Exchange.*

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"I want a pair of button shoes for my wife."

"This way, sir. What kind do you wish, sir?"

"Doesn't matter—just so they don't button in the back."—*Exchange.*

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IN MAY

Come, mount with me the airy upland road
Through pastures yet unspoiled by man's abode,
And breathe the spicy spring, while far and wide,
In all the majesty of vernal pride,
Sweeps Heaven's imperial robe of tender blue,
Whose hem is caught, in grateful homage due,
And kissed with thrilling lips by Mother Earth,
Rejoicing in her radiant offspring's birth.
Rich incense borne from orchards in full blow,
The bridal songs of birds with joy aglow,
All Nature worshiping the Love Divine,
Lo, all, my Love—shall I not call thee mine?—
In true accord with thy pure loveliness,
Shall prompt thy heart Love's presence to confess.

—*William Addison Houghton, in Boston Transcript.*

GOD WATCHES

Is it rainy, little flower?
Be glad of rain.
The sun that veils itself from thee
Will shine again.
The clouds are very black, 'tis true;
But just behind them smiles the blue.

Art thou weary, tender heart?
Be glad of pain;
In sorrow sweetest things will grow
As flowers in rain.
God watches, and thou wilt have sun
When clouds their perfect work have done.

—*Mary F. Butts.*

THE HIGHEST LIFE

All is love; there is no sin.
If you haven't lived you may now begin.
By accepting the truth you make for success,
And from that time forth each day you'll bless;
You'll be really living, knowing how to live,
And be really giving, knowing how to give.
When you're wrapped in the celestial light,
All will be day—there will be no night.

—*Eleanor Hope.*

PERPLEXED

There's something I have oft observed,
And pondered this long while;
And that is the persistency
With which the people smile.
They say that man was made to mourn,
And life is full of woe,
Still smiling eyes are turned on me
Whichever way I go.

I've marked the preacher in his church,
The merchant in his store,
The banker in his counting room,
The peddler at my door;
I've walked about the market-place.
I've ridden miles and miles,
And still where'er I go I'm met
On every hand with smiles.

I wish someone more worldly wise
Would make it plain to me,
Why 'tis a "sorrow-ridden race"
Should SEEM so full of glee.
For with the talk of "earthly woe,"
And of "Satanic wiles,"
I find it hard to understand
This prevalence of smiles.

—*Katherine Quinn in Nautilus.*

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THE FORTUNATE ISLES.

You sail and you seek for the Fortunate Isles,
The old Greek isles of the yellow bird's song?
Then steer straight on through the watery miles,
Straight on, straight on, and you can't go wrong.
Nay, not to the left; nay, not to the right,
But on, straight on, and the Isles are in sight.
The Fortunate Isles where the yellow birds sing,
And life lies girt with a golden ring.

These Fortunate Isles they are not so far,
They lie within reach of the lowliest door;
You can see them gleam by the twilight star;
You can hear them sing by the moon's white shore—
Nay, never look back! Those leveled gravestones
They were landing steps; they were steps unto thrones
Of glory for souls that have sailed before,
And have set white feet on the Fortunate Shore.

And what are the names of the Fortunate Isles?
Why, Duty and Love and a large Content.
Lo! these are the Isles of the watery miles,
That God let down from the firmament.
Lo! Duty and Love, and a true man's Trust;
Your forehead to God, though your feet in the dust;
Lo! Duty and Love, and a sweet face's smiles,
And these, O friend, are the Fortunate Isles.

—*Joaquin Miller.*

SLEEP SWEET!

Sleep sweet within this quiet room,
O thou! whoe'er thou art;
And let no mournful yesterday
Disturb thy peaceful heart.

Nor let to-morrow scare thy rest
With dreams of coming ill.
Thy Maker is thy changeless Friend,
His love surrounds thee still.

Forget thyself and all the world,
Put out each feverish light;
The stars are watching overhead.
Sleep sweet. Good night! Good night!

—*Ellen M. H. Gates.*

A MEMORY SYSTEM

Forget each kindness that you do
As soon as you have done it;
Forget the praise that falls to you
The moment you have won it;
Forget the slander that you hear
Before you can repeat it;
Forget each slight, each spite, each sneer,
Wherever you may meet it.

Remember every kindness done
To you, whate'er its measure;
Remember praise by others won,
And pass it on with pleasure;
Remember every promise made
And keep it to the letter;
Remember those who lend you aid,
And be a grateful debtor.

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FAITH, WILL, ENERGY

O Hashnu Hara

"The mute inglorious Miltons" of the world are those who possess the imagination.

It is no use dreaming of beautiful things if you do not seek to externalize them.

Your present sphere may be lowly or humble, or your heart may be bowed with grief and years, all your hopes and dreams in the clouds.

Why leave them there?

Why not materialize your ideal by the power of faith, will and energy?

As the sky is above me that is all the difference between genius and mediocrity.

The one is potential, lives in the realm of dreams, the other intensifies his energy and realization crowns his imaginative efforts.

How thin the line between the great and the obscure. How near some of us are to greatness, and how little we realize that effort alone stands between us and our imagination materialized.

Wake up you slothful ones, be great, be young, dare to be your dreams, weave the silver thread of imagination into a solid picture, translate your dreams into the reality.

"Where shall I find Happiness?" asked a soul. "Next door to Content," said one who knew. The direction appears to be accurate. Certainly happiness does not and can not live next door to Discontent—what neighbor would who could help it? Many discontented young people expect to have happiness drop in upon them suddenly to stay. But can there be any real chance of it?

THINK PLENTY AND PLENTY WILL COME

Fill your mind with thoughts of plenty, abundance. Realize your oneness with God. Realize that He is your supply, that all that the Father hath is yours. Think and talk only of plenty, and plenty will come to you. Deny away all thought of lack, and know that the Spirit will bring to you the friends that you need, and will open up avenues and ways from the great treasure house within that you never dreamed of. Make yourself and your surroundings alive with the consciousness of Inexhaustible spiritual Abundance by holding steadily to thoughts of abundance, and nobody can keep you from prospering.

"DIG A WELL"

When a young man went to Mohammed, runs the story, and asked what monument he should erect to a departed friend, the prophet answered: "Dig a well." A place where the weary might rest, the thirsty find refreshment and the traveler gain new life for his journey was worth more than any stately shafts of marble that art and gold could raise. It is so still. We often mourn that we can not do greater work, can not build our lives into some splendid monument of zeal and service for the Master; but if every day we are furnishing some cup of comfort and refreshment for those who are discouraged and weary, digging wells of cheer amid the daily cares, we may well rest content.

The relation between mind and matter is not fancied by some poet, but stands in the will of God, and so is free to be known by all men.—*Emerson.*

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The Deathless Life

The Views of Prof James Orr in "God's Image in Man," and of Dr. Gordon

EVEN our most conservative theologians to-day feel that death has no place in the working out of the purposed plan of God for mankind. Prof. James Orr in his "God's Image in Man" says:

"There is nothing, perhaps, in which the 'modern' view of the world is clearer or assertion is more confident than on the universal reign of death over all creatures, man included. The idea that physical death is not a part of man's natural lot, but has entered the world through sin, is scouted at as an absurdity. * * * But I would ask seriously, is it so? The body in the case of man is not to be regarded as the old philosophers thought it, as a natural prison house, from which he should be glad to escape in death. It is a part of himself—an integral part of his total personality. It follows, then, that death to him is not a natural process, but something altogether unnatural—the violent separation of two parts of his being which God never meant to be separated—a rupture, a mutilation, a rending asunder of his personality. * * * Even Weisemann, the biologist, says 'the origin of death is one of the most difficult problems in the whole range of biology,' and it seems that life should come that would not die at all. I resist the conclusion that death is the normal lot of man; and can find only a clear and consistent position of life on the hypothesis that it is not."

Luther in his most inspiring passage in his great work on Galatians rises to visions even more clear, when he says that death has no place in the plan of God for man, and he should reckon himself as dead to death as to sin, the very source of the dark, dread destroyer of the race. Dr. A. J. Gordon, one of the most saintly, yet all-round Christ-filled men that the century just past gave us, puts the vision thus for us:

"There is a false and widespread error in regard to the relation of our bodies to the redemption of Christ. It is taken for granted by many that this house of clay was never intended either to be repaired or beautiful by the renewing Spirit. The caged-eagle theory of man's existence is widely prevalent—the notion that the soul is imprisoned in the flesh, and is beating its bars in eager longing to fly away and be at rest—all of which may be very good poetry, but is very bad divinity. The Scripture teaches, indeed, that we who are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened; but it does not therefore thrust death's writ of ejection into our hands as our great consolation, and tell us that our highest felicity consists in moving out of this house as quickly as possible. 'Not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life,' is the inspired testimony concerning the highest hope of existence. The redemption of the body, not the dissolution; resurrection, not death, is set before us in the gospel as the goal of victory. But because that great promise of the gospel, 'who shall fashion anew the body of our humiliation that it may be conformed to the body of his glory,' has

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of a spiritual elimination taking place at death, in which a purified soul is forever freed from a cumbering body, all this has been so largely supplanted by the notion been changed in the dread of many. The heresy of death-worship has supplanted the doctrine of the resurrection with a multitude of Christians."

How I Demonstrated Over Heredity

BY A MOTHER

IT was in the year 1901 that my only son, an erring youth of 19 years, began to stray in evil paths, to my deep sorrow. At that time I sent to Elizabeth Towne and subscribed for Nautilus, and also bought her books on New Thought, and inside the package was a card she had sent me, gratis, with this verse: "The Spirit of Good, which is I, turns all things to beautiful results. The Spirit of Good, which is I, turns THIS thing to beautiful results. Be still, my heart, and see."

Somehow, the verse appealed to me, and I tacked it upon the wall and wondered if the verse meant to apply to my wayward boy.

He kept me in the hells of worry which broke me down in health. He consorted with bad women and was a drug fiend and inebriate, and one day when he took the drug purposely to commit suicide, and I found him unconscious, and barely saved his life by rushing out for a doctor, I felt my cup of sorrow overflow, and I looked at the card on the wall, saying: "Oh, God, how can the Spirit of Good turn this awful thing to fine account? It can not!"

After days I rose up from my mental abyss and continued to talk to the soul of my erring boy. I kept saying, mentally, to him: "You are good! You are spirit. You are the child of God, and He will save you."

But, oh, how I suffered! Months of despair that went into three more years, and then, one day when the form of my only son was borne into my home and laid at my feet—with a shot fired into his forehead, again a would-be suicide—I felt for sure that the card was a mockery, and that the Spirit of Good had broken its word. The doctors came and extracted the bullet, and after a long illness the boy recovered, but was still lacking in filial love to me, his sorrowful mother. In fact, he was not human when it came to human affection and love for his kind.

Again I took up my burden, but ever trying to demonstrate soul to my poor boy.

And there came a time when I was frozen in my feelings—agony passed its climax and froze there, and I felt that no matter what my son did, I could never feel sorrow again. I simply gave up the boy to God! I ceased holding on to him. I said calmly: "The child is yours, oh, God—then take him and be responsible for him. He is yours."

Afterwards my son's health broke down, and I began demonstrating health for him, while I knew that God looked after him spiritually. And during the next year the improvement in him was

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very marked, and to-day, after two years, my boy is a new man. It is a miracle. Truly, the Spirit of Good kept the promise, and has turned THIS to beautiful results, even the darkest days when I almost turned from God in my frenzied grief.

Oh, it is good to know that we have such a power for good within ourselves! I have risen to the high estate of a god and broken the iron ruling of heredity itself and pre-natal destiny.

All the above facts are true, but for fear my neighbors will gossip, it is best for my name to be withheld. But my heart sings with gladness as I write, for to-day my boy loves me, and only think, after being a drug fiend and inebriate for eight years, he was cured by my simply demonstrating health and harmony for him. Oh, it is wonderful, wonderful! The card you sent me with my order of books still hangs on the wall, now doubly prized. God made you send it to me, in my hour of distress. I know it.—*Nautilus.*

THE DIRECTION OF LIFE

Within every man and woman life is constantly being created or brought into manifestation. Old cells are being broken down and sloughed off. New cells are taking their places, and each one of us can and does put the seal of his will upon this new life as it wells up from within as impulse.

This life force comes fresh from the source of all life. It follows the channels prepared for it by the human will.

The more fully you recognize this life force and bless and welcome it, the more fully it will come forth into manifestation.

Fill the mind with hate and resentment, and this life force will be cut off. It will recede to the source from whence it came.

Intense concentration, worry and fretting will drive the life force back. Train your mind to harmony and poise, and life is attracted to you.

Life is fluid. It ebbs and flows according as you recognize and use it. "Nature abhors a vaccuum," and withdraws that which you do not employ.—*Wm. Towne.*

THE SPEED MANIA

In the sadness of the Titanic's fate, a large element is, of course, the needlessness, for the public well knows that if the same concern had been given to safety that has been given to luxury the great machines built by man's ingenuity would be even safer than they are. "Even safer," we say, because, in the very midst of grief, we must remember that few places on earth are as safe as the deck of a great liner—which is no excuse certainly for allowing the love of money to keep passengers from being made still more safe. As to the increased danger from the speed mania, the public must share blame with the company; for the public would object to going one or two hundred miles farther south to avoid danger, although the extra time on the ocean would do most of the passengers good. Our best hope is that the memory of this catastrophe will burn in the consciences of men until everything has been done to give to life a higher value than to money or to nervous speed. A happier truth bids us leave nothing undone to keep green the memory of those who brightened the tragedy with sacrifice and with courage.

The soul refuses all limits. It affirms in man always an optimism, never a pessimism.—*Emerson.*

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The Charm of Persia

Muleteers Speak in Verses, Horses Play With Children

"Persia is essentially a land of the sun," said Sir Mortimer Durand, "and I noticed when I was in Persia that Europeans who had lived there for a time were always anxious to go back. There is no need, and little incentive, to travel fast in Persia. For one thing, there are no opportunities to do so, and when one becomes used to camping with camels and mules one prefers that to railway luxury.

"Why build a road?" was the question of an amazed tribesman, whose soul recoiled at the thought of a straight line of beaten track. It was really a nuisance, for "there were no stones where the feet could hold on by," he explained.

Among the Arabs of the plains the reason for the docility and gentleness of their horses is easily discovered. The animals play with the children, know them, and understand them, with the result that there is a bond between man and beast rarely seen elsewhere.

"In Simla," said the lecturer, "my wife had an Arab horse which used to come walking into the house. He would walk in at a dinner party and put his head over your shoulder for a bit of bread quite naturally. But it may not have been good for the carpets." On the mountain sides the horses are as sure-footed as goats, and will leap from rock to rock with their riders with cool assurance.

There is no need for a "back-to-the-land" movement in Persia. The people have never left it, and the Persian peasant is one of the happiest in the world. Some of the tribes know no other bread than that made from acorns. They steep the acorns in running water for a time, and then break them up and manufacture their bread with the same deliberation as they murmur their poetry.

One is led to the conclusion that the country creates poets automatically. Only a churl would refuse to be a poet in a land where a blue sky looks down on Winter snow and oxen tread out the corn. Even in the night the traveler has the chirp of the little owl for a lullaby and the bells of the mules for a solace.

But by a peculiar law which is past comprehension Omar Khayyam is almost ignored. His poems do not find such ready response among his modern countrymen as they find in the West. Even the late Shah repudiated them and laughed when his name was mentioned by Sir Mortimer Durand.

"I was asked by the Omar Society," he said, "to see if the Shah would cause Omar's grave to be set in repair, but when I spoke to the old Shah during an audience he sat in his chair and laughed. 'Why,' he cried, 'do you mean to tell me that there is a society in England connected with Omar Khayyam? The man has been dead a thousand years! I can tell you of many better poets than he.'" But the admirers of Omar have the satisfaction of knowing that, though the Shah laughed at the poet, no one ever laughed at the Shah.

Perhaps the most fascinating part of the lecture was a rapid outline of a Persian year. At the end of February the garden is full of violets, and after the violets pass away the water channels are

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lined with white iris, and after the iris comes tiger lilies, and after the tiger lilies come roses, with the roses come the nightingales, which sing while the sleeper sleeps.

Every known flower may grow in Persian soil, and most of the European ones do, while the early Summer is a riot of color. The autumn tints are more vivid than any in the world, except perhaps those in America. The snow of winter is delightful. "What is the charm of Persia?" asked Sir Mortimer Durand. "One finds it in the great contrast between everything about him and all that he has left behind."—*London Standard.*

CASTING OUT DEVILS

Devils are cast out daily by us, and we do not call the doing a miracle. The greatest devils are inharmonious, destructive, happiness-destroying, misery-making thoughts. When these are cast out of the mind we are at peace with all men and with all things. Until we have learned how to cast out these devils from our own minds we can not know the joys of self-control.

"If a pebble in our boot torments us," says Edward Carpenter, "we expel it. We take off our boots and shake it out. And once the matter is fairly understood it is just as easy to expel an intruding and obnoxious thought from the mind. About this there ought to be no mistake, no two opinions. The thing is obvious, clear and unmistakable.

"It should be as easy to expel an obnoxious thought from your mind as it is to shake a stone out of your shoe; and till a man can do that, it is just nonsense to talk about his ascendency over nature, and all the rest of it. He is a mere slave and a prey to the bat-winged phantoms that flit through the corridors of his own brain."

Drive out the devils. You can when you will. Be a modern miracle worker. —*Thomas Dreier in Nautilus.*

THE AGE THOUGHT

The people who have for years been registering in their cell life the conviction that they are aging rapidly, that they are hastening towards the period of diminishing returns, that they are going to die early, should not be surprised to find their physical experience corresponding with those old age thoughts or convictions. We often see a difference in appearance of ten or more years in people of the same age. The difference is in their thought about themselves.

As a rule, actresses and singers retain their youth longer than others because they must; it is a necessity with them. Their success depends upon it. They think young thoughts; they try to keep young. Any mental attitude which is adverse to the spirit of youth tends to produce hardening old-age conditions.

Mental discords whittle life away at a fearful rate; they waste energies, destroy happiness and age one very rapidly.

The mind must be free from bitterness, jealousy, hatred, envy and uncharitable thoughts; free from everything which trammels it, or pay the penalty in impaired efficiency, inferior work.—*Orrison Swett Marden in the Nautilus.*

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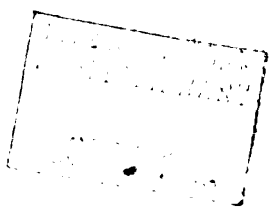

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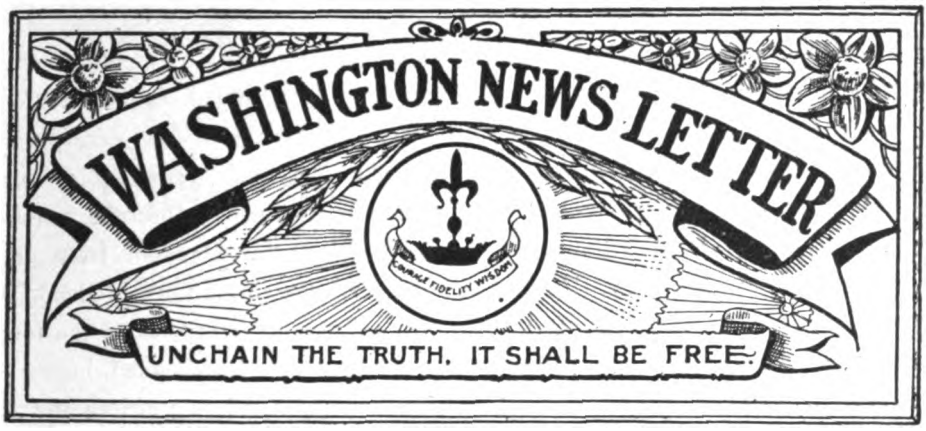

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For the benefit of our patrons who wish to communicate with me during the Summer months while I am absent from Washington I wish to explain.

All letters intended for me in reference to healing and treatment should be addressed to me at Washington. the same as now, or to our business manager, Oliver C. Sabin, Jr. The letter comes to Washington, is examined, and, if treatment is desired, the patient is at once put under the treatment, and all letters received that business day are sent to me at Atlantic City or Portland, Me., as the case may be. I answer the letters from there, the same as if I were here. I give the same treatments and have the same watchful care over all patients and workers as if I were personally present in Washington.

Remittances should not be sent to me at Atlantic City or Portland, but should be sent to O. C. Sabin, Jr., Lock Box 324, Washington, D. C.

I will leave for Atlantic City July 18,

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will give twenty-one lectures there, come back to Washington for a few days and then leave for Portland, Me. My first lecture in Portland will be on August 17, in the evening, at Congress Square Hotel. The first lecture at Atlantic City will be delivered by Mrs. Elizabeth Towne, at 3:30 o'clock p. m., July 20. My lectures will continue until August 10, every day, after Mrs. Towne's.

This is a good season of the year in which to give away books. I intend giving away more than 30,000 copies of books and periodicals at Atlantic City. The command is to preach the gospel, heal the sick. That is the mission of our church and the mission of its members.

Senator Works on the Medical Trust

United States Senator John D. Works, of California, in the Senate, recently delivered a powerful and most interesting and valuable speech in opposition to the Medical Trust and its efforts to secure legislation restricting healing to the practitioners of the allopathic, homeopathic and eclectic systems of medicine and the exclusion of Christian Scientist and other healers. We publish in this edition of the News Letter a few excerpts from Senator Works' remarkable speech, which is destined to become historic in the struggle for freedom from the tyranny of the iniquitous Medical Trust. Senator Works' words carry the force of a strong, true, clear-headed, honest man, who has espoused as a citizen and a senator the cause of the so-called New Thought. The California statesman has risen to eminence and wealth through true ability and worth.

Copies of Senator Works' Speech

Copies of Senator John D. Works' speech in the United States Senate in opposition to the Medical Trust and its methods can be obtained upon application to the senator, addressed to him at Washington. Everyone interested in Christian Science and desiring freedom from the tyranny of the trust should obtain a copy of this speech.

Lovingly yours,

Oliver C. Sabin

Bishop.

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Chain of Golden Thoughts

June

PAULINA B. SABIN

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee: because he trusteth in Thee.—*Isaiah xxvi.*

Your manners will depend very much upon the quality of what you think on; for the soul is tinged with the color and complexion of thought.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

If we are not responsible for the thoughts that pass our doors, we are at least responsible for those that we admit and entertain.

No one is shut out from the tuneful melodies of life except by his own choice. Wherever his lot is cast he is within the province of harmonious law.—*Charles B. Newcomb.*

Live in the world of the good, the true and the beautiful, and think on these things. Whatever is lovely, beautiful, perfect, lofty and sublime, let the mind dwell on these things, and let the mind choose such alone for its ceaseless companions.—*C. D. Larson.*

Heed not distressing thoughts when they rise ever so strongly in thee; nay, though they have entered thee, fear them not, but be still awhile, not believing in the power which thou feelest they have over thee, and it will fall on a sudden. It is good for thy spirit, and greatly to thy advantage, to be much and variously exercised by the Lord. Thou dost not know what the Lord hath already done, and what He is yet doing for thee therein.—*I. Pennington.*

Proper thinking is the most important task to every person. By it we build up a healthy mind and a healthy body. Thought is the creative power, and as you think so will the harvest be. Therefore guard your thought, stand porter at the door and permit no unwelcome guests to enter.—*Bishop Sabin.*

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The Medical Trust

A Self-Constituted Body Organized for the Purpose of Tyrannizing Over the People

It Covers Forty States—The Constitutional Rights of the People Ignored and Trampled Under Foot

Lecture Delivered by Bishop Oliver C. Sabin Before the Evangelical Christian Science Church, Sunday Morning, May 12, 1912

IN view of the fact that there is now pending before the Committee of the District of Columbia a bill innocently termed "For the Regulation of the Practice of Medicine in the District of Columbia," but the object of which is to destroy the liberty of the people, to prohibit them from employing any person who does not belong to this especial Medical Trust, I have thought it well to make a few remarks for the information of the American public pointing to the dangers which now threaten us through the National Legislature.

While I am sorry to say this bill was introduced by a Republican Senator, I do not believe that it will ever pass the liberty-loving Democratic House of Representatives, even if it should pass the Senate, which I doubt very much.

> I appeal to the great Congress of the United Statts, in the name of humanity, in the name of advancing civilization, in the name of Christianity, in the name of God Almighty Love, to frustrate all attempts to fasten upon the great American people any system which will do to them as the Medical Trust can not fail to do. I speak not in anger, I speak not in bitterness or in any fear, but I appeal to the better sense, to the sense of justice of you great American statesmen, backed, as you are, by the great people of this great Republic, to stand for the liberty guaranteed under the Constitution of the United State, the Bill of Rights of Man and all of the protections provided for us by our organic laws; to stand for the rights of the common people, the down-trodden, and protect them against this ravenous, tyrannical trust. Unless its growing tendency shall be annihilated, sooner or later the American people will be bound hand and foot, and the Medical Trust will absolutely dictate in those matters which are nearest and dearest to each one of us.

Including all the branches of the various departments of mental healers, so-called—Christian Scientists, Faith Healers, and those who term themselves Mind Healers—in their various ramifications, it is safe to say that there are at least three million voters who are believers in some one of these branches, and it is for their information as well as that of the public in general that I am giving forth the present lecture.

This is an age of trusts. The trust permeates every department of industrial and business life. We have the Oil Trust, the Sugar Trust, the Grain Trust, the Political Trust, trusts controlling substantially every branch of industrial enterprise throughout the entire country. The advocates of trusts make the claim that they are a benefit to the people in this, that they combine the manufacture and sale of the products into a smaller com-

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pass, thereby decreasing expenses of manufacture and sale, thus benefiting the people by giving them commodities at less price than they can be given under the old system of competition.

The great money trust, having its headquarters in the city of London, with its ramifications throughout every civilized nation, in Paris, Berlin and the United States, substantially controls the price of all commodities, whether directly raised from the earth or manufactured by the ingenuity of man, and to a large extent controlling not only the output, but the prices. So true is this that the wealth of the country is being fast concentrated in the hands of the few to the detriment of the great body of producers, manufacturers and consumers of the world.

THE MEDICAL TRUST.

The Medical Trust is the one of which we now propose especially to talk. This was formed by the organization of all the physicians of the United States into what is known as "The American Medical Association." The first organization of this trust was effected something like thirty years ago. It originated among the physicians known as allopaths. They sought by the passage of laws to prohibit the practice of medicine and the cure of the sick by any other class of persons or physicians than those who have been graduated from allopathic medical colleges. This, after a few years' trial, was found to be impracticable because of the influence of other physicians who were graduated from the homeopathic, eclectic and other than allopathic schools. The contest was one of great bitterness, but the matter was finally compromised by allowing all physicians to enter the trust who were graduates of any school of physicians.

The national organization has subsocieties in every State. They meet, as other business organizations meet, devise ways and means for securing themselves against all just competition. They advance the argument that they are the only ones that have a right to alleviate suffering, and to that end have secured the passage of laws in most of the States giving themselves a monopoly in the art of healing and fixing prices at which their services shall be compensated.

In the District of Columbia the Medical Trust has obtained the passage of laws through Congress which prohibit any person from practicing medicine who is not a member of this Medical Trust. In order to obtain admission to this "right of healing society" the applicant must not only be a graduate of the accepted schools, but he must in other ways be agreeable to the board of censors of this especial local organization.

In furtherance of their self-assumed right they have established a scale of fees than which none may charge less, but they may charge as much more as each individual member desires to charge.

OPPRESSION OF THE POOR.

The laws of the various States differ in degree only. A number of Western States have passed laws making the people completely subservient to the Medical Trust. The State of South Dakota, for example, is filled with poor people, many of them living in sod houses, who are put to great hardships to obtain food and clothing for their families and to build up their little frontier homes. In this State the Medical Trust has established the following prices: A physician is al-

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lowed one dollar per mile for every mile traveled and two dollars for the personal service to the sick for each visit. It matters not how many patients may be in line, a dollar a mile for each patient is charged by the physician, and in order to collect these outrageous, inequitable and monstrous charges all exemptions are by law obliterated as against the physician's bill, and he has the legal right, if necessary in the collection of his bill, to sell the coat from the wearer's back, the bed upon which the sick lie, the last article necessary for the sustenance of life, and the last crumb of food which the poor family may own. If a man or his family is taken sick, and feel that they can not afford to employ a physician or if the ailment is something that some simple remedy will heel, such persons are liable to criminal prosecution, upon the complaint of anyone who will set forth the fact that a physician was not employed. The employment of an irregular physician will not exonerate the citizen unless a member of this Medical Trust be employed at the same time. The trust contends that these privileges have been granted for the protection of humanity.

Every other class of citizens of the State of South Dakota, farmer, business man, laborer, merchant, lawyer, all are compelled to meet the usual competition. But this Medical Trust, self-constituted, in furtherance of its own nefarious schemes, has obtained the passage of these laws practically enslaving the people of that State. And all this in free America!

EXEMPTION LAWS OBLITERATED.

The laws of exemption are considered among the most humane upon the statute books of all States, and guarded with jealous care. But this inhuman trust, organized by these self-constituted guardians of the people, strikes them down. And this, too, in the name of humanity!

In England, for example, there are no such laws. The practice of the healing art is regulated, as it should be, upon a broad, liberal basis as between physician and public. There is no law to intervene, and the people have the right to employ anyone whom they may desire. There is no law prohibiting any person from practicing the healing art. The English law permits no monopoly in medical practice. And this is largely true of every civilized country excepting the United States. If there is any country on the face of the earth where the people should be free, and whose government should protect the liberty of the citizens, that country is our own.

BAR TO SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

Aside from the fact that this Medical Trust stands squarely against the rights of the people, it also bars the way to scientific progress. Apart from the fact that it is unjust and a legal wrong, the financial injustice to the people of the United States is sufficient cause for its removal. This octopus trust annually extorts from the people of the United States, according to the best statistics in our possession, more than thirty million dollars per year.

What is true of the State of South Dakota and the District of Columbia is substantially true, to a greater or less degree, in every State of the Union.

The question is raised how in free America could this enormous trust find existence, find a lodging place among us? This is easily answered when its methods are understood. The principal weapon of the trust has been numerical strength

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rather than scientific knowledge. They have always used their numbers to browbeat and intimidate the lawmakers of the land, overawe the public press, and thus gain their ends in every way excepting by proof of merit, thus forming one of the most powerful and most dangerous trusts. And this, too, in free America!

THE MODUS OPERANDI.

The young fledgling who receives his diploma from one of the selected medical colleges is turned loose upon the world to practice his ignorance upon a defenseless people who have had their rights destroyed by their lawmakers at the instigation of this army of doctors until this trust has the people bound hand and foot. Thus has been constituted a great body, actuated by one purpose, moving for one object, for the accomplishment of one end. It has succeeded stealthily in destroying the liberty of the citizen and placing the great body of our people at its mercy.

Suppose the lawyers of this country should form a trust whereby no one could write a contract for himself, or make a trade of any kind or character, without the employment of a lawyer and the payment of enormous fees. The case would be no worse, no more outrageously unjust than is the practice of the Medical Trust.

THE TWO PENDING SENATE BILLS.

It is no part of my desire to create prejudice against the honest profession of materia medica, for I believe that those who practice it are doing the world a great deal of good, but it is my object to endeavor to prohibit the enormous wrongs which the majority are attempting to force upon the people of the United States. Mediocrity is always in the ascendancy. It has the majority everywhere, and it is the mediocre class of physicians who, by their personal abilities, are not enabled to obtain sufficient practice to satisfy their desires that are determined to prohibit everybody, so far as possible, from practicing in competition with them. The two bills now pending in Congress, both in the Senate, one to regulate the national practice of medicine under the instigation of this great national organization which I have mentioned and the other to do the same in a local way, especially for the District of Columbia, are intended wholly and solely for the prohibition of every person or all persons in the world from practicing healing who do not practice healing in accordance with their rules and regulations.

It is doubtless well known to the people of the United States that the speaker is what is termed an Evangelical Christian Scientist, and that in following the tenets of the religion of the church to which he belongs and in accordance with the commands of Jesus Christ, his life is devoted to the preaching of this Gospel of Truth and to the healing of the sick. The command that Jesus gave to His disciples was to preach the gospel and heal the sick. So much stress did He place upon the healing of the sick that He told them in His last command to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature, and that the result would be, among other things, that those who believed their preaching would demonstrate such belief by having the power to lay their hands on the sick and they should recover. It is true, as a matter of fact, that the healers of disease other than those of the materia medica school are almost always confined to those cases

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which are termed incurable, and it is a fact, and can be proven by hundreds of witnesses in the city of Washington and other places throughout the entire United States and the world, that by the application of this metaphysical Truth the sick are being healed and that the proof is being given that the words of our Savior were true.

It is with no desire in the slightest degree to say to any person that he shall not have a physician that our church takes issue. We say let everyone stand upon his own rights, as a free American citizen, as the law has been in England always, to employ the kind of physician, the kind of treatment and the kind of service that he wishes to employ and to be controlled by no arbitrary law or laws, and especially not to be controlled by a set of men who are governed by avarice, regardless of the rights of others.

TESTIMONY OF THE MATERIA MEDICA DOCTORS.

I desire to call attention in this connection to an extract of a lecture delivered by Dr. Nicholas Senn, late of Chicago, upon this point. By way of introduction of Dr. Senn, I will state that the lecture that I refer to was published in the Atlanta Constitution, May 7, 1896. Dr. Senn was the president of the American Medical Association. Further, I wish to state that Dr. Senn was in charge of the United States medical forces during the war with Spain. Dr. Senn is now dead. I quote from him, as follows:

"This is an age of bold surgery. The surgeon who is careful in the selection of his patient, slow and painstaking in his work, need not look for recognition on the part of his students or colleagues. It is the man who lays the abdomen open by a single stroke of his knife, removes two healthy ovaries, closes the incision and returns the patient to her room in seven minutes who commands the attention of his audience and bears with a self-confident dignity the proud distinction of being a bold and brilliant operator."

In this connection he further says:

"The greatest onslaught of modern surgery has been upon the organs of generation, male and female. It is somewhat strange that the organs created for distinguishing the sex and for the increase of the human species should have been singled out as innocent objects of so-called modern aggressive surgery. The future historian who will record the work of many gynecologists belonging to the present generation will have reason to express their surprise at what disasters the art of surgery has produced when applied in cases far in advance of a scientific foundation. Here and there we hear a feeble voice protesting against the indiscriminate surgery upon the organs of generation of the opposite sex, but the mutilating work continues in spite of such exposition and well-meant advice.

"Every competent and honest gynecologist knows that the art of surgery has been thoroughly abused. It is difficult to assign tangible reasons for such a fearful state of things. It appears to belong to the spirit of the present generation. I stand here in the capacity of the conservative element in these days of wild, unfounded surgery to place myself on record in protesting against the unnecessary mutilation of the sexual organs of either sex, willing to stand or fall by the sentiment of the great mass of general practitioners which, after all, must be regarded as the backbone and final tribunal of our profession.

"The new generation of doctors find

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no longer satisfaction in practicing their profession in some rural district. The young practitioners have their eyes on the large cities, and have heard of enticing fees paid to specialists for insignificant operations. Why buy a horse and saddle-bags when a fortune awaits them in devoting themselves to a specialty, more particularly gynecology? The recent graduate or man who has become disgusted with country practice seeks a much employed gynecologist, follows his work for a month or two and returns to his prospective field of labor a full-fledged specialist. Do you suppose that such an aspirant for gynecological fame ever examines a woman and finds her perfect? Is it not true that nine cases out of ten he finds something to mend?"

VOID OF ALL SCIENTIFIC RULES.

In discussing this proposition from the standpoint of the most learned practitioners and professors of materia medica we are forced to the conclusion that the practice of so-called materia medica and healing the sick with drugs is necessarily a system void of all scientific rules; in other words, it is impossible for a physician to do more than he can, and much of his work is guesswork and it can not be otherwise.

I am going to quote from some of the most learned physicians in the world upon this subject. I trust you will bear with me and carefully follow the testimony of the physicians as they testify upon this subject.

Dr. J. W. Nevel, one of the most distinguished physicians in London, said in a lecture before the College of Physicians and Surgeons, June 27, 1867: "I have been practicing medicine for twenty-seven years. I have devoted to it all of my ability, and must say that I to-day feel that I absolutely know nothing about materia medica. It is uncertain, unsatisfactory, and the most unreliable subject I ever investigated. It is well known that the remedies we use upon one patient with satisfactory results have no effect upon another, when the symptoms are precisely the same."

Dr. Covisart, at Paris, lecturing to his students, said: "I wish to impress upon you that the practice of medicine is nothing but a sucession of experiments, and one person is just as liable to have success as another. There is no such a thing as science in the practice of medicine, and no one knows it better than the regular practitioner. Why throw obstacles in the way of any one with ordinary intelligence in the use of what is called domestic remedies? I have used them, and been as successful in giving relief as I have with drugs. Medicine is a collection of uncertain prescriptions, the result of which taken collectively is far more fatal than useful to mankind. Water, air and cleanliness are the chief articles in my pharmacopia."

Dr. Talmage, F. R. C., of London: "It cannot be denied that the present system of medicine is a burning reproach to its professors. How rarely do our medicines do good. How often do they make our patients really worse. I fearlessly assert that in most cases the sufferer would be safer without a physician than with one. I have seen enough of the malpractice of my professional brothers, i. e., the regulars, so-called, to warrant the strong language I employ."

Prof. A. H. Stevens, of New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "The older physicians grow, and the more attention they give to the subject of materia medica, the more skeptical they become of the virtues of medi-

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cine, and the more they are disposed to trust to the power of nature."

Dr. James Johnson, Editor Surgical Review, says: "I declare as my conscientious convictions, founded on long experience and reflection, that if there was not a single physician, surgeon, midwife, druggist, chemist or drugs on the face of the earth, there would be less sickness than now prevails."

Prof. Barker, New York Medical College: "The drugs which are administered for scarlet fever kill far more patients than the disease does."

Dr. Cogswell, of Boston: "It is my firm belief that the prevailing mode of practice is productive of vastly more evil than good, and if it were absolutely abolished mankind would be infinitely better off."

Dr. Trall: "What do persons who call themselves reasonable do in the midst of one hundred doctors with one hundred different medicines each affirming his own as good and all the rest bad? Do they reject them all? No. They swallow them all and generally die."

Dr. Marshall Hall, F. R. S.: "Thousands are annually slaughtered in the quiet sick room by the attending physician, and it is attributed to Providence."

Prof. Davis: "The vital effects of medicine are very little understood. It is a term used to cover ignorance."

Dr. Abnernathy, of London, England: "There has been a great increase of medical men of late, but, upon my life, diseases have increased in proportion."

Dr. R. M. Davis, Chicago, Ill.: "I have practiced medicine here in this city for thirty years, and I state to you that I have no confidence in it. No man can tell when he gives a drug whether it will bring relief to the sufferer or hasten his death. I regret I have practiced medicine, when, nine times out of ten, our miscalled remedies are absolutely injurious to our patients suffering from diseases of whose real character and real cause we are helplessly ignorant. You cannot see the chemical changes in the acids in the system, and every one knows that that is absolutely necessary to determine the effect of drugs."

Dr. Geo. M. Sternberg, later Surgeon-General of the U. S., in the American Journal of Medical Science for July, 1882, page 71, gave the world the somewhat startling result of experiments in blood poison, with which he had been occupying his time to fit himself for the high position he afterwards filled. He said: "I have demonstrated by repeated experiments that my saliva injected into the subcutaneous tissue of a rabbit invariably produces death, usually within forty-eight hours. I think I am safe in stating that I have repeated experiments at least twenty-five times with my own saliva."

I could give an unlimited number of quotations from men who have world-wide reputations for a high order of intellect, ripe scholarship, and high sincerity of purpose, who have given their best ability to the study of materia medica and pronounce it largely a delusion.

Is it a crime to refuse to be treated by a system that is denounced by its leaders in the most fierce and burning language that eloquent lips can speak? I ask, again, is such a law just? If so, to what is it just? Who is benefited? Surely not the people, unless these men whom we have quoted are frauds. For, if they tell the truth and are not shameful slanderers, not disgraceful hypocrites seeking to foul their own nests, then materia medica as practiced

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is one of the monster demons of the earth.

WARRING MEDICAL SCHOOLS UNITED IN TRUST.

This trust is composed of members of the profession belonging to the three medical schools—allopathy, homeopathy and eclecticism. These three systems are as wide apart in the treatment of disease as the north pole is separated from the south, as truth is separated from fiction, as good is apart from evil; in short, they are opposite to their work from opposite standpoints, and what is good practice in an allopath with the homeopath is death, and what is good practice with either of these is condemned by the eclectic.

This shows that the system of medicine and the healing of disease by the medical profession is as foreign to science as truth is foreign to falsehood.

THE RENAISSANCE OF MEDICAL TYRANNY.

This country is free, our citizens are free, and those rights and liberties which we inherited from the Father should be by us respected and protected. Prior to the great war, along in the twenties, the doctors had the same kind of medical monopoly, though not so far-reaching. The people rose in their integrity, stamped out this medical tyranny, and until after the rebellion the practice of medicine, like the enjoyment of religon, was free to each, all having the right to employ whom they wished, or none at all if they so desired. But through clandestine and corrupt manipulation of the different legislatures they have succeeded in having passed monopolistic laws in every state, territory and district in the Union. The people are aroused to the iniquity and enormity of this great wrong, and it is for you, gentlemen of Congress, to say whether you will stand by the people and protect their rights or whether you will be dominated by the few doctors whose influence you may, perhaps, fear. You must know that behind them there is nobody, and the people are determined that the rights shall be given to each and all of the enjoyment of the liberties which the Constitution has guaranteed to us.

Is it true, as we have been taught, that the object of law is to enforce the right and suppress the wrong? Is it true, that the law, human and divine, is based on just and right? If so, how do such statutes live, and by what authority are they enacted?

APPEAL TO CONGRESS.

In closing this address, I appeal to the great Congress of the United States, in the name of humanity, in the name of advancing civilization, in the name of Christianity, in the name of God Almighty Love, to frustrate all attempts to fasten upon the great American people any system which will do to them as the medical trust cannot fail to do. I speak not in anger, I speak not in bitterness or in fear, but I appeal to the better sense, to sense of justice of you great American statesmen, backed, as you are, by the great people of this great Republic, to stand for the liberty guaranteed under the Constitution of the United States, the Bill of Rights of Man, and all of the protections provided for us by our organic laws; to stand for the rights of the common people, the downtrodden, and protect them against this ravenous, tyrannical trust.

In saying this, I feel no more bitter

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toward this trust than perhaps we would against any other class of men, only in this, that the physician's character is so near and so close to the patient, comes to him at such times and under such circumstances, that he alone stands between him and God. Under these circumstances the sufferer looks for the very best, and the idea that there should be anything but honesty, sincerity, uprightness and the broad humanity that should take in all the actions of the physician is appalling to the thought of every free-thinking, honest, upright citizen.

These laws pending before Congress now are bad, their influence will continue to be bad, and, unless the growing tendency of this great trust shall be annihilated, sooner or later the American people will be bound hand and foot and the medical trust will absolutely dictate in those matters which are nearest and dearest to every one of us. There is nothing so close, nothing so sacred, nothing so fills our hearts with grief and anguish as the sick ones who are before us passing on to the next, the great unknown world, and I ask, can it hurt to pray to Almighty God to heal the sick? I ask, does it hurt materia madica for God Almighty to be invoked in the prayer for the sick? The doctors know, and everybody of intelligence knows to-day, that the sick are being healed—the "incurable" sick are being healed—by God Almighty through man in answer to prayer, and these medical men are attempting to destroy this last sheet anchor of hope and faith left to the human family. But I tell you, my fellow-citizens, the time is now here for this great Truth to stand upon its own merit. God Almighty sustains it, God Almighty sustains it by the proof that it is true, by the fruits of the tree, by the sowing of the seed and in the harvest that is reaped, and nobody can destroy it. No system of men can down it, for it is of God and from God, and is as firm as the everlasting hills.

When I look over the country and see the vast array of men involved in this great trust and the ulterior objects which they are attempting to accomplish, I am led to exclaim, in the language of our Savior, "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!"

RUIN CAUSED BY EVIL THOUGHTS.

I have known terrific fits of jealousy to so tear to pieces the nervous system, so burn out the delicate brain and nerve cells that the victim did not recover for weeks. Now these terrific shocks from the explosive passions not only seriously mar one's self-respect and make him despise himself and ruin one's happiness, but they mar the whole life, often shortening it by many years.

All thoughts that harm us, such as selfishness, jealousy, envy, every hatred thought, every disagreeable, unpleasant thought we have towards another introduces discord into the delicate mental and physical machinery which is outpictured in some physical or mental suffering, just as too great a current of electricity passing over wires burns out the fuse, ruins the small wires or delicate machinery by the shock; just as a hot-temper current burns out the delicate nerve and brain cells. That is why we feel so terribly used up and exhausted after we have had a violent burst of temper, when we have completely lost control of ourselves.—*Nautilus.*

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A Definition of God

HARRIET DOANE PRENTISS

GOD is the Life, Love, Strength, Courage, Energy and Sustaining Power of the Universe; the Urge of Expression and Growth; the Intelligent Mind back of every form of creation; the Breath of Life from which we draw our sustenance; the Light of our Countenance; the Omnipotent Provider and Perpetuator of Eternal Life.

Soul is man's ego (or the individual magnet of every visible form) which attracts to itself out of universal energy just what it requires for its particular expression.

As individuals with complete dominion we are free to develop our own characteristics and to evolve from the heart of our being anything we desire. God will supply the need of every requirement. We make the connection by a realization of what we are and our privileges, and that God is the foundation of our life, upon which we depend for sustenance.

God holds everything in readiness for man's use at all times, and will supply the conditions for the execution and completion of any plan.

To the extent that we draw to ourselves harmonious qualities, and to the degree that we impress our consciousness with health, strength, opulence, etc., do we realize these blessings.

God shows us in reality the complement of every suggestion we make. When He made or created the soul of man He gave him dominion, so it is for man to suggest, and God will furnish the conditions for manifestation.

In giving man liberty God did not reserve the privilege of being responsible for man's desires. It is His pleasure to execute them, but in His fixed and unalterable laws it is decreed that everything must follow the sequence of cause and effect.

A mind that is pure therefore beholds no evil. One that is normally healthy will have no sickness to contend with. The prosperous thinker will draw to himself the manifestation of supply and express opulence in his surroundings.

We set our own standards for everything, and become that which we decree for ourselves. If we recognize lack, we are bound to experience it. If our minds are focused upon strength, courage, love, efficiency and health, we are benefited by the vibration we set in motion and connect with these qualities in God's omnipotent supply.

We must also realize that by focusing our minds upon any criticism in another we are helping to generate and promote the condition, as the current of our thought mixing with the negative quality in another gives strength to what has already been established.

One of the reasons for the beautiful expression in flowers is that they grow with perfect faith in God's bountiful supply. Fear does not warp nor contaminate their activity. With quiet assurance they absorb what they require for their own perfection of beauty and fragrance.

The lily in its exquisite purity proves by its appearance its faith in omnipresent supply.

There are fewer distortions in the flower, vegetable and animal kingdom

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than in man, for the reason that they draw to themselves only the conditions of their well-being, and do not have so much rubbish to eliminate as is contained in the mind of man.

Through his worry, anxiety, jealousy and fear man holds himself constantly in bondage to undesirable conditions, which would not exist under the vibrations of courage, faith and love. Our mental states beget what we experience.

The subconscious mind is the faithful worker that carries our own designs into execution. If we suggest health, strength, harmony, beauty and love in our habitual tendencies of thought, we build these qualities into the fiber of our being, and the work is accomplished according to our design.

Every suggestion we promote in our minds is registered in the subconscious mind, and carried into effect to the extent that it is a serious part of our mental consideration.

If we are stiff in our opinions, anxious over the problems of life, full of unrest, anger, jealousy, criticism and doubt as to God's bounty or our ability to attract the things necessary to our health and well-being, we need not wonder that we are victims to rheumatism, indigestion, gout and all forms of physical infirmities, for every one of these conditions or any quality of inharmony expressed in the body is a direct result of wrong thinking. It all follows the law of cause and effect, and mind is the cause of everything.

Everyone's soul is his own property. He can do with it as he chooses. He may fill it with turmoil and distress and condemn it to everlasting torment if he so wills, or he may bless it with every perfect quality of God's manifestation.

We are given dominion over our own souls and freedom to select from God's bountiful supply anything we like for the perfection of happiness, and it is the fault of no one but ourselves if we do not realize it.

We are entitled to God's bounty to the extent that we will appropriate what He has prepared for the use of man. We may have all we need for the asking, but we must make the connection ourselves by our attitude of mind and with gratitude in our hearts.

God is the Root of Life, the Source of Supply, and stands ever ready to give of His bounty to all who come into harmony with His divine laws. We shall have our liberty and realize perfection when we are ready to pay the price of correct thinking.

THE ROAD TO YOUTH

Since I resolved to look for Joys
In all created things,
To turn back on what annoys,
And hush all murmurings;

To look upon my neighbor as
A man who means me well,
And let the cloud that lowers pass
All heedless of its spell;

To seek the brighter side of all
That comes athwart my way,
And every morning to recall
Some happy bygone day;

To thrust from out my heart and mind
All evil thoughts and mean,
And everywhere I glance to find
Some beauty in the scene,

I find that though my days increase
My years diminish. Truth
To tell, the method brings me Peace,
And holds me close to Youth!

—*John Kendrick Bangs.*

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For That Which Remains

Brave and Christian Course Is To Count What Is Left and Begin Again

NO matter what has been lost from the life, the home or the heart, there is neither wisdom nor right in sacrificing what is left because of what is gone. There are those who consider it heartlessness, almost disloyalty to the dead, to try to bring anything of the old cheer to the home from which some loved member has departed; to give another the unused room or put the music again on the closed piano; but all the law of God, written in nature and revelation, is against the waste of useless regret. Tender memories are a treasure, heartache there must be, but while we still live with the living our duty is to them.

In a world of change and mishaps, where many a loss and disappointment is sure to befall, much of our work must necessarily be not with what we have desired or planned for, but with what remains. Whatever else we can not build, we do build courage and character out of our use of what is left after the storms of misfortune and circumstance have had their way. The story of the cathedral windows on which a great artist worked, and the young assistant who by gathering up the discarded fragments made a mosaic more beautiful still, is familiar to us all from our earlier school days, but the lesson it holds is one we can never outgrow. All around us are those who turn their faces to the ruin and not to the things that remain; they spend their days in mourning over what is gone instead of strengthening what is left. This is the gospel of courage and common sense: Face about and go forward.

Opportunities may have been wasted, but lamenting will not bring them back. Mistakes may have been disastrous, a fortune may have vanished, youth may be gone; but always while life lasts some resources and possibilities remain, and there never comes a time when brave effort is not better than hopeless repining. It is not in the outer and material world alone, but in the inner one as well, that the command holds good. Old ways change with the changing years, old intimacies lose their closeness under the pressure of new relationships and new duties, and many a heart grows sore and resentful because some old friendship is not what it used to be. Here is one of the places where every life needs very carefully and tenderly to strengthen the things that remain. The ties of love and friendship are among our most valuable possessions. In the relation we hold to other hearts lies not only our happiness, but our greater power for usefulness; but friendship must be rich in its giving and considerate in its demands.

> "Love, compelling love to pay,
> Finds him bankrupt every day."

We must take our friends as they are, and love them as we find them—no more perfect than ourselves. Jealousy of new duties and relationships that come to them, fretting over changed conditions that interfere with the old familiar intercourse, spoiling what is left of the old companionship by complainings and resentment because its manifestations have altered—these things slowly poison friendship. Is some love not so complete

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in its understanding or unselfishness as we hoped the years would make it? Is our place in some dear life not quite what we think our due? No earthly possession is flawless; let us cease our analyzing and fault-finding and make the best of what is ours.

In all our intercourse with others, not only in the circle of kindred and friends, but in that larger outside circle of humanity which we are called upon to help, we have always to bear the same thought in mind. Those who have gone down in the fight, those who have disappointed themselves and others by their weakness and sin, can not be saved by diatribes upon their folly and worthlessness, but only by strengthening such remnants of self-respect and right living as remain. And as we do with those about us so are we to do with ourselves. However we have blundered or even sinned, God calls us away from vain tears and hopeless regrets to the patient building up of the things that are still possible for us. Whatever storm sweeps over our world without or within—misfortune, fault or grief—there is but one sane, brave and Christian course to follow: Count what is left and begin again.—*Forward.*

Controversy, no matter how eager and eloquent, leads very few souls toward God. Christian love leads very many. To help others to Christ, argument is about the poorest method that exists. A man can oppose and forget argument. What he can not oppose and will not forget are sympathy, understanding and unselfish kindness.

Ten thousand of the greatest faults in our neighbors are of less consequence to us than one of the smallest in ourselves. —*Whately.*

THE DAYS OF JUNE

Great dreams are in the days of June;
Then Pan puts all his pipes in tune;
And fairies, too, make sweet for play
Their silver trumpets of the day;
While love sweeps by decked in the
clothes
Of morning-glory and of rose.

Great dreams are in the dawns that rise
In sapphire splendor of the skies
From seas where only now the moon
Leaned over to the lips of June
To kiss good-night, and then all dim
Down the dear dells of dream to swim.

Great dreams are in the noons; the lights
Are on the wings that take their flights
From greenwoods of the lovely land
Across the vale, along the strand
And ever by that old, old shore
Of song's sweet dream of nevermore.

Great dreams are in her heart; her hair
Is like a gold mist on the air;
Her shoon are velvet of the sun,
And up and down the hills they run
Like woodbrooks that long after rain
Flash crystal clear and sweet again.

Great dreams are in her arms that hold
The head of Daphnis in their fold,
The while upon that lute the plaint
Of love does rise in echoes faint
Against the rival note of thrush
In the sweet twilight's often hush.

Great dreams are in the days of June,
And in her night and in her noon,
And ever in her hours that fly
Like the broad beams along the sky
Of morning, dancing down with glee
Through the white orchards by the sea.

—*Maryland Musings, in Baltimore Sun.*

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The Kidneys and Their Boss

JOHN N. HURTY, M. D., Secretary of the Indiana State Board of Health, Indianapolis, Ind.

ONE time two kidneys, which had been working like dray horses for years, suddenly slowed up. Kidney number one said: "I just can't absorb these enormous quantities of salt and saltpeter the blood is loaded with nowadays, and I notice you, too, are growing weak." "Yes," said number two, "the man we are working for is a regular glutton on ham and bacon, and since Dr. Wiley forbade borax as a meat preservative the salt and saltpeter have been increased, and that's what makes us so tired. Yesterday the saltpeter was so strong it tore one of my tubules and it bled horribly. The boss was awfully scared, and went to see a doctor. The doc. never said a word about letting up on the ham with its embalming chemicals, but gave a prescription which I heard the old man say cost thirty-five cents. It was acetate of potash and infusion of digitalis, and when it struck me I trembled like a leaf." "I, too, felt the blow of that infernal stuff when it came along," said number one. "I already had a good jag of salt and saltpeter, and was trying my best to pass them on when the acetate and digitalis hit me. I grew dizzy, and just to let a little light into the boss' mind, I sent a pain impulse to his brain." "So did I," said number two. "Didn't help much, though, because he sent down a dose of morphine to quiet the pain. When the blood brought the cussed stuff, I could see the white corpuscles were staggering and were very weak like. One of them said: 'I feel like I had been hit with a club. I couldn't whip a sick typhoid germ if it were to come along, and if it were a husky one, goodby to me.'" "Goodby for the boss, too," said kidney number one.

The two poor overworked kidneys again conscientiously took up their functions; but it was no use, they just could not catch up. The blood now began to kick. "I have carried this load of salt and saltpeter around the course three times now, and a new lot came into the stomach about ten minutes ago, and also a lot of catsup with vinegar and spices. If you don't take this old charge from me, as is your duty, I can't relieve the stomach." "Let the stomach go hang," said the kidneys. "If it hasn't sense enough to puke the infernal stuff out, let it suffer." "What can it do?" said the blood. "The creosote which got into the ham when it was smoked has paralyzed the poor thing." So the kidneys said: "We'll just send a joint wire up to headquarters and see if the old fool boss won't then let up a bit with his gormandizing." So they sent the wire and threw a fit. The boss, sick as a dog, had to go to bed, and again sent for the doctor. "I have an awful pain in my kidneys," said the boss. "My kidney pills will cure it," said the doctor; and he administered the pills. When they dropped into the stomach, the old tired thing said: "Heavens and earth, what's this?" Nevertheless, it bent to the job, and when the hard sugar coating was dissolved and the buchu, juniper oil and more saltpeter dropped out it called down the tube to the kidneys what was coming. The poor things groaned and

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said, "How long, O Lord, how long?" Before the stuff in the first dose of pills reached the kidneys another dose dropped into the stomach. "Here comes some more," yelled the stomach down the tube, and the dizzy, staggering kidneys agreed they had reached the end of their string and Bright's disease was inevitable. They just couldn't help it, and the trouble began. Gradually the boss wasted away in great pain and died. He never did know why his kidneys gave out, and why he had Bright's disease.

Moral: Eat constipating, irritant spices, eat embalmed meat, eat inordinately of salt, eat, eat, eat, for pleasure; but don't be cranky and eat to live in strength and happiness.

THE HAPPY DAYS

Alice I. Boorman

"Some day," we say, "the future joy will bring,"
And take no heed of what is ours to-day,
The flowers that bloom, the birds that 'round us sing,
The pleasures of our way.

And, looking to that distant, golden time,
We do not see that happiness is near;
Our ears, strained for a coming joyful chime,
Life's music do not hear.

O ye who for to-morrow's gladness yearn,
Live in the present, give the Lord his praise,
And humbly, gratefully the lesson learn,
These are the happy days.

The soul refuses all limits. It affirms in man always an optimism, never a pessimism.—*Emerson.*

PURITY

That which preserves our bodies is making us absolutely free from corruption. First of all in mind and heart, then in word and deed. These all purified picture in the body as cleanliness in every cell, purity throughout every organ and its functions, so that when a soul has reached the acme of usefulness, beauty and goodness in the flesh, it can stand there uninterrupted in its manifestation of the glory of God. Its purity springs from purity. God is the source of all purity made manifest in the flesh, and we turn to divinity that dwells within us to prove our purity and our freedom from corruption, and proving our purity in mind, heart and soul, the senses recognize it as preservation; that is, freedom from all mixtures, from adulteration of fermentation, all that corrupts and corrodes.

Purity is God—preservation. It reflects in the flesh as cleanness through and through, not merely external cleanness that comes from bathing, nor yet the internal which comes from much thought and care of the body, but cleanness which is from the cleanliness of the Spirit without effort on our part of the human being.

The medieval monks believed that it was the pure life of a religious saint that prevented the decay of his body after death, and the church has canonized certain of its saints because of finding their bodies after centuries of interment so little changed that diligent inquiry was made into their histories, resulting in bringing to light records of pure and lovely lives, worthy to be called the saint or Holy Ones, of whom it is written, "Thou wilt not let thine Holy One see corruption."—*Annie Ritz Militz in Nautilus.*

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As We Sow We Reap

Lecture Delivered by Bishop Oliver C. Sabin Before the Evangelical Christian Science Church, Washington, D. C., April 28, 1912

"WE Reap as We Sow" is the subject of the lecture this morning.

I have often told you that if a person presents a philosophy for your consideration that does not prove itself, one of two things is evident—either he does not understand his philosophy or else his philosophy is a false coin. All truths run in parallel lines; none ever crosses the other, and every truth is susceptible of perfect demonstration.

When we say "You reap as you sow," we but reiterate the language that is given to us in the Bible by our Savior and others, and it proves itself along the pathway of life. Take a person whose thoughts run along the lines of success, a younger person, man or woman, girl or boy, and let that person's thoughts dwell upon those lines to which they naturally are attracted until the person arrives at what we term the age of action. The thought has developed and the philosophy is proven true by the life of the person who is practicing it. Bring it down to the level of business, for example. If you go into a merchant's store and ask "How is business?" and if he replies "It is very poor, and I do not know how I am going to get along," it will be only a short time until the red flag is nailed to his door and the auctioneer is called in to dispose of the remnants.

What is true of the merchant is true of every other person along the pathway of human endeavor. Take, for example, the person who is always talking ill-health. What is the result? He reaps as he sows. Every word you give out against yourself and against your condition is a prophecy against yourself, and will be fulfilled. You will be filled with sickness, filled with pains and aches, and you will reap just exactly what you sow. I know a baby that is pretty nearly a Scientist. When he gets hurt he never cries. His mother, fortunately, has sense enough to let him know that there is no such thing as being hurt. Sometimes he will rub the place upon his body that gets bruised, and sometimes he will rub what

> We must live on the square all the time and practice a square deal all the time if we are to get a square deal. A man who is dishonest, who cheats, who lies, and who slanders his neighbors, throwing out these bad thoughts, will reap his sowing. He cannot dodge the reaping, and he need not think he can. If any of you are guilty of any such practices, anywhere—those who hear me or those who read this lecture—stop it, affirm that God Almighty does forgive you for your contemptuous actions, and go back to God, in the name of Jesus, affirming that you will do better in the future. You cannot get forgiveness by simply asking forgiveness and yet going on committing your deviltry right along; you have to repent, and then you have to stay repented, and wherever you can make restitution you have to do that. If you do that you will see by the crop you reap that our religion is all that is necessary in this world or in the world to come.

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he falls on, but it makes no difference about that. He gets up and says it is all right and never cries. That is sowing the right crop.

No law is more clearly defined in its perfect philosophy, none more absolute, than is this law "As you sow you will reap." Therefore, what is the sensible position for a sensible person to take? God Almighty made you, He breathed into your nostrils the breath of life, and you became a living soul. He gave you power and dominion and commanded you to subdue the earth—to take control. You have control; now use it and utilize it; it belongs to you. Remember, that in your proper place you are nobody's slave; you are the child of the living God; you are nobody's poor, poverty-stricken son of toil, for you are the heir of Infinite Love, Infinite God, and you are His heir now. You do not have to wait until God dies to administer His estate. God does not die. You do not have to wait until you die before you get possession of what is coming to you. You do not have to wait until the sweet by and by; such a thought is absurd. You will reap as you sow, and you get it now. You can have your heaven to-day or your hell just exactly as you sow. You are responsible for your own condition; you are the architect of your own fortune; and if you make a failure of it, it is your own fault and no one else's.

These are axiomatic principles and facts. If you want to be great, think greatness, affirm greatness, declare greatness. If you want to be healthy, declare health, think health, and deny everything that is its opposite. If you want to be prosperous, declare who you are and that all that is yours; that it comes from God Almighty, and thank him and praise Him that you have it.

Our Savior says when you pray know that you have that for which you ask before you ask. You will reap as you sow. It does not make any difference what the line is, you are responsible, and you alone are responsible for your conduct and for your happiness or for your destruction. In our religion, a woman stands on level ground with her husband. They are both God Almighty's children and have equal rights. The woman that gets in behind her husband and says he is dragging her down is simply dragging her own self down, and the man that makes excuses all the time that the conduct of his wife is dragging him down is simply reaping the crop he sows for himself; his wife has nothing to do with it, and neither has the husband for the wife. You are responsible for nobody's conduct but your own.

Our religion, if we call it a religion, is the only one in the world that I know makes all mankind equal. I do not mean that any of us are any greater than the others; I mean that we are on perfect equality. Take the other branch of the Christian Science Church, if you call it a branch, and you will find that God Almighty is credited with giving to a certain person certain facts that the rest of us did not get. And, next to God Almighty, she is It. Now that is not true. God Almighty loved Mrs. Eddy just as much as he loves you or me. Mrs. Eddy had the same power that you or I have, in accordance with the lessons she had learned. Jesus Christ said, "You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." It is not a mere mouthing; it is not a something that has no meaning in it; but you have to know it. There is no guesswork about it; you have the power to know; you have the means by which you can ascertain whether you know or not.

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Then practice it. If you claim that your religion will heal the sick, demonstrate prosperity, or anything along those lines, prove it. If you cannot do it today, study until you can. It is there. Hundreds and thousands are demonstrating now all the time, every day of the world; but you cannot sit back and take it easy and not study and at the same time learn your lesson.

There is another thing I want to impress upon you. There is an old adage that says that those only succeed who become crazy over an idea. Whether that be entirely true or not, in the main it is so nearly true that it is almost an axiomatic proposition. Look at the great men who have become noted throughout the world. They have become, so to speak, imbued thoroughly and absolutely with the idea that nothing else can come between them and success. Look at Edison and the other great inventors—men of the great revolutionary thoughts that have been put into practice in the last fifty years, even since I could remember. Every one who succeeded, centered.

I have an illustration in the person of a lady who was in my class in college. She was one of the brightest women in the class, and afterwards held the position of president of some of these great national soldier organizations—a woman of character, of wealth, and of very bright intellect. She wrote me she had been studying this Science, and gave a list of perahps twenty writers whose books she had read, and concluded her letter by saying she was now going to send for my books and study them. She never got any good out of the ones she studied. So far as my books are concerned, I have never heard a word from her since, and I take it they went the same way. She scattered; you have to center. Now, Mrs. Eddy has been blamed a great deal for telling her students that they must not read any other book but hers, and I am going to tell you there is a great deal of sense in that injunction. You take her book and read it, and she says you must not put hands on anybody to heal him. You then read my books and see where the demonstrations and healings are made by the laying on of hands. There is a criss-cross. You read others, and they will take you by another route. Now pick out the one that you think gives the greatest results, stick to him, and center on his works until you learn how to heal the sick. After you learn the principles underlying this philosophy, then you can read the world. You will have brains enough, you will have sense enough, you will have experience enough to pick out the nuggets of wisdom and apply them and appropriate them; but if you do that when you are a young student, you will be a failure and will go down to destruction, I do not care how talented you are. I have never seen an exception to this rule, and I have had a lot of experience in the teaching of students.

Center on the system you wish to adopt, continue your study until you learn to be a good healer, and then you can read outside books. That is my advice. It was the advice I could not take myself, for I did not have anyone to lead me; but if I had had the opportunity that I am giving my students I would have gotten through with a great deal less hard work.

Now, we go into the closing thought of this lecture—the thought of what our duty is. While it is true we cannot save another, each must be his own savior, for each will reap as he sows, and the sowing will be his destruction or to his

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everlasting good, we can do this; we can do what Jesus Christ told us to do. Take this Gospel I have been teaching you, this doctrine of love, and preach it throughout the whole world; let it go everywhere. You are commissioned and commanded to take it. Throw out the life line to your brother, and certain signs shall follow those who believe your preaching, among which is that they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover. In other words, you become a master when you understand thoroughly the doctrine that Jesus taught.

Go to the churches, for instance, as I used to do when I was a little fellow. I used to see the Methodists, and thought they were awful, because they had a "mourners' bench." The Baptists were awful, because they wanted something else besides baptism, and the Catholics—well, there was only one thing that was as bad as they, and that was the picture in the great book where it had the devil with seven heads and ten horns, and a big pitchfork. But if you wanted to be the whole thing, and be safely tobogganed into heaven, you must join "Our Church." It was the simplest thing in the world; all you had to do was to be baptized. Strange to say, in this enlightened twentieth century, I am advocating a system that is the whole thing—that is absolutely right. If I come here saying I have the only, all religion, I am going to prove it right here. We take God Almighty, and God Almighty alone as our leader. We take the teachings of Jesus Christ as He gave them to the world and demonstrate their truth. We know they are true; therefore, we follow His teachings. We do precisely as we are told, and we demonstrate the truth, and the philosophy is demonstrated. The sick are healed, and all the various departments of human distress are harmonized in every way by the demonstration of this great truth. God leads us and takes us by the hand and makes our life a continuous condition of happiness, prosperity and contentment. In other words, we live in Heaven, and we live in it now.

Another thing: our religion has eliminated the long-faced part of Christianity, so to speak. These long-faced fellows who groan are sincere, just as sincere as the woman who throws her baby into the mouth of the crocodile. They have sowed the seed of misery in their consciousness. Such a religion as that had one characteristic—with the going down of the sun on Sunday evening there was much relief, because they would cut the financial throats of their brothers and sisters for the next six days and consider it sharp trading. That is the kind of a religion they had. We dare not do that. We must live on the square every day of the year and every day in the week, and to me one day is exactly the same as the others. We must live on the square all the time, and practice a square deal all the time, if we are to get a square deal. A man who is dishonest, who cheats, who lies and slanders his neighbors, throwing out these bad thoughts, will reap his sowing. He cannot dodge the reaping, and he need not think he can.

If any of you are guilty of any such practices, anywhere—those who hear me or those who read this lecture—stop it; affirm that God Almighty does forgive you for your contemptuous actions, and go back to God in the name of Jesus Christ, affirming that you will do better in the future. You cannot get forgiveness of sin by simply asking forgiveness and yet going on committing your devil-

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try right along; you have to repent, and then you have to stay repented, and wherever you can make restitution you have to do that too. If you do that you will see by the crop you reap that our religion is all that is necessary in this world or in the world to come.

Now, mind you, I am not condemning other churches. They have done the world great good; they have filled the world with civilization, and have built up this thought of the oneness and unity of God Almighty; they have taught the teachings of Jesus Christ His son; they have lifted from the gutters and quagmires of human distress hundreds and millions of helpless people; and wherever a flag could be carried, either in the civilized or uncivilized nations, you have found these holy priests and ministers and missionaries and sisterhoods going forward doing that which they thought their duty to do under God Almighty's command, and anybody who does not take off his hat and respect them, and hold up their hands in their efforts to do good, is laboring under a great mistake.

There is no church I love better than the Catholic Church. None give more practical evidence of their work, and yet I was reared in a church that looked upon the Catholic Church as next to the very devil himself. I tell you in this broad catholicism of our thought, in this new work, we are broad enough to take the good from all and from everywhere, and see the brother in every brother that there is in the world, and the sister in every sister. That love, God Almighty love, permeates the whole family, and creeds and churches, and church lines have nothing to do with the beautiful and eternal happiness that belongs to those who sow the seed of rightness, uprightness and of perfection.

Therefore, be careful of your sowing, because as you sow you will reap.

Make This A Day

Make this a day. There is no gain
  In brooding over days to come;
The message of to-day is plain,
  The future's lips are ever dumb—
The work of yesterday is gone—
  For good or ill, let come what may;
But now we face another dawn.
  Make this a day.

Though yesterday we failed to see
  The urging hand and earnest face
That men call opportunity;
  We failed to know the time or place
For some great deed; what need to fret?
  The dawn comes up a silver gray
And golden moments must be met.
  Make this a day.

This day is yours; your work is yours;
  The odds are not who pays your hire.
The thing accomplished—that endures,
  If it be what the days require.
He who takes up his daily round,
  As one new armored for the fray,
To-morrow steps on solid ground.
  Make this a day.

The day is THIS, the time is NOW;
  No better hour was ever here—
Who waits upon the when and how
  Remains forever in the rear.
Though yesterday were wasted stuff,
  Your feet will still seek out the way,
To-morrow holds not time enough—
  Make this a day.

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PESSIMIST AND OPTIMIST

It is easy to gauge the quality of a man's outlook upon life the first time we meet him. We can tell whether there are traces of pessimism in it, whether he is soured by his unfortunate experiences, disheartened by his discouragement, and whether he looks upon everybody with suspicion, or sees and believes in the best in everybody. If he tells us he believes every man has his price, we know there is something wrong with his outlook; but, if he is bright, cheerful, and hopeful, if he believes the race is pointing upward toward the millennium, if he congratulates himself because he was born in the nick of time and in the very best part of the world—if he believes in his fellowmen, we know that he has a healthful outlook, and that he faces the right way. If he faces toward the light and follows the sun, he will never be in darkness. The shadows will always fall behind him.

Our conviction, our opinion of ourselves, our doubts, our fears, regarding our ability, our lack of faith in ourselves, our skepticism regarding our ability to do what we undertake, our morbid habit of self-depreciation, which is a crime—all of these mental states change the cell life of the body, until they generate a negative mental attitude tending to kill initiative and to weaken our productiveness.

A man must think positive creative thoughts, self-confidence thoughts; he must express constant faith in himself, must thoroughly believe in himself, in order to become a producer, a creator of ideas and of things.

What you think of yourself is a mental attitude which is modifying your entire cell life. Hence, what you are and what you are able to do correspond with your thought about yourself, with your faith or your doubt. Vigorous faith in yourself will modify the cells to correspond, and you will be confident, strong, creative, productive, but if your dominant thought is doubt of your ability, if your mental attitude is one of self-effacement, your cell life will be modified to fit that thought or conviction.

NO MATTER

Science is knocking the materialists end for end, as the boys say. It is absolutely proven that there is no such thing as solid, substantive matter. It is only motion. This stone, this table, this hammer, is only motion. Some new-fangled idiotic idea, eh? Well, it is known that matter is composed of atoms. For a long time the atom was thought to be the final analysis of matter.

But such is not the case. A few years ago radium was discovered, and that has broken the atom into small bits, 2,000 times smaller than the hydrogen atom, the smallest of all. These particles of the atom are called electrons, and now it has been found that these electrons are mere points of electrical energy. These electrons, says a magazine article, "are entirely free from anything that can be properly called matter."

Trillions and trillions of these electrons make up this piece of iron, and they are always in motion, flitting about at the rate of 50,000 miles a second. Now you know there is a lie out—how can a man calculate this speed of an invisible motion inside of an invisible atom? Oh, dear reader, you have no idea how big and deep this world is, or how powerful human genius is, or how small a space you occupy in the world.

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The Man Without a Hoe

EDWIN MARKHAM gave us a poem that will live when he wrote "The Man With the Hoe." The stooping peasant in Millet's picture is made to preach a sermon to which captains of industry the world over may well listen.

Bowed by the weight of centuries, he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face
And on his back the burden of the world.

Seldom has the hard lot of the toiler found a more impressive voice.

I am thinking now, however, not so much of the toiler as of him who never toils. The man driven by his work realizes sufficiently the hardships of life, but he who never works at all is in a worse case. Give of your pity and help to those whose labor is hard and steady, but save some of it for the loafers. The man least to be envied is the man without a hoe of any kind. There is more discontent among loafers than among laborers.

The "happiest man" was found in a shoe factory. "When I have a fine lot of stock to work up and my knives are sharp I am perfectly happy," he said. His hours were long, his pay was moderate; he was called to his task every morning by an inexorable steam whistle. Yet most of the elements of happiness were surely present in his case—fair health, a steady job, a family he loved and for whom he must provide. What millionaire could find more real zest to life!

Physical labor when performed under right conditions is not an intolerable hardship, but generally a guarantee of health, both of mind and body. It purchases an appetite for food and for sleep that the habitually idle never know. It allows one the grateful sense of being a useful and productive member of society rather than a drone in the hive, and that is always a satisfying feeling to right-minded folk.

Moreover, labor throws into high relief the hours of rest and recreation. I like to watch the great mill gates swing open at nightfall, releasing throngs of workers, and reflect what a world of gladness is crowding into the city streets. Nothing but toil has made possible this sharp delight in rest and freedom. The loafer, whether rich or poor; the idle man about town, knows little of such delight in living as the worker may feel.

The man without a hoe may well be zealous to get one at his earliest convenience. Let him find some bit of work suitable to his powers, and set to work doing it with all his might. It does not matter so much what particular job one tackles as that it be tackled heartily. Whether one's garden patch be large or small it must be freed from stones and stumps and weeds. Something useful must be made to grow there.

We talk about the "dangerous classes" in America. Those are the real dangerous classes who have never caught the notion of life as involving responsibility. They pass their years as mere "lookers on in Vienna." They toil not, neither do they spin. They forget the old Scripture truth that the universe keeps, as it were, a debit and credit account with each dweller in it. Some day in the case of each one of us the books will be opened.

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the columns footed up, and the great Investor will estimate the returns we have made or have failed to make.

With boundless sympathy for the hard lot of millions in this work-a-day world, I yet feel less pity for the man with the hoe than for the unhappy mortal who hasn't any. He it is who is in danger of finding life a disappointing business. He it is who is coming nearest to failure.—*The Churchman.*

LIVING THE TRUTH IF YOU SEEM AFRAID

Mrs. Alice C. Eaton

Whenever any problem confronts us, the only sure way, and most certainly the easiest and quickest, to dispose of it is to face it squarely. Its seeming largeness at once grows less, and as it grows less we gain in confidence. "Cast not away therefore thy confidence, which hath recompense of great reward."

But how can we face every problem, for some seem very, very great? There is but one way, and it is a blessing that it is so. Take the attention off the seeming difficulty, and *center* it on God. I use this word *seeming* advisedly, for in all God's Universe there is but His loving Presence.

We as Divine Scientists have as our basis the full Presence of God everywhere, and to this basis must we turn. Since God is everywhere present at all times, there is no place for anything adverse to Him, for no two things can occupy the same space at the same time.

God *is* everywhere; then it must follow that *whatever God is* is everywhere. God is Love, His very Nature is Love—broad, impersonal, comprehensive, all-inclusive Love. I am in and of this Love, as is all else, and since Love is active in, through and all about me, there is nothing to fear, for perfect love casteth out fear. Love is the fulfilling of the law. Love is law, and law is love. Law is not a word to be thrown aside as cold and unloving. It is a beautiful word, full of comfort and assurance. It is the Power of God's Presence—God's Purity—active all about us.

As you take this strong, positive attitude of thought, neither hesitating nor wavering, neither questioning nor arguing, you will find yourself deciding to do the thing needful fearlessly and well. You will have the strength and courage to press forward. Paul says, "I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

"For God hath not given us a spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind."—*Power.*

ROSES

No sweeter roses ever grew
Than are the rosy cheeks of you.
No velveter the rose's cheek
Than thine, where bees of love do seek
The honey of the youth you store
Upon each dimple's rosy shore.

No fairer blossom climbs the vine
Than are thy eyes that look in mine
When love sings down the silver night
And all the world is fair and bright;
When arms are strong and thews are steel
And lovers to their roses kneel.

No lovelier flower adorns the vale
Of roses than this bride-rose pale
Love leads in Junetime through the earth
Upon the velvet blooms of mirth.
And with her at his side proclaims
His rose of rose the rose of dames.
—*The Bentztown Bard in Baltimore Sun.*

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AMERICA GETTING WELL

Man has been called the sick animal. An ordinary Bengal tiger or a self-respecting armadillo does not over-eat, or smoke or drink to excess, or stay up all night at a directors' meeting and awake next morning with a bad taste in its mouth. Civilized man is especially likely to be sick, for the things that improve life make men ill through their abuse. If it were not for houses there would be less consumption; but for the invention of glass, which lets in light and keeps out air, there would be less illness. Clothing, chairs, books and cooked food are all elements of civilization and sickness.

America has a tremendous sick-list. According to Professor Irving Fisher's recent report on national vitality, there are in the United States at all times three million people actually sick. If you try to picture three million sick-beds side by side stretching from New York City to Nevada, you may get an idea of the extent of this illness. Our American sickness costs us $1,500,000,000 a year, equal to about twice the revenue of the National Government. This estimate does not include the loss of efficiency of people who are not ill, but just tired, fagged, "below par."

The next great reform in America is to "get well." As a sick nation we have done fairly; we could double and treble and quadruple our work if we wiped out sickness. It can be done; in fact, it is being done. We have obliterated yellow fever and scurvy and almost ended smallpox. In another generation any city which has a typhoid epidemic will be held up to the scorn of the nation. To-day there are five hundred thousand people continually sick from tuberculosis, an easily-preventable disease; in another generation we shall have tuberculosis well under control. Hundreds of thousands of people in the South are suffering continually from the hookworm disease, popularly called the "lazy germ." This can easily be completely eradicated, and Mr. Rockefeller has just contributed a million dollars to start the work. According to Dr. Howard, there are three million cases of malaria every year. A vigorous war on mosquitoes will make this an unknown disease.

We are entering upon a new era in America. The people no longer believe religiously in bad-tasting and worse-acting drugs, but are learning that pure air, pure water, pure food and war on flies, mosquitoes and rats are half the battle, and freedom from worry and anger the other half.

We are wisely spending a great deal of thought on the conservation of our natural resources; we are just as wisely devoting our spare effort and thought to conserving our vital resources. By lengthening and strengthening our lives, we can create a newer and higher civilization in this tired old world.—*Orison Sweet Marden.*

Some people are thrown off their balance the moment anything goes wrong with them. They do not seem to have the ability to overcome impediments and to do their work in spite of annoyances. Anybody can work when everything goes smoothly, when there is nothing to trouble him; but a man must be made of the right kind of stuff who can rise above the things which annoy, harass and handicap the weak, and do his work in spite of them. Indeed, this is the test of greatness.

In all God's creation there is no place appointed for the idle man.—*Gladstone.*

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HARRIET DOANE PRENTISS

Consolation

When God made man, He created a life
That could rise above sickness, sorrow and strife.
No spirit is doomed to a watery grave,
The Power that sustains us will comfort and save.

Man shall not perish by sea or by land,
He is built of a substance all things to withstand.
Think not of the dear ones as lost or dismayed,
They are safe and at Home, 'tis our minds that have strayed.

If I can project my thoughts out to sea,
The minds that are there can come back to me.
"Flesh" profiteth nothing, 'tis the "garment" we choose
For expression of spirit, loaned us to use.

Life comes from the source of Infinite love,
No one can be severed from God's power above.
The Creator of worlds broods forever o'er all,
Not even a sparrow is lost to His call.

No! Men cannot die in a watery grave,
Their souls will rise above every wave;
The clothing, the form, may not ever remain,
But each one, like Christ, will have risen again.

Blessed are those who, as heroes brave,
Rely on God's Infinite Power to save.
The souls of our loved ones in glory live on,
God shelters the life of every one.

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Mrs. Harriet Doane Prentiss

Interesting Biography of the News Letter's Well-Known Contributor

MRS. HARRIET Doane Prentiss, with whose essays and featured poems the readers of the News Letter are familiar, is a native of Cleveland, Ohio, and lived there until about ten years ago, when, with her family, she removed to Philadelphia. She is a member of an old and prominent Cleveland family, being the great-granddaughter of Nathaniel Doane, who was one of the original surveying party that came west with Moses Cleaveland. So confident was he of the future of the new settlement that he took his wife and children there in 1798, and the following year moved four miles eastward, where Doane's Corners commemorate the location of his old farm. He served as postmaster, justice of the peace, and in other municipal and county capacities, and deserves to rank as one of the four founders of the city of Cleveland.

Mrs. Prentiss' uncle, W. H. Doane, built the old Tabernacle in Cleveland, which stood upon the site of the present building of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and served a similar purpose for lectures and musicales.

Mrs. Prentiss became interested in the New Thought movement only a few years ago. It has done so much for her, she says, that she has become an enthusiastic disciple. Last summer she was one of the lecturers at the course given at Atlantic City.

"With New Thought there is scarcely a limit to what one may accomplish," says Mrs. Prentiss. Happiness is always within your grasp. The world is full of beautiful thoughts—you have only to think them. Your health is constantly improved by an entire freedom from worry. If one wishes to write music, why not? The harmonies and melodies exist. You can find them if you try hard enough."

Aided by New Thought, Mrs. Prentiss has become a successful poet and composer, thus illustrating in her own experience all that she claims for her belief. Her poems, which diffuse an atmosphere of peace and good cheer, are in great demand for holiday cards. Attractively engraved, they have found a ready sale. She has composed a number of successful songs.

"If I have not given as freely as I have received, I am in debt."

"Downcast? Weary? Just smile. Wear the corners of your mouth up and see how much smoother is the day's journey. Walk along the street as if you had just heard good news."

Have love, not love alone for one,
But man as man thy brother call;
And scatter like the circling sun
Thy radiating love on all.

—*Schiller.*

There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so.—*Shakespeare.*

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The Wishing Cap

HANS plodded along the dusty road. The sun was hot, the way long, and he was very tired dragging behind him the cart of vegetables to town. But he pulled his cap over his wet brow and trudged on till he could see the white church spires through the green trees. Then he thought he would rest a bit before finishing the journey. So down in the cool shade of an old oak he dropped, and as there was no one about to hear he began to grumble about the weather.

Now, Hans was always grumbling. It was too hot, or too cold, or too damp, or too dry. The weather never suited him. So here in the cool woods he complained all he wanted to, as he thought it would disturb no one. But he was mistaken, for out from under a bush hopped a cute little Brownie in a cloak like a tiny monk.

"Look here, what's troubling you, fellow," exclaimed the Brownie, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes. "You woke me out of my nap."

"Is that so," replied Hans, who was glad to have some one to talk to. "I'm sorry; but, you see, it's the weather. Sometimes it is too hot for the vegetables and not a drop of rain, then again they are flooded away."

"But," replied the Brownie, "don't you think that in the end the weather, as a rule, turns out all right?"

"Indeed I don't," said Hans; "I would just like to try for a while at fixing the weather and show you what a fine country and happy people this would be."

"Ah! would you," laughed the Brownie. "I'm sure you would make a mess of it; but I will let you try." And in a moment he disappeared, then returned with a green box in his hands.

"This is a wishing cap," he said, taking a queer red cap out of the box and placing it on Hans' curly head. "By simply turning it around you can make any kind of weather you please. You can try it for a month, and if you and your neighbors are satisfied, then you keep the cap. But if you are convinced you have failed, then you must repay me by cutting fagots in this woods every day for me for a week."

Hans in delight agreed to the bargain. He hastened to town, then home, wishing to see the effect of the first wish on the garden. So he turned the cap on his

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head and told it to rain. And rain it did in bucketsful. For hours it poured; then Hans turned the cap again and made the sun come out warm and bright, till the trees sparkled in the drops and the garden looked fine.

The next morning he started the rain again, as he thought his garden needed it, and he let it rain all night, forgetting to stop it when he went to bed. So morning found the land under a great flood. He shut off the rain in great fear, and brought out the sun, but already great damage had been done.

His neighbors found out about the cap, and came in great crowds to ask for weather. Some wanted to go picnicing, and asked for sunshine, and others begged for rain for their crops. The man with the hay wanted a hot sun to make his feed, while the man with the corn begged Hans to send a drenching rain. No matter what kind of weather he made he was sure to displease some one. The crops began to wilt under the frequent and sudden changes, and the people crowded to his house so much that he could not work; then in the course of three weeks so many were angry at him that he had no friends left.

So poor Hans found out that the little Brownie was right, and that it was better to let the weather be run as it always had been than trying to please every one and displeasing all in the end. So when the month was up he went back to the Brownie's tree and gladly gave the cap back to the little man

"I think I will be satisfied with the weather just as it comes," he said, cheerfully. And he never grumbled again about the rain or sun. And the Brownie got all his winter wood free, as Hans cut him a big pile, in order to keep the bargain.

OUR JIM

Alice Annette Larkin

Know him when you see him,
Sleek and fat and trim?
Ever meet him on the road,
Lots of children for a load?
That's Jim.

All the boys make friends with him,
Fred and Jack and Tim;
When we want to have some fun,
He can trot or walk or run,
Our Jim.

See him 'neath the maple limb,
Standing there so straight and prim;
Honored guest at many a feast,
Keeping watch o'er doll and beast,
That's Jim.

He is full of life and vim,
But we're not afraid of him.
No, we wouldn't think of selling.
What he's worth there is no telling,
Our Jim.

GOLDEN KEYS

A bunch of golden keys is mine,
To make each day with gladness shine.
"Good morning!" that's the golden key
That unlocks every day for me.
When evening comes "Good night!" I say,
And close the door of each glad day.
When at the table, "If you please,"
I take off from my bunch of keys.
When friends give anything to me,
I'll use the little "Thank you" key.
"Excuse me," "Beg your pardon," too,
When by mistake some harm I do.
Or if unkindly harm I've given,
With "Forgive me" I shall be forgiven.
On a golden ring these days I'll bind;
This is the motto, "Be ye kind."

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Mrs. Rabbit's Strategy

MR. and Mrs. Rabbit and their three children, Bunny, Stubby and Pinkey, lived in a little house on the edge of the woods. Mrs. Rabbit kept the house clean and neat, and knitted all the socks and mittens for her family in the long winter evenings, but in the summer she was busy with her garden, and Mr. Rabbit was also busy with his garden, for he prided himself on having the very finest vegetables that were grown anywhere around.

Now, not far from the Rabbit family, in the hollow of a tree, lived Mr. Crow and three children. Mr. Crow was a widower, having lost his wife early in the season, and Mr. Crow had a hard time to provide for the whole family.

Mrs. Rabbit was a kind-hearted soul, and she often sent nice things to the Crow family from her table.

One day after eating some of Mrs. Rabbit's delicious vegetables Mr. Crow thought "That Rabbit family have a very nice garden, and it is quite handy to this tree. I will not go so far to-night in search of food, but will take a look at Mr. Rabbit's garden."

Of course, that was a very wrong thought for Mr. Crow to have, but you know Crows are not conscientious creatures, and do not hesitate to take anything they want if there is no one looking.

The little Crows began to fat up, and Mrs. Rabbit remarked soon after that she was glad to see that the Crow children looked more like birds than scarecrows, "for," said she, "that is what they have looked like ever since their mother was taken away."

"We will soon have some nice corn," said Mr. Rabbit one morning. "I think, my dear, you had better plan to have our neighbor Rabbits in for dinner the last of the week, and we will show them what good corn is like."

So, Mrs. Rabbit put on her bonnet and went to her neighbor's, Mrs. Grey Rabbit, and invited her and her family to dine with her on Saturday night.

On Saturday morning, when Mr. Rabbit went to his garden to look at the corn, he threw up his hands and gave a loud scream, and when Mrs. Rabbit ran to him, wondering what could have happened, there he stood holding his hands to his head. "What has happened?" she asked; "is it a woodchuck or a serpent?"

"Neither, my dear," answered Mr. Rabbit after a while; "but look, the corn is all gone. What shall we do? We have invited the Grey Rabbits to dinner, and we shall have no corn to give them. There was plenty of it last night; where can it be?"

"Well, don't worry about the Grey Rabbits. I can make a nut soup that will make them forget all about the corn. I have some in jars that I did up last fall, and there is plenty of vegetables, too. What we have to bother about is where the corn went and who has it, for it could not get away unless some one carried it."

Then Mrs. Rabbit went into the house, and put some biscuits that were left over from breakfast and a nice pat of butter into a basket, and, putting on her bonnet, she started for the home of the Crow family.

Mr. Crow was not at home, but the

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little Crows were, and they came running to the door when they heard the knock.

"I have brought you some nice biscuits and a pat of fresh butter," she told them. "I expected that our corn would be ready to pick this morning, but you shall have some just as soon as it is ripe."

"Oh, we had corn for breakfast this morning," said one of the little Crows. "Father was up early and cooked it for us."

This was what Mrs. Rabbit had suspected, and she hurried home to tell her husband.

"That terrible Mr. Crow took your corn," she said. "Now, I have a plan to show him up to the neighbors."

"What is it?" asked her husband.

"Wait and see," she said.

That night, when the Grey Rabbit family came, Mrs. White Rabbit had a nice dinner, and then she told them about the corn, and she did not tell them what she suspected.

After the dishes were put away and Mr. Grey Rabbit and Mr. White Rabbit were sitting out by the door smoking their pipes, Mrs. White Rabbit said: "Let us go over and call on the Crow family. They must be lonely these summer evenings without Mrs. Crow." Mr. White Rabbit took his pipe from his mouth and looked at his wife, but he had lived with her long enough to know better than to ask questions, so they all followed Mrs. White Rabbit.

Mr. Crow was at home, and he was surprised when he saw his visitors and a little anxious also, but Mrs. Rabbit soon put him at his ease by saying: "We thought we would drop in a few minutes. We really should be more neighborly."

Mr. Crow said he was very glad to see them, and then Mrs. White Rabbit said: "I told Mrs. Grey Rabbit you would be very glad to see us, and that you very likely would treat us to something very nice, as you always had the first of the season's vegetables."

Mr. Crow looked at her very hard, but she pretended not to notice him. "We are so late with our corn," she said, "but I expect you have been having it for some time now; you always beat everyone."

Mr. Crow was so flattered that he hastened to say that he had corn for breakfast, and had some left which he would be glad to have them taste.

When the corn was brought out of the closet Mrs. White Rabbit asked: "Where did you get this? I should like to get some also.'"

Mr. Crow said he raised it in his own garden. "Where is your garden?" asked Mrs. Rabbit.

Mr. Crow stammered something about it being some distance from there?"

"When did you pick this corn?" asked Mrs. White Rabbit.

"Last night," replied Mr. Crow, growing uneasy.

"We had some corn all ready to pick," said Mr. White Rabbit, "and this morning when we went for it it was gone. It was just like this, and you were very fortunate not to have had yours taken also."

Everyone was looking very hard at Mr. Crow, and he stood first on one foot and then on the other, wishing that Mrs. White Rabbit and her friends would go, for he was sure that she knew where he got the corn.

On their way home, Mrs. White Rabbit said: "I think I gave him a scare, and he will not bother us again. He knows that I will be watching for him."

Mr. White Rabbit did not reply, but he thought that he had a very clever wife.

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and that perhaps her way was the best, for he would have watched for Mr. Crow with a gun, and then the little Crows would have been orphans, and he knew Mrs. White Rabbit well enough to be sure she would have cared for them, and that would have meant more mouths to feed.

He patted Mrs. Rabbit lovingly on the shoulder, as they went into the house, and she knew how he thought her a help-meet, as well as a help-eat, and she was satisfied.

"FOOLS RUSH IN

One fool sailed westward till he found a world;
One found new worlds within the mind of man:
The cynics called Columbus charlatan
And burned Giordano Bruno! Who unfurled
The heavens like a scroll, that men might know,
But foolish Galileo? Who began
Our new free art and thought and social plan
But that poor outcast, crazy fool, Rousseau?

There is one toast the future ages drink
Standing! To those who dare, rush in, and die!
Those who defy all rights and break all rules,
Who fight impossible battles, and who think
True thoughts—at whom with one accord we cry,
"The fools, the fools, the fools!"
God bless the fools!

—*Harper's Magazine.*

SEND THEM TO BED WITH A KISS

Oh, mothers, so weary, discouraged,
Worn out with the cares of the day,
You often grow cross and impatient,
Complain of the noise and the play;
For the day brings so many vexations,
So many things going amiss;
But, mothers, whatever may vex you,
Send the children to bed with a kiss.

The dear little feet wander often,
Perhaps, from the pattern of right,
The dear little hands find new mischief
To try you from morning till night;
But think of the desolate mothers
Who'd give all the world for your bliss,
And, as thanks for your infinite blessings,
Send the children to bed with a kiss.

For some day their noise will not vex you,
The silence will hurt you far more;
You will long for the sweet children's voices,
For a sweet, childish face at the door;
And to press a child's face to your bosom,
You'd give all the world for just this;
For the comfort 'twill bring you in sorrow,
Send the children to bed with a kiss.

NOW I LAY ME

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I know that God his child will keep;
I know that God my life is nigh;
In Him I live, I cannot die;
He is my health, I can't be sick;
He is my strength, unfailing, quick;
He is my all, I need not fear;
For God, and Love, and Truth are here.

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Blind Leaders of the Blind

Lecture Delivered by Bishop Oliver C. Sabin Before the Evangelical Christian Science Church, Washington, D. C.

THERE are two general modes or devices through which we obtain knowledge. One is through what we might term the exercise of the five senses. We see, we hear, we taste, we smell, we feel. Through these senses we learn. The other way to learn is through what we term tradition, handed down unwritten, or information that has come to us through the written history of the ages. The latter mode is supposed to be more perfect, for it is less subject to mistakes. Once in my experience I thought I saw a certain woman. I was sure of it. I told my wife to come on, and that the woman was coming; I was sure of it. We were going down the river. I looked out again and the woman was not there, and she had not been there. In various ways we are deceived through what we term this objective mode of obtaining information. But when we come down to history, where facts are well verified, we know, for instance, that George Washington lived, that Julius Cæsar lived, that Napoleon Bonaparte lived. We know those men lived, with as much, or more, certainty than if we had been in contact with them. There is no possibility of mistake. Therefore, in discussing, this morning, "The Blind Leaders of the Blind," I propose to avail myself of both methods of obtaining information, and to present it to you in as simple a form as possible.

> In all of your treatments you come back to this axiomatic principle of what God is. If you have weakness, supposedly there is no power but the one Power. That power comes from God, the Infinite. You cannot wink your eye or crook your finger but that the power to do so comes direct from God Almighty. No system of philosophy has ever been known that can tell you why my hand can be placed on my head. We know that the power comes direct from God Almighty Infinite Power. Therefore, when you begin to abuse yourself, saying you are tired, remember you are calling the Infinite Power of God Almighty defective. There is no such thing as fatigue except in what we term this carnal mind, which is false and unreal. It is a lie, and when confronted with the truth the lie is destroyed, annihilated. Denounce all of these so-called lies, and they are annihilated and you become free.

The object, or one of the great benefits, I might say, of history, is that the world may know the past and improve upon it, avoid the mistakes of the past, and become more perfect in the future.

Take the subject of religion, for instance, and applying it to this thought of the blind leaders of the blind, ask what ancient history gives us. We find that the world has been a heterogeneous mass of ignorance and superstition, all wrong, leading mankind in the paths of error to destruction; and if I were asked to-day what, in my judgment, is the greatest error that has held, and is holding, the world back more than any other, I would say that it is the belief in a personal God. Mind you, I believe in the personality of God; I believe that God's characteristics are love, life, good, power,

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wisdom, and I believe His characteristics, when we make use of them as we should, constitute that power which makes our lives happy, contented, successful, healthy and prosperous.

But that is not the way this thought is carried out. On the contrary, it is now, and always has been, carried out to the destruction of mankind. The earliest tradition we have of the world is that there has always been a person to be worshiped. In the earliest coming together, what we term to-day nations, were nothing but families. The oldest son was the god, and after he died they worshiped him. While he was living he was the king or master. Families would fall out and fight, and when one or the other would win, they would have a larger family; and so by this system of accumulation the nations were builded, always upon this idea of a god as a personal master. They had a great many gods in those days.

The only ancient religion that I know anything about that did not have something in the nature of a personal god was the Brahmin. Brahminism had no personal god. The characteristics of what we term their God were made up in this way. By a series of reincarnations they went through until they got into the first heaven. They never got into the first heaven until they got rid of the idea of femininity. No woman was ever known to get into the Brahmin heaven until the womanly part of her was reincarnated out, and finally all women were reincarnated into men. They got into the first heaven and went up to the seventh, and after they graduated from the seventh they went into the Universal All, which they call The Creative Power, which stands for what we term God.

So you can take it along up the ages until you come to the more civilized condition of man. The Greeks and the Egyptians and other great peoples had hundreds of gods. They had a god for almost every thought that the human mind could conceive. And after the Athenians had a god for everything else, they put up an image to The Unknown God, which Paul found on his visit to Athens. It was all personal god worship. The Egyptians run it down into the lower animal world.

When Constantine made the religion of Jesus Christ the religion of the Byzantine Empire, in order to placate this desire for something personal to worship, he filled the churches with images of so-called saints which have been handed down to us through all these years. That is where these saints come from that you find in certain churches of to-day. But the other churches are as thoroughly imbued with the idea of a personal god as are these.

I remember in my younger days when I would pray on my knees I would see God on a throne and I would direct my prayer to Him. Now, this worship of a personal God is a blind leader of the blind. In the first place there is no such thing as a personal God. God is omnipresent life, and wherever you see life manifest, in any of its various forms, either in the animal, mineral or vegetable kingdom, that manifestation is God. God has not Life, but He is life; He is Life itself and Love itself. God is Love, which means not that God has love as you and I. If we pray for God's love, intimate not God is in possession of love and that we want that love to come to us. The proper expression is, God Love does cover us, God Love does direct us, and God Love does bless us in

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all the affairs of life, not asking for God's love to cover us, but God Love. God is not in the possession of love, but God *is* Love, and it is so with wisdom. All wisdom comes from God, and God is the unit and there is but one mind.

And when a person comes to you with a mind supposed to be awry or weak, or something the matter with him supposedly, the proper treatment to give is to realize in your consciousness that there is but one mind, and that that mind is the Infinite God Almighty and is perfect in all of its ramifications, and that these manifestations of so-called weakened mind, or whatever the manifestation may be, are false, unreal, untrue and can not be true, because God mind is perfect and always must be perfect. The One Mind is always perfect.

In all of your treatments you come back to this axiomatic principle of what God is. If you have weakness, supposedly, there is no power but the one power. That power comes from God, the Infinite. You can not wink your eye or crook your finger but that the power to do so comes direct from God Almighty. No system of philosophy has ever been known that can tell why my hand can be placed on my head. We only know that the power comes direct from God Almighty, Infinite Power. Therefore, when you begin to abuse yourself, as I myself did once when I said I was tired, remember that you are calling the infinite power of God Almighty defective. There is no such thing as fatigue except in what we term this carnal mind, which is false and unreal. It is a lie, and when a lie is confronted with the truth the lie is destroyed, annihilated. A lie is absolutely nothing; it never was; and yet if you read the politics of to-day and of yesterday you will find they make lies very much of a reality, but absolutely lies are nothing. Confront them with the truth and they are destroyed, annihilated. They never were, for they never were anything but lies, and a lie is nothing. Denounce all of these so-called lies, and they are annihilated and you become free.

Once I met with what was supposed to be an accident. I hit my hand across an iron bar. The lie came up, saying: "You are suffering intensely." I commenced to call it by its proper name. It was a lie. There was no pain there, no sensation there, and there could not be. Why? Because all sensation is mind; there is no sensation except in the mind. Take the mind away from the body, and there can be no sensation in the body. After I convinced this carnal mind that I carry around with me, against my will occasionally, that that was true, the pain stopped. That is the principle that heals every kind of complaint, it matters not in what department in metaphysical study you apply it.

Now, when you come to pray to the personal God you are praying to something that does not exist. You pray by petitioning and asking, whereas you have it already: "Father, give me health and strength." Have I not got them already? I am the image and likeness of Infinite Life. Have I not health? I am the image and likeness of Infinite Power. Have I not infinite power? Then, when I ask for health and strength, what am I doing? I am asking simply that I be given something that I already have. The way to apply the Truth and apply it effectually is to declare the Truth, and that you have these things and that they can not be arrested or taken from you. Then in your healings, your manifesta-

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tions are perfect, but of the millions of prayers that will go up to God, as is supposed to-day, very few will have any effect whatever in the world of mind.

Sometimes, inadvertently or ignorantly, in praying, the orthodox pray scientifically in a sense. I will give you an illustration. My son had erysipelas, a very bad case. I said to him: "Will, why don't you try this God healing?" He said I could do for him whatever I wanted to do. I knelt and asked God to heal him, the same way as they do in the orthodox world. But when I got up I told him that he was well, and that there was nothing the matter with him, and said to him to get up whenever he wanted to. In an hour's time he was out of bed and dressed. There was an instance of treating metaphysically by declaring the word, and it had the power, through the spoken word. I did not know how well I did until after I understood and had learned the principles.

When Peter and Paul were going up to the temple a man accosted them asking for alms. Peter said: "Silver and gold have we none, but such as we have give I unto you. I command you in the name of Jesus Christ to get up and walk." And he did it. We do that and we do it, I was going to say, thousands of times in a year. By the spoken word, and the command and the work is done. That is using the power and dominion that was given to us by God when we were created in the image and likeness of the Infinite. That power and dominion belong to you, and you have them; use them, exercise them, and the philosophy will prove itself to be true.

Now, a word in conclusion. Look at the world as you see it, walking along this broad highway towards death, which is a man-created institution. God never created death, for life is deathless. But what do we see? We see the millions and hundreds of millions going on, going over this vortex, believing in a lie. The lie sinks them, all for the lack of the knowledge that makes them free, the truth that makes them free; all because they are blind, led by the blind. Such leading has but one end, and that is destruction. Our Savior said: "You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." He did not say you can get religion, and fall down and shout and have a big time at revivals, getting people excited through animal magnetism, and all that kind of performance called conversion. True living, true conversion, does not mean that; it means the cold steel knowledge of what you are and who you are, the practice of the truth as taught by Jesus Christ.

That is the truth which makes you free. You can have all that glorification you want, but it has nothing to do with your salvation, so to speak; or with your perfect freedom here and hereafter any more than it has to do with the phases of the moon.

This science is a philosophy. You have to learn it and you have to know it. You have to practice its rules strictly. If you do that, you will have demonstration the same as with any other liberal science.

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Old Sugar Girl

JOSEPH MORSE GREENE, in "Our Dumb Animals"

Where the boulders lean asunder
In an ancient pasture wall,
With a sort of gentle wonder
To receive a stranger's call;
Calmly ruminating over,
In this old earth's savage whirl,
So much chaff and little clover,
First I met Old Sugar Girl.

Eyes unfathomed, pleading, tender,
Made to talk as well as see,
Roman profile shaped to lend her
Air of painful honesty;
Sole adornment white star, that in
Chestnut forehead makes a twirl,
Dusky muzzle, shaming satin—
That's my friend, Old Sugar Girl!

Manners mild, apologetic,
Curbing craving for the prize;
Lips at odds till they can get it
(Stationed so remote from eyes);
Tendency to deftly swallow
Only with a bite or two
Lump on lump, with more to follow,
Makes me name her as I do!

When in sport I meanly cheat her,
Puzzled roams that nose about,
Up and down in mournful meter,
Licking lips in gentle doubt;
Now aloft, as if through yearning
Would appear those sweets divine,
Clearly, versed in subtle learning
Is this Sugar Girl of mine!

Often do I hear, when leaving,
Sounds as if from fairy elf,
Exquisitely low and grieving,
Pleading, whispered to herself;
Never met, from pole to tropic,
Sadder sound from sadder face,
As if symbol microscopic
Of the sorrows of her race.

And I sometimes dimly wonder
Whether, far beyond the blue,
Justice, to retrieve her blunder,
Sugar Girl, has thought of you!
Is that manner, never craven,
Dignity to mildness wed,
Prophecy that in such Haven
Foot of Man shall never tread?

Praise they Him who, mercy's token
Dark oppression came to foil,
As they grind her body, broken
On the iron pave of toil!
Think you when, with records dreary,
In they troop beyond the skies,
That He'll shut *her* feet, so weary,
From the fields of Paradise?

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Medical Trust Denounced

Extracts From the Recent Speech of Senator Works in the United States Senate

I may be pardoned if I stop here to point out the difference between the patients of medical practitioners and Christian Scientists in respect of this question of faith. The believer in the doctor and his drugs has faith in a human being and his means of cure, while the Christian Scientist has unshaken and supreme faith in the omnipotence and beneficent influence of the Divine Being in the healing of disease. I leave it to the candid judgment of senators to say which of these is most worthy of faith and trust. But the Christian Scientist does not rest on faith alone, but upon such understanding as he has of the power of God to heal and upon good works by which that healing may be brought about.

* * *

The opposition of medical journals to Christian Science was clearly shown, but it is some consolation that some of them denounced this proceeding and declared for common decency in the treatment of such cases. I wish this might be said of the doctors who usually deal with matters of this kind. They are trying to enforce such prohibitory laws rigorously and without mercy, with the hope of suppressing such treatment of disease entirely. It is a hopeless task as well as a brutal attempt to deprive thousands of our people of the right to resort to the remedy of their own choice for relief from disease. If the teachings of Christian Science are false, if the principle of healing its people believe in is not true and their pretensions a fake, Christian Science will not survive. If it is the truth, it will prevail, and no restrictive or prohibitory laws nor any amount of persecution can overthrow it or force them to forego their right and their religious duty to heal the sick. They believe, and I concur in that belief, that any law that forbids or interferes with this right and duty is in violation of the Constitution of the United States and should be treated accordingly.

* * *

Christian Scientists do not claim to be perfect. They do not claim to heal in all cases. But they do claim that they have a much larger proportion of cures than the medical practitioners, and that, too, while their patients are very largely composed of persons who are afflicted with so-called incurable diseases, and who have been given up as incurable by the doctors. They do not believe there are any incurable diseases. They have proved it by healing thousands of diseases classed as incurable, and which the doctors admit they cannot heal, many of them being cases that doctors have actually given up as hopeless. They do not ask any favors of Congress or any other lawmaking power to sustain their position as healers of disease. They are willing to stand upon their merits, as shown by their works. They are willing to be judged by their fruits. What they do insist upon is that laws shall not be passed or enforced that will deprive them of the right to heal disease or put them within the power of the doctors, most of whom are their common enemies, for selfish reasons.

* * *

I have no animosities against the doc-

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tors, individually or as a class. They have their work to do in the interest of mankind, and should be fully protected in their right to pursue that work. It is needed in the interest of mankind, because the great majority of the people still believe in the medical doctor and his drugs. So long as this is the case the physician of whatever school should be fully and amply protected in his right to administer what his patients believe in and want. This must be so in a free country like ours so long as there is a single individual who believes in and wants the services of a medical doctor. That is what I call medical freedom. On the other hand, they who do not believe in the efficacy of drugs or in the services of a medical practitioner, but who do believe in another and different remedy, should be accorded the same right, and that right should be jealously protected. That, too, is medical freedom. No one class of men who believe in one mode of healing as against all others have a right to force that method upon others who do not believe in it. That is tyranny and a violation of the liberties of the people.

Mr. President, I have no objection even to the American Medical Association, so long as it confines its efforts to the advancement of science as it sees it or for the elevation of the standard of the physicians of its school of medicine, or the advancement in any way of members of its own profession. I do not complain even of its attempt to benefit its own members by legislation. But I do object most seriously to the intolerant, tyrannical, and oppressive efforts it has been making for years to prevent other schools of medicine or the practitioners of other modes of healing from exercising their right to heal the sick. Its course in this respect has been un-American. It is an offense to free government. Its pretensions of superior knowledge on these great and vital subjects are unwarranted. I have already shown by the declaration of one of their own members that the "basis of the entire profession of medicine is faith in the doctor and his drugs and his methods."

If this be so, and it is abundantly supported by experience and competent authority, it would seem that the one important thing, the just thing for them to do, is to prove themselves and their modes of healing worthy of this faith. This must be done by their works. It cannot be done by assailing and persecuting those who have lost faith in them and their drugs and transferred it to others.

* * *

Why, Mr. President, this very conflict of views on a religious question, that might and really is being used as a ground for persecution as I have clearly shown, brings us within the very spirit and purpose of the Constitution. The great Catholic Church has its creeds and its religious convictions, with which other people of different religious views do not agree, and which some intolerant people would suppress by law if the Constitution and the courts did not stand for freedom of religious thought and observance. So it is with the powerful Protestant religious denominations.

But all of these Christian bodies believe in Divine healing. They pray to Almighty God for the healing of their sick, and believe in the efficacy of such prayer. And yet some people belonging to these religious bodies, I hope not many of them, deny to the Christian Scientist the right to heal by prayer, and denounce his pretensions to heal through the power of the same God that they serve and trust as both false and ungodly.

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There is this difference between the prayer of other Christian people and Christian Scientists: Their prayer is an appeal to God for intervention in the particular case. They attempt to move God to heal the individual. The Christian Scientist believes that God is unchangeable and that He cannot be moved by prayer to do or not to do a desired thing, but that He has already and for all time given man all good, which is always there for him when he conforms to His laws and does His bidding. Therefore the Christian Scientist prays not to change God or to induce Him to act, but to change man, regenerate him, and bring him into harmony with the Divine law that must restore harmony and right conditions in him, which means necessarily restoration to natural and harmonious conditions.

It is the belief of Christian Scientists that the purpose of prayer and all Christian effort is to regenerate man and bring him into reconciliation and harmony with the Divine Being, and that this effort of reconciliation and regeneration by prayer is the true, the only true, means of healing the sick.

Jesus of Nazareth was persecuted and finally crucified for preaching the gospel and practicing his religious belief, by healing the sick. To do the same to-day in the twentieth century in the great State of New York, if he were here, would make him a criminal, subject to fine and imprisonment by the laws of that State.

Man is of one substance with God, and when he realizes this oneness, or his God-nature, he begins to wield God-like powers; he overcomes disease, worry, sorrow, and grief; he becomes blissful.—*Frank Harrison.*

SPRING SHOWERS

Rose M. de Vaux-Royer

When some mad gust of feeling overleaps
The boundary line, and plunges in the deep
Of dreams, tear-laden, by delayed desire,
Then Nature, in her mercy, bids us weep.

Kind mother, in her course of numbered hours,
Who knows life's brief unrest and troublous showers,
From out the darkest mould her secrets shrined,
Once more released, behold transfigured powers.

The aftermath brings music and the trill
Of robin-mates in air; the high free will
Of fairy fingers wreathing nights and days
With Spring's rare miracle and souls a-thrill.

A PLEASANT PLACE TO STOP AT ATLANTIC CITY

Is the Beechwood Hotel. To all of our friends who desire a nice, clean hotel near the ocean at reasonable rates we recommend addressing the Beechwood Hotel, Ocean End, Kentucky Ave., Atlantic City, N. J. The managers are friends of our cause, and those visiting them will be given the glad hand. Mr. and Mrs. Mooney, the proprietors and owners, are lovely people.

Receive your thoughts as guests, but treat your desires as children.

"He who forgetteth his duty once should be trusted no more."

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HOW TO KEEP YOUNG

Do not get in the habit of gossiping or talking about your past illness. Children forget any illness almost as soon as it is over with, but the older a person is the longer she remembers it. A sure sign of advancing age is to rehearse the illness or the operation you have undergone. There seems to be a desire on the part of advancing age to impress people with the severity of past illness. Each aging person has a stock phrase, as "Yes, the doctor said he never knew anyone to be so low and then get well." Forget the past and live in the present.

Another certain sign of advancing age is carelessness in dress. A young girl takes a great deal of pride in her dress, its style, its color and its fitting. Aging women are too much inclined to dress in unbecoming colors, in dresses made severely plain. Clothes may not make the man, but they have a great effect upon his ability to accomplish anything. If you have to meet a person on business that requires ability to accomplish your part, you will find you are much better able to hold your ground and drive a better bargain if you are dressed in a becoming business suit, than if you have on a soiled morning gown. The same is true about the household tasks. As soon as the morning's work is finished, bathe and put on a fresh, becoming dress. You will feel ten years younger, and the household tasks will assume different proportions.

Finally, to keep young, keep the thoughts of youth in your mind. Hold the thought, "I am well, I am happy, I am prosperous, I am young.—*Woman's World.*

He who always pleases to do right, can always do as he pleases.—*Lyman Abbott.*

THE LOVE OF A DOG

For several years a small business-like dog sold newspapers to hundreds of people in Boston every day. The little dog, so loving, patient and faithful to his crippled master, was always to be seen near the Park-street subway entrance, trotting around with a paper in his mouth, until a sale was made to a regular customer or a stranger. The money must first be deposited in a small leather pocket attached to a collar with bells which the dog wore, before the paper was to be had; then the dog would return to his master for another paper to sell.

Silently, yet persistently, this dog of business approached the men, women and children with the latest news of the day. Patrons dropped their pennies in the pocket about the dog's neck and hurried away, more thoughtful and considerate of others because of this friendly morning greeting. Often the shopping people and children would linger for a friendly talk. It was not an unusual sight to see from fifty to a hundred persons waiting their turn to buy and say a few kind words to the intelligent little worker.

Each week the dog earned about twenty-five dollars for his master, who in return shared his fire, his food, his bed, his heart, with his companion. Such love and service were as the love of David and Jonathan!

BOARDING HOUSE

Friends of Evangelical Christian Science visiting Atlantic City, summer or winter, will always find Hall's Cottage, 1311 Pacific avenue, a congenial, home-like place. It is a large private cottage, centrally located, and offers clean, airy rooms, with or without board. Write to John F. Hall, Owner.

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FEELIN' FINE

They ain't no use in kickin', friend, if things don't come your way;
It does no good to holler 'round, an' grumble night an' day.
The thing to do's to curb yer grief, cut our your little whine,
An' when they ask you how you are, jest say,
"I'm feelin' fine."

They ain't no man alive but what is booked to get his slap;
They ain't no man that walks but what from trouble gets his rap.
Go mingle with the bunch, old boy, where all the bright lights shine,
And when they ask you how you are, jest say,
"I'm feelin' fine."

Yer heart may be jest bustin' with some real or fancied woe,
But if you smile the other folks ain't very apt to know.
The old world laughs at heartaches, friend, be they your own or mine;
So when they ask you how you are, jest say,
"I'm feelin' fine."

—*Anonymous.*

Take Joy home,
And make a place in thy great heart for her;
And give her time to grow, and cherish her.
Then will she come, and oft will sing to thee.
When thou are working in the furrows; ay,
Or weeding in the sacred hour of dawn.
It is a comely fashion to be glad—
Joy is the grace we say to God.

—*Jean Ingelow.*

ELIZABETH TOWNE'S APHORISMS

The reward of the just is justice.

The reward of the loving is love.

The most unjust man in the world is he who is the greatest stickler for justice.

God working out the principle of justice finds that only Love can make the balance true.

Love ordains hell to correct more hell.

No man can live exact justice, for no man can know justice. We are all doomed to hell unless Love rules.

And it does. Forgive to seventy times seven and then some—as ye would be forgiven.

Even so shall you find heaven displacing hell.

ANVIL SPARKS

A stilted righteousness stumbles.

Sympathy gives no one a license to pry into one's secrets.

A worn-out preacher in penury is an awful reproach to the church.

The best way to contemplate a temptation is with the face turned from it.

Sinners walk in slippery places, and they cannot sue anybody for damages when thew fall.

Some folks don't want their new preacher to look hearty, for fear it will cost too much to keep him.—*Christian Herald.*

MERIT DETERMINES THE OUTCOME

Accident will now and then combine circumstances so as to place an individual higher than he deserves, but in the long run merit, and merit alone, will determine the outcome. The law of survival is the one immutable law; the strong must rise to their appointed and destined places; the weak must serve those who prove their fitness to command.—*Herbert Kaufman.*

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THE WOP

When the line is surveyed through the scenery
For tunnel and culvert and cut—
When the contractor has his machinery
The "big job" is ready—all but—
All but means the shovel and pick of it—
The hunkies who work till they drop.
And so, in the dust and the thick of it,
Look for the Wop!

The big bosses bear all the fret of it—
They are the fellows who plan;
But the backbreaking strain and the sweat of it
Fall to the laboring man—
Dago and Russ and Hungarian—
All of the immigrant crop.
Where is the job we could carry on—
Save for the Wop?

Subject for scorn and bedeviling:
Victim of fraud and chicane—
Still, with his spade, he is leveling
Routes over mountain and plain.
Progress? His soul is the breath of it;
Lacking his hand, it would stop.
Facing the danger and death of it,
Here is the Wop!

He knows the hardest and worst of it;
He knows the hard-driven toil,
The ache and the heat and the thirst of it—
Never the dream—or the spoil.
Caves and explosions make mud of him—
Who cares a damn? Let him flop!
Progress is stained with the blood of him—
Only a Wop! —*Berton Braley.*

In taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over he is superior, for it is a prince's part to pardon.—*Bacon.*

SOME COMMON MISTAKES

We rise in the morning after a refreshing night's sleep and say that we feel good or grand. If the sun is shining we say that the weather is good or grand; if it is raining, the weather is bad. If many people come to the lecture, the attendance is good; if few come, the attendance is bad. Our clothes for special occasions are our good clothes. The dust on a country road in August is bad. We have a bad cold; if only we could have a good one! At the party we had a grand time. Mrs. A.'s gown was simply grand. If the hayfield produces abundantly, we have had a good crop. Your sick neighbor looks bad. Your pen doesn't write good. You have got to buy a new hat. The man's hands began to get blistered. He has got to go home. We have got our lessons to get. You did not get to see them. We had got ourselves ready to go. One feels like sending a literary detective to hunt down those who thus abuse these words, and, having captured them, to shut them in a cell with a book of synonyms, a dictionary, and Shakespeare's advice to

Mend your speech a little,
Lest it mar your fortunes.

If the flavor has gone out of things, if you can not catch happiness, if you are out of tune with yourself or with your world, for the sake of everyone concerned take yourself in hand quickly.—*A. K. Fallows.*

As the light of the lamp dispels in a moment the darkness that has reigned for a hundred years in a room, so a single ray of divine light from the throne of mercy illumines our heart and frees it from the darkness of a life-long sin.—*Ramakrishna.*

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The Universal Essence

(In One and In All.)

ROSE M. de VAUX-ROYER, New York City

Unread, unlettered though I stand alone,
(Barbarians e'en would but defend their own)
Sacred and sweet is life's new citadel
As the first blush Aurora sends at dawn –
Fulfillment of the promise—a new day
Is ours; and all we comprehend
And can express of life shall mark its course
And make each one, and yet the next, *our* day!
Oh, earnest Souls, arise and purify,
Make clean your standard, burnish your ideal
Until its lustre 'luminates the skies
And, by reflection, overshadows Earth.
In symbol of antithesis, the two
Stretch far apart, like an opponent's view,
Awaiting but the alchemy of Mind
To reunite. There is no far or near
For those united in a purpose strong.
The good and evil are degrees of growth—
(Interpretation of the laws of life.)
The fitting in of things to our own code —
This does not broaden but contracts the view.
Be universal, grand, sublime in soul!
And sing the song of Nations, not of one!
For law *is* law, unsought or unexpressed—
And we are held subservient to a Will
That works regardless of our small intent.
Turn with the tide. Seek harmony, not strife.
All labor gains where love doth supervise.
Freedom itself is man's great motive power—
The soil where character alone can thrive.
Reward and punishment, the bribe, the claim,
For children are—not for man's full estate
Through discipline of penalties to walk
The path observed by modern truth; a goal
Fixed for today,—not for all time; a scale
That slides befitting the advancing trend
Of thought and mind and work and worship. When
Man shall be great enough to know the truth
And strong enough to live it; when
As cycles of each carnate life lap by
And over-lap into the next of kin
(For few there be who penetrate beyond
The time-limit of years and worldly cares—
Material limitations, they *call* life)
Into that broader, higher consciousness,
Where Victory and its adherents dwell,
Then each shall sound with trumpet blast the cry
"Oh, Universe of Life. There is no Death!"

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Walk in the Light

MRS. SUSAN Q. MORRIS

AND God said: "Let there be light, and there was light. And God called the light day, and the darkness He called night. And the evening and the morning were the first day."

God is light, and Christ is the light of the world.

It was my privilege for a number of years to live in a flourishing town just across the line from Pennsylvania, in Ohio, and about two miles from my home there were extensive coal mines. I could look out of my window at 4 and 5 o'clock in the morning. Everything was lost in darkness, for it was too early for even the dawning of the morning to appear. But on looking away over the hills one could see many small, moving lights. The hills seemed to be dotted with them. They were like will-o'-the-wisps, sometimes near and then far away. They were the lights of the small lamps, secured on the fronts of the miners' caps, to light them on the way.

A miner's lamp produces a very small, insignificant light. Put it beside an electrict light, and it seems feeble indeed. But take the same light a mile underground, and it is surprising how powerful it seems. Down there everything is black, and the little light is a wonderful friend.

It is in the dark places that one learns to value the small lights and to realize what immense importance small things can reach. Where those small, feeble lights shine faithfully thousands of tons of coal are brought to the surface to light and warm our homes, and the homes of thousands of others, and just because the lights shone so bravely deep in the darkness, that must be experienced to be realized.

Those little feeble miners' lights are the forerunners of our brilliantly lighted streets and homes.

Suppose that the little light refused to shine because it was alone in the dark place, because it could not compare with the electric light for strength. What then?

The world would be a far different place from what it is now. We grow by using for others the light and knowledge we have. If our light be feeble in the beginning, we have the power to draw on the Source for all good we are or ever shall be capable of desiring. Our whole body should be full of light. Our oneness with God should be such that we not merely be lighted, but we should be lights, so that no earth shadow can come between us and our light. We should so dwell in the light that we may become children of the light in whom is no darkness.

Don't look for the night while living in the day. We are so apt to forget the light, so apt to wait until the pleading prayer seems needed before we really converse with God. When night is on us and everything seems dark, then we look, oh, so anxiously, for the light, watch for the dawn so eagerly, search the life sky for just one ray of light, that wonderful light which we never appreciated while it flooded our path.

Through Christian Science we have learned to live in the light of God's love,

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to see nothing but the bright side of life. We know by faith in the promises of God that we will be supplied. Why should not our every need be supplied? Do we not need something of everything of which the earth is filled, and is there not an abundance?

Surely the lack is not in the great Storehouse nor in the Maker of all. When we live in the light, in the truth, in the abundant supply, there is no reason why we should not have money, clothing, shelter, friends. Why should we not, every one of us, have our due appointment? Certainly not for lack of supply. No; not that. Then it is because we do not appropriate what is ours. This must be the reason. The coal for which the miner toils during the long day is but bottled up sunshine. But it must be sought after and worked for and appropriated to its intended use before man derives the benefit intended by its use. This is true of all the blessings provided for us by our loving Father. We must appropriate His great benefits and gracious gifts, by faith and by works. The Father has promised to be a lamp to our feet and a light to our path. We must use the light that God has given us. The cheerful, joyous person is like a ray of heavenly sunshine, no matter where they may be found. In fact, some of the happiest people are those who are hidden away in some obscure corner, and faithfully doing their duty and singing while they do it. They are showing to the world that they have an indwelling peace that passeth all understanding. Those are they that are letting the light shine through them. "Ye are the light of the world," and let it go forth that all the world may be blessed by your having lived in it. The prophet said: "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and forever."

"Be not thou the grape that underneath the leaves
Hides, that it may not be prey of garden thieves.
No thief has found that grape; but, ah, no sunbeam's power
Has reached its dark retreat, and so that grape is sour."

MANLINESS

The purpose, the incarnate idea of Christianity is to make magnificent manhood.

The denial of one's self is a cardinal teaching of Christianity. The denying of one's self demands greater manliness, more heroism and bravery, than ever was displayed in coliseum contests, hippodrome races, or battlefield struggle. To keep your body under, its appetites and desires in subjection, to deny yourself gratifications to which avenues of access are open to you, to face the cutting sarcasm of an enemy and utter not revile, to be injured and not retaliate, to toil, suffer and sacrifice to uplift and bless those who recompense you not infrequently with a curse and a kick—in other words, to be and live a Christian life—insures a field for the development of manliness such as is to be found nowhere else in the world.

If a man is seeking a means by which manliness may be developed and sustained; if he wants an arena in which to display bravery, heroism, loyalty to truth, to right, to duty—there is none other such as Christianity offers.—*Rev. I. W. Grimes.*

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FOR THE SIMPLE LIFE

It requires some courage to take a stand against our elaborate living of today. But for those to whom it is a tax the stand is worth taking. It is all right for millionaires to live in the complex fashion they do, if they wish to. It is for them simply a question of paying bills, and this is no dfficult matter. But for every other woman all the way down the line to follow their lead at the expense of comfort and peace of mind seems scarcely worth while. Some find their satisfaction in it, and then perhaps it is its own reward. But if a woman feels she is throwing to the wind all that is worth while in order to keep up the pace, wouldn't it be better to do as this woman has done, and take a stand for simpler living? One need not in such housekeeping discard any of the real refinements of life, but one needs to do some thinking for herself as to what are essentials and what nonessentials.—*Barbara Boyd.*

LIVE YOUR OWN LIFE

Act your own life, nobly and fearlessly —live a life of courage, of principles, of love. Your example will be the best possible advice. Let your wisdom radiate from you, and give others even through your presence the benefit of the truths you have become conscious of.

Mind your own business. Lead others to the understanding of principles, and permit them to make their own applications of it. Do not advise them unless your advice is asked for; then, if you deem the occasion an appropriate one, carefully ascertain the facts, and give your advice honestly and impartially. Do not then concern yourself about the results, for that is something over which you have no control.

When we glory in our own individuality, we ask no favors. We have come to recognise our Unity with all else, and know that it is our estimate of the Self that determines our position. We are strong or weak as we place ourselves. When we know ourselves to be the embodiment of strength, love, and peace, we come to manifest the conditions.

Live your own life, but live it from the point of view that its interests are inseparable from those of all other lives. Character-building is the object of physical existence, and it is the result of meeting and overcoming obstacles — of strengthening and exercising our faculties. It comes through thought and action, and each of us must think and act for himself.

Do all you possibly can to assist others. Do as little to harm them as is possible. The strength or weakness you impart will inevitably come back to you. To act for the greatest benefit and advantage of others we must "mind our own business," and refrain from giving advice except when the occasion rightly demands it.

—*Eugene del Mar in Freedom.*

The girl who wants her life to be beautiful is right, but it is wrong to think that life ought to be made beautiful by circumstances. An artificial flower can be colored and scented from outside, but the real flower, the flower of exquisite beauty, gives forth its own color and fragrance. Those who make life beautiful by love and hope and unselfishness will have the beauty that nothing can prevent or spoil.

Don't worry about the future,
The present is all thou hast;
The future will soon be present,
And the present will soon be past.

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THE TITANIC'S LOST BRAVES

You may sing of great battles where brave heroes fell
In carnage as fierce as the tumult of hell,
With smiles on their faces and shouting a cheer
For the cause and the comrades eternally dear;
But courage more glorious never was known,
In battle of hosts or in conflict alone,
Than was shown in their triumph o'er murderous waves
By those grandest of men, the Titanic's lost braves.

When sped the leviathan, brilliant with light
From thousands of lamps and fair faces bright
With smiles and gay badinage, who could tell then
What greatness was stored in the hearts of the men!
But when came the crash on the terrible ice
And darkness and danger engulfed in a trice,
With threats to them all of dread, watery graves,
How grandly shone out the Titanic's lost braves!

If weak, helpless women and children they saved,
How reft of all terrors the death that they braved!
For bright in their hearts was the light of the crown
Of glory of life for the helpless laid down.
When Butt, Straus and Astor, with strong, steady hand,
And Stead and Futrelle and the whole gallant band,
Stood by, with the help that the helpless ones saves,
How great were they all, the Titanic's lost braves!

Who knows where the fault was—for fault there must be,
When hundreds are hurried to death in the sea!
God knows; and, if living, the hand of remorse
Must fall on the faulty, for each sunken corse;
But with that brave band of musicians that held
Their stations and music's sweet comfort impelled,
And "Nearer, My God, to Thee" rang o'er the waves,
We pray God is near the Titanic's lost braves!

—*Thomas Culver.*

BE STRONG

Be strong!
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift.
We have hard work to do and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle; face it. 'Tis God's gift;
Be strong!
Say not the days are evil—Who's to blame?
And fold the hands and acquiesce—O shame!
Stand up, speak out bravely, in God's name;
Be strong!
It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long.
Faint not; fight on!
Tomorrow comes the song.

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SPRING MAGIC

Ruby Baughman

When the ground seems all a-glimmer,
Far and near;
When the mountains, softer, dimmer,
Change their brown to green-gray shimmer,
Spring is here.

When the ice breaks on the river,
Swinging clear;
When the floe shakes with a quiver,
And the drift wakes, all a-shiver,
Spring is here.

When the streamlet slips its shackles
Without fear,
And its gleaming ice-band tackles;
When the teeming reed-bed crackles,
Spring is here.

—*Metropolitan.*

MEMORY

My mind lets go a thousand things,
Like dates of wars and deaths of kings,
And yet recalls the very hour—
'Twas noon by yonder village tower,
And on the last blue noon in May—
The wind came briskly up this way,
Crisping the brook beside the road;
Then, pausing here, set down its load
Of pine-scents, and shook listlessly
Two petals from that wild-rose tree.

—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

WHEN THE RIGHT MAN COMES

All is waste and worthless till
Arrives the wise selecting will.
Then temples rose, and towns and marts,
The shop of toil, the hall of arts.
Then flew the sail across the seas
To feed the North from tropic trees;
New slaves fulfilled the poet's dream—
Galvanic wire, strong-shouldered steam.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

SONG OF THE SWEET JUNE MORNING

Song of the sweet June morning; oh, isn't it sweet to hear
The voice of the lark and the robin, the music of morning clear;
And the cool of the dew, to feel it; the voice of the breeze, that sigh,
And the young, soft tint of the delicate blue of the Junetime morning sky!

Song of the sweet June morning; oh, isn't it fine to know
That magical spell in the field and dell of the moonlight's afterglow!
The gentle and quiet stirring of leaves on the maple trees,
And the whisper to one another of the unseen lips of breeze!

Song of the sweet June morning; a world washed sweet and clean,
Getting up early to don the garb of the delicate Junetime green.
The far-off bell of the cattle, and the breathing of insect things,
The flutter against the window of the velvet of gossamer wings!

Song of the sweet June morning; oh, what a delight to lie
In the witching spell as of asphodel and buttercup meadows of sky!
The sun o'er the rims of rivers, and the east wind walking to me
On feet of the silver silence o'er the silver sweep of the sea!

—*Folger McKinsey in Baltimore Sun.*

New occasions teach new duties,
Time makes ancient good uncouth;
You must upward still and onward
Who would keep abreast the Truth.

—*Lowell.*

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BITS OF WISDOM

Dr. Frank Crane

All this trying to be someone else, to wear other people's tastes, styles, opinions, feelings and beliefs, is not worth the candle.

When the Lord made you, He made you to be you, not somebody else.

Learn all you can, be teachable, be humble, be docile, but don't let the big, stupid world crush you.

In line with this it is worth while to make yourself as strong as you can.

Your first duty is to have a healthy, capable body, a well-trained, well-stored mind, and a clean, happy soul.

The doctrine of self-sacrifice is often pushed to the point of folly. You are to be of use to others, that is your highest duty, but you are unfit to do anybody any good unless you yourself are a center of forces. It's a lot easier to suffer and die for folks than to live for them and intelligently benefit them. Many a saintly soul is trying to love his neighbor as himself, when he doesn't love himself intelligently.

Other things being equal, it is not worth while, I have found, to be doing what anyone else can do as well as I. The thing I ought to be doing is that which I can do better than anybody else. I may not be able to get hold of such work, but I ought to try.

It is worth while to have money in the bank. Of course, poverty is no disgrace, and over-riches are a burden, and all that, but a man's best friend, or a woman's, is money in the bank. To be moneyless is to be subjected to a thousand irritations. Let us talk philosophy and religion, but we can discuss them much better if we know where next week's board money is coming from.

Every young man and woman should save, scrape and struggle to get a competence. It's worth while.

It is worth while to kill off some tastes and develop others. If you have no tastes for art, literature, music and religion, it will pay you to cultivate them. They enrich life. And they crowd out lower tastes. The salvation of the soul consists in wanting the right things.

Dreaming is worth while. Just to turn the fancy loose and let it roam. Really I think the best part of my life is not what I have lived, but what I have dreamed of living. Naturally, we don't want to dream all the time, but I question whether that is worse than not dreaming at all.

Cultivating habits is worth while. A habit is a bit of labor-saving machinery. If a thing is of vital importance, it pays to do it regularly, over and over, until you get so you can do it with your subconsciousness. Particularly the things that you hate to do, and yet you recognize to be of the utmost importance, can be best got rid of by getting them into the rut of habit; then they do themselves.

It is worth while to learn the happy knack of coming down. When you cannot get a hundred dollars the point is to be content with ten.

Idleness, loafing, letting go and playing games are worth while. Not too much; for these are the salt and pepper of life, and an overdose spoils the taste.

Nobody gets what he wants every time. But what a difference in the people who do not get it! Some are sour, some are discouraged, some whining. And some others bob up serenely and get along quite as cheerily as if they had succeeded.

Wise old Marcus Aurelius writes: "Your way is, therefore, to manage this minute of life wisely, to part with it cheer-

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fully; and, like a ripe nut, when you drop out of the husk, be sure to speak well of the season and make your acknowledgments to the tree that bore you."

CONTROL YOUR MENTAL KINGDOM

Success consists in control of your mental kingdom. When you have attained that condition wherein you can be content (not satisfied) in whatever condition you find yourself, then you are a success.

Mental control is to the body what a governor belt is to an engine. The person who allows intemperate, discordant thoughts to drive his body is a slave whose mental anguish will eventually materialize into some physical disorder.

The habit of harmonious thinking is strengthened by practice, and when persisted in will neutralize all diseases from nervousness to many forms of insanity. Healers will tell you they often have to first take themselves in hand and become poised and calm before successfully treating their patients.

What does it profit a man if he gains the whole world, but has a brood of little blue devils occupying the mentality which should contain "the peace that passeth understanding"?

I care not what material possessions a man has, unless he possess his own soul he is dissatisfied. Once he does acquire this condition, everything he needs and everything conducive to his advancement will gravitate toward him.

You believe constructive thoughts produce congenial surroundings. Do not stop with the belief, but see that you practice it, and it will bear fruit after its kind. You will demonstrate, and, oh, the delicious joy of having proved your theory. Then you will have reached a point where doubt is a thing of the past, and you will be surprised how many of his kin departed with him.—*A. M. F., Lynn, Mass.*

THE WISDOM OF SPURGEON

Little sins are eggs of great sorrows.

A black hen lays a white egg, from dark clouds comes refreshing rain, in dusky mines men will find bright jewels, and so from our worst troubles come our best blessings.

Whatever else we barter, let us never try to turn a penny by religion.

God has often a great share in a small house, and many a little man has a large heart.

It is easier to keep out of a quarrel than to fight your way through it.

Misers never rest till they are put to bed with a shovel.

If a wife wastes too, there are two holes in a barrel.

It is no more use giving advice to the idle than to pour water into a sieve.

If a man has no backbone how is he to hold his head up?

Spend not all you have; believe not all you hear; tell not all you know; and do not all you can.

Most of our resentments dwell in our hearts, not because of any present claim to be there, but simply because having once found entrance they have never been put out. Most of our enmities are old-timers, owing their existence now to the fact that pride will not let us admit that they never had any right to exist at all. If hearts, like homes, had their periodic house-cleaning days and burned up the rubbish, how much easier life would be!

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REDUCING THE WORK OF THE HOME

A woman who is having a little seashore cottage built for her is planning it, and planning her method of living there, so as to cut out as much housework as possible. Some of her ideas may be helpful to other women, not only for seashore living, but for the ordinary routine of the house.

This woman's house is a little six-room bungalow, three bedrooms, a bathroom, a large living room, and a kitchen. The living room is to answer both as living room and dining room. In the dining-room end of it is to be a built-in corner cupboard, and in the shallow bay window the window seats are to be built-in lockers, with sliding doors. In this corner cupboard and in these window-seat closets will be kept the china, canned goods and such articles, for there will be neither sideboard nor pantry in the house. She purposes to use only paper doilies on her tables and paper napkins. These will be thrown away or burned after each meal, and thus the laundry will be considerably lightened. Asbestos mats for warm dishes will save her table top.

In the living-room end of the house is to be a big fireplace, a large flat-top desk, easychairs and built-in shelves for books. There is to be just as little furniture as possible, in order to eliminate dusting. But there will be plenty of pottery bowls and clear glass vases for flowers. So that with her casement windows always open for the sea breeze, the sunlight pouring in, the masses of gay flowers here and there, and when it is cool a fire glowing on the hearth, the room will be always cozy, cheery and restful.

In the bedrooms she is to have couch hammocks, built-in shelves, with sliding doors, for bureaus, and an easy chair or two. These big, roomy couch hammocks with springs are as comfortable as a bed, and much less trouble to take care of.

Her meals she intends to be nourishing and simple, served daintily, but simply. She has thus eliminated a lot of work, a lot of useless furniture, and yet reduced neither real comfort nor health. And she says if her friends do not like her method of living, they can stay away.

WHEN THE ENEMY LAUGHS

He is a strong man who can withstand the laughter of derision from his foes when he goes down before them in defeat. Man may lose a hard-fought fight and meet destruction with unflinching eyes, if the cries of the rabble are bitter, if they turn upon him their torrents of abuse and scorn. But if they laugh—ah!—their laughter has a thousand flaming tongues that sear his soul.

—*John Nicholas Beffel.*

A PRAYER IN VERSE

"An Evening Prayer," in verse, has recently been published by Harriet Doane Prentiss. Copies can be secured by addressing the author: 4607 Spruce St., Philadelphia, Pa. Price 15 cents; special edition, 25 cents.

THE LOS ANGELES NEW THOUGHT CONVENTION

The Los Angeles New Thought Convention, commencing June 25th, ending June 30th, of which many of the great New Thought Apostles will be members.

Those wishing further information can write to Mrs. Annie Rix Militz, 611 Grant Building, Los Angeles, California.

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Wit and Humor

Smart Sayings and Flashes of Fun From Many Sources

HER VIEW POINT

Lieutenant Henry Mitchell, of the United States Cavalry, tells a story of a woman he once met in Northern Idaho, sixty miles from the nearest habitation. She and her husband were holding down a homestead claim that looked as if at a pinch it might support a herd of goats—that is, if it were not too large a herd and the goats' appetites were not too active—while her home was a sod dugout set up against a cutbank.

When the lieutenant and his companion rode up to the door the woman remarked that they were the first white people she'd seen in eight months' time, then inquired curiously: "Say, where are you fellers from?"

"We're from Philadelphia," the officer answered; whereat the lady of the dugout drew a deep breath, and first exclaiming, "Gee!" added with an air of the utmost pious conviction: "My land, but I'd hate to live so fur away!"

FAMILY OF CUTLERS

"I call 'em the cutlery family."

"Why so?"

"Well, the daughter spoons, the father forks out the money and the mother knifes the other guests."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

New Maid.—Would yez mind giving me a rikemmendation, mum?

Mistress.—Why, you've just come.

New Maid.—But yez may not want to give me wan when I'm lavin', mum.—*The Way.*

WORKED THE WRONG BRAG

"This is an unusually healthy suburb," declared the real estate man.

"Then I guess we won't sign a lease," responded the lady. "My husband is a doctor, you see."—*Washington Herald.*

FAMILY MATHEMATICS

"Pa," asked little Johnny, "what is the rule of three?"

"You, your sister Bella and your mother," sighed Mr. Meekum.—*Chicago Tribune.*

WAS AGIN' CORRUPTION

This old negro was stopped in the street on election day by a white man, who asked him whether he had voted.

"Yas, 'ndeed, I's voted," replied the negro.

"Did you get anything for your vote?"

"Oh, yas, suh, I got paid for my vote."

"What did you get?"

"Well, suh, it was laik dis. De Republicans come to me an' dey says dey give me eleven dollahs if me and mah three boys vote de Republican ticket, an' I took de money. An' de Democrats come to me and dey says dey give me seven dollahs fo' mah vote and mah boys' vote, an' I took de money."

"You took money from both sides? Then which ticket did you vote?"

"Oh, I voted de Democratic ticket."

"Why so? The Republicans gave you the most money."

"Yas, suh, dat's why. I voted fo' de Democrats fo' jes' dat reason—dey wa'n't as corrupt as de Republicans."

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CURIOSITY

An Irishman walked up Fifth Avenue, dropped into a Presbyterian church and immediately went to sleep. After the services were over the sexton came and shook him by the arm.

"We are about to close up," said that functionary, "and I'll have to ask you to go now."

"What talk have you?" said the Irishman. "The cathedral never closes.

"This is not the cathedral," said the sexton. "The cathedral is several blocks above here. This is a Presbyterian church."

The Irishman sat up with a jerk and looked about him. On the walls between the windows were handsome paintings of the Apostles.

Ain't that Saint Luke over yonder?" he demanded.

"It is," said the sexton.

"And Saint Mark just beyant him?"

"Yes."

"And, still farther along, Saint Timothy?"

"Yes."

"Young man," demanded the Irishman, "since whin did all thim turn Protestants?"

AN OPEN COUNTENANCE

Frederico Gonzalez Garza, Under Secretary of the Interior in Mexico, is a matter-of-fact man who has the habit of holding his mouth open.

The other day Secretary of the Interior Gonzalez walked into Garza's office and exclaimed: "Old chap, you have your mouth open!"

"I know it," replied Garza, not looking up from his writing. "I opened it myself this morning."

THE QUAKER AND "JOE" CANNON

Some members of the House heard a few days ago the strangest combination of sacred and profane language which had ever been uttered on that floor. During a debate Uncle Joe Cannon went after A. Mitchell Palmer, of Pennsylvania, and handled him without gloves. Cannon is a Quaker and so is Palmer. When conversing privately they drop into the Quaker vernacular. After the debate Palmer went to the former Speaker, who is thirty-six years older than himself.

"Uncle Joe," he said, "thee treated me a little roughly in the debate to-day."

"Well," replied Uncle Joe, in a mixture of Quaker and Cannonian English, "perhaps I did treat thee a little severely, but blankety-blank, thou deserved every damned thing I said."

SAME HERE

"Just as soon as I pay a doctor's bill some one is sure to be taken sick."

"Yes," replied the doctor, "and just as soon as I pay a grocer's bill I have to eat again, but my grocer insists on getting his money just the same."—*Detroit Free Press.*

VARIATION OF WATCHES

"Waiter," said the traveler in an Erie Railroad restaurant, "did you say I had twenty minutes to wait or that it was twenty minutes to eight?"

"Nayther. Oi said ye had twenty minutes to ate, an' that's all ye did have. Yer train's just gone."—*McCall's Magazine.*

He who reigns within himself, and rules passions, desires and fears, is more than a king.—*Milton.*

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AS THE ARROW FLIES

"Here goes, just for luck!"

The bow is bent, the fingers let the arrow slip, but it flies wide of the mark. Only by the merest accident could a shaft sent out in that way ever reach the bull's-eye. It is the arrow which is aimed at the mark that wins the prize.

You have heard a young man say: "Oh, I am just waiting for luck to bring me a good place. They say I am a lucky dog. I shall land on my feet all right."

But where will the feet be? Hundreds of young men who have been depending on luck to bring them fortune are to-day wandering up and down the world, doing nothing, wasting the days of their early manhood to no avail.

Do you wish to hit the mark? With a steady aim and firm muscles, well trained for the effort, send the arrow flying toward the target.

It is so in business; it is so in gaining an education; it is so in the higher things of life.

Watch a sculptor as he steadily brings out of the stone the statue he hopes will make him famous. Not a single blow without a purpose. How carefully the chisel is held in the right place! There must be no slipping of the sharp edge; one single stroke that missed might ruin everything.

All life is just like that. Fortune, honor, learning, character—none of these come by chance. The arrow flies where it is sent.

He who planned the universe did not open wide His fingers and fling the worlds out into space by chance. How carefully the path of every one was thought out! Nor is there any careless counting of time with Him. To the very minute the planets wheel on in their courses. Forever and ever it will be so.

This is our pattern. Do we want to win the very best there is in life? Aim for it. Bend every effort toward it. Live and work for it. With the Great Model ever in view work steadily on toward the prize. It will surely be yours, for God places His hand under the hand of him who is striving for eternity.—*Edgar L. Vincent.*

THE WISDOM OF TIMUR

Timur (or Tamerlane) the Great, the Tartar warrior who overthrew so many Asian thrones and planted his own on their ruins, left a series of maxims for his sons and successors. They show that it was not only as a warrior that he was great and many of them are as applicable in America as in Turkestan. Here are some of them:

"It is good to pardon, to be merciful, to be liberal; but it better to be just.

"A prince must be just and good as well as valiant.

"Those only are worthy to be counsellors who steadily adhere to what they say and do.

"Take by the hand four assistants: Deliberation, Counsel, Vigilance and Good Behavior.

"No prince can be strong and secure unless he is religious.

"He who in the hour of trial searcheth after excuses, or would leave to to-morrow the business of to-day, let him be held in contempt.

"The faith of force is not that which worketh by love. Imitate thy benevolent Creator that He may increase His mercies to thee.

"Those who are disposed to harm others should not be admitted to intimacy."

GOVERNMENT Positions are easy to get. My free booklet X937 tells how. Write today—NOW.
EARL HOPKINS, Washington, D. C.

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THE LURE OF THE SOIL

Clean-up day has come and gone. The cellar has been swept up, the snow shovel, the sifter, and the coal shovel hidden away with mental maledictions. And now the funny paragrapher takes his pen in hand to resuscitate the time-honored hoary jokes at the expense of the amateur gardner, while the rake, the hoe, and the lawnmower are brought out, overhauled and begin that alluring sway which these implements will always exert over us all, whether city-bred or transplanted from the old home farm.

Let the jokesmith mock and jeer. Let him tell us over and over again about the good start we are going to make with that garden, and of the fine crop of healthy, luxuriant weeds we will harvest next fall. He belongs to the class who have never known the call of the wild which the line and fly exert and tell us that we can buy bigger fish and better ones a great deal cheaper and easier in the market than we can ever bring home from the fishing trip. We know that he knows not the joy, the thrill, and exaltation of mind and spirits that go well with the tired body after a day with nature in her own domain. He gets our pity for never having known, and more because he never can know.

So when, filled with resolutions and anticipating the joy that the land alone can give us, we take down the old garden tools and set out to make the best garden ever, as we have done many a year before, we see only the health, moral as well as physical, which close contact with the soil alone can give; and though we know not a line of biology or botany, we learn lessons fraught with the fresh air, the wholesome smell of the ground, even though there come with it the sore muscles, the aching back, and the blistered hands that are all too small a price to pay for the pecuilar joy of raising your own stuff.

Get it cheaper in the market? What if we can? And what if we ultimately do? There comes with the annual garden revelry of springtime in the city a pleasure, something akin to pain at times, that none of us would forego, and which seems to intensify as the years roll around. Then, the children, too, will get something of which life in the city deprives them. They are in a sense deprived of their birthright if they cannot indulge that inborn love of the land and the soil that breaks out every spring despite all the obstacles that present location may offer and, perhaps, render wholly impracticable. But the feeling and the desire are there, and they, doubtless, fill their secret purpose, which may be, after all, to lighten in some measure the heavy load which urban conditions are heaping on us heavier and heavier every year. Of course, we are going to have a garden this year.—*Washington Herald.*

GEMS

God means every man to be happy, be sure;
He sends us no sorrows that have not some cure;
Our duty down here is to do, not to know.
Live as though life were earnest, and life will be so.—*Owen Meredith.*

You are none the better because you are praised,
You are none the worse because you are blamed.
What thou art, thou art.
—*Thomas A'Kempis.*

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DR. FRANK CRANE ON MARRIAGE

It is worth while to get married. A wife or a husband brings cares and problems, but who wants to live without responsibility?

There are doubtless wives worse than none, and husbands who are nuisances, not to say afflictions. Even so there are broken legs and broken necks to be risked in stepping out of the house, but will you stay always at home for that? Marriage is a risk. So is life. But it's better to live than to die, even if we have to live with one eye or a diseased liver; and it's better to be married than not.

No one thing has conduced more to my joy and to whatever goodness I may have than time I have spent in the intimate association with the one woman who assumed charge of me some while ago.

It is worth while to have a big family.

About the biggest fool dread is the dread of the responsibility of having children.

I have seen thousands of families. Unqualifiedly the happiest are usually the largest families.

There are, to be sure, large families that are unhappy, where parents are harried and children are wayward and quarrelsome, and poverty bites them all. But, take it all in all, if I were a young person, I should consider my chances for a rich, full, contented life would be much better if I should look forward to marriage and a dozen children, than if I should anticipate bachelorhood or a childless marriage.

People with no children may grow old very serenely, but they are not apt to.

The ancient Jews were right; children are a blessing from God. They make a heart full, if not a pocket full.

Ruskin was right; those who add healthy, red-blooded human beings to the earth's stores increase the real wealth of a nation more than they that add money to the world's money, or works of business, manufacture or art to the world's work or pleasure.

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM

The Lord is your highest ruling Consciousness of Good; God is that Good Omnipresent. Divine Love is its Nature, its Essence.

Divine Love is my Shepherd; I shall not want. Divine Love maketh me to lie down in green pastures: Divine Love leadeth me beside the still waters. Divine Love restoreth my soul; Divine Love leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for Divine Love's name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou, Divine Love, art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Divine Love preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Divine Love anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of Divine Love forever.—*Power.*

Life is fully provided for, and its Purposes and Plans are brought to Form. Life is manifestly its Perfection everywhere.

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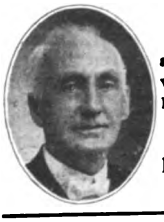

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For many years Elizabeth Towne's books on self-development have been recognized as a potent force in current literature. But in her latest book, "Lessons in Living," she reaches the high-water mark of excellence.—THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT, Melbourne, Australia.

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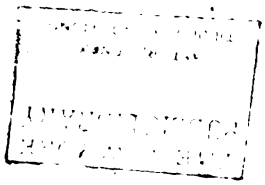

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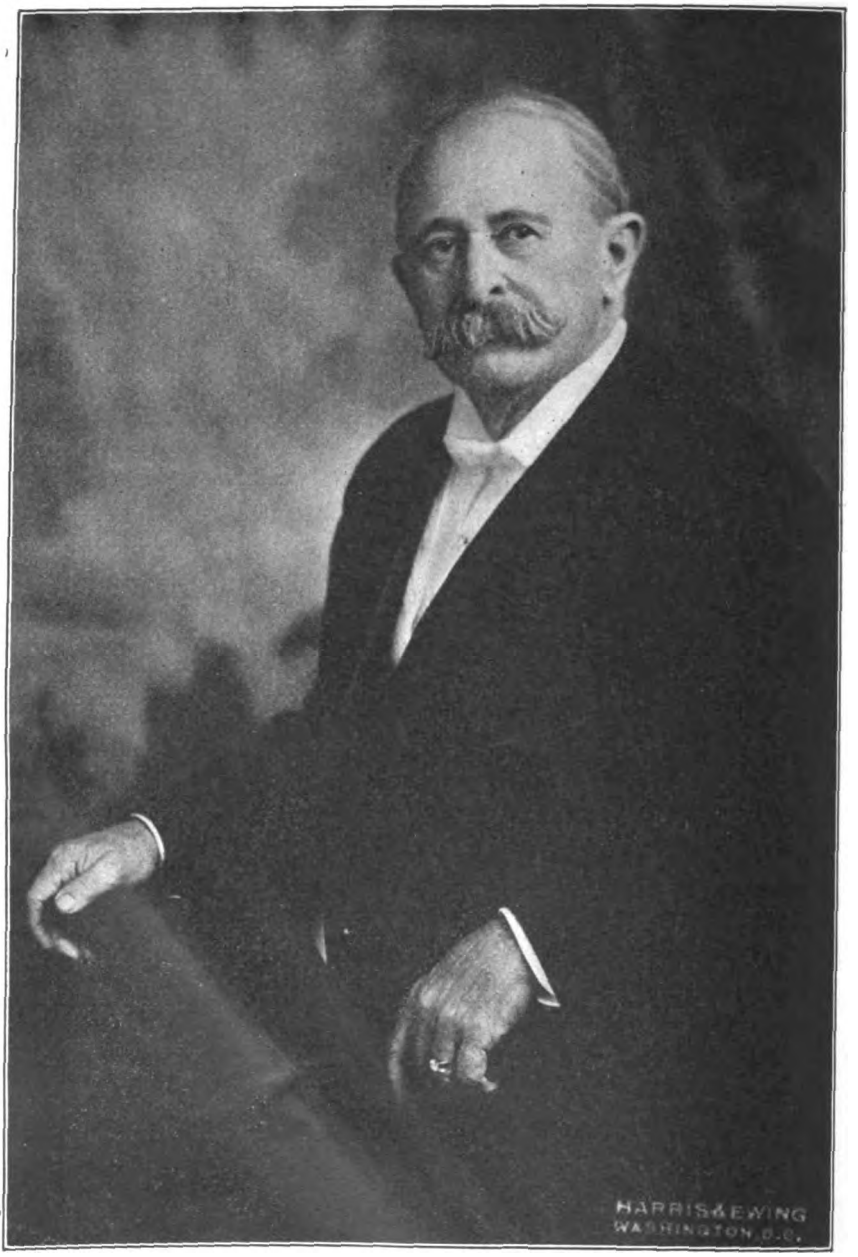

Oliver C. Sabin

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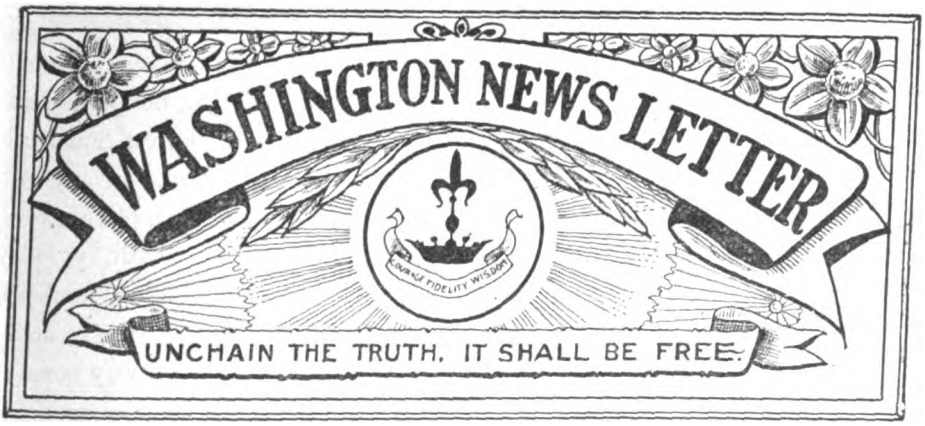

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Free Lecture Course at Atlantic City, N. J.

July 20 there will begin a series of twenty-one lectures to be delivered in the Greek Temple, on Young's New Million Dollar Pier, at Atlantic City, N. J. These lectures will be absolutely free, teaching how to heal the sick by divine methods, this being the third annual course at Atlantic City.

The first lecture of the series will be given by Mrs. Elizabeth Towne, the talented editress of *Nautilus,* at 3 o'clock p. m., July 20.

During this course of lectures I will give away a large number of books and periodicals upon the subject of Evangelical Christian Science. The books teach how to heal the sick.

The last lecture will be given on August 10.

This church is in no way connected with the Christian Science Church founded by Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy.

I will announce at a later date the name of the hotel at which I will stop in Atlantic City during the lecture course.

Lovingly yours,
OLIVER C. SABIN, *Bishop.*

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Free Lecture Course at Portland, Maine

On August 17 I will deliver the first of a series of ten free lectures in the music room of the Congress Square Hotel, at Portland, Maine.

These lectures will be absolutely free, and will be closely along the lines of teaching how to heal. Those who wish to learn the Science of Divine Healing will do well to be on hand promptly on the date of the opening lecture.

Any person wishing hotel accommodations in Maine during this lecture course, may write to the Congress Square Hotel and make reservation, or any person wishing a less expensive place may write to Mr. Daniel K. Smith, 51 Roberts Street, Portland, Maine, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply, and Mr. Smith will aid in every way possible.

I shall stop at the Congress Square Hotel during the lecture course, which will close August 27.

Lovingly yours,

Olivier C. Sabin

Bishop.

THE PRACTICAL RELIGION

Our religion is practical. We take this doctrine of love and carry it out. Here we are. What is the command? Love God with all your mind, might and strength, and love your brother as yourselves. Place yourself upon the platform of love, and then do things, but you can't do things in any other way. Our Savior told His disciples, "If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." If you have done wrong, do right. That is what it means. Throw evil out of your consciousness. Let nothing but love be within you; be full of love, love for God and love for your fellow. Ask whatever thou wilt and it shall be given unto thee. That is the doctrine of practical religion.

SMILE YOUR WAY ALONG

At the door of a hospital is the sign: "If you can't smile don't go in." Whoever conceived of that sign was not far from being a good physician, though he may have been serving as janitor. Better than medicine is the smile of friendship to those who are set apart by their infirmities. And the smile of cheer and helpfulness is not only the passport to the hospital, but to all the world, if we but knew it. Someone remarks: "Who is beyond the ministry of a kindly smile? It is a tonic to the discouraged. It helps the little child for whom the world holds so much that makes afraid, and it cheers the aged who find life unspeakably lonely. As King Arthur's court was built by music, so the happier life we all hunger for here upon earth is built in large part by the cheerful faces we see, as we bear the load appointed for us."—*Universalist Leader.*

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Chain of Golden Thoughts

July

PAULINA B. SABIN

"I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same beareth much fruit; for apart from me yet can do nothing."

We lie open on one side to the deeps of spiritual nature, to all the attributes of God. Justice we see and know Love, Freedom, Power. These natures no man ever got above, but always they tower over us, and must in the moment when our interests tempt us to wound them. —*Emerson.*

The path of virtue is closed to no one; it lies open to all; it admits and invites all, whether they be free born men, slaves or freedmen, kings or exiles; it requires no qualifications of family or property; it is satisfied with a mere man.—*Seneca.*

The world delights in sunny people. The old are hungering for love more than for bread. The air of joy is very cheap; and if you can help the poor on with a garment of praise, it will be better for them than blankets.—*Henry Drummond.*

We build temples and we forget God. We forget that the whole living choir of worshippers is the church of God—the temple not made with hands, but whose foundations are living stones. This is the temple of which we are all members, each bound by ties of affinity and communion as common brethren and bound by nature's laws, which are unchangeable.—*N. A. Staples.*

The Evangelical Church holds to the thought and practice that all healing is accomplished by God in and through the name of Jesus Christ.

The apostle Peter on the day of Pentecost announced to the assembled multitude that God through this man (speaking of Jesus Christ) had done many wonderful works; our Savior in His exhortation to His disciples announced that the works He did they could do, and the promise is given to all those who believe that whatsoever you ask in His name you shall receive. We ask in the name of Jesus Christ, and receive the blessings in accordance with the asking; we ask, believing that we have that for which we ask before we ask, and the manifestation is made perfect.—*Bishop Sabin.*

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The Realization

Lecture Delivered by Bishop Oliver C Sabin Before the Evangelical Christian Science Church, Washington, D. C.

THE subject of this morning's lecture is what is termed Realization. That is the word that was thrown up against me, and I presume every other seeker after the truth, when I first heard of this so-called New Thought. It was a hobgoblin. "I can not tell you," they said. "You have to go through class, but when you get the realization you can move the mountains." Like this old orthodox thought of getting religion, you get so you can feel it in your heart. I supposed that was what the realization meant.

Fortunately, or unfortunately—I always regarded it as fortunate — when I first heard of this New Thought it was the year Mrs. Eddy had prohibited all teaching. The truth was there were getting to be a great many students, and there were three or four here in Washington who had the presumption to permit people to call them "Mother," and that "Mother-business" teaching becoming so promiscuous, they stopped teaching for one year, and then, when the gates were lifted, only those who were permitted to teach had been taught by the real Mother, and those bogus "Mothers" were relegated to the rear with bugs in their ears, so to speak.

I knew a very lovely woman in this city. She was a splendid healer, and she was very proud when they began to call her Mother. Her husband had been a member of Congress for ten years, and she was advancing along the lines of new thought, and was really a splendid operator. That ruling ruled her out, and she received the admonition that unless that "Mother" business was stopped she would be dropped from the church rolls. That brought it to an end.

When the gates were lifted I had no desire to be taught by any of them, because I learned that those taught by the teachers became their teacher's mental slaves as long as the teacher was in good standing with the mother church. If by any misstep of the teacher he or she was

> I have sometimes been taken to task by very good people. I have no doubt pious fellows, with long faces, because my countenance is not long enough. It is built too short. I like to play and like the sunshine, and like to drink the last drop of the honey out of the flower. I am now in the only Heaven I ever expect to get into, and I am going to stay in this Heaven just as long as I deserve to stay. Therefore I enjoy life. I know some very excellent people who are so religious that they can not digest their food, and have dyspepsia; and then there are other so-called Christians on the other side who are so full of hatred for their neighbor that they are filled with cancers, rheumatism and those kinds of diseases. I tell you you have to understand what God Almighty Love has for us.
>
> The answering of the prayer belongs to Infinite Good, Infinite Love, Infinite Life, Infinite Power, and we have no part or parcel in making the answer, not at all. All we have to do is to do our part and then trust. The command is: "Commit your ways unto the Lord and trust in Him," and the promise is: "He will bring it to pass."

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thrown out of the mother church, they not only went out, but took their whole band of students with them, and the only way they could get back into the church was to go and get taught by some teacher in good standing. This teaching was one hundred dollars a head, and there was no discount for this second teaching.

Meanwhile I went to work reading and studying all the books Mrs. Eddy ever wrote and the books of everybody I ever heard of writing on the subject of New Thoughtism, as we term it to-day, and found it a direct line back for seventeen hundred years. From that until the days of Jesus Christ a blackness covered it, and we are not able to find a trace of the so-called New Thought teaching as taught by Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ's teachings are all intensely scientific. There is no mystery about it to those who understand the little text read in your presence this morning; it gave the keynote to the whole business of what we term or what is termed the "realization." I have simplified that term since I learned what they meant by it to the word "understanding." It is simply a matter of knowledge on your part, or understanding, and if those of you who want to be practical, intensely practical, will follow me closely for the next twenty minutes, I will give you as nearly as I can the practical theory of the practical science as taught by Jesus Christ.

We eliminate all modern writers from this discussion, and simply give you the simple truth as taught by the great Master of the Science, who told us: "You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." The understanding that heals and demonstrates is the truth on the given subject which is to be demonstrated.

That truth which you must understand is as the Savior said to the disciples, as was read in your presence this morning: "I and the Father are one; I live, move and have my being in the Infinite Father." We are told that we are the same as Jesus Christ in that respect.

It was said by historians that there were more gods to worship in Athens when Paul preached there than in any other place at that period of the world. They were numbered by the hundreds, and among the others they had put up one to the "Unknown God," and Paul told them: "He whom you ignorantly worship declare I unto you." That is what we are declaring to-day, this "unknown God." And among other things Paul said that we live, move and have our being in it.

Of the great understanding that makes you free, the fundamental principle, the corner-stone, the rock upon which it is built, is to know what God is; to know that God is Life, and that all life, wherever manifest, whatever the form may be, whether it be in the starry heavens or the worlds in their circlings, all life, all action, that manifestation is God manifest in every wavelet, in every breeze, in every breath you draw and in every pulsation of your heart; that all this is God manifested in you—in you and through you and in me and through me. When you come to make that understanding in your consciousness, so declare; mind you, you have to declare in order to succeed as a demonstrator. Do that, and you can do what you want to do. A thought unexpressed, either consciously or sub-consciously, is like a still-born child. It has no life, it has no manifestation; but in order to give it

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power and manifestation it must be evolved from you, it must be thrown into the vibrations that cover the universe, and you then and there must understand that the word that has gone out spoken is the word as spoken by God Almighty, and has the same power and same effect because it is God Almighty's truth that goes.

That is what our Savior meant. Now, to apply this and make it intensely practical, I am going to give you a few illustrations.

All demonstrations come from the one source—God Almighty power—and it matters not what the demonstration to be accomplished is, it comes from the one great source of Omnipresent power. Now, always keep these preliminary remarks in your mind, and know they are true. Suppose I want to demonstrate finance, the money question. No true Scientist is ever "hard up," no true Scientist ever lacks anything, and every one of you who comes around and cries out because you are hard up is no Scientist at all. I am not going to say it is a sin to be poor, but it is about the same to be poor as it is to be sick. Both poverty and sickness come from error, and all error is what we term more or less sin. Sin is a generic term, and the word is almost meaningless, like the word "religion," which has such a broad, wide application that it amounts really to nothing. The words religion and sin are something alike in character, because sin is so widespread and in so many directions true and false that it really amounts to nothing in the sense that we mean when we call wrongdoing sin. But in the world's history one calls this act wrongdoing and another calls it right, and, as the old saying is about food, that which is one man's meat is another man's poison. What is sin here, over there is the very quintessence of piety.

I have sometimes been taken to task by very good people, I have no doubt pious fellows, with long faces, because my countenance is not long enough. It is built too short. I like to play and I like the sunshine, and I like to drink the last drop of the honey out of the flower. I am now in the only heaven I ever expect to get into, and I am going to stay in this Heaven just as long as God Almighty will let me, and I think He will let me stay here just as long as I deserve to stay. Therefore I enjoy life. I know some very excellent people who are so religious that they can not digest their food, and have dyspepsia, and then there are other so-called Christians on the other side who are so full of hatred for their neighbor that they are filled with cancers, rheumatism and all those kinds of diseases. I tell you you have to understand what God Almighty Love has for us.

I want to tell you now what you have to understand in order to demonstrate finance. Come right back to the fundamental question: Who am I? I am the image and likeness of God Almighty. I live, move and have my being in the Infinite Father, Love, Good. I am His heir, and all that He has, like the sunshine, is mine, and I may absorb all that I can and the amount of sunshine remains undiminished. Then I declare I am the heir of God Almighty; everything that is is mine; it is mine now, and God Almighty manifests it to me, and I thank and praise Him for it in the name of Jesus Christ. Then you fellows who do not know what you are talking about commence to say: "How is God going to help me? You are trying to get on the other side and do God's part. You

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pray to God, and when you affirm that you have all and that all belongs to you, then you get on the other side, and want in a manner to figure out how God is going to do it or dictate to Him. These people will come to me and say: "I am on a salary. How is God going to help me?" They make various kinds of excuses. Now, I want to say, my friends, that the answering of the prayer belongs to Infinite Good, Infinite Love, Infinite Life, Infinite Power, and we have no part or parcel in making the answer, not at all. All we have to do is to do our part and then trust. The command is, "Commit your ways unto the Lord and trust in Him," and the promise is, "He will bring it to pass." Do this and do as I tell you, and, as old Job said: "Even though He slay me, I will stand by my thoughts and my records." If you have not a crust, if you have not a feather for your bonnet, if you have not anything in God Almighty's world but the sweet air of Heaven, trust God Almighty, and trust Him even though He slay you. Stand by your guns, and I tell you you will have all the wealth that a God Almighty Love can give you. It is only the one who gets scared; it is only the one who tries to figure out how God can do that does not win. It is the fool that puts his hand to the plow and looks back; it is the doubter, it is the waverer, it is the coward who never gets anything.

You have to be brave, you have to be firm, and when you make a statement you have to stand by it, know it is true and stand by it, and when these doubting Thomases come into your mind, saying, "How is it going to be done," say: "Get behind me, Satan. God Almighty is my protector. He blesses me and answers my prayers." Let that be your answer, and you will have all you want.

The next thought I am going to demonstrate in connection with this realization is how to obtain health. Go back to the original principle. Who are you? You are the image and likeness of God Almighty Life, God Almighty Love, God Almighty Good, God Almighty Power, God Almighty Wisdom. Now, mark you, it is not that God has life or has love, wisdom or power. Suppose we depended on God for life. When life was taken from God He would be gone. Therefore life would be greater than God. God is through all. He is the center; He is life; He is the esse; He is love; He is power; He is wisdom; He is goodness; not that He has these, but He is. Realize that "I am His image and likeness." Now carry it logically right along, "I am the image and likeness of perfect life, perfect good, perfect health, perfect harmony, perfect happiness; therefore I am like It, and I have all these things, and these manifestations of so-called diseases are lies; they belong to this kingdom of so-called mortal mind; there is nothing in it only as we make it and give it consent in our minds." That gives it vitality, and unless you kill that thought in your mind it has vitality enough to kill you. When you declare with the understanding that I have given to you of what all these things are and what they mean to you, and declare yourself perfect, perfection manifests itself.

I could give you thousands of instances known to myself and others where the thought has killed the disease, and when you understand how to realize you do not have to get down and wallow over the ground and pray to God Almighty and cry out so loud that they can hear you all over the neighborhood. Understand who

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you are, and make the declaration. It is the realization of the truth that does the work; it is not the quantity or the repetition that does it. Peter and John were going up to the temple when a man accosted them for alms. Peter said: "Look on us; silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I unto thee. In the name of Jesus Christ I command you to rise up and walk."

This power and dominion that were given to man as his birthright belong to us, and I have seen a great many cases healed simply by the spoken word and the command. And the time is coming, and coming fast, when all diseases will be healed by the spoken word and healed instantaneously. Mind you, I want to impress upon you that this Science is not to be exercised by simply one; it is as broad as the universe; it is as wide as the love of God; it is as wide as God Himself, and all of His children whom He loves alike can exercise it if they will. You can exercise it if you wish. It is up to you whether you will take God Almighty's truth into your very soul, put it into practice, live by it and enjoy all the good there is in the earth. It is all for you. Hold up your head and thank the beautiful loving Father for His daily care, His daily leading you and making you perfect along the lines of perfect love. Get these thoughts into your hearts; put what you know into practice, and if you wish you will move the mountains by and by.

"Live for something, have a purpose,
And that purpose keep in view;
Drifting like a helpless vessel,
Thou canst ne'er to life be true.
Half the wrecks that strew life's ocean,
If some star had been their guide,
Might have long been riding safely,
But they drifted with the tide."

MAN WAS MADE FOR JOY

The last words of the great drama of Sophocles, the Oedipus Rex, is:

"Oh hapless state of human race!
How quick the fleeing shadows pass
Of transitory bliss below,
Where all is vanity and woe.
By thy example taught, Oh, prince, we see
Man was not made for true felicity."

Jesus came to nail this everlasting lie of the ages to the cross forever, and show that man "was not made to mourn," but was made to be filled with everlasting joy. That this joy should remain with us and that our joy was to be full. In answered prayer alone will this joy be poured out ever in floods of glory, and change the siren song of earth into angels' song of God. Then again Jesus emphasizes the place most needed in the warning, viz.: Not to pray to *him*, lest they soon learn they have prayed amiss. "At that hour ye shall ask in my name, and I say not unto you I will pray the Father for you," as I have been doing while here on the earth. For the Father himself loveth you also, just as he loves me, and with a greater love if you are a prodigal than if you went astray. And this is the ground of His love, "because ye have loved Me and believed Him when He says that I came out from God."—*Frank N. Riale, in The Christian Work and Evangelist.*

Let the boys and the girls dream, and may their dreams grow greater with the passing years. With buoyant spirits and a joy in living that misfortune can not dull, they will see these dreams come true, and fail only to climb to a higher success.—*Prairie Farmer.*

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Please the Lord

Dr. JOHN DAVID MILES

COMMIT thy works unto the Lord and thy thoughts shall be established. Prov., 16:3.

"When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him."

Evangelical Christian Science has for its foundation the Science of Love, and teaches that God is Spirit, Life, Love, Truth, Health, Happiness, Harmony and Prosperity, and that man lives, moves and has his being in God (Spirit). It also teaches that God or Infinite Spirit is All, and All is God; also that all visible things are God made manifest, but not real. It teaches that to enjoy the Spiritual or God life we must seek within ourselves and commune with the inner or invisible Life or God within.

Before the coming of Christ all the world was teaching the evil dogmatic doctrine of "an eye for an eye; he that sheddeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed." The earth was filled with evil, and man was drifting farther and farther from the Good. No wonder the angels on the birth of Christ—man's Redeemer—sung Peace (Love) on earth good will to man.

Jesus Christ the Son was sent by the Father to redeem the world and restore the kingdom of heaven on earth. He came teaching the Spirit of Love, Peace and Harmony, and sacrificed His life that fallen man might be redeemed and that the last enemy, death, should be conquered. Jesus Christ did not teach that the Kingdom of Heaven would come, but He emphatically assured His disciples that it was already here; for when asked about it He said that the Kingdom of Heaven was within you, clearly proving that it is a condition and not a place, perfectly practical but not visible. "He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is Love." 1 John, 4:8.

The Apostle, in teaching the duty of mutual love, also endeavored to enforce His doctrine by His argument that "between God and man there subsists a communion so intimate that it leads to an assimilation." He also states that in God we live and have our being, and as obedient children we should ever strive to please and be obedient to the Divine law of Infinite Love, that our adorations may be, as Solomon's were, for wisdom and pleasing to the Lord; for "how much better is it to get wisdom than gold." "Pleasant words are as a honeycomb—sweet to the soul and health to the bones." Prov., 16:24. Wisdom enables man to grasp the realization of the everywhere presence of the Infinite Spirit and feel as Jesus did when He said: "Not I, but the Father within me, He doeth the works and I do those things which are pleasing unto the Father."

Christ said, "Ye are the temple of the living God." We are in the image and likeness of God—free agents—and as true worshipers of Infinite Life we must worship the Father in Spirit and Truth.

There is a magic Power (live wire, so to speak) in every life. If we seek its aid and hearken to its promptings and dictations, we will easily understand that this Power is our higher nature seeking to open our minds to an inflow of the Spirit of all Good, and have as our birth-

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right, Health, Harmony and Prosperity. Dear reader, do you recognize as your companion, every moment of your life, the Infinite Power within? Are you exercising your very best endeavors to please God? If you are, All Good will come to you from every direction, and you will be filled with God's Holy Love.

"Fear not," said Jesus; "it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom." Luke, 12:32. "There is no personality in the universe; all is God." Therefore, the more you heed the Voice Within the nearer you will be drawn to the Infinite; for when man's ways please the Lord he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him. In pleasing the Lord we get the realization that Jesus our Redeemer has lived upon the earth and was the Lord's anointed—"sent to proclaim liberty to the captive and open the prison doors to them that are bound," and through His teachings restored Peace and Harmony between God and man.

GOD IS PRINCIPLE

There is nothing but God and His ideas and all departures therefrom are mere illusions of sense. A man may think himself separate from God and free to do as he wishes without looking to the One Source of all that is, but in the end he will find that all his departures from truth and virtue, the ever-present monitions of intuition, were like the errors in the mathematical problem, transitory deviations that do not inhere in the principle and for which it is in no way responsible. We must understand that God is principle, and that things are just as they are because their cause is principle and not person.

KEEP SWEET

Rose M. de Vaux-Royer

I have a message for you. It is, "Keep sweet." In our earlier experiences we feel that our message is for the world, and insist upon some noise and clamor in attendance with the publishing of our ideals as we persistently present them, moulding them into character. But the world is a large place, with positive opinions of its own, composed of individuals, who, separately at closer range, we seldom find in sympathy with or even worthy in our estimation, of that which we have hugged to our heart so closely, calling it by name and holding is as a cherished possession.

Perhaps if we were to liberate this, devoid of our persistent personality, launched on the etheric waves, flowing freely, as fluid thought it might find its own and live if it contains enough God-force. Or we may exercise these, our ideals, as an individual duty, with those entrusted to our care, near at hand, where all the Christian virtues may be practiced, and thereby grow to measure our own strength and capacity, and the influence of our example will penetrate to the center and extend to the circumference of that outer world, if we have grown great and good enough. Keep sweet and free from the conflict of contrary minds, and know if your message be little or great. God understands.

"Worry is a three-headed devil; looking forward he plots mischief by destroying hope; looking round about he increases misfortune by magnifying fear; looking backward he robs his victim of all satisfaction by poisoning memory. Worry incapacitates. Cast him out."

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Evangelical Christian Science

What It Is and What It Does

BISHOP OLIVER C. SABIN, before the Evangelical Christian Science Church, Popham Beach, Maine, July, 1908

THE subject of the lecture this morning is "Evangelical Christian Science, What It Is and What It Does." I shall endeavor to talk to you as though you never have heard of Christian Science, and try and impress the truth of it upon your consciousness; and while our audience here to-day is quite large, the audience to which I really speak is measured by the hundreds of thousands only, and what will be said here to-day will be read in every civilized nation on the face of the earth and on the islands of the sea, and we will hope that the truth enunciated from this rocky shore will vibrate from here to the ends of the earth and bring in the harvest for which the seed is sown.

The term Evangelical Christian Science means that it is that branch of Christian Science which takes Jesus Christ for its leader, that science which God has given to men by which we can approach God the Father and from which, and by which, we can receive an answer to that approachment. These definitions are as concise as I can make them, and are absolutely and practically true.

The second question is, What does it do? In reply to that we will say that it controls every avenue of human endeavor. Through this science we approach God the Father through what we term treatments, but what in reality you would term prayer, asking from God the Father through scientific methods that which we want, realizing the truth of what and who God is, what and who man is, and the relative associations of one with the other. When we make these perfect realizations, we affirm what we want and receive that for which we ask. We know that God is the creator of everything, that all that is is His, and that it is from Him and through Him that we receive every good and perfect gift. We know that man is His heir, we know that all God has man has; that, when we go to God the Father and ask, we know for what to ask, and are entitled to that which He has, because we are His heir.

All that God has is ours, and all that He has is good. Therefore, the rule of asking is to ask for that which is good, and you will receive it from God the Father. If you ask for evil—ask for that which is not in harmony with perfect good and perfect love—you will not receive it from God Almighty. If you ask with an impure heart—a heart filled with hatred, malice, vindictiveness and wickedness—you will receive no answer to your prayer, because God has none of those things to give you. He has nothing but good which He can give to us. If we want to receive what God has, we have to ask for that which He has, which is good and good manifest.

This science is the power by which God takes us by the hand, so to speak, and leads us through the pathway of life. If the young man or woman who has

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just started life, or whether they have started in life and are out of the pathway, they come to the knowledege of this science, they approach God and ask for that which they want; everything they touch is a success; everything they ask for they receive. This science gives us everything on earth and in heaven that is good, and makes us brighter, broadens our intelligence, makes the dumb intelligent.

There was a case of a young man in Portland, Ore., who had been what was termed idiotic from the time of his birth. He was twenty-six years old. The mother wrote for treatment. I took the case up and found they were poor and could not pay, so I did not hire any healers to put on it. I took the case myself and treated him. I treated him for about six months, and at the end of that time the mother wrote that he was able to read and was reading my books and was treating me personally every day; that he had gone out on the farm and was making a farm hand at labor. I realized the perfect intelligence of the One Mind, that that child had but One Mind, and that that One Mind was only the mind of God Almighty, and that it was manifest through Him in a perfect degree. That realization was a prayer to God Almighty to restore his sense, so to speak, destroy the inharmonies of idiocy. God answered the prayer and the boy was healed.

It may be that a person who goes into this science is filled with disease. I have known hundreds, perhaps thousands, who have come into this science filled with disease from the crowns of their heads to the soles of their feet. They gradually took the science and commenced the study. The realization came over them, and by and by the Truth permeated their entire systems and they became every whit whole.

It will renew the youth of old age, it will destroy the wrinkles in the face, it will blot out every atom of sorrow, it will turn the devil that is in you, so to speak, outside and make you over again, and fill you with blessings of love. Nothing but good can come near you, around you or about you. If you have any enemies they will become your friends. If you are poor, you will become rich. If you are weak, you will become strong. If you are ugly, you will become handsome, and if you are sick you will become healthy. Every conceivable condition of life that makes perfection in your body, in your mind, in your circumstances, in your environments will come to you.

Now, I ask you, is such a science as this worth studying? I ask that question of all the world that is before me like a panorama, in that I see mankind on the right hand and on the left, in the north and the south and the east and the west, bowing down to the fear of disease, the fear of poverty, the fear of sorrow, everything rushing on as it were, filling the graveyards, filling the hospitals, filling the penitentiaries, filling the asylums, everywhere rushing on the road to destruction. Whereas here is harmony, peace, love. We throw the lifeline out to all the world. Will you take it or will you let it go? If you let it go, you must take the consequences. If you sow to yourself seeds of carnal mind, if you sow the thought and belief in the reality of evil, in the reality of disease and sorrow, of poverty, of want, you will reap just simply the crop you sow, you will receive that exactly what you sow; but if, on the other hand, you sow the seeds of love, of confidence in God Almighty, knowing that He is your everpresent help in time

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of trouble, knowing that He leads you as you ask, along the pathway of life, guiding you; if you sow that kind of seed, your body will become young, you will become strong, you will become healthy and happy, and you will be in heaven here and now.

Mark you, you do not have to wait to get into hell until after the undertaker gets through with you. You can live in hell right here on Popham Beach, or in this earth just as well as you can anywhere.

There is just as much hell here as there is in any other place. They asked our Savior about the Kingdom of Heaven, and He said, You can not see it, you can not say lo! here it is, or, lo! there it is, but the Kingdom of Heaven is within you. In other words, it is a condition of mind, and that condition of mind can create hell, can create evil or good. It is the mind that controls, it is your mind that will destroy you or build you up. Through God Almighty's help you will be built up, but if you do not ask for His assistance and if you deny His power, the very sins themselves will drag you down and destroy you.

Now, I ask, briefly, is this science worth studying? We throw it to you throughout the world as free as the air of heaven. We throw you the lifeline of God Almighty's love. Will you grasp or will you sink?

May the blessing of God Almighty rest upon you and all our readers and enable you to make the choice which will give you freedom, happiness, harmony, love.

In all of God's manifestations, creations and work there is an exactitude, a perfect rule. Everything works in perfect harmony. That same rule applies to His intercourse with man.

ALL LIFE IS OPPORTUNITY

The absurdest of all absurdities is the pseudo-philosophy that Opportunity never knocks but once at the door of every human life. Opportunity knocks just as often as the individual determines that it shall knock. Her visitations are wholly dependent on the will of him who resolves.

To him who will "never say die while there's a shot in the locker," there is no such thing as the want of opportunity.

All life is opportunity; each circumstance and incident. But only those see it who determine to.

Never give up; never retreat; never say "die." Say, "Man makes the opportunity; opportunity never makes the man!"

Resolve! Retreat only to advance. Never spike your gun till victory perches on your banner.

Whoever feels success in his bones will laugh at the threat of Opportunity to shut the gates once opened, and forever bar the candidate. Opportunity cannot do it, for it is not self-created; and if not increate, it is ever subject to its creator.

Who, then, is the creator of Opportunity? I answer, the individual who determines that time nor chance, nor rhyme or reason, nor stars or gods, or any of the most common causes shall be strong enough to cheat him of that for which his spirit craves.—*Henry Frank.*

Talk happiness, and your health will be better, your mind will be brighter and your personality far more attractive. But the qualities that happiness will give to you will also be given to those who have the pleasure to listen to you when you talk happiness.

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HARRIET DOANE PRENTISS

Rays of Sunshine

With God's sunshine all about us,
Let us enjoy its rays;
Absorbing light from every source
Will stimulate our days.

For every bit of warmth and glow
That reaches to the heart,
Fresh inspiration comes to all,
Some new life to impart.

Remember, e'en a smile can change
A cold world to a glow;
Much happiness depends upon
The grace that we bestow.

With radiations from above,
And sunlight in the heart,
We'll melt the shadows from our path
And bid life's cares depart.

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Fear Not

FEAR is the greatest enemy of one's advancement to the fruition of truth. Where it takes possession spirituality is weakened, confidence in God is almost if not quite annihilated, and instead of being free as we should in the knowledge of truth we become abject slaves of carnal mind. Take the position of a healer. They treat a case and do not see immediate results sometimes, and fear takes possession of them, and they commence to doubt whether God has heard their prayers, or what is the matter with them, whereas were it not for this latent fear, in perhaps 99 cases out of 100 there would be no such manifestations. A person who comes with perfect faith, calling for help as did the man who was afflicted with leprosy, beseeching our Savior, "Lord, if Thou wilt Thou canst make me clean," is such as receives results. If our faith in God is sufficient and we know He works through us, we should fear not, and in that realization results would be certain.

The fear of disease is often the parent of it, the immediate cause of its manifestation. The fear of poverty is the father of poverty. Persons who are always fearing they are going to want, or will come to want, almost always reap that which they sow in thought. The fear of sorrow is always repaid by affliction. If one has a friend and they hold him down with fears, that fear destroys instead of being a helper as they think, and a sympathizer; their sympathy and fears go far towards his or her destruction.

Fear itself lessens our trust and reliance in God, destroys our spirituality and prevents us from realizing manifestations of healing and of success in any of the departments of life. We should remember what the Psalmist has said, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I shall fear no evil, for Thou art with me." That is the sum and substance of all divine manifestations in the way of healing, and all success is dependent on the absolute and perfect trust in God. Remember that God is with you at all times, under all circumstances, that His power is omnipotent, and that nothing can harm you or destroy you, if you simply trust in God without fear.

It is the infinite spirit of love, the God that controls all and in whom we live, move and have our being and from whom we receive every good and perfect gift. Therefore, let us trust and hold in remembrance the blessed promise of our Savior that thou shalt know the truth and the truth shall make you free; freedom from fear, freedom from the fear of sickness, freedom from the fear of poverty, freedom from the fear of any kind of inharmony. That is the Christian's right and that is our birthright; therefore, fear not, for God is with you.

You often hear the expression, made especially by ministers who do not know anything about it, that this religion is neither Christian nor scientific. It is to me a pronouncedly singular thing that so many people stand ready to discuss, condemn and criticize things that they know absolutely nothing about. When a person that does not understand this realization commences to criticize it he has no more idea of what he is talking about than if he never had been able to speak a

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word. Absolutely, it is perfect Greek to him. I remember, when I was first studying this science, scientists would talk to me by the hour, and absolutely I knew nothing more of what they had been talking about when they got through than if they had been talking to a stone or stump, absolutely knew nothing of it. The very first idea of it did not get into my consciousness. Whether it was to a certain degree the fault of the one talking or whether it was my intense, gross ignorance and stupidity, is a question. I think the latter was the cause of most of it. Be careful that you do not criticise that which you do not know anything about.

There is another adage: "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." You don't find any hesitancy with the ignorant in their condemnation. People that do not know anything about this science are always ready to condemn it, because they know nothing about it. Now, if we were teaching you something that did not demonstrate itself, if we were teaching you something that you yourself could learn and demonstrate as well as we can, then you would have some room to talk and some room to criticise; but here is a Truth that is as free as the air of Heaven and as plain as the noonday sun, and all you have to do is to bring to the service an honest endeavor, and you can demonstrate it as well as anybody else. There is no need for a person to put this back into his little mind and say: "Well, I don't believe." That is the answer of a fool.

This Science of ours is much more than the simple healing of the sick. If that was all there was to it, if this body was all there was to save, I am frank to say that I would not be advocating this Truth—if that was all there was of it, because the body of itself is nothing but a transition, a passing on all the time. The eternal spirit of God, the indwelling I Am, the I, lives forever; and the upbuilding of this thing called man, the image and likeness of God, thus building up, making us stronger, making us broader and broader, surrounding us with every harmony of God Almighty's love, filling our lives with sunshine and happiness and sunshine, contentment, joy and peace, driving out all fear, all worry and all sorrow, that is its work; building for eternity as we go up this ladder of infinite love, God Almighty leading us as we go.

That is why I am here teaching as Jesus commanded when He said: "Go into all the world and preach this gospel." It is your duty, it is my duty, it is the duty of everybody, to throw out the lifeline, to preach the gospel, to tell them this wonderful story of God Almighty's love, and help our brothers and sisters. That wondrous story will destroy every inharmonious thought on the face of the earth; wars will be stopped, contentions will be ended, hatred will be annihilated and universal love, love for God and love for one another, will settle upon the children of men, and we will all be happy forever and forever.

Persons must not confuse this Evangelical Christian Science Church with the followers of Mary Baker Eddy or any other church in the world along this so-called New Thought line. So far as we know the others fail to recognize Jesus Christ, as the Christian people all over the world do; that is, recognizing Him as the Son of God sent to man from God to redeem the human race. We hold to that Truth, and do all of our work in and through the name of Jesus Christ. Our healers have better success in healing the

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sick than any other class of workers, although there are others who heal the sick, but they cannot heal the sick as we do unless they work through the name of Jesus Christ, for the promise is: "And these signs shall follow them that believe; in My name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover."

PEBBLES THAT WERE DIAMONDS

We are only beginning to learn, we busy Americans, what to do with holidays. Most elders are apt to think of the summer holidays as playtimes for the young. We say of them: "Oh, I'm too old for holidays!" But are we? For whom, pray, were holidays really intended? As a matter of fact, holidays are exactly for those who brush them away, for the satisfaction of the grown-ups; and the more grown up we are, the longer the pull, the harder the experiences—the less opportunity for the usual share of the true fun of life—so much the more are we in need of them. The holidays were essentially intended for those of us who are weary and heavy-laden and need rest. They are for the sake of inspiration, of refreshment, of new courage. It is right that we should think of the holidays as for the children, but we should not overlook the fact that the elder often needs the holiday far more than does the child. The holidays with the average American have thus far been like the pebbles which the boys in South Africa use for jackstones; one day they were discovered to be diamonds.—*The Ladies' Home Journal.*

EXTRACT FROM LECTURE BY BISHOP SABIN

If I had a written parchment giving to each member of this congregation a deed in fee simple which gave an abundant supply of this world's goods, absolute happiness, eternal life, freedom from every so-called ill of life, and this deed was from God Almighty direct, given by His Son, signed, sealed and ready to be delivered, how many persons do you suppose who believe that I had that document would refuse to accept it? That would be a wonderful document. Now, my friends, I have that kind of a deed right here to-day for each one of you, sealed by the promises of God, given to us through His Son, and, if you will accept, it is for you to enter into possession of that which belongs to you.

The only sermon that Christ ever preached, of which we have any record, is the Sermon on the Mount. It gives the perfect beginning and ending. It is the perfect key to every condition of human life that can be met. It is the most wonderful document the world ever knew. None but God, or God manifest in His Son, could have delivered such a sermon. That wonderful Sermon on the Mount is to you and to me, to-day, the sheet anchor. If you are suffering from poverty, take the last ten verses of the sixth chapter of Matthew, follow them out strictly, and all of these troubles will pass away most wonderfully. The most wonderful lifegiving truths are in that Sermon on the Mount.

Be quiet; look up; smile back to God his love-smile. We are all of us the offspring of God, more nearly related to God than to one another, for in Him we live and move and have our being."—*New York Observer.*

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Now

HARRIET DOANE PRENTISS, Philadelphia, Pa.

A GREAT deal has been said regarding one's reaping the harvest of seeds sown in a former existence, and of experiences which react on one as a consequence of previous thinking.

True it is that all thought embodies and builds after its kind, but the process of mind brings immediate results; the book of records is balanced with each mental transaction, and all former accounts cancelled with the present issue of spiritual expression. No one is what he was in ages past; not what he is now.

One can be made well or ill, instantly, by his present condition of mind.

In twenty-four hours one can tear down two-thirds of the cells in his body and incapacitate himself for usefulness, or he can make himself whole in the same ratio of time by his attitude of mind.

Changes are continually occurring, and what we are to-day is not the result of past thinking, but of what we are still dwelling upon. Habits may have been formed years ago which cling to us now, and are creating the same conditions for us which we have experienced formerly; but that does not imply that we must necessarily live in the circumstances today which we created for ourselves in some remote stage of ignorance, just because conditions of mind were misdirected at some period of our existence.

There is nothing for us to consider but the NOW! Man can thrust himself into Heaven or perdition in the twinkling of an eye, and experience both within an hour.

One's mind can be perfectly serene one moment and his body responding in health to its rhythm, and the next instant, in a burst of anger or despair, he can be plunged into an agony of distress so great as to even sever the invisible cord that binds spirit to body.

There is no use expounding the doctrine of NOW and at the same time inflicting upon ourselves the idea that we must serve the term of punishment indefinitely for former lack of judgment. By the renewing of his mind man can at any time be made whole, with not a trace of his former shortcomings to interfere with his present development.

We balance our scales every hour, and every instant, and receive the punishment of indiscretions as soon as they are committed. The affliction will continue so long as the transgression is indulged in, but it also ceases as soon as we become poised and the scales are evenly balanced.

We pay the penalty daily of our ignorance and wrong attitudes of mind, and receive the reward of our virtues and constructive thinking immediately.

Nature operates on the C. O. D. principle, and we have the privilege of immediate results from a quick delivery of mental poise.

No one need be hampered to-day by the ball and chain of yesterday. Even the aroma of past thinking can be effaced if we change our mental slides and replace them with other impressions.

We are the result of our present quality of thought; we are free to think as we choose at any time, but in every

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instance we receive the full force of our decision and pay the price of our choice in its corresponding result.

If one wishes to grow in the direction of health, he must keep harmony in his mental realm at all times—get a grasp on every circumstance by a prefect adjustment of thought.

The way to health, success, peace and harmony is possible only through the right attitude of mind.

One can vacillate between ease and dis-ease, luxury and poverty, harmony and discord, just as long as he keeps his mental pendulum swinging between the two; but as soon as the energy of mind is placed on either side, it will become a reality.

We can dwell in the miasma of poverty, sickness, worry and fear so long as we choose to admit this quality into our mentality, or we can lean on the arm of spiritual enlightenment, and through the sustaining power of intelligence and poise bring conditions in our lives to a perfect issue. Man does not always claim his birthright of dominion, but it is true that any thought he chooses to think will express itself in action. This is a spiritual law, and one that can be relied upon.

Our thoughts reflect back to us just what they are—no more, no less. If our mirror does not present to us the object desired, we must remember it is our own handiwork, and no one is responsible but ourselves for what we appear to be and in reality are.

We are given the earth and the fullness thereof. We have all intelligence at our command, and if we do not use it to advantage no one will suffer the loss but ourselves.

Every one holds his destiny in his own hands and can make of his life what he wills to have it express for him. The contract is a large one, but any height can be scaled, any good reached through the utility of active mind-energy in the right direction.

No one is favored more than another, but some people appropriate more to themselves than do others, and understand better how to connect with God's ever-ready supply.

All nature is in a ceaseless state of renewal. There is no storehouse for mental decay, no place where things can be housed for future punishment or happiness. Accounts are squared and record books closed with the immediate transaction. Every thought we dwell upon embodies, and so long as an idea or an ideal is fastened on one he will feel the reaction of it, but one is free to change it at will.

To be handicapped by the ball and chain of past thinking would rob man of his liberty and retard the progress of human attainment.

Let us dwell in the secret place of the most high NOW. Liberate all past limitations and be made whole by the renewing of our mind.

There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better, for worse, as his portion; that 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. The power which resides in him is new in nature, and none but he who knows that is which he can do, nor does he know until he has tried.—*Emerson.*

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BE PATIENT

The students of Evangelical Christian Science require the exercise of patience in an eminent degree in their associations with persons who do not understand this Truth. We must remember that it is only a few years when we can look back at ourselves and see how utterly unreasonable we were in our thoughts. It is impossible for any person who has not studied these Truths and does not know more or less of the practical facts connected therewith to believe that God does heal the sick, destroy all evil and restore perfect harmony here with us on earth. The human family has been taught for so many hundreds of years that these things were miraculous in their character, and came only by special visitation of God's power to the favored few. We now understand that this power is but the natural result of the exercise of God's law, and that it does not belong to any favored few; but that it belongs to all the children of men. God created all alike. He gave to each wisdom and spiritual understanding, and He gave to each power and dominion; and the reason why these powers are not exercised by all the children of men is their own fault, the barriers which they place before themselves, their denial of their God-given power and their refusal to exercise it.

This Science is like all others of God's sciences. In order to be beneficial to man and to be exercised by him, it must be understood, and there is nothing difficult in the understanding, provided you do as Jesus says. We must come to God as a little child; that is, come with an honest and sincere purpose to know the Truth; divest ourselves of all prejudice, all self-opinions, and give to God fruitful soil in which to sow seed; and then when we ask, when we seek, and when we knock, our request will be granted, and we will find that for which we seek, and the doors of God's knowledge will be opened unto us. If people come to God with self-opinions, with a denial of Truths, and then with a further disability caused by the assertion that "This Truth was not intended for me," then it is that such persons have placed themselves in an impossible condition, and they never can learn; they never can practice, and they never can be benefited so long as they thus think.

The Christian world, refusing to study this Truth, are simply the blind leaders of the blind, and as a consequence they are falling into the ditch of sin, sickness and death, and will so continue until they repent and learn the Truth which makes them free.

SPINNING THE GREAT WHEEL

For still the Lord is Lord of might,
In deeds, in deeds He takes delight.
The plow, the spear, the laden barks,
The field, the founded city marts;
He makes the smiler of the streets,
The singer upon garden seats;
He sees the climber in the rocks;
To Him the shepherd folds his flocks.
For those He loves that underprop
With daily virtues heaven's top,
And bear the falling sky with ease,
Unfrowning caryatides.
Those He approves that ply the trade,
That rock the child, that wed the maid,
That with weak virtues, weaker hands,
Sew gladness on the peopled lands,
And still with laughter, song and shout
Spin the great wheel of the earth about.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

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Our Creed of Love

OUR Church, the Evangelical Christian Science Church, is based upon two great fundamental principles—first, Love for God: second, Love for your neighbor as for yourself. Upon these two principles we base all of our work. This is the only creed our Church professes. Everything else, as our Savior says, hangs upon these. This is a creed that is easy to remember, that is not burdensome to carry around with us and requires no deep philosophical training to interpret.

Wherever you are, whether in the busy haunts of men, in the rush and bustle and strain of a great city or in the solitudes of the mountains or of the forests, or on the ocean, you realize through the blessed Truth of our Science that you are surrounded by God-Love. You realize that God, Good, is all about you and in you and you in it. God, your loving Father, is by your side by night and by day. You do not think of Him as a being remote and inaccessible, but as one whom you may reach by your whisper in the hours of darkness, and on whom you may lean when you are weary. This is a thought which fills one's life with sunshine and frees one from all fear and anxiety.

The more one thinks of the omnipresence of God and of the omnipotence of His Love, the more completely harmony and happiness pervade and fill one's soul and become the atmosphere of one's life. The thought of fellowship and companionship with God comes, finally, to abide with you permanently, and drives from your mind all sorrow, fear and care, and you dwell in the sunshine of the Father's Love.

The more we realize love from our lives to all creatures and all things imbued with that God-life of which our own beings are a part, that God-life which pulsates in everything in man, in the birds, in the fishes, in the insects, and in plant and flower, the more fully do we realize that,

He liveth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loves them all.

What a change comes over the life of one who has been taught that the Father is far away from humanity and accessible only to a favored few, when he realizes that God is in himself, all around him, is in every creature and in everything; that wherever there is life or motion there is God, and that, through prayer, we may hold direct converse with Him.

The thought that all life is God-life, that God actually dwells in everything, reforms our lives and gives us a new view of all that is about us, a new conception of the world and of the universe. We see God in every manifestation of nature and find wonderment and beauty everywhere. Such cannot be the realization of him to whom this knowledege has not come.

A primrose by a river's brim,
A yellow primrose is to him,
And it is nothing more.

That modest flower speaks a message of God's love, but he hears it not; its golden petals glow with beauty of the God-mind, but he sees it not.

How happy are they who have come into the perfect realization of God's omnipresence, who know that God is All and God is Love!

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THE PROCESS OF GROWING YOUNG

"Hold on to your zenith years," some one has said.

Now, the zenith, scientifically speaking, is the point of the heavens directly above you, and when we apply it to our lives it means the height of our ambitions, abilities or successes. In its application to our years it should be understood to mean those years lying between maturity and what is commonly known as "old age," like a progressive luncheon, is a "movable feast," that period of supposed decrepitude is wholly an individual matter. In common parlance, it is wholly "up to you," says a writer in the *Kansas City Star*.

You can be "old" at 40 or young at 70, as you like to be. Decrepitude spells but one thing to me—neglect of health and abilities. So you can abuse either of these and be "old" at 40, or preserve both of them and be young at 70. Which shall you do? To-day, whatever your age, is perhaps the last call for your choice in the matter. Think it over seriously and then decide, and if you decide for longevity begin this very hour to study how to prevent waste and to increase power.

Note what your limitations are in strength and stop short before the demand begins a noticeable decrease in the supply. One of the first signs of approaching old age for you is a gradual loss of memory power. Mark that well, and the first time you awake to the fact of how easy it is not to try to arouse your memory to recall such and such an elusive fact, be warned. Force your memory to produce it. The effort and the success that follows it are safeguards against decrepitude.

Fading hope in anything is another sign. Cut out all the things that do not need your interests and put hope into those that do. One of the finest things about advanced maturity is that our sense of values becomes clearer and elimination is adopted as a preservative for our mental powers. There is less waste and better production from that which has been retained.

Keep cheerfulness (however small the natural supply), hope and interest alive. These are the foundations above which your "zenith years" are to be raised. Plan out, pursue and build up those twenty good years left to you after you have reached 50 with a steadfast determination to lose nothing of them that rightly belongs to you.

It requires but one tool with which to do all this—effort. Not nervous, nor hurried, nor anxious effort, but just slow, restful, steadfast progress that shall bring you into the calm of clear faculties, proven enthusiasms, and belief in the purpose of others at the expiration of that time.

THE SOURCE

Were there no God, I still would thank
The Source, though all unknown.
Wherein are born the joys of men, the
gifts I call my own.
The heart impels the tongue to speak,
since to my lot belong
A woman's love, a sheaf of grain, a lily
and a song.

The savage beast, the poison vine, the
evil of the earth—
I know not if the good and bad were
only one at birth;
But all the world seems gracious when I
set against the wrong
A woman's love, a sheaf of grain, a lily
and a song.

—*Nixon Waterman.*

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THE BIG LIGHT

The most powerful light in America is housed on a promontory near Sandy Hook, 250 feet above the beach, where it acts as a safeguard to all ships entering or leaving the harbor of New York. It is called Navesink Light, and is of ninety-five million candle-power—nearly one candle for each inhabitant of the United States. At fifteen or twenty miles its flash is as pointed and brilliant as a star. On a perfectly clear night its shaft of light can be seen one hundred miles at sea. When it was erected it was operated at twice its present candle-power; but ocean pilots objected to its strength, saying that so amazing an electric flash actually blinded them and interfered with their work. Uncle Sam heard the prayer of the pilots, and turned down his pet lamp to ninety-five million candle-power.

The amount of oil consumed by the engine that provides the power for the light is only one gallon and seven-eighths an hour. That is the astonishing thing to the unscientific visitor—the comparatively small expense and effort required to maintain so great a light. There are two fair-sized dynamos and two oil engines—one set is always kept in reserve. Of course, the tremendous candle-power is developed by means of a great lens, made in France. The lens weighs seven and a half tons, is seven inches thick and rests in mercury. It is revolved with ease.

The keeper is Robert A. Bishop—a thoroughbred Yankee engineer and mechanic, born in New Haven, Conn., near which city he and his brothers own a six-hundred-acre farm, which has been in the family since 1639. A steady man is Mr. Bishop. He has three assistant engineers and mechanics, who take turns from sunset to sunrise, but an electric bell is placed at Mr. Bishop's bedside to call him out at the least sign of trouble. He sleeps at night and works in the daytime at the task of keeping the mechanism in perfect order, and he carries the responsibility all the time. The light was put up in 1898, and Bishop has always been the keeper. In his youth he was a locomotive engineer on the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad—on fast express trains. He became acquainted with Admiral Schley, and Admiral Schley selected him for his present job.

LET GOD DO HIS PART

After you have done your part, or it were better to say as you do your part, be not anxious. A certain amount of well-directed and concentrated effort is necessary, but there is such a thing as overdoing, overreaching, and getting into that strained, taut tension that retards growth and progress. There are some things we must do ourselves, but there are others which we must let God do. There is a calm, quiet stillness, a simple faith, a restful, hopeful trust that is not indolence. Be still and know that it is yours.—*The New Thought and Psychic Review.*

What a beautiful character Jesus Christ was. The first heralds that told the world that He was born were the angels in heaven, singing to the shepherds upon the plains of Bethlehem "Peace, good will on earth, for Christ, the King, is born." The star had been shining, and had been followed by the wise men from the faraway confines of Chaldea until they, too, came and saw and worshiped.

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The Appreciators

DR. FRANK CRANE

YOU can take one of the two attitudes toward life. You can be a critic or an appreciator

Perhaps it makes no difference, but every man to his taste, and I get more satisfaction from trying to understand things and people than from trying to tell what is the matter with them.

For there is something the matter with everybody and everything. Nothing suits me, when it comes to that. I could suggest improvements upon creation, as well as Alphonso the Wise, who remarked that "it seemed a crank machine, and it was a pity the Creator had not taken advice."

But what of it? There is also something useful in everything.

Every man you meet has a present for you.

Every little child has for you a spiritual flower, if you only have sense enough to see and take it.

Every woman that the infinite Disposer of Events leads to your acquaintance has a message from heaven. Let not the devil spoil it.

The paving stones cry out: "We have our secret. We are trodden upon. But we are rank upon rank as well as are the angel choirs, and we sing our hymn also."

The bees buzz for you. The frogs pipe for you. The brook gurgles for you. The boughs nod to you. The houses look at you meaningful with their window eyes. The dog talks to you tail-language. The squirrels are not running away from you; they are trying to tell you something. And the sun shines for no other purpose than to cheer you up a bit.

How do I know? How do you know that the sun wants to scorch you, and the squirrel to dodge you, and the dog to bite you, and the houses to imprison you, and the boughs to knock off your hat, and the brook to drown you, and the frogs to make fun of you, and the bees to sting you?

It isn't a matter of fact. It's a matter of habit.

Come with me and let us appreciate men and angels.

When you read a book, strive to get the author's point of view. So much the better if it is not yours. Leave to the critics the superior business of picking flaws. They are paid for it. But it is no kind of business to do for fun.

When you see a picture, even a futurist mess, get, if you can, what was the artist's intent.

When you meet a woman find something in her to admire, if only her charming plainness.

Set it down that in every man you encounter there is some striking, original element. Find it. You may not be able. But the exercise is good for you.

Life is good; also bad. Why bother about the bad?

To-day is good. It is perfectly wonderful in its opportunities, gifts, delights. Think how you would miss it if it had not come.

Your wife is an admirable woman. Oh, of course—but then—of all fools the biggest is the married person who has developed the habit of criticism—it is so uncomfortable.

You remember what Stevenson said when he heard that Matthew Arnold, the

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critic, had died: "It's too bad. I'm afraid the Deity may not suit him."

Dear old Herbert Spencer naively said: "No one will deny that I am much given to criticism. Along with exposition of my own views there has always gone a pointing out of defects in the views of others. And this," he added, "has led to more or less disagreeableness in social intercourse, and has partially debarred me from the pleasures of admiration by making me too much awake to mistakes and shortcomings."

THE THOUGHT OF ENJOYING

During the moments of rest and repose do not think of doing things, but think of enjoying things. The man who is always thinking of doing things may produce the quantity for a time, but the time will be short and the quality will be absent entirely. The best results are always secured when thoughts of doing things are frequently alternated with thoughts of enjoying things. The simplest, the easiest and the quickest way to recuperate the mind is to think of enjoying things. A few moments of such thoughts are usually sufficient to restore full mental vigor; but those moments must be given over completely to thoughts of enjoyment; the doing of things must be wholly forgotten for the time being, and the mind must give its all to the pleasing picture it has elected to entertain.—*C. D. Larson.*

The heart in thee is the heart of all; not a valve, not a wall, not an intersection is there anywhere in nature, but one blood rolls uninterruptedly, an endless circulation through all men, as the water of the globe is all one sea, and, truly seen, its tide is one.—*Emerson.*

PROSPERITY THOUGHTS

"There is no limit to my resource. The inexhaustible abundance of God flows to me from everywhere."

The only limitation we have is in thought.

Increase the measure of your thought and you increase your demonstration.

Rid your mind of the habit of scrimping and economizing, and you will have room for ideas of plenty.

The mind formulates that which is afterward expressed.

Beggarly thoughts make beggarly appearances.

To get rid of threadbare garments, stop thinking threadbare thoughts.

Omnipresence is overflowing with plenty. The Invisible Abundance is made visible through the door of man's thought, largely expressed. The apparent insufficiency of the visible does not limit the one who understands the Divine Law.

Jesus Christ fed five thousand people on a few loaves and fishes with his realization of the bounty of God as a multiplying substance.

The consciousness of the Jesus-Christ-Mind in its unlimited capacity increases everything it touches. Wherever there is a need It rises to a fulfilling through knowing that the Father-Mind is right at hand with limitless ideas.

"And He took the five loaves and the two fishes, and, looking up to Heaven, He blessed, and brake, and gave the loaves to His disciples and the disciples to the multitude. And they did all eat and were filled."—*Unity.*

Love is the foundation—the cornerstone of God's universe; it is the golden cord that binds the hosts of heaven together. It is the basis on which all metaphysical or Divine Healing rests.

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The Universal Intelligence

MRS. IDA W. McKEE, Jeffers, Montana

THE lights had just been brought in. Sitting by the wood heater in my cosy mountain home, congratulating myself that the family circle was so snugly sheltered from the wintry blasts without, I saw a white splinter had been dropped to the floor from the block of wood which a few minutes before had been fed to the bed of coals within the heater.

I picked it up. Then sat musing on the wonderful lesson contained therein. I studied its structure. I found it light, white, porous, comparatively soft, brittle, dead and dry.

As I pondered on the why of each quality, I saw in thought the stately tree which had grown on the mountain-side, amongst and brushing boughs with others just as stately, some of its kind, others differing in species, though all were clothed in their perpetual garb of green; how it had grown from a tiny seedling, year by year increasing in stature and girth; of the system of circulation, which, as sap, carried nourishment from the soil, forming each quality and peculiarity which it possessed; of the fragrant needles in which it was garbed, winter and summer, instead of the new yearly garb of leaves of other trees of other species and climes; of the beautiful seed cones, with their cunning protection of seeds; of the bark and its coloring; how the roots had, may-hap, penetrated strong and mighty boulders and rent them asunder. On and on thus and so. Then I bethought why is it light? Why white rather than red, as were others with which it brushed boughs? Why porous, soft, brittle, dead and dry? Whence the sap from which it received nourishment, and its each particular quality? How did the sap know just what element the tree required to build each particular quality, and what particular elements were needed to supply the particular aroma of its needles and their beautiful color? Just what elements and where to carry them to from the cunning seed cones and the protecting bark?

The crackling within the heater reminded me that the great change had now taken place; that it was dead and dry, and subject to the will of man, to provide the various comforts of his existence.

Then the thought flashed upon me that it was truly the Universal Intelligence of Life which directed the growth of the tree, and was as truly directing and providing for the growth and development of my Life; that same inward urge and desire of all manifestations of Life for that which makes perfection.

Then the "peace which passeth understanding" fell upon me, for I knew that the Intelligence which directed the Life of the tree was also in me and directing my Life into all that was Good for me, giving or withholding its blessings according to merit, as I fulfilled or fell short of the Law.

God's power enables us to destroy all sorrow, all mental troubles, all heartaches, all inharmonious surroundings and environments, and to be the master of them all.

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ASKING

All you have to ask and to do is to ask and do in good faith, knowing, as you do know, that when God has promised you anything you will get the answer.

"When I cry unto Thee, then shall mine enemies turn back; this I know; for God is for me.

"And all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.

"If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.

"But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering; for he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed.

"But if from thence thou shalt seek the Lord, thy God, thou shalt find Him, if thou seek Him with all thy heart and with all thy soul.

"But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in Truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship Him.

"The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and His ears are open unto their cry.

"The Lord is far from the wicked; but He heareth the prayer of the righteous.

"Now, we know that God heareth not sinners; but if any man be a worshipper of God, and doeth His will, him He heareth.

"And whatsoever we ask, we receive of Him, because we keep His commandments, and do those things which are pleasing in His sight.

"Also when I cry and shout, He shutteth out my prayer.

"Thou hast covered thyself with a cloud, that our prayer should not pass through.

"Then shall they cry unto the Lord, but He will not hear them:

"Ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss, that ye may consume it upon your lusts."

THE BEAUTY OF THE WORLD.

As down the open road I go,
A thousand things are dear!
A fine companionship I know
In all I see and hear.

My mistress is the buxom wind,
I taste the breath of showers;
To me the whispering leaves are kind,
And sweet the lips of flowers.

The drowsy kine turn friendly eyes;
They know me as I pass.
I find a welcome in the skies,
Another in the grass.

A kinship closer than of blood
Holds me to all the earth—
When once their use is understood
The rankest weeds have worth.

The roots of grasses by the spring
Call me to share their drink,
And 'mid the forest's shadowing
Birds tell me what they think.

I have not found the wide world o'er
A thing to scorn as mean!
Their beauty charms me all the more,
The deeper I have seen.

I am at home with everything,
And show them all my heart.
Their myriad-voiced whispering
The finest thoughts impart.

On mountain top, 'mid prairie's sweep,
Or near the thundering sea,
How friendly arms around me creep!
And hold me tenderly.

—*Charles Frederickson in The Master Mind.*

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New Thought---What It Teaches

NEW Thought is religion shorn of superstition.

New Thought teaches that God is Omnipotent, Omniscient and Omnipresent; that He is the heart, the center of things seen and unseen; that He controls and directs all things; that He is Spirit, Life, Mind, Power, Wisdom, Law, the Intelligence, the Father-Mother, God of all that is. "I the Lord am one God, and besides Me there is none else." New Thought teaches that God is bigger and greater than in the theory of the great big man up in the skies. God is "All in All," the essence of all forms and the substance of all that is. All things come from God.

New Thought teaches that on this plane of consciousness the revelation is to the individual soul and that the revelations from alleged inspired sources are of value only as they conform to growing experience which becomes their final interpreter.

New Thought re-expresses and gives higher statement to the fundamental truths that underlie and vitalize all religion. It is tolerant, recognizing that the gradation of religion, from its lowest to its highest aspect, represents the sincere struggle of the soul truthward. It perceives that any religion, widespread and persistent, is a response to a human need on that plane of unfoldment, to be laid away when the soul has become receptive to higher forms of truth.

New Thought teaches that man as God made him, a manifestation of God Himself, is good and not evil; not a worm of the dust totally depraved, and a child of the devil; and there is no curse from God resting upon him requiring atonement and redemption. Man is the son of God, bearing in his soul the Father's image, and this assumption of a false expression and a false consciousness is this Adam man against which the Bible preaches and which it exhorts us to put off and leave behind, because it is written: "He shall gather the wheat into his garner and burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire."

New Thought believes and teaches that all men should assert their divinity and live in the consciousness of the eternal.

New Thought teaches that God's salvation is a present salvation, and is to be experienced here and now, and that the deliverance which is promised and expected need not and will not wait until we reach another world far away, but will come just as rapidly as we unfold to truth. "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

New Thought teaches that God's kingdom shall come and His will be done on earth, even as it is in heaven. The limitations are all in ourselves, because of our unbelief; and when we get ready to believe and do actually believe the truth about ourselves we may do the works that Jesus did and greater.

New Thought teaches that mind and matter are not antagonistic forces, but are in reality one. All is spirit in essence; mind and matter are the opposite poles of the same substance in different states and different rates of vibration. God is spirit; God is substance. Substance is composed of atoms. Man is composed of atoms of the highest form, and by his own atomic manifestation.

New Thought teaches that man may

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master his environment, his health, his wealth or lack of health or wealth, and instead of being a creature of circumstances he may be the creator of the circumstances which surround him. Shakespeare said: "There's nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so."

New Thought teaches that the son of God is anyone. He may not be aware of the fact that he is a spark of the divinity joined to the Father by ties which can not be broken, but whether he understands his natural divinity or not, we know that every expression of life is infinitely significant of God. No matter how it may look to you or how it may look to me, it is life expressing God according to its own unfoldment and its cognizance of the truth as truth is revealed to it.

New Thought teaches harmony, and it teaches that the universe is composed of harmonious chords and melodies (not discords), and as we unfold and come into tune with the infinite we shall be able to realize and rejoice in these harmonies and shall be able to eliminate and be free from the discordant notes heretofore recognizable in our own lives.

New Thought teaches that all life is one and that man is the highest manifestation of that life.

New Thought teaches the unfoldment of the individual, and believes with Emerson that the human soul is so wonderful in its nature that it is capable of becoming the inlet and outlet to all there is in God.

New Thought teaches that we need not die to go to Heaven, but that the kingdom of Heaven is within you, and, finally, New Thought teaches the sovereignty of Love, the omnipotence of Truth and the integrity of the Universe.—*New Thought and Psychic Review.*

CHEERFULNESS AT TABLE

An old lady who looked as though she might have belonged to the "Sunshine Society" all her life was asked by a friend for the secret of her never-failing cheerfulness. Her answer contains a suggestion for parents.

"I think," said the clever old lady, "it is because we were taught in our family to be cheerful at table. My father was a lawyer with a large criminal practice; his mind was harassed with difficult problems all the day long; yet he always came to the table with a smile and a pleasant greeting for everyone, and exerted himself to make the table hour delightful. All his powers were freely given to entertain his family.

"Three times a day we felt this genial influence, and the effect was marvelous. If a child came to the table with cross looks he or she was quietly sent away to find a good boy or girl, for only such were allowed to come within that loving circle. We were taught that all petty grievances and jealousies must be forgotten when meal time came, and the habit of being cheerful three times a day under all circumstances had its effect on even the most sullen temper.

"Much is said and written these days about 'table manners.' Children in well-bred families are drilled in a knowledge of 'good form' as to the use of the fork and napkin; proper methods of eating the various courses are descanted upon, but training in the most important grace or habit a child must have, that of cheerfulness at table, is too often neglected.

"The Orientals had no family ties of affection until they began to eat at a common table. Let the gathering at meal time be made the most happy hour of the day, and the influence on the children may be beyond estimation."—*Table Talk.*

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BE THE FELLOW THAT YOUR MOTHER THINKS YOU ARE

While walking down a crowded city street the other day,
I heard a little urchin to a comrade turn and say:
"Say, Jimmie, don't yer know I'd be happy as a clam
If I only was de feller dat me mudder t'inks I am.
She t'inks I am a wonder, and knows her little lad
Would never mix wit' nothin' dat was ugly, mean or bad.
I often sit and t'ink how nice 'twould be—gee whizz,
If a feller was de feller dat his mudder t'inks he is."
So, folks, be yours a life of toil or undiluted joy,
You still can learn a lesson from the small, unlettered boy;
Don't try to be an earthly saint, with eyes fixed on a star—
Just try to be the fellow that your mother thinks you are.

—*Noodles Fagan.*

LOOK AROUND

Did you ever see the rabbits come
Down to the brook to drink?
It must be one of the prettiest sights
In all the world, I think.
Did you ever see the little birds
Spread their wings in a bath
And dip their heads and shake their tails
In a brook by a forest path?

Did you ever see the nuthatch sleep
Head downward on a tree?
Or find the young of the chipmunk,
Or the home of the chickadee?
Did you ever see the weasel eat
His breakfast in the hedge?
Or watch the muskrat walking
Out along the river's edge?

I can but think, my little boy,
As through the wood you run,
If you would open wide your eyes
And leave at home your gun
Much happier would be your friends
That in the forest hide;
The birds and beasts and you and I,
And all the world beside.

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The Web of Silver

POOR little Prince Rollo was very unhappy, for when his father, the King, died his uncle ruled the kingdom, and was unkind to the little nephew. So, in spite of his velvet clothing and cap with a waving plume, he crept weeping about the beautiful palace grounds, gazing helplessly on the gloomy dungeon, in which his mother had been shut up by the bad uncle.

"The Queen and the young Prince are witches," he told the people, "so I must rule in their place. If I left them free, dreadful things will happen to the land." Though the people loved the gentle Queen and the handsome boy Prince, they could do nothing, for the uncle had a thousand soldiers ready to take anyone to prison if they did not like what he did. And no one wanted to go to prison.

One morning the Prince sat watching the horses being groomed in the royal stables and noticed an ant struggling to get out of the wet print of a hoof-mark in the mud. In a moment the kind boy had tenderly lifted the ant and placed it on the dry ground.

"I will repay you some day, perhaps," said the ant as he ran off joyfully home.

That afternoon Rollo was walking by the lake, when he heard a cry and saw at his feet a clam held in some weeds. He pulled it free and placed it back in the low water of the shore among the rocks.

"I will repay you some day, perhaps," said the clam as it settled down in its home comfortably.

The next day when Rollo was wandering through the woods he came upon a large spider, who shone like polished silver. But its web was broken, and the spider was running about, not knowing what to do. The boy caught the end of the web back of the branch of a bush, and the spider saw his home was all right again.

"I will repay you some day, perhaps," said the spider as it hid itself among the leaves.

When he returned to the palace his uncle met him. "Rollo," he said, "the people believe that you are a witch. So I mean to try you. You must set forth and not return till you bring me this bag full of gold, the finest pearl in the world and a dress spun of silver." Then he drove the boy away, telling the people that Rollo was trying to work bad magic spells.

"If he returns with these things I have ordered," laughed the wicked man, "I will say it is because he is a witch—and if he cannot get them, he will not dare to come back."

The poor Prince lay down on the grass behind the stables sobbing, for he did not know what he could do. Then he felt an ant tickling his nose. "Give me the bag," said the ant. Then he called all his thousands of fellow-ants, they sped away into the hill and returned with thousands of tiny grains of gold, enough to fill the bag entirely. Then he and the rest of the ants vanished.

Taking his bag of gold Rollo went down by the lake, and what should he see but the very clam he had helped. And in its mouth shone a huge, glistening pearl as big as an egg.

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"This is for you," said the clam; "I am glad to repay your kindness," and he dropped the pearl in the bag of gold.

Rollo felt very happy at his luck, but could not return without the dress of spun silver, so he kept on his way till he met the spider.

"I have spun you a robe of silver," spoke up the spider. "But be careful—do not try it on yourself—let your uncle do that." So Rollo took up all his gifts and went back to the palace where the uncle sat on a great throne of gold and jewels. Then he laid the bag of gold, the pearl and the dress at the uncle's feet.

The wicked man took up the silver gown and placed it over his shoulders, when an awful thing happened—the robe wrapped itself around him until he was smothered.

Then the people knew that a fairy had brought on the wicked man his punishment, so they freed the Queen and made Rollo king over a happy people for the rest of his days.

WHAT EACH OF US OWES

Whether the world owes us a living or not, it is certain that we owe it one—pure, true, helpful living, the best that is possible for us to give. We owe a clean, honest soul in a body as strong and healthful as we can make it, as our contribution to this world in which we live. We owe courage and loyalty that is ready to do and bear its part, some useful occupation that ministers to earth's needs, recognition of the claims of God and of humanity—all this we owe to the world we live in. And if we are really busy in paying our part of the debt, we shall have very little time to spend in complaining of what the world owes us.

GETTING A PONY

I don't believe I ever will get one,
Like Bobby Jones and Sammy Beckwith done.
My farver's been a sayin' all the while
That if I'd wait till he was rich, my chile,
He's get me one; but now it seems to me
Like that time never is a-goin' to be!

Saved all my pennies for the longest time
To get one; but they was a teensy dime,
Just one old dime, when it had seemed like I
Had been a year a layin' my pennies by;
No use a-tryin' that game's, what I say—
I wonder if I'd get one if I'd pray!

I've wrote to Santa Claus, oh, lawsy me,
So many times, made up my mind 'at he
Didn't have no ponies ennyhow to bring
To boys what ain't got much of ennything
But longin' wishes and that kind uv gear
That keeps 'em alluz sad and out of cheer.

There goes that boy the grocer hires, an' he
Is better off in this old world than me,
For he can drive the grocer's round the town,
An' it's a beauty pony, dappled brown;
But I want one that's black as coal; no, no,
I guess I want one 'at's as white as snow.

If some rich aunt or uncle'd only die
I'd get a pony, maybe, by and by;
They ain't no uvver way 'at I can tell
How I can do it; there goes Sammy, well!
'Course I'll get in, an' will yer let me drive?
I'll get a pony, sure as you're alive!

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Dream Faces

ROSE M. de VAUX-ROYER, New York, N.Y., in "The Center"

As echoes of a thousand thoughts
Drift down the aisles of time,
I greet old dreams of mine again
And fetter them in rhyme.

I see, in dreamy reverie,
A line of spectral faces
Rise up and pass before me
In slow and measured paces.

I know that they but claim their own—
Those half-averted g'lances—
My own dead past they each reflect,
Its follies and its fancies.

I fain would call each one by name
And check them in their going,
To link the present's and the past's
Eternal ebb and flowing.

But never one can I recall;
I can not e'en detain
The present, soon to be the past
In life's eternal chain.

So, solemnly they all pass on
With slow and measured paces;
And silently we, one by one,
Are each assigned our places.

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Right Views of Things

DR. J. W. BUSH, Schultz Building, Columbus, O.

THERE is a right way and a wrong way of looking at everything.

Some people seem to have no eye for beauty, and others see every object through distorted vision. To such persons one of Turner's fine landscapes is merely so much paint and canvas; to another it is a masterpiece of golden sunlight, bathing field and forest with its splendors.

Niagara is a disappointment to many on a first view. The mighty cataract gradually educates the eye to right conception of its crumbling cliff of snow-white waters shot through with emerald.

In the long, long ago God said to Jeremiah, when He called him to be a prophet to Israel: "Thou hast well seen." The modest youth had just said: "I can not speak, for I am a child." The Lord unlooses his tongue and inspires him with the gift of words. He then tests the accuracy of his vision by the question: "What seest thou?" Jeremiah does not reply, "I see a bit of wood," or "I see a staff;" his answer is: "I see a rod of an almond tree." This was just what the Lord meant that the young prophet should see. The almond was a tree of rapid growth, which put forth its blossoms early in the spring; it was a type of speedy action. As Jeremiah had shown his quickness of apprehension and accuracy of discernment, God commended his answer, and said unto him: "Thou hast well seen."

It is vastly important that we should seek to see things aright, for many of our joys and many of our sorrows proceed from our method of looking at those things which most concern our peace and happiness.

If we are not careful to have a right view of things we are apt to make great mistakes when we look at the providential dealings of God through nature. Even some men and women of great intelligence are betrayed into a heathenish habit of talking about "good luck," and "bad luck," and using other expressions that convey the idea that this life is a game of chance. A warped vision may be expected to see and to scan God's work as either a riddle or a muddle. We ought to know better than make such mistakes. Yet how prone we are to regard many things in a wrong light and to call them by wrong names. We speak of things as afflictions which are really blessings in disguise. We congratulate people on gaining what turns out to be a terrible snare or worse than a serious loss. Quite often we condole with them over occurrences which are about to yield to them blessings more precious than gold. We should hesitate before we condole with a man who is under chastisement for violating some law, either human or divine. We should be careful how we condole with a man who has lost his money and saved his good name, or congratulate the man who has made a million at the expense of his character.

When a man is toppled over from a dizzy and dangerous height and "brought down to hard pan," he is brought down to the solid rock at the

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same time. In the valley of humiliation he has more abiding joy and wears more of the herb called "hearts-ease" in his bosom than he ever did in the days of his giddy prosperity. Sickness has often made a trifler a manly man; suffering has often wrought out for him an exceeding weight of glory. I have seen people condole tenderly with a weeping mother whose child had flown away to perpetual bliss and happiness; but they never once thought of condoling with her over a living child who was a frivolous slave of fashion, or a wayward son, or a dissipated, drunken wretch, the "heaviness of his mother's heart." Many times over have I pitied more the mother of a living sorrow than the mother of a departed joy.

Spare your tears from the precious ones who are safe beyond the sufferings of time, and spend them over the living who are walking in the paths of every evil thing.

Let us learn to see things rightly and call them by their right names. By a right view of things we will be able to discover that each day is only a training school for a higher and better life to-morrow. Then we shall see the sunshine behind the darkest cloud, and at the end of the pilgrimage of duty we can look back on a life well spent and have the assurance of labor faithfully done.

In the next place, let me remind you that if we possessed a right view of things we would not so often torment ourselves with anxieties about the future. The Lord of Life knew what was in man when He reiterated His remonstrance against borrowing trouble in advance, and He said: "Be not therefore anxious for the morrow, for the morrow will be anxious for itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

Worry is not only a sin against God: it is a sin against our own health and happiness. It sometimes amounts to slow suicide. Honest work, however hard, seldom hurts us; it is worry that corrodes and kills. There is only one practical remedy for this deadly sin of anxiety, and that is to take short views. Faith is content to live "from hand to mouth," enjoying each blessing as it comes. This perverse spirit of worry runs off and gathers some anticipated troubles, and throws them into the cup of mercies and turns them to gall.

A bereaved mother sits down by the newly-made grave of a beloved child and sorrowfully says to herself: "Well, I have only one more left, and one of these days he may go off to live in a home of his own, or he may be taken away, and if he dies my house will be desolate and my heart utterly broken." Now, who gave that weeping mother permission to use the word "if?" Is not her trial sore enough now without overloading it with an imaginary trial? And if her strength breaks down it will be simply because she is not satisfied with letting the natural course of events afflict her; she tortures herself with imagined afflictions of her own.

If she could but take a short view, she would see a living child, yet spared to her, to be loved and enjoyed and lived for. Then, instead of having two sorrows, she would have one great possession to set over against a great loss; her duty to the living would be not only a relief to her anguish, but the best tribute she could pay to the departed. That is a short view which only takes in immediate temptation to be met and the im-

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mediate sickness and sorrow to be carried.

My friend, if you have money enough to-day for your daily wants, don't torment yourself with the idea that you or yours may get into an almshouse.

If your children cluster around your table, enjoy them, train them to usefulness, trust them to God, without racking yourself with a dread that the little ones may some day be carried off by measles, diphtheria or scarlet fever, or the older ones may yet be ill-married or may fall into disgrace. Faith carries present loads and meets present assaults and feeds on present promises and commits the future to a faithful and all-wise God.

The doctors need to guard against this malignant devil of worry. It torments one doctor with a dread lest, if he be frank and tell his rich patient the whole truth, he may offend him and drive him away to another doctor. Let him take care of his conscience, and he in turn will be taken care of. Another is worried lest he can not cure his patient who is afflicted with a disease which is curable. Well, now, if his system of practice is founded upon Divine science, and he knows his business, he surely will be able to remove the cause of disease—God Almighty's power cures.

Still another is worried lest his bank account run dry and his barrel fail. But his bank account has not yet run dry. Oh, no; it's his faith that is running dry. Some of us, at the beginning of a year's work, are tempted to overload ourselves with the anticipation of how much we have to do. We need not worry if we will only remember that during the whole year there will be only one working day, and that is to-day. Sufficient to each day is the labor thereof.

Once more we say: Let us take short views. Let us not climb the high mountain till we get to it, or fight the battle till it opens, or shed tears over sorrow and sickness that may never come, or lost the joys and blessings that we have by the fear that they will be taken away from us. We need all our strength for to-day's burdens and to-day's battle. To-morrow belongs to the future. I would not know its secrets if I could. It is far better to know whom we trust and to know that we are right to-day.

This brings us back, in closing, to the point whence we set out—that there is a right way and a wrong way of looking at all things. To the eye that has "well seen" this world is a world of helpfulness and happiness. A well-trained eye sees in money just so much bread for the hungry, just so much help for the afflicted, just so many uplifts of the outcast and degraded, as well as innocent and refining enjoyment for one's own household. Let us labor and pray for a right view of all things. Then we will enjoy better health and get more abundant happiness out of living. Truth will become clearer. Faith will become stronger. The old darkness will pass away, and all things will become new.

The true philosopher, the honest lover of Wisdom and Truth, cannot be one-sided and partial in the investigation of a question which involves pros and cons which may be supposed to embrace both Truth and error.

I searched for God with heart-throbs of despair,
'Neath ocean's bed, above the vaulted sky;
At last I searched myself—my inmost I—
And found Him there.

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Go Forward

Lecture Delivered by Bishop Oliver C. Sabin Before the Evangelical Christian Science Church, Washington, D. C.

"AND the Lord said unto Moses: Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward."

Looking over history, you will find that the world has moved along the lines of our text; it has been a forward march. So far as we have any record of the earlier history, all mankind were either masters or slaves. All prisoners of war were slaves, and instead of having a system of cartel for the exchange of prisoners the conquerors slaughtered them, as they did in China a few weeks ago. I was astonished at the figures, but if I remember it was nearly if not quite a million people whom they slaughtered there. Go back three thousand years, and you find that the history of China is the history of all the world. But China is evolving from the degraded position in which she has been for the more than four thousand years of which we have record. The seed of liberty has been sown, and through the teachings of the scholars of Harvard and Yale the principle of human liberty, of human rights, has been taught to Chinese students who have been sent here, and who have gone back to their native land. In the language of the scriptural text, China is obeying the command to "go forward."

As I have said, take the history of the whole world, and you find that the condition, the relation, was that of master and slave, and to-day, with the exception of perhaps some of the very darkest corners of darkest Africa, human slavery is unknown. The banner of English liberty has been thrown over those countries until, now, the time of slavery in this world has practically had its day. In twenty-five years from to-day there will be no human slavery whatever anywhere on the face of the earth.

Read the history of Africa, for instance, as Stanley gives it to us in his beautiful book, and see what a degraded condition human beings were in. Read it to-day again in the light of Roosevelt's story of his hunting expedition. This comparison shows conclusively that Africa has been making most wonderful strides in obedience to this general command to go forward.

Take the sciences. Of course, we were robbed of much of the history of what might have been great to the world by a monster called Mohammed, who burned the Alexandrian library, giving as his excuse that his book, the Koran, was all that was necessary for anybody to read. He desroyed, according to the data we have, something over six thousand volumes. Mohammed and Mrs. Eddy, I think, are the only persons who ever claimed that the books they wrote were finished products. The rest of us are only scratching on the fly-leaf.

Take the greatest philosophers who have ever lived, and the most wonderful mathematicians and chemists and the greatest inventors—they all have the unanimous verdict that they are simply upon the stepping stone, that the Great Beyond is unfathomable. They are ful-

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filling the universal command to "go forward."

But a short time ago the power of steam was unknown. Yet from this marriage of fire and water, as we might term it, has been evolved the power that has not only aided in the civilization of the entire world, but has carried its commerce, and is to-day carrying the commerce of the entire earth into every nook and corner. Yet when Fulton proclaimed that he would run his little machine from New York to Albany he was derided, as the ignorant masses of all ages have derided every new advancement. Never has a new thought been advanced to the world but that the world, with few exceptions, has denied its truth and power.

The healings that were done in this church several Sundays ago were denied and denounced as false and untrue by ministers in this city—blind leaders of the blind, none so ignorant as those who will not learn, none so blind as those who will not see. Nevertheless this universal power that goes on and rolls on and on, going forward, wipes away these ignorant ones, and the place that knew them knows them no more.

When Galileo was determined to demonstrate his philosophy and declared that the world circled upon its axis, he was imprisoned by this same kind of power hanging on the wheels of progress, in the name of the Lord, and the Lord was made a mysterious something that did not exist.

So in all of the sciences. Take, for instance, the science of electricity. Without going into its history, look what has been accomplished through it. Look at the simple experiments of Benjamin Franklin, which made it so practical that man could get hold of it. Electricity has been made the servant of man in carrying news over the land, under the sea and through the air; not only that, it has been harnessed and made to carry forth our work, become the beast of burden, so to speak, until in its power to-day runs substantially nearly one-half of the machinery of the world. But a short time ago it was all unknown; to-day it is one of the motive forces. The brightest electricians of to-day will tell you that they have only touched the fly-leaf. The world is following the injunction to "go forward."

There is another wonderful invention. I remember when my children used to telephone to the neighbors' children through old tin cans tied to the ends of strings. Science took hold of that thought, and to-day you can talk a thousand miles and you recognize the voice of your friend. Telephonic science goes forward, and it will continue to go forward. I am confident I will see the time when I can carry an instrument in my pocket no larger than a watch, can take it and talk to my friend anywhere on the face of the earth. There is no limit, absolutely no limit, to the infinite power of science.

God in all His transactions in the world has dealt along scientific lines. The people have been holding back in this science of how to live. They call it religion. Instead of teaching how to live it has been made a system of persecution, a dragging down, a scheme to destroy, to create inharmony, to create wars, murders, rapine and every crime that is known in the blackest catalogue of human depravity. All these have found mother and father under the guise and in the name of religion. Such doctrine as that is no good. The world is advancing; its people are looking up to God Almighty Life, and, seeing the power through which they

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live, they are living in accordance with universal law, universal good, universal love. The doctrine of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth is no more. That was a false philosophy, and in its wake is the cause and has been the cause of all human misery.

Our religion—if you term it religion, which it is not, it is really a philosophy—is teaching the philosophy of how to live. Why should we be kept in ignorance of ourselves, knowing as we do about everything else? To the brightest and smartest men and women present these self-evident and self-demonstrable truths, and they will answer you, as one of them did who sent for me. "Well," he said, "Colonel, I can say this, that I believe you believe what you say, but I can not see one bit of proof in it." They will not try to study it; they will not try to demonstrate it. I never ask anybody to believe me unless I can prove my words by the act. No philosophy is worth a cent that is not susceptible of self-demonstration.

All a person has to do to learn this philosophy of living is to study as you would study any other science and apply it. You will demonstrate it the same as you demonstrate any other science. Try to teach a student mathematics, and if he keeps saying there is nothing in it and that he does not believe in it and won't practice it, declaring that two and two do not make four, but it makes five, or something else, do you suppose that fellow can ever be a mathematician? Certainly not.

When they wanted Jesus to give them a demonstration or sign, He told them that no sign would be given, that even though an angel were to rise from the dead they would not believe it. The fact is, they will not believe because their eyes are blinded. All we can do and all He could do was to teach and demonstrate. Sometimes the seed sown would fall on good ground and there would bring forth good fruit. Oftentimes the seed falls upon stony ground, and the sun scorches it and it does not grow.

Many singular things come up in this work. All we can do is to teach the science, teach the truth; do this and the people will learn this philosophy of life and know how to live. It is perfectly absurd to think that a person must go groping through this world in poverty, in sickness, in sorrow, bent down with the cares of so-called life. And there is no necessity for it, and every person who does it is himself responsible therefor. It does not make any difference what you blame the other fellow for, you alone have to work out your own salvation. I may get on my knees and pray my eyes out, but I cannot pray algebra into my grandchildren going to school; they have simply to get it themselves. Nobody can do it for them. And it is so with this science. You have to learn this yourself, and you have to bring forth your own demonstration and work out your own salvation. When you do, you will receive the reward. Until you do you will grope in darkness and be a blind leader of the blind.

Now, I think it would be a wise thing for all persons of common sense to study this science of how to live. Do not be caught with the beautiful rhetoric, the fine sermons and the high spires of your churches. Those things are all right in their way, all right if you will take them for amusement, but when it comes to the solid facts of how to live you have to get down on the ground floor and study your lesson. If you do that, you take God into co-partnership, so to speak; you live in

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the nest, as the squirrel lives which has its nest in a tree in front of my window. I very often compare my conditions with his. There is the God Almighty nest, and I am going to live in it. That will teach me this science of how to live, how to be happy, how to be healthy and how to be able to sing, not only to myself, but to the whole world at large.

Remember, it is up to you—to use a popular expression—whether you will or whether you will not. You do not have to; you have the power to reject; but you can not reject and receive the blessing both, for you will reap the crop you sow.

LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE

The world of every man is his consciuosness, and he is the light of that world so long as he is in it. He must let his light shine if he wants to see ahead.

Every man should make it his very first duty to be about the Father's business. The Father's business is your business, because you are the executive department in Being. To execute, you must be active. This activity must be in Spirit. Spirit is your source of power, and it is there only that you will find the oil and wick to make your light.

There is no other light in the world but man. Jesus said, "I am the light of the world." "Ye are the light of the world."

"Let your light shine."

Spiritual character is the rock-foundation of Being. Build yourself into God, and you will find yourself in heaven right here. Let go the little self and take hold of the Big Self. "Not my will, but thine be done."

THE GREATEST BARRIER

All along the history of man in connection with the advancement of the real truth, we have found that the greatest opponent, the barrier that stands in the way towards advancement, has been ignorance, veiled in the guise of religion; not only has this been true since the Christian era, but as far as we have history of man along religious ideas. You will find when you study the doctrines of the Brahman that under this guise of religion the people of India, and largely in all oriental countries, were bound down by a system of caste under the name of religion, until their manhood, their intelligence, was dwarfed, and it has remained the thousands of years since the Aryans made their descent into India. They have been held down by priestcraft, held down by so-called religious ignorance until they are substantially destroyed. So long as man was beneficiary, or a certain class of men have been the beneficiaries of this so-called error, we find that the trend of facts has always gone toward building up what is termed an ecclesiastical hierarchy. That is true of India to-day, and has been true ever since the establishment of the present system. It was true of the church, or so-called church, of Jesus Christ immediately after the third century, and, when the church divided and one part went under what was termed the Greek church of which the present Czar of Russia is the head and the other went into what is termed the Roman Church, these churches dominated the world.

We view the world with our own eyes, each of us, and we make from within us the world which we see.—*Thackeray.*

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JOHN RUSKIN'S CREED.

I trust in the living God, Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth and of all things and creatures visible and invisible. I trust in the kindness of his law and the goodness of His work. I will strive to love Him and keep His law and do His work while I live. I trust in the nobleness of human nature, in the majesty of its faculties, the fulness of its mercy, and the joy of its love. And I will strive to love my neighbor as myself, and even when I cannot will act as if I did. I will not kill or hurt any living creature needlessly, nor destroy any beautiful thing, but will strive to save and comfort all gentle life and guard and perfect all natural beauty on earth. I will strive to raise my own body and soul daily into all the higher powers of duty and happiness, not in rivalship or contention with others, but for the help, delight and honor of others and for the joy and peace of my own life.

POLYGOT NEW YORK.

That New York, in addition to being the largest city in the country and the second largest in the world, is now the second largest Italian city, the largest Yiddish speaking city, and that less than one-fifth of its population is accounted for by persons born of American parents, are some of the interesting facts made public by the completion of a census of races and languages. The figures give the city an Italian population of 532,064, an increase of 302,717 in the last ten years, thus making it larger than Rome or Genoa, and second only to Naples. The largest single group is that from the Russian empire, with a total of 724,112, an increase of 416,429 in the last decade. These figures make New York the third largest Russian city in the world, with a population larger than that of Odessa and equal to about half that of St. Petersburg. Yiddish was given as the mother tongue by 1,265,000 persons, and less than 20 per cent of the total population is made up of native whites of native parents. Ireland is represented by 502,308 persons, a decrease of 165,000 in the last decade. The figures throughout show a marked falling off in immigration from the countries of northwestern Europe, and a much greater increase from southeastern Europe. In terms of percentage, New York's population in 1910 was 15.72 per cent British; 15.19 per cent Russian birth or parentage; 12.74 per cent German; 11.16 per cent Italian; 8.35 per cent Austro-Hungarian; 1.97 per cent Scandinavian; 13.49 per cent of mixed foreign or mixed native parentage; 19.33 per cent native whites of native parentage; 1.92 per cent negro. Altogether, New York may well lay claim to outranking all other cities so far as a polyglot population is concerned.

LIFE'S INNER CHAMBER.

Every life needs its inner chamber of quiet, some place within itself where the clamoring voices and rush of the world's work are forbidden to come. The busier the life the greater the need of such a refuge—some inner recess of the spirit where it can retire into calm, whatever whirls outside. Only faith in God, the assurance that His unfailing love and wisdom rule through all, can still the tumult and restore poise and strength. "I will be to them as a little sanctuary in the countries where they shall come," is the old version of one of God's promises to his scattered people. This little sanctuary in reach wherever we are, means peace and strength.

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Love in the Thought World

WM. E. GIBSON

MIND is the thought world. Mind is a state of God Manifest. God is manifest to finite conception in three states—spirit, mind and matter, so called. Mind being a coarser form of spirit and matter a coarser form of mind, all is therefore spirit and is universal.

Thinking is the process of creating and constructing new thoughts or entertaining for the purpose of comparing, classifying and assimilating those already formed.

Thinking operates in three states or planes of vibration. It operates in the conscious state or plane, where the individual is fully conscious of his own conduct. It operates in the subconscious state, where the attitude of the individual is as though the work is let out to another party of perfect integrity and unquestioned ability. Then there is a superconscious state, where the individual mind seems lost in infinite mind; where the finite becomes for the time being infinite.

Solomon said: "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." That is, the thoughts he creates and those he entertains determine his character and the state of his being. If his thoughts are good and pure, he is grand and noble. If they are unselfish, broad and uplifting, he radiates good will wherever he goes. His presence is an assurance of harmony. His words become benedictions. If, on the other hand, his thoughts are impure and narrow, he is contracted and selfish. Such selfish, contracted individuals are never at ease themselves, and they throw off an atmosphere of uneasiness wherever they go. They are dis-eased themselves, and therefore dis-ease those whom they influence.

Man's conduct or attitude towards his fellow-man is but the emanation of the thoughts he entertains and creates regarding his fellow-beings, and his brothers' relation and attitude in return is the reflection or reaction of those emanations.

Notwithstanding the fact that Solomon and other teachers had taught the world the need of correct thinking, man had gone on sowing bad seeds, so to speak, seeds that brought forth grossness and brutality.

As a result of improper thinking on the part of mankind Jesus found a very selfish, contracted and diseased world; men taking life for life, limb for limb and eye for eye; cheating, defrauding, stealing, lying, hating; great nations oppressing the smaller, strong peoples enslaving the weaker; brainy and brawny men oppressing widows and robbing orphans. The thinking of men had evidently been very wretched and very debauching. Mankind was far from happiness, and the word harmony was almost a misnomer.

There was need of another element to enable man to think for best results, and the work of Jesus was to teach and demonstrate that element.

Love was the need of the hour. Love for God and for his fellow was man's great need. To supply this need was primal in all of Jesus' teachings and demonstrations. He taught man that God

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is love; that is, God in one characteristic of His being is love.

He filled His very soul with this divine love, and burned it into the souls of those who heard him, so much so that men said: "Never man spake like this man." Men were so unaccustomed to the power and presence of love that they regarded Jesus as superhuman. But He was superhuman only in the sense that He radiated in a hitherto unknown degree this power and presence of Love.

John in writing of Jesus described Him as an expression of God's love to the world. "God so loved the world that He gave His son."

Jesus in His lifework and His teachings is but the manifestation and expression of Infinite Love to the world. He commanded His disciples and all believers to teach the world this truth—the truth of love. It is the knowledge and application of this gospel of love that must save the world, and not the mistaken idea of the blood that carnal mind crushed out of His pure life. Man is redeemed by love and not by blood.

Truth alone can liberate, but before truth can be enthroned harmony must reign. Discord is mental eruption caused by the nature of the thoughts created or entertained. Now that thoughts shall be perfectly harmonious there must be an element that will prevent friction. That element, I repeat, is Love. When we love God with the proper understanding we love all, for God is the All-Embracing Good. When we love our fellow-man with the proper understanding we love God, for man is an inseparable part of the All-Embracing Good. Then if there is to be found so much of hatred, malice and general discord, there is evidently a misdirection or a misunderstanding of the application of love. It is not applied to all thinking.

Love is quick and powerful. Send it out with a thought and that thought must conquer all adverse conditions to which it is directed. Love can only go with good thoughts, pure thoughts; for love is light, "the light of the world," "the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world," the light that annihilates darkness.

All error in relation to truth is as darkness to light. Darkness is potent only in the absence of light; so error in the absence of truth. Fill the mind with love and it annihilates error; keep it filled with love and no dark thoughts can live or enter.

Error seems to manifest in two general classes, positive and negative, the positive class including anger, hatred, malice, envy, jealousy, narrowness, evil thinking and speaking; the negative class including fear, doubt, worry, discouragement, despair, despondency, melancholy. Any one of these given full play in its native atmosphere will so disturb the mental equilibrium and upset the natural flow of a life as to destroy happiness.

Jesus, when discussing with His Disciples how the world regarded Him, said, "If they don't believe me, let them believe Me for the very works' sake that I do." All true Christian workers, all true workers in the Truth, I care not by what name you call them, are commanded to let their light shine so that the world may see and that God Almighty's works on earth may be glorified because of their acts, of their deeds, in healing the sick and carrying forth the propaganda of love.

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FEAR NOT: HAVE FAITH

"Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness.

"I will bring the blind by a way that they know not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known; I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them.

"Consider the raven; for they neither sow nor reap; which neither have storehouses nor barn, and God feedeth them. How much more are ye better than the fowls?

"Consider the lilies, how they grow. They toil not, they spin not; yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

"If, then, God so clothe the grass, which is to-day in the field and to-morrow cast into the oven, how much more will He clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

To the extent that you are selfish, to that extent must you suffer—be diseased, slave and drudge. This is the blessed eternal Law. The woes and miseries of selfishness are countless and far-reaching. "Sacrifice the personal and transient and you rise at once into the impersonal and permanent." One will never be emancipated from sorrow and suffering as long as selfishness is any part of his nature. Freedom, absolute freedom, is realized only by the unselfish. Universal love is unselfish love, and the universal and eternal panacea for all ills, all woes, all sorrow. By love for all, selfishness is transmuted into a wonderful healing power and an all-preserving and all-providing energy.

GOD'S TRUTH GIVES US LIBERTY

God's Truth gives us liberty, gives us freedom. "You shall know the Truth and the Truth will make you free," Jesus Christ said. We are free from worry, from all fear, by virtue of the Truth. The Truth is that God is omnipresent Life, Spirit, Love, Good; that we live, move and have our being in Him, and that from Him comes every good and every perfect gift. We realize that and we appropriate that and fill our consciousness with those thoughts, and we are as free as the birds of the air of Heaven, bright as the sunshine, as strong as God's love, as broad as the earth, and without a wave of trouble crossing our peaceful breasts. That is part of what we get. We also get perfect freedom, perfect manhood and womanhood, perfect liberty, and the power to do. We become masters instead of slaves. Now, that is what this science is, that is what belongs to you if you accept it.

People who are after the truth are earnest and modest. Truth is elusive. It is not any set of words; it is not any code of action. It is a quality of spirit. To the possessor it gives an assurance of the genuineness and worth of life. It cannot be dug from the earth or pulled down from the skies, or tracked through the wilderness. It comes, like light and sweet breezes, to those whose hands are busy, whose minds are open, whose hearts are kind.

"Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and greatest commandment.

"And the second is like unto it. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

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THE PICTURE OF A MOTHER

There from the paper's page I saw it shine—
The picture of a mother. How divine
That lovely clustering 'round her heart of love
Of ten bright children, each dear child a dove,
Finding that haven of a mother's breast
The world's one place of joy for them to rest!
Strong sons, bright daughters, little babe and all—
How such a mother rises to the call
Of times like these that need true mothers still
To people earth with clean lives 'gainst the ill.

There in the center like a fostering grace
I marked the smile and beauty of her face,
And how her own great mother-heart beat there
With joyous cadence to the mother-care,
This rearing and this training and this pride
In fresh young lives have given her to know;
But with it, too, the rapture and the glow
Of giving back to life that gave her much
These strong, sweet men and women, with the touch
Of April on them, and the dewy spell
Of joy and laughter of the field and dell.

Search every gallery of the world indeed,
And never picture answering to the need
Of these, our times of childless motherhood,
Will shine like this, resplendent with far good
To all the great, oncoming race of men—
That we must have great mothers once again,
Fine women, feeling that fine children sent
As gifts from God and from His firmament,
Are to be born in gladness, reared in pride—
A clustering fruitage at the mother's side,
Full of huge promise for the coming race
And that great future t'ward whose light we face.

Not the great warrior on his champing steed,
The priest monastic, captain, general, knight,
Shepherd of flocks nor herdsman on the hills,
Looks from time's canvas with a force that thrills
The heart with meaning like this mother-flock—
Each lip a smile, each curled or flowing lock
A nest for sunbeams—every son a knight,
Each daughter lifting unto heaven's own light
The light of eyes that tell of purest streams
Of lovely womanhood, and woman's dreams,
When generations of this mother's heart
Face the great world and play in turn their part.

Oh, how the need of homes shines in this show
Of mother and children, sanctified with glow
Of far-off effluence of the light of love
Flowing serene from unseen founts above!
And, oh, how true, strikes home the glory of
That wondrous word of mother! How sublime

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Its meaning and its fragrance to our time,
Needing more mothers who can smile like she
Upon these children clustered at her knee—
A Spartan still in all our splurge and strife,
Leal to the elemental things of life,
And serving Fortune by thus sending down
These hostages to win and wear its crown.

—*Folger McKinsey in Baltimore Sun.*

SUCCESS

Success, in terms that we best understand,
Means pride, and power, and wealth, and gain,
Perchance means wearing evermore the brand
Of honor lost, of garments with the stain
Of blood of wrecked lives, without heed
Swept mercilessly o'er life's precipice
To clear the path on which success would speed,
Unheeding, save to spare itself the dread abyss.
Perhaps success, in all its mad career,
Has never stopped to look love in the face,
Nor cared to see that brotherhood can steer
The craft that wins a more successful race,
Where no one branded is with curse of Cain,
And he that giveth all finds all again.

—*Mary E. Stevens.*

For things far off we toil, while many a good
Not sought, because too near, is never gained. —*Wordsworth.*

THE BEAUTY OF AN ORDERED LIFE

We live by faith, but faith is not the slave
Of text and legend. Reason's voice and God's,
Nature's and Duty's, never are at odds.
What asks our Father of His children, save
Justice and mercy and humility.
A reasonable service of good deeds,
Pure living, tenderness to human needs.
Reverence and trust, and prayer for light to see
The Master's footprints in our daily ways?
No knotted scourge nor sacrificial knife,
But the calm beauty of an ordered life
Whose very breathing is unworded praise!
A life that stands as all true lives have stood,
Firm-rooted in the faith that God is Good.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

THINK BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS

"Think beautiful thoughts and set them adrift
On eternity's boundless sea!
Let their burden be pure, let their white sails lift,
And bear away from you the comforting gift.
Of your heartfelt sympathy.

"For a beautiful thought is a beautiful thing:
And out on the infinite tide
May meet, and touch, and tenderly bring
To the sick, and the weary and sorrowing
A solace so long denied."

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The New Birth

MRS. ELIZABETH DELVINE KING, Manhattan Beach, Cal.

IN the movement of man toward the highest ideal of the conception of mankind there are many steps upon this great highway, and if one desires to understand the value of each step as he advances along the path it is well to place a value upon them. Also it is well to recognize the fact that we take only one step at a time.

While from memory's book we may recall the steps in the path from the long ago, and with the eye of insight see those in advance of us for many years, with the intellectual perception we may know how to take these steps which we see are in front of us if we continue to walk along the Path of Truth, the sacred path.

But the intellect alone is not sufficient. "Ye must be born again." When man is born again he has a spiritual insight as well as the intellectual perception. With the intellectual perception man keeps in touch with the outer, and acts, in fact, he lives and moves in the intellectual perception of things.

When man is born again he has the spiritual insight which comes to those who have experienced the second birth. To be born again means being born of the spirit—born from above. This being born from above is the thing which brings the change in the heart. The Divine Seed, planted there by the Father at the new birth, begins to grow, and will continue to expand until it has grown into a magnificent tree.

The fruit will be plentiful and luscious, and the leaves of this tree are for the healing of yourself and all in your world. "The leaves are for the healing of the nations." The disciple of Truth will find it is important, yea, necessary, that this Divine Seed, after it is planted within the heart by the Father, at the New Birth, be watered, carefully tended and cared for.

How are we to water and care for this Divine Seed which has been placed in our hearts at the New Birth? Gratitude to the Giver is the first requirement. Who is the Giver? God, our heavenly Father—Jehovah. Sing songs of praise to Him. Let the heart overflow in gratitude for this divine presence which doth abide within. It is through the songs of praise and the prayer of gratitude that this Divine Seed within receives the refreshing waters from the very heart of the Infinite.

It is through these that the soul and heart of man will come through the rhythmical vibrations which these set in motion, to the place where they are in tune with the Infinite. It is through the heart the spiritual awakening comes, as the spiritual nature of man centers in the heart. From the heart, where the Divine Seed is growing, the river of life, the river of peace, the river of love, the river of harmony, springs forth into expression and flows through our own being, our own world, and on and on into the whole world, to quicken and bless as they flow onward. These will surely be a blessing as they flow towards and through humanity, because the heart from which they flow is fed from the great heart of the Infinite.

This heart having become en rapport

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with the great heart of the Infinite, through prayer, gratitude and devotion, will, now that it is flooded with the attributes of the Infinite, turn toward humanity with the desire to assist them to be blessed as they are. 'Tis then they give forth the fruit from this divine tree which is growing within their hearts, and scatter the leaves therefrom among their fellow-man, that they, too, may be healed.

The root of this tree is Love; it springs from the Infinite heart of God, who is Love. The fruit of this tree is Love.

The leaves of this tree are Love. The intellect is busy, very busy, in bringing its fruits into action, and it comes and stands at the door of the heart, and with the intellectual perception, which has come since the New Birth came into the heart, uses all the leaves of the divine tree, in discretion, ability and power.

It does not cast the pearls before swine, but gives them with intelligence. Then when we are born again and walk upon the sacred path our hearts will be spiritually quickened, filled and illumined and our intellects guided by divine wisdom. It is then one is evenly poised and will move among mankind a bright and shining light, because this light will not be bright on one side and dark on the other, but light and bright on both sides.

While the intellect is something to appreciate, it lacks much until the heart has become quickened by the New Birth. The heart may become quickened by the New Birth, it may become tended and true to God's spiritual laws; but if this one is not intellectually illuminated at the same time they soon become spiritual fanatics, and, having only one of their lights shining, they are not able leaders of the people.

They may lead them into spiritual light until they drink of the cool water which is refreshing to the soul, but without the intellectual awakening they will soar, and soon they have lost sight of the other side of their being, this body and the needs thereof. But when the intellect also is quickened and is in rhythm with the heart, all placed in the guidance of divine wisdom, they will walk, step by step, day by day, upon the sacred path, which leads to the city of God, away from the confusion of earth or "from sense to soul," in conscious strength and consciously radiate these blessings which God has given them at their New Birth.

The attributes of God having been set in action in the heart at that time and the intellect guided by divine wisdom, this one is not fanatical, he is evenly balanced, he will keep direct in the middle of the path and be a blessing wherever he goes.

This one has the outer and the inner eye, The One Eye, therefore moves in perfect rhythm, because he is consciously in tune with the Infinite.

You cannot love just this one, and say that that other one is so mean that you cannot love him without destroying yourself. How often people come to me and say, "Oh! I cannot love this one or that one. They have robbed me of my property, or tried to do this or tried to do that; I cannot love them. There is no use to talk about it; I cannot love them." Well, now, if you cannot love them, you cannot pray to God Almighty and be heard. Our Savior says we do not deserve any credit especially for loving our friends. Everybody does that. But you must love your enemies, do good unto them that persecute you and let this Divine thought go out and cover all the world.

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NATURE'S SECRET

The west heavens were a vast field of color and light. Deep down in the sky, seeming almost to touch the earth, was the warm, golden after-glow of the departing sun; and on every side of this—sympathetic, tender, overshadowing—spread a vast curtain of crimson and purple light. Wider and wider grew the rich, warm red. The purple ribbons stretched farther toward the east until the heavens were covered, the blue was hidden, and the fleecy white clouds changed to pearl and pink and grey. Only a moment did this last. Then gradually the dainty colors faded, the crimson deepened to purple darkness and the stillness of night came down. The birds went to sleep, the little flowers closed their eyes and dropped their beautiful heads. Rest was in the land. Quietly, noiselessly, out of the stillness this wondrous change had come.

Everything in Nature had grown during that golden summer day. Every grass-blade, every flower, every tree had gained some new strength or beauty. Each bird note was a little richer and happier. Yet it had all been done so easily and quietly. No noise in any of it—just restful growth.

Now, as night came on and the wind murmured in the branches, it seemed to tell this as Nature's secret: Real growth is from within—it is effortless. The eternal life is not careworn, nor knows it any foreboding of future ill. It is serene. Can we not take to ourselves its large spirit of serenity and cheer? For only the serene soul is strong. Every moment of worry weakens the soul for its daily work. Seen in their right relations there is no experience in life over which we have a right to worry.

Let us, then, understand our work, and do it so gladly, sweetly, quietly, restfully, that we shall express all the harmony and beauty of the birds and the flowers. —*C. Maude Putnam.*

HAPPINESS

We should let no opportunity for happiness escape us, and the simplest causes of happiness should be ever stored in our soul.

There is a kind of ignoble discretion that has least in common of all things with the wisdom we speak of here, for we had far better spend our energy 'round even fruitless happiness than slumber by the fireside awaiting joys that never may come. Only the joys that have been offered to all and none have accepted will knock at his door who refuses himself to stir forth. Nor is the other man wise who holds the reins too tight on his feelings and halts them when reason commands or experience whispers.

To be wise we must first learn to be happy. One might almost compare the man who had never been happy with a traveler whose every journey had been taken by night.—*Macterlinck.*

Religion, if practical, must carry out the ideas of our Savior and of the early disciples. These persons who simply pity, without extending the glad hand, are but sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. The real features of the church are to aid one another, build up the kingdom of God on earth and help to sow the seed of righteousness, so that the dying world may be redeemed. The Evangelical Church, from now on, purposes to advance its membership as rapidly as possible along these lines of practical help, one to another. Our Savior said, "By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye love one another."

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The Mission of Our Church

BISHOP OLIVER C. SABIN

DURING too many centuries of the world's history religion has been held as mystery. It has been the object of ecclesiasticism since the earliest days, to make of religion a mystery, through that mystery to create caste, and by virtue of the rules and regulations established by that caste to rule and govern the world. As far back as we have any history of men we find them bowing down under these ecclesiastical burdens, some of the burdens remaining to-day, almost intact, having been in force more than five thousand years. Religion was always a burden until that religion came which was taught by Jesus Christ of Nazareth. Never before had a religion been taught that was not burdensome in its characteristics, depressing in its tendency and destructive in its results.

Christ came preaching what we would term in this day the New Thought, a thought which was new then—preaching the gospel of Love, the gospel of humanity, the gospel that gave to you God as a Father, the gospel that gave to you a brother and which taught you not only to love God, your Father, but to love your brother, and in all of the various transactions of life to carry these twin thoughts out into practical results and thereby build up along the lines of the New Thought, so called. This was new to the world in the days of Jesus Christ. It was practiced by Him and His followers some three or four hundred years, but then the world of ecclesiasticism, ecclesiastical bigotry, aided by ignorance and by power and ambition, at last overwhelmed, as it were, this so-called New Thought, and the church became the leader of the people and of the nations of the earth; intelligence, learning, arts and sciences were forgotten, and mankind at large went back into the primitive state where man has always been found under like circumstances. So during twelve or fifteen centuries the peoples of the earth were groveling under ignorance and in superstition, barbarians in practice, yet slaves to the priest.

We may say that the discovery of the art of printing, the art of preserving man's thought, the art of disseminating ideas, has been the resurrection, so to speak, of the world. The Renaissance owes its great results to that seemingly simple invention. To-day, starting from this platform, instead of teaching the audience before me alone, my words go out all over the world; and thousands and tens of thousands will be able to read this discourse. This address will not only be preserved for to-day and for the week, but it will be preserved for years and perhaps for centuries through this art of printing. So it is with every thought and with every Truth that is being scattered broadcast over the world. They are fixed, and it would seem to me as though they were fixed forever.

Before this art of printing it was easy for a person to control the literature of the world. During hundreds of years there had been collecting at the city of Alexandria a wonderful library; if my memory serves me right, it was something over 600,000 volumes. Now, when you consider that these hundreds of

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books were written by hand in the laborious system of writing then in vogue, you see what a wonderful achievement it was to obtain such a magnificent library. Mohammed had his vision, and, as he said, God gave to him a Bible, and he did not think the world had any time to read any other than his book. So he had that Alexandrian library burned in order that the Koran should be the only book that the world could read, claiming that that was enough. As I remember it, in all the history of the world he was the first one to decide that his books were the Alpha and Omega of all learning.

We have in our day and age a lady in New England who tells her disciples to read her writings and the writings published by her publishing society, and let all the rest of the world alone. With these two exceptions, Mohammed and this lady, I do not know of any person or persons that have existed that confined the reading of the people to what they themselves should have said. It is complimentary to me for a person to tell me, "I have read your book, and I have learned many beautiful thoughts," as many of them do; but if they would add to that, "It has closed my vision to all other books, closed my mentality to any desire to learn anything farther than what you have taught," I should regard my book as a curse instead of a blessing to those persons.

In teaching my students, I tell them this: While you are in the infancy of being taught, do not scatter. The old saying is that it is only the man who goes mad over an idea that succeeds. I advise my students not to scatter in the onset. Center your thought and work on the center, hang to the center shoot and do not vary to the right hand or the left until you have received from God Almighty. That is the only source you can receive it from, this beautiful New Thought Realization; as I term it, the baptism of the Holy Spirit. After you have received that, then you can read all the world, you can hear all the world and study all the world, and as you go pick up the nuggets of wisdom and of beauty.

In reading a book or listening to a lecture or studying any philosophy never study it or read it with a view of picking out the faults. Remember that error is so nearly nothing that it is not worth two thoughts itself. Any Scientist, who claims to be a Scientist, bases his whole fabric of good on the ground that good is all and error is nothing. Now, what kind of a person would I be, holding that to be true, should I pick up a book, go through it, let the good thoughts go by, simply drop them out, but continually harp on the thoughts that that fellow has taught in his book which I term error? What kind of a fool would I be? I would be throwing my time away; I would be frittering it away. I would be narrowing my mind in acknowledging error, inasmuch as I would be hunting for error while error is nothing. Don't you see how absurd it is? When you get a diamond clinch it.

I remember, one time in my political career, I was about to make a speech along a line different from any on which I had spoken for more than twelve years. There was some commotion in regard to the matter, and there were a large number of newspaper reporters there of both parties. I had my friends get the reporters in whose ears I wanted a hearing together in a restaurant alone, some twelve or fifteen of them. They set them up a sort of a banquet, and I went into the room while they were at it. I was personally acquainted with them,

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had known them for years, but not in this line, and I said to them, "Boys, I am going to make a speech to-night along a certain line," telling them what it was, "and it is the first time in over twelve years, and what I ask of you is this, that if I say anything that is not right forget it, but if I say anything good clinch it and make it as much better as you are able, and in doing that way you will help me." They did it, and the result was that that one speech made me a lion for the time being through several States. I just simply tell you this so you can see for yourself. Now, if I had said: "Boys, if I say anything good, drop it out, that will take care of itself; but if I say anything erroneous put horns on it and send it all over, revel in my mistakes, in my errors." would I have been helped by it? It wold not have helped them and it? It would not have helped them and body else. See the good and the good alone; it is the only way to read a book or study any new thought or do anything else.

Here the question arises: What is meant at this day and age by what we term New Thought? Last November a year ago I was in a convention in Chicago, which, I presume, without any exaggeration, could have given one hundred answers to that question and all would have been different. Therefore, we can not give the answers of everybody else. Not having the time to do that, we will just simply give our own answer, saying what we mean when we talk of the New Thought. When I speak of the New Thought I mean this, that the doctrine taught by Jesus Christ has come to the front again, that the healing truths and promises which He made are again applied and control as he enunciated them, and that the more closely we follow and the more perfectly we follow the nearer do we follow what we term the New Thought. It is not a new thought; there are no new thoughts: but it is the old beautiful thought of Love God and Love your fellow brought into practical life again, and you are told how to do it, not by us, not by anybody who lives in this age of the world. All you have to do is to go into the Bible and read the sayings and doings of Jesus Christ and rely on His promises, with an honest purpose and an intelligent mind, and whatsoever you ask in My name you will receive.

That is the New Thought with us; we follow it along those lines. We might go off into these lateral lines, and, finding a few things to discuss that would be of benefit to you, are no benefit to those who believe it, but a curse; but we would be hunting after error. Here is the great central truth: Follow in the teachings and doctrine that Jesus Christ taught when He told His disciples to preach the gospel, to go into all the world and take it with them, and that signs should follow those who believe Jesus Christ's words are to you and to me, of to-day, the same as they were to the five hundred or more who were listening to him on Mount Olivet before His transfiguration. It is a lesson that He gave to the world, that is true to-day and will be true forever, and these signs shall follow those who believe. Those signs have followed all who believe since that day, and they will follow so long as God Almighty reigns, and that will be world without end.

The mission of the New Thought is not only to heal the sick, but to destroy poverty, destroy sorrow, uplift your fellow, making of you a missionary of the Gospel of Love, Joy and Peace, sending

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you out into the byways and the highways, letting your words of comfort and your thoughts of good bring in those who are in need. And it means this: God Almighty leadeth me; He leads me from the morning until the night and from the night until the morning; He leads me in my business affairs and He leads me in my reasoning, in my religious thought and in the vicissitudes of life, whatever they may be, gives me a thought and reliance in God Almighty that I can lean on Him and in Him, and realize that I have a Father in Heaven whose hands are stretched out to all. All you have to do is to grasp it, and He saves you and He leads you and He protects you in every department of life. What a beautiful thought that is! Not only to-day, but in all the future, not only here, but forever and forever, God Almighty's hand leadeth us as we travel up this ladder of knowledge ever onward and upward, until we come into that beautiful realm where we will be equal with God, God Almighty, our Father, and we, His children. That is the great central culminating thought in this so-called New Thought. It gives you something to work for; it gives you a Father and a God to worship; it gives you a brother to help and a sister to uplift; it fills your mind with deeds of goodness and drives out all so-called evils and gives you nothing but the sunshine of eternal love to walk in.

Now, such a religion as this, and I have only given you a sketch of it, is worth striving for; it is worth dedicating your life to. Outside of it there is no life; outside of it you are a set of cowards, fearful and trembling, fear controlling and destroying you; but in this beautiful thought all is Love and all is Good. Now, is it not worth striving for? Cast your lot upon the side of God Almighty and His Truth, wherever you may be, bind yourselves together in little church organizations, and work this Truth from the foundation upward and onward, and God will bless you in every act and every deed you do.

THE GREAT SILENT MEN

The great *silent* men! Looking round on the noisy inanity of the world, words with little meaning, actions with little worth, one loves to reflect on the great Empire of Silence. The noble, silent men, scattered here and there, each in his department, silently thinking, silently working, whom no morning newspaper makes mention of! They are the salt of the earth. A country that has none of these is in a bad way. Like a forest which had no roots; which had all turned into leaves and boughs; which had must soon wither and be no forest. Woe for us if we had nothing but what we can show or speak. Silence, the great Empire of Silence, higher than the stars, deeper than the kingdoms of death! It alone is great; all else is small.—*Carlyle.*

BOOK NOTICE

"Treasure Box" is the name of a little book of thirty-six pages by Imelda Franklin which is along the lines of New Thought ideas and is well worth reading. It is beautifully printed and illustrated. It is published by the Unity Tract Society, 913 Tracy avenue, Kansas City, Mo. Price, 50 cents.

True worth is in being, not seeming,
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good—not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.
—*Alice Cary.*

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Right

RIGHT may be smothered by the private or the national conscience, but it has its triumphal procession at last, and drags Wrong a prisoner at its chariot wheels. It is stronger than any one man; stronger than all the world in combination against it. It always conquers, and he alone who is on the side of right is the victor in the end.

When we can look back on these fleeting, exciting days of greed and selfish rivalry, we shall see with clear, perhaps with tearful and regretful, eyes that every mean word and thought and deed, however great the promise of advantage, has entailed a direct and palpable loss, and that when we did right, though at a sacrifice, then, and then only, were we paid to do wilful or a conscious wrong.

There is but one principle that holds fast in whatever waters you cast your anchor, namely, that he can never be driven to shipwreck of soul who knows what he ought to do and dares to do it, though it costs him so much that his heart breaks. A man's character is all he has; it is his one great possession, and if he loses that he loses all, absolutely all. With self-respect, the consciousness that your integrity is unsullied, you can face all worlds and look with undimmed vision on the Throne of the Eternal.

You may have discomfort and struggle, possibly more storm than sunshine, a weary road to travel through these narrow years, but be sure of this, as sure as you are of the wisdom of God, that an honest man with a clean soul is worth more than all the wealth that excites our envy or stimulates our jealousy. To stand square with the law of justice and sympathy and fidelity, to be a hero because you are unsoiled by deeds which sting with the painful sting of a wasp, is to lay up a treasure of which death can not rob you and which will lift you out of the grave laden with the blessing of God.

You can live without many things and still be comfortable, but if you try to live without the approval of your conscience despair will creep over you as the shadows of evening creep over the earth at sundown.

To be true, just, kindly, is to bring heaven so near that when you do die you will have but a step to go, and that step will take you within reach of a welcome that will make you glad that you have sacrificed all else, but kept your faith in the true and the right intact.

We shape ourselves the joy of fear
  Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our future's atmosphere
  With sunshine or with shade.

The tissue of the life to be
  We weave with colors all our own;
And in the field of destiny
  We reap as we have sown.

—*Whittier.*

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GETTING RID OF A HOOP SKIRT

Did you ever try to get rid of one of those old hoop skirts? The writer had that experience some forty years ago. We remember it well, and wish to tell of it here, so that the Democrats of Missouri may know what they are up against in trying to get rid of Dave Ball.

The particular hoop skirt we were commissioned to dispose of had been discarded for some time. Had spent a year or two in the attic, and we were sent to hog-tie it and put it in the smoke house. If you ever tried to hog-tie a hoop skirt you know what we were up against. It took two hours' hard work, in which time it jumped thru the window and hopped fifty-two feet in two hours.

After running it down we got a cinch on it before it recovered and carried it struggling to the smoke house. For four years that hoop skirt lay straining at his or her bonds and finally escaped into the back yard, where it wandered about for another year or two. Then one day we were told to dispose of it for good and keeps. We dug a deep hole in the back end of the garden. We tied that hoop skirt into a bunch about as large as a bushel basket and buried it deep and forgot about it. Ten years afterward we happened to want to go fishing one day, and in digging bait the spade struck a piece of wire. We reached down and gave a little tug at it, and in about a second that hoop skirt was wound forty times around our neck; the fight lasted about a half hour, and we finally downed it with a toe hold and tossed it over into the alley.

The following winter we chased a hog down that alley, and without warning that hoop skirt again got a strangle hold on us. It got one fall out of us before we knew what was coming. The next two falls were in five and a half and seven seconds respectively. In acknowledging that we were outclassed we detract nothing from our ability as a wrestler. Frank Gotch isn't deuce high with a hoop skirt on the mat. It finally jumped up and down a few times and landed on our shoulders, hanging all around as nicely as though placed there by a dressmaker. We didn't want to start anything, so we let the hog go and started towards the river, which was a mile away, carrying lower edges in our hands like a woman crossing a muddy street. We hardly dared to breathe, and moved not a muscle except out legs. When we arrived at the river we called for help, and a friend came and helped us to free ourselves. We tossed that hoop skirt far out into deep water. That was many years ago, but it is there yet, sound as ever, and when they come in style again we are going after it.—*Fulton (Mo.) Journal.*

By some Christian Scientists are considered presumptuous when they claim that the sick are healed in the name of Jesus Christ without the aid of materia medica; but if they really believe Jesus Christ to be the Son of God they can no longer doubt, if they will consider what Christ himself said on the subject, as recorded in the fourteenth chapter, twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth verses of St. John, as follows: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto my father; and whatsoever ye shall ask in my name that I will do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask any thing in my name, I will do it."

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Wit and Humor

Smart Sayings and Flashes of Fun From Many Sources

THE BORE'S COMEBACK

James Keeley, editorial manager of the Chicago Tribune, and with that paper for twenty years or more, tells his secretary to say to bothersome callers that he is in the press room and can not come up for an hour or two.

The secretary told a particular bore one day that Mr. Keeley was in the Tribune press room conferring with the pressmen and could not be disturbed.

Twenty minutes later the bore came back.

"I want to see Mr. Keeley," he announced.

"But Mr. Keeley is in the press room and can not come up," insisted the secretary.

"No, he isn't," said the bore. "I went down to the press room and nobody there ever heard of him!"

PITHY PLACARDS

It was over the door of a Chicago theater that someone saw this sign emblazoned:

Admission Five Cents. A Potato Pancake Free to Every Lady and Gent!

However, that was at a moving-picture theater, down a grimy side street.

And in the East, many hundred miles from Chicago, on the program of a New York theater, this same person read this frank announcement:

Any Incivility or Insolence on the Part of Employes Will be Greatly Appreciated if Reported to the Management!

And that was in a big and gaudy Broadway theater!

LINKS WITH GOOD ACOUSTICS

Four men were playing golf on a course where the hazard on the ninth hole was a deep ravine.

They drove off. Three went into the ravine and one managed to get his ball over. The three who had dropped into the ravine walked up to have a look. Two of them decided not to try to play their balls out and gave up the hole. The third said he would go down and play out his ball. He disappeared into the deep crevasse. Presently his ball came bobbing out and after a time he climbed up.

"How many strokes?" asked one of his opponents.

"Three."

"But I heard six."

"Three of them were echoes."

SEEKING BOTH BENEFITS

"Contentment is better than riches," said the ready-made philosopher.

"True," replied Mr. Dustin Stax; "but my observation is that a man who is rich has a better chance of becoming content than a man who is contented has of becoming rich."

A CONCESSION

"So you suspect that men are quicker of judgment in practical matters than women."

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "Men have heeded the warnings of the newspapers and quit buying gold bricks, but women continue to marry for money."

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AND THEN HE BROKE HIS GLASSES

Five minutes after he has completed his plans for economizing he breaks his eyeglasses. Everyone who wears eyeglasses recognizes the fact that they are the real, unmistakable and certain proof of the depravity of inanimate things. When everything else is gong well, when you are at peace with the world and your soul soars high—you inevitably break your eyeglasses.

In the case of the person who has determined to save money this is nothing less than a tragedy. He carries the fractured things to the optician and presents them ruefully.

"Both cracked," comments the optician merrily, referring to the lenses. "Four dollars for them, and you had better let me put a new nosepiece on. That one is worn out."

So the economist pays $5 for repairs, and, going home, gloomily wonders on what he can economize to save back the cash he has expended.

EFFECTIVE BACKGROUND

"Do you think your audiences enjoy the statistics you quote in your speeches?"

"No," replied Senator Sorghum; "I just put 'em in to make the rest of my remarks seem more interesting by contrast."

NOT WHOLLY SLIGHTED

"That critic was altogether uncomplimentary," said the sensitive author.

"Not altogether," replied the friend who tries to be consoling. "His comments prove that he must have read your work with attention."

ALMOST AS GOOD

An Ohio visitor to Washington went into Senator Burton's room to call on the Senator. He was out, but his secretary, H. B. Fuller, was present.

"Seems like I've seen you before," said the visitor.

"Might be," replied Fuller.

"Didn't you go to the Nonesuch Business College out in Ohio?"

"No, I did not."

"What school did you attend?"

"Yale mostly," replied Fuller.

"Well," commented the visitor genially, "that's a good school, too!"

TRUTHFUL AT LEAST

A man was found by a policeman one evening investigating a building somewhat closely. "What are you doing?" asked the policeman. "Nothing," replied the man; "I am thinking of opening a jewelry store here, and I thought I would look it over," and so he was allowed to remain. The next morning, when it was noticed that the jewelry store had been robbed, the policeman scratched his head, and finally said: "Well, that man was a thafe, but he's no liar."—*The Modern Pilgrim.*

NO RECONCILIATION

"Is there harmony in the party?" asked one campaigner.

"I should say not," replied the other. "One of our candidates can not even reconcile his own statements."

A STARTLING PROPOSITION

A man once broke some laws with glee.
Our cries—he did not heed them.
"Don't mind a thing like that," said he.
"We'll make more as I need them."

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God is Spirit

JESUS CHRIST came teaching, "God is Spirit." If God is Spirit, Spirit must be omnipotent, omniscient and omnipresent. As glibly as these words fall from our lips, how seemingly few of us grasp the full import of them and take them into our lives to the extent of making them practical? Let us commence at the A B C of the true law of life, and get the fundamental principles firmly imbedded in our minds. God, as Spirit, is omnipotent, omniscient and omnipresent. These words mean Spirit is all-wise, all-seeing, all-knowing, all-powerful, everywhere present. As God is our life and God is Spirit, Spirit must be our life; therefore the life that causes us to live, move and have our being must be all-wise, all-seeing, all-knowing, all-powerful and everywhere present.

If we do not radiate spiritual qualities it is because we have not yet learned to think right, for when we fully understand the importance of right thinking, our words and deeds will take care of themselves, just as effect follows cause. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," is true. Heart means his inner conscious thinking, for it is possible for us to carry on two lines of reasoning at the same time. While our minds in a sense are resting upon outward things, there is an inner or undercurrent of thought that is carrying on an entirely different line of reasoning.

Now, we see the first necessary step is to think right. How shall we do this? First, think the absolute truth of being, viz, I am Spirit, created in the image and likeness of God. Hold to this one statement until your whole being thrills with the consciousness that it is true.

We learn, secondly, that we ought to speak the Truth, for we read, "Without the Word there was nothing made that was made, and by the Word all things were made." Then, when we have thought the truth we must speak it aloud, that it may come forth into manifestation, so others as well as ourselves may see the effect of this thinking process in our surroundings, on what is termed the material plane. There must be harmony first in our thinking, then in our speaking, before it will be possible for us to ring into manifestation the harmonious whole.

He who does nothing for the harmonization of life is always wishing for sudden riches, a sudden heaven of happiness, a sudden growth into fame, although he does not take one step either to deserve or to earn it. In this New Age you will have to deserve and earn what you want, for this is the Age of Justice and Right. —*Lucy A. Mallory.*

The only way to obtain this thought and the knowledge of this Truth is to study; therefore, I say to you, study, and study with an honest heart, and God, through His Son, will drive away the mists, and the beautiful bow of promise will come out, in its resplendent glories, and you will walk in the light of Omnipotence, for God will lead you.

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ALL WORDS TAKE FORM

All words manifest somewhere, sometime. All manifest on the plane where those using them live. There are word-ideas that perpetuate form on the flesh or outer plane; there are word-ideas that perpetuate form on the spiritual or causal plane. The following extract from James M. Pryse's translation of the General Epistle of James shows the great necessity of watching the words which fall from our lips: "If anyone does not trip up in conversation, he is a perfect man, able to guide as with a bridle the whole body also. See, we put the horse's bridle bits into their mouths in order that they may be brought to obey us, and we direct their whole body. See, also, the ships, though of so great size, and driven by violent winds, yet they are directed by a very small rudder, wherever the impulse of the helmsman wills. Thus, also, the tongue is a small member, and it talks big! See, how great a mass of stuff a little fire sets aflame; and the tongue (is) a fire; the tongue is ordinarily, among our members, the sum-total of injustice, that which vitiates the whole body, and inflames the wheel of birth, and is (itself) inflamed by the Burning Valley. For every creature, both of wild animals and birds, both of reptiles and of sea animals, is subdued and has been subdued by the human creature; but of human beings not one is able to subdue the tongue; (it is) an irrepressible mischief, full of death-dealing poison. With it we bless the God and Father, and with it we call down curses on men, who have come into being according to a God's likeness; out of the same mouth go forth a blessing and a curse."

What is, must be the common property of man. The Almighty is no respecter of persons. Desires and necessities are involved in love for possession. The sunlight and the rain make no reservation. They are alike free to all. The idea of possession is always accompanied by fear of loss. Organizations of all kinds which insure protection are organized on a false and temporary basis. Sooner or later these possessions leave man, or man goes away and leaves them. Jesus, understanding well this principle, said, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth where moth may destroy or thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven"—riches in the soul, for these are eternal.—*Extract from the "Heart of Job."*

"You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself into one." Therefore, do not fail in the performance of the present duties; the seemingly small duties, the work that is really yours, built by your desire or attracted by yourself. These are the things for you to do now, happily, easily, smilingly and joyfully. For it is written: "Well done, thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things."

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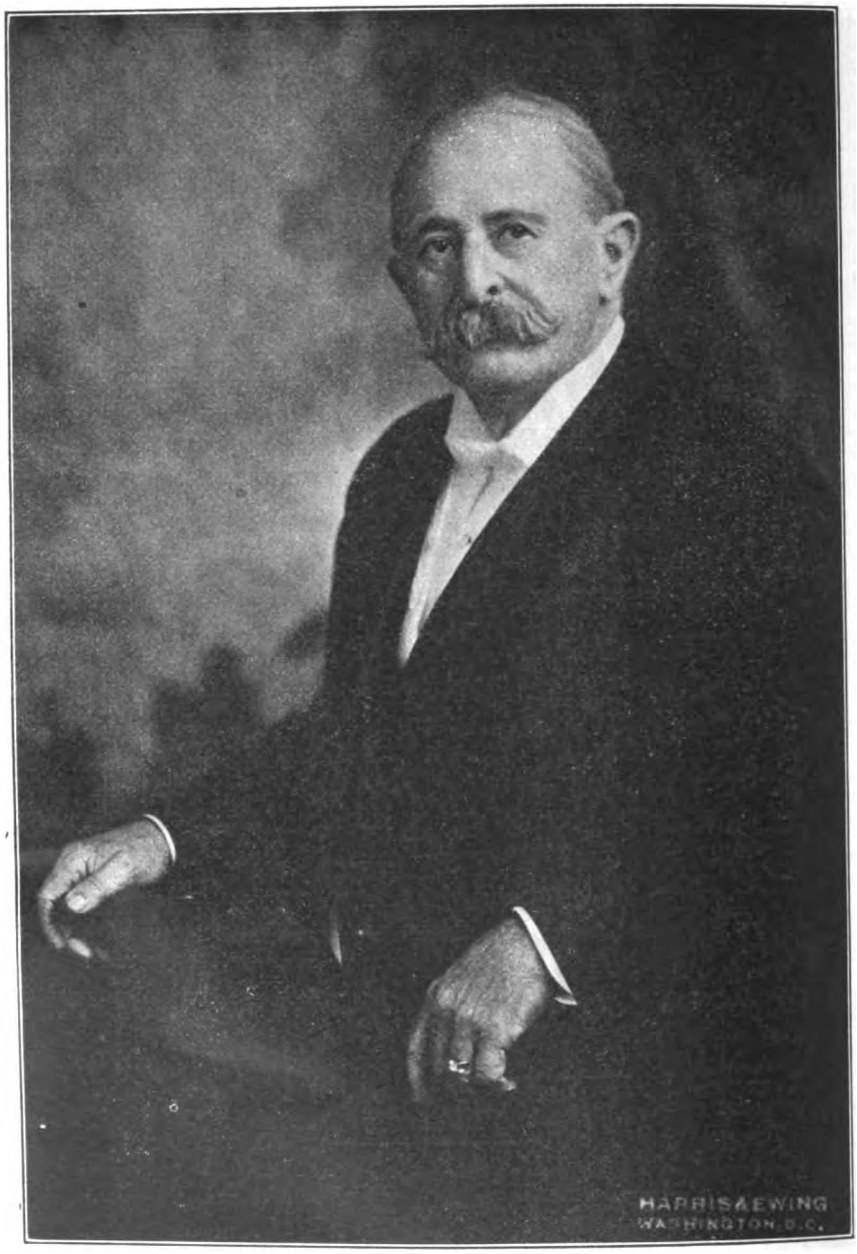

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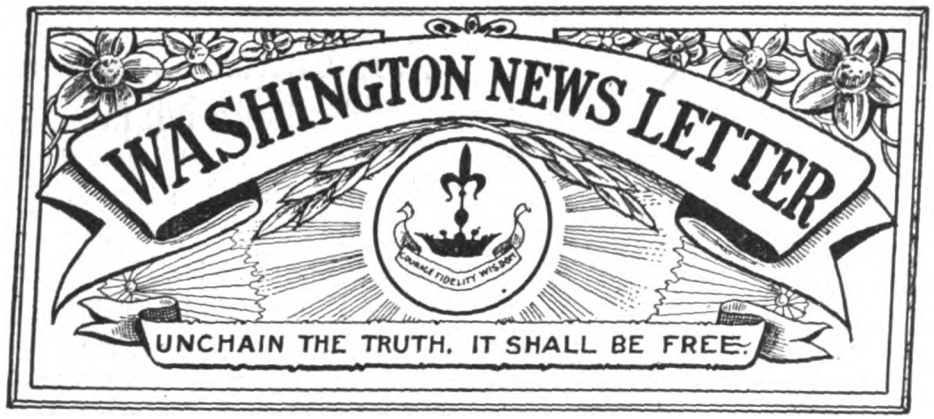

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The News Letter

The great work being done by the News Letter in the propagation and advancement of the doctrines of the Evangelical Christian Science Church is perhaps not fully or generally appreciated. The mission of this publication is being performed without cessation and with steady and rapid increase in extent and efficiency. The magazine has thousands upon thousands of readers in every State in the Union, and in every civilized country to which the postal service extends. It is read on all the continents and on the islands of the oceans, seas and lakes. It knows no vacation, and its editions go speeding around the world unceasingly on railways, steamships and stage routes among all the peoples of the earth. While the church by word of

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mouth gives the glad tidings of freedom from discord, disease and poverty to thousands, the News Letter's printed pages speak to hundreds of thousands. The number of readers of the magazine has largely increased within the past twelve months and the indications are that its subscription list will grow with even greater rapidity during the next church year. The publication has been markedly improved both in the character of its contents and in its typographical beauty, and is clearly entitled to stand at the very top of the list of New Thought journals. Further improvements have been planned and will be realized within the coming year. The magazine will be made more instructive, entertaining and beautiful month by month.

Lovingly yours,

Oliver C. Sabin

Bishop.

Free Lecture Course at Portland, Maine

On August 17 I will deliver the first of a series of ten free lectures in the music room of the Congress Square Hotel, at Portland, Maine.

These lectures will be absolutely free, and will be closely along the lines of teaching how to heal. Those who wish to learn the Science of Divine Healing will do well to be on hand promptly on the date of the opening lecture.

Any person wishing hotel accommodations in Maine during this lecture course may write to the Congress Square Hotel and make reservation, or any person wishing a less expensive place may write to Mr. Daniel K. Smith, 51 Roberts Street, Portland, Maine, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply, and Mr. Smith will aid in every way possible.

I shall stop at the Congress Square Hotel during the lecture course, which will close August 27.

Prayer of Plenty

"I thank thee, Father, for Plenty. I have all and abound! Thou art the substance and reality of all things. I am one with Thee! In Thee I live and move and have my being, and therefore I am the substance of all things necessary to the perfection of my life and work. Thou art the substance of all things. I am in Thee, thou art in me, and therefore I am substance! Thou art all; all is mine, and 'All things that the Father hath are mine.'"

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Chain of Golden Thoughts

August

PAULINA B. SABIN

Believe in yourself, believe in humanity, believe in the success of your undertakings. Fear nothing and no one. Love your work. Work, hope, trust. Keep in touch with to-day. Teach yourself to be practical and up-to-date and sensible. You cannot fail.

> Wouldst shape a noble life? Then cast
> No backward glances toward the past,
> And though somewhat be lost and gone,
> Yet do thou act as one new-born;
> What each day needs, that shalt thou ask,
> Each day will set its proper task.
>
> —*Goethe.*

Ideals are like stars; you will not succeed in touching them with your hands; but, like the seafaring man on the desert of waters, you chase them as your guides, and, following them, you reach your destiny.—*Carl Schurz.*

If you do not wish for His kingdom, don't pray for it. But if you do, you must do more than pray for it; you must work for it.—*Ruskin.*

God does not give power or grace to those who do not ask it. If you ask not you have not; but if you would become spiritually minded, as He is willing that you should be, then let thy soul claim its kinship with God; lay hold of His truth, and realize that God is good; that He is your Father; that your life is a spiritual life; that you shall grow wiser and purer, brighter and stronger until you need not the light of the moon or of the sun, for the Lord God shall give you light, that you shall walk upon "a way and a highway that shall be called the way of holiness, and no unclean thing shall come thereon, no ravenous beast shall be there, but it shall be the way of the Lord, and His countenance shall illumine thy pathway, and it shall grow brighter and brighter unto the perfect day."—*Bishop Sabin.*

"Certain thoughts are prayers. There are moments when the soul is kneeling, no matter what the attitude of the body may be."—*Victor Hugo.*

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The Influence of Thought

Bishop Oliver C. Sabin Before the Evangelical Christian Science Church, Washington, D. C.

IF through my lecturing I were seeking to obtain money from the people that come to hear me, or from the readers of my books and journals, you might possibly claim that I was actuated by some selfish motive for the purpose of advancing my own material welfare. But I am giving these beautiful truths free to you, and to all, so far as I understand them, without any desire for your money, or anything from you except your love and respect. That I want.

But here is a grand truth. If the young man or the young woman takes it and adopts it in their earlier years, it will make them successes in life; it will make them masters of all situations. You can be exactly that which you want to be, if you understand this Science, and it is a Science; or you can go ahead as most of the world are going, and your pathway will be filled with disappointments, failures, sickness and sorrow, and ultimately you will pass out and go you know not where.

What makes this proposition doubly attractive, and will make it so, is that you do not have to take any person's word for anything that is said, and pin your faith upon what they say and expect to be convinced by what they may teach you. Now let us understand. You go into a class in mathematics, and you study the primary rules, say, of arithmetic. You learn that there are certain philosophical rules that you have to follow in order to obtain certain results. When you obtain those rules and understand them you demonstrate those rules yourself without the help of anybody. It is just so with this Science. If you learn the rules that I will teach you, you can demonstrate and prove them true the same as I do or anybody else.

> **In this Science and in all of God's creation there is no such thing as distance, no such thing as absence; there is no future, no past. There is nothing to measure from; therefore there can be nothing to measure to. It is Infinity; all is Here and Now. We have quit worshipping the thought that God is a great big personage, sitting on a throne, and we have come to recognize the principle that God is Life, that God is Love, that God is Good, and that these beneficent principles when applied to us belong to us, each, personally. The Life in you and me is nothing more or less than God manifest. When God created man He breathed into his nostrils the breath of life and he became a living soul. Mark you, God's law works always upon natural, philosophical rules and principles. The idea of miracles is a farce and a humbug. There never was a miracle if you mean by a miracle something that is outside of and beyond the law of nature.**

Now it is a question in the mind of all, and should be a very serious question, whether any one can afford to go through the world without this Truth. If it is what I say it is, you can prove it through yourself by application and study.

The world is filled with thought. The world of thought is advancing as much as the world of physics. The man who desires to fly has been studying that proposition for a great many years. We

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see birds heavier than air flying, and when the spark of life is taken from them, it matters not how high they are, they tumble to the ground, and if they are very high you will hear them come down with a dull, heavy thud. There is no miracle about the power of a bird, but it is the power of the poise that is given to him in his wings, and that power is now being utilized through the use of gasoline and gasoline engines, so that man can travel with a machine heavier than air, poised on wings as the bird is poised. How to fly in the air has been demonstrated.

Along the entire field of science there are most marvelous advances. It is now unnecessary to have a wire for a telegram to go on; you send it through the air. The day is coming, it is so said by some eminent scientists, and not far distant, when you can take from your pocket a machine like a watch, and talk to your friend wherever he may be on the face of the earth and receive a reply. It is too late in the day for persons of common sense to say that they do not believe. The day of the marvelous, if we might term it so, has arrived. We send the thought of healing with the same accuracy as a telegram and the same effect, and have done it time and again; have sent it to China, Japan, Australia, South Africa, England, and the various other foreign countries and some of the healings in response have been instantaneous. It is the application of the Science.

In this Science and in all of God's creation there is no such thing as distance; no such thing as absence; there is no future, no past. There is nothing to measure from; therefore, there can be nothing to measure to. It is Infinity; all is Here and all is Now. We have quit worshiping the thought that God is a great big personage, sitting on a throne, and we have come to recognize the principle that God is Life, that God is Love, that God is Good, and that these beneficent principles when applied to us belong to us, each, individually. The life in you and in me is nothing more or less than God Manifest. When God created man He breathed into his nostrils the breath of life and he became a living Soul. Mark you, God's law works always upon natural, philosophical rules and principles. When God created man He gave him a pair of lungs, and when He breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, all man had to do was to open his mouth and let the air come and the breath of life opened his lungs, and he became a living soul. There must have been a creation somewhere.

It has been a question among scientists and philosophers which was created first, the oak or the acorn. There must have been an acorn to furnish the oak, and there must have been an oak to furnish the acorn. In all of this world of creation there is more or less mystery to us yet, but we can look around us and see creation going on all the time; creation being carried on now as it was in the so-called beginning. I am one of those philosophers that do not believe there ever was a beginning. I believe a constant change has been going on. I do not believe there ever was a time when there was one scruple less of this earth than there is now. I do not believe that in all the endless universe wherever the worlds are manifest there ever was a time when there was anything less or anything more, because there are certain philosophical rules that are true and cannot be ignored. One is the law of gravitation and the law of attraction. Certain bodies hold here

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by attraction and gravitation, and certain other bodies hold there. The bodies forming the entire universe are held in an inexorable, vice-like position that makes them gravitate, makes them move in circles in accordance with this universal law; and it goes on and on forever, no change, not one iota. The mathematician can figure out the whole number of times in a given period any body has been in eclipse. There are a great many things that a mathematician can figure out. They are facts, and all of this world of phenomena of life is susceptible of perfect understanding and perfect elucidation according to natural law and natural rules.

The idea of miracles is a farce and a humbug. There never was a miracle if you mean by the term miracle something that is outside of and beyond the laws of nature. There can be nothing of the kind. All truths run in parallel lines; there is never a cross of truths, there never could be a cross. Each truth stands by itself and lies parallel with all other truths. Can it cross other truths? You cannot bring a dark streak out of a sunbeam, or force God Almighty to tell a lie. You cannot make a lie into the truth, or the truth into a lie. Certain axiomatic truths exist, not only in one science, but in all sciences, and it is as we know along these lines that we apply ourselves and results are demonstrated.

These facts are facts, and being so it becomes us to wake up, if you will permit me to put it in that crude way. You are the creator of your own condition in life. I have in one of my head notes this expression, "Thought either makes or breaks you," and it is literally true. Take the person that is always disbelieving in himself, blackballing his own power, casting shadows of doubt in his own mind as to whether he is going to succeed, and that fellow fails every time, just as inexorably as water seeks its level on its way to the sea. There is no question that the man or the woman who succeeds is the one who believes in himself. If you have confidence in your own ability, and if you have this further thought of Science that this ability comes to you through Divine law, that it belongs to you as a power given to you by virtue of your creation, then you understand to a certain degree that this great ability that is in you is God-given, and comes from the Universal Reservoir of all Good. You then apply it with more confidence, and you become a master; you become a power; and your fellows look up to you and are surprised at the wonderful results that come from your demonstrations under the power of thought. This all belongs to you.

Take a man who is always fearful that he is going to break, that he is going to lose money in his business. The red flag of the auctioneer closes him out if he has enough to pay for the expense. I tell you he always fails. There is a man in this town that was telling me about a lawyer who had a wonderful business. Every time you asked this lawyer how business was he would say business was awfully poor, and at the same time he was having a great business. But he kept damning his business with the thought of failure and the prophecy of failure until I am told that today he has hardly enough money to buy a suit of clothes. Nature may fight, the circumstances may be on your side for a while, but keep giving it that medicine of failure and prophecy of failure, and you will be as you say, you are bound to fail.

In almost all cases these great money

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kings that fill all the world of finance, you find in their boyhood were poor boys, but of unlimited confidence in themselves. They never had a doubt or a fear; and it is so with all such men; they believe in their own powers and they become conspicuous successes.

It is just as easy to demonstrate money as it is to demonstrate in any other department. Money is just as necessary for our sustainment under the present rules of civilized society as anything else. You are entitled to the best there is. You are the heir of God Almighty Good. All Good belongs to you, and all you have to do is to reach out your hand and grasp. You do not have to worry; you do not have to scheme; you do not have to lay plans as to how you are going to cheat and swindle your brother. On the contrary, that is one of the ways to defeat success. If you are going to succeed in this work it is simply as Moses told the children of Israel; you must serve God and worship God, the one and only true God; stand by Him; in blessing Him He will bless you; He will give you riches, comforts, happiness with unbounded hand; an unstinted supply. But if, on the contrary, you follow strange gods, evils will come upon you, and you will be afflicted with all the ills that come from disobedience.

It is so in this life. Take the man who understands this Science. He could not be dishonest if he wanted to, because he knows that if he should be dishonest he would simply destroy himself. I would not maliciously cheat a person out of one cent for ten thousand dollars. I would lose money if I did it, because this power of demonstrating would pass from me and I would lose money. But all you have to do is to do right; square your actions along the rules of right. When you are dealing with your brother deal with him as you would deal with yourself. Do not do as you would have him do unto you, but go further than that, and do unto your brother as you would do unto yourself under like conditions. That is the only way; that is the thought that makes you so rich that you can not carry your money. Do not be afraid to apply it; apply those rules and your life will be one continuous season of joy, happiness and contentment.

Now there is another way of thinking that I want to impress upon the mind of all, as it is quite important, and that is to think good health. You go to one of a certain class of people in the world and ask, "How do you feel?" You may have looked all around you before you asked the question, and the person may be as gay as a lark, but the very minute you ask him how he feels he gets this graveyard expression on his face at once, twists it up and the corners of the mouth come down and he commences to give you a catalogue of his ills, throws out these vile thoughts against himself until it is a wonder that he is not struck dead while he is at it. I would be afraid really to give myself such a catalogue of diseases as an old lady, and not so old a lady either, told me a few days ago. I was horror stricken, I could not say a word, because she was a good Christian and did not believe in such nonsense as this. She believed in the good old doctrine that when you die, if you do not get into heaven by a scratch you will go into hell. That kind of religion is all right for those people that have all the ills that flesh is said to be heir to. The fellow that follows our doctrine is happy. Our faces have smiles, the corners of our mouths turn up, and we have no diseases. If anybody asks us how we are we say, "I am as fine as silk; how are you? You are

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looking fine," and we give him a bouquet. I used to be sick all the time but I never liked to have anybody tell me I looked bad. When one said, "You are looking very bad!" it always made me feel like hitting him. I knew I was not feeling well from my standpoint, but I did not want any one to tell me so.

It is wrong to throw out any thought against anybody, or about anybody, ercept a good thought. It is wrong to see anything evil in anybody else. You are not your brother's keeper, and all you have to do—and it is a pretty good job if you follow it closely all the time—is to watch yourself and see that you do right. Now do not you ever think of trying to control anybody else, except by your good thoughts. Let your brother alone. He belongs to you and is a part of you; the same God that fills you fills him, the same Mind that fills him fills you; the same Life that runs through his veins goes through yours. There is but one Life, and that Life is God. Wherever you see life it is God manifest. Know that he is your brother; he is more to you than simply John Smith or Bill Jones; he is your brother and you love him; you love one another and must love one another.

That is the great power with which God Almighty creates, this power of Love, and wherever you see love manifest in any person you see that person strong and mighty. Jesus Christ came teaching the doctrine of love. This old doctrine of hate was destroyed; it was annihilated, and a new doctrine was given out and a new song was put into their mouths. The new command was, "Love God with all your heart, and your brother as yourself;" and that is the fundamental principle upon which this Science is built.

Of course in this talk tonight I cannot hope to give more than a few common thoughts. I can only touch upon the cardinal points. I hope to do more, so that those who came and those who read these lectures will be enabled to learn to demonstrate this Truth, and how to apply it, and how to become masters themselves. If, after all of my experience I were to have the choice, on the one hand, of all the money in all the earth and the fulness thereof, or this beautiful Science and this God Love as it is manifested in it, on the other, could take my choice, take one or the other, I would not hesitate a second; I would take the Science and the Love that God Almighty sends with it. Then I would have all else, because it would be mine. That is it. You can have all through this power of thought applied.

Solomon says as a man thinketh so is he. It is no new rule; it is no rule that has been created recently; it is no new demonstration; but it is a new application; and a man is exactly what he makes himself.

He makes himself exactly as he builds up or builds down.

Now I trust these remarks will be found to be practical and that they may be the means of causing many thousands to take up this Science and study it and learn it and become masters. It belongs to all the children of God Almighty. No one has one particle of advantage of the other, except as he studies and becomes more proficient in the practice of the Science. The one who knows the most is the strongest, but the little fellows will grow up. When the little boy commences his multiplication table he is not as strong as the man in the higher books of mathematics; but he is in the line of promotion; study will bring him up, and by and

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by he will climb to the top of the ladder if there is any top. I think this Science and all sciences are illimitable; there is no end; it is a constant going up the ladder of knowledge; and the stronger we become the more powerful we are in our demonstrations.

A WORD TO A FRIEND

DEAR FRIEND: Received your letter in which you say you are unhappy, discouraged and lonely, and this unholy trinity has broken down your health. Now, friend, if you had said 2x2x2=6, it would have been no more logical than the above statement. Discordant causes must produce discordant results.

Further, you say you are a Christian woman. Your Bible says: "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." That little word "let" shows that you possess the power to stop your heart's being troubled if you will only put forth the effort. Nobody can do this for you. Christ said, "We must all tread the wine-press alone," and it is to him that overcometh that God giveth a crown.

You know no two things can occupy the same space at one time; consequently, when negative thoughts come in tens of thousands, revel in the extravagant promises of the Father. Deut., chap. 28, verses 11-14 inclusive; Ps., chap. 1 and 91; Rom., chap. 8.

Persist in this method seventy times seven times. Stick to it with the tenacity of a student determined to master the multiplication table, and after a while it will become second nature to you.

Gaze upon the sunbathed earth, listen to nature's symphonies, and feast your eyes upon the work of *The Artist* whom all other artists only imperfectly imitate. Get into the glory of the rising and setting sun, absorb their benedictions, realize they are only another expression of your God, in whom you move and have your being. Know that the earth is full of the riches and glory of the Lord, and as God's child claim your inheritance. Catch the above spirit, and it will dispel your negative conditions as the sun dispels the darkness.

The Master said He came that we may have life and have it more abundantly. Take Him at His word, for He is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. He is an open fount pouring forth the Waters of Life; but you must do your part by casting out discouragment, loneliness and unhappiness, thereby making room for the Christ blessings. This is God's word as it has been revealed to me. It must carry a blessing with it, as it is said: "My word shall not return unto me void, but shall accomplish that which I please and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." I will close with the old benediction:

"The Lord bless thee and keep thee,
The Lord make His face to shine upon thee,
The Lord lift up His countenance upon Thee and give thee peace."

What a wonderful, cheering and brightening and uplifting thing it is to realize that the Omniscient, Omnipotent and Omnipresent God of this universe is our very loving Father! What hope and courage and power and strength it gives one when he can fully realize the Mighty God and say: "God is with me! He is my God! He is the God of all! Why fear? He is Omnipresent; He will strengthen me! He, the Omnipotent God, will help me! He, the Omniscient God, will show me the way, for He is the Loving, Eternal God of all."

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The Power of Prayer

MRS. SUSAN Q. MORRIS

VERY few of us yet know how to pray. But we are thankful that day by day we are learning how to come to the Father as little children, asking, believing, knowing that God cares not for the length of our prayers, or the number of our prayers, or the beauty of our prayers. It is the faith

MRS. SUSAN Q. MORRIS.

in them that tells. There is nothing so far-reaching as prayer, for no one can hide away from it. It puts its hand on the brow of the sick and suffering ten thousand miles away, and by its power they are restored to perfect health. There is no distance with God. He is ever present with us, and with those for whom we pray.

Christ taught the duty of prayer, even prayer upon the cross, and the Apostle Paul enjoins upon us to pray without ceasing. Jesus spent whole nights in prayer. His greatest healing was done after long and continuous prayer.

One of the disciples said, "Lord, teach us how to pray," and His reply was, "When ye pray, say, Our Father which art in Heaven." Your Father, my Father. Are we not all His beloved children? It is the great Father principle, the indwelling life in each one of us. Is He not drawing us nearer and nearer to the great Heart of Love, through the degrees of life, year by year? The only condition He asks of us is that we strive earnestly and manfully to improve, but this improvement must be founded on larger, deeper, broader love. If we cast that out we cast out everything.

There are many things that make us glad, even in the small incidents and unexpected happenings of each day, but the abounding, unchanging happiness is that which comes from the real acquaintance with God. Our God is a loving Father who lends a listening ear to every prayer that is uttered in faith and love.

The old notion of a Deity was one who was a petty tyrant with attributes of jealousy, murder and revenge; the old theology took for granted that man was a loathsome creature, a mere worm, an undeserving rebel, and even at the best a monument of God's forbearance and grace, and that for some wise, though inscrutable, purpose sickness,

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pain, deformity and death are visitations of the Almighty upon His children. How could any intelligent being pray to God for relief from affliction which they believed his own hand had wrought? The Christian Science concept of God is vastly different, although drawn from the same revelation. We believe that whosoever seeks the ear of God with a petition for help must come as a confiding child to a tender, beneficent father, who loves us, and whose love should beget love. Then we can ask what we will and it shall be done unto us.

Simon Newcomb, the astronomer, says that the light of the faintest star the telescope can discover takes from 3000 to 4000 years to reach the earth, and also that if you were to sit alone in an astronomical observatory as he has done, with one of the enormous telescopes at your command, and watch the planets of our own solar system swinging mysteriously through space, you would there and then begin to adjust your notions and conceptions of God to something far nobler and grander than you have ever conceived previously. Verily, the diadem of the Lord is witnessed in the Heavens, and as the constellations swing above us we can appreciate what the all Father God must be.

Oh, Spirit divine, we thank thee for thy indwelling presence. We thank thee that we know beyond all doubt, all fear, that we are one with Thee, absolutely, even as the branch is part of the tree, and within us are all the attributes of the divine. In the degree that we allow Thee to manifest in us are we all wise, all powerful, all love, all good. If we will place ourselves in Thy hands as clay in the hands of the potter, we will be moulded accordingly to Thy highest will.

We are asked many times this question: Why should the prayers of Christian Scientists for the healing of the sick be answered and the prayers of that countless multitude of other Christian believers apparently fail? If our friends do not see the truth as we see it, do not try by repeated argument to convince them. Results are the better argument achieved by prayer and faith, and we would rather turn to the scriptures for answer.

"If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him."

What is prayer? Prayer is simply the soul, with all its powers, taking hold of God and every ideal of truth and holiness, and lifting itself up toward a purer life.

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed.
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.
Prayer is the heaving of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near."

—*Montgomery.*

THE DEED

To strike the blow!
Knowledge we ask not; knowing thou hast lent,
But, Lord, the will—there lies our bitter need!
Give us the power to build above the deep intent—
The deed—the deed!

—*John Drinkwater.*

"What helped you over the great obstacles of life?" was asked a successful man. "The other obstacles," he replied.

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Learning the Science

Remarks of BISHOP OLIVER C. SABIN

IF I could tell my friends of the dearest thing in all the world that they could possess, if they would only reach out their hands and take, how many do you suppose would fail to grasp? Now, here is the Truth which gives freedom, it gives harmony, it gives health, it gives prosperity, it gives happiness, it gives wisdom and spiritual understanding, and in all the vicissitudes of life God Almighty's love covers you, His hand guides you, His goodness supplies you, and His power protects you everywhere. There is no more necessity for us bowing down to evil thoughts, evil conditions or inharmonious circumstances than there is for us to fly without wings. The only reason why the world stands aloof from this Science is because they think it is too good to be true. Well, now is it? There is no measuring of God Almighty's power. Is there any limit to His Goodness, or His Love, or His Wisdom? He is able to do all these things, and hasn't He promised it? Read the promises in the Bible, read the promises given by Jesus Christ, read the promises given by the prophet, read the promises given by the Psalmist, and you will see from the beginning of Genesis until the end of Revelation here and there are promises interspersed throughout the entire Bible that give perfect authority for everything we claim. If we look over the world, we see it bowed down in sorrow, in weariness, in suffering, in pain, in sickness and inharmony broadcasting itself over the land. We are throwing them the lifeline of Truth, to pull them into this harbor of Truth, yet millions look at it in derision, because of their unbelief. Now, my friends, I want to say one word, that while I know it is impossible for you or any other person to force their minds to believe, that is beyond human power, it is not beyond our power to say: "I will investigate." That is what I said to myself when I commenced to study this Science. One of my friends had been healed in a wondrous manner of a deadly malady. While I did not believe that God had anything to do with it and did not believe that there was anything from heaven or supernatural in it, yet I knew that he had been healed of a disease that was considered incurable by all the materia medica world. I know he was not lying to me, so I concluded to study and find out by what means they deceived him; what system of chicanery was being practiced that the sick could be healed and God Almighty got the credit for it. I commenced to study, and at the end of six months I learned thoroughly in my consciousness that God Almighty did heal the sick in answer to prayer. Some of the most wonderful healings that I have ever seen in my life were done while I was in that stage by simply laying my hands on the person and praying God Almighty to heal them. They were healed instantaneously almost in every instance. By and by, along the line of study, I came into what we term this spiritual realization, and then I saw that all was good, that God was All in All manifest, everything that is is Good and Good manifest, Life and Life manifest,

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that all we have to do is to understand God and God manifest, and we could know there was nothing but perfect harmony existing in the world, and that Realization heals the sick. Now, I want to say, my friends, study this lesson, and God Almighty will prove it to you the same as He did to me. Study this Truth. We have the words of the Savior for it. He commanded them to go and preach this gospel, and certain signs should follow those who believe. He told them that "Whatever you ask in my name, believing, you shall receive." You are told to "commit thy ways unto the Lord and trust, and He will bring it to pass." There are innumerable passages throughout the entire Bible, as I remarked before, where we have perfect authority given us for everything we claim. What makes assurance doubly sure is that we demonstrate all that we claim. The Truth through man does heal the sick, and it is healing them all the time, not only in the city of Washington, but all over the world, healing the sick everywhere.

A gentleman from England once called to see me. He was suffering from a trouble called by the world incurable. He came to be treated. He said: "I can understand why you might heal me if I were here, but I could not understand how you could heal me while I remained in England." I told him of a few circumstances of healing at a distance. One was a lady in Japan suffering with an incurable disease in her head. The doctors told her she had but a very short time to live, and all she could do was to make her life as endurable as possible until the end came. She cabled for treatment, and was cured before the letter reached her stating that we had commenced the treatment. Another in the confines of South Africa had a cancer. They cabled for treatment, and the next morning, when the doctors came to operate on her, she was well.

I could give, as I have remarked in other places, thousands of instances where demonstrations have been made along these lines in absence as well as presence.

God Almighty is Omnipresent; there is no absence in Him. A thought given to a friend in South Africa, Japan or China is instantly registered; there is no distance, there is no time, but all is here and now in God Almighty. That is the thought that heals. It is the Realization of the allness and omnipresence of perfect life and perfect good and perfect health. Now, my friends, I say unto you, STUDY. That is all I can say to you. Then the Truth will force you to believe, and when you have this Truth you will be emancipated; as Jesus said, you are free, and this Truth will make you free. Now, I repeat, study. Take up the study now and continue until you know. The Truth is here, and it is as easy to be understood as a primary book. All you have to do is to bring to the service of this study an honest heart and the desire to do good, and, as Jesus says, "Seek ye the kingdom of good and its righteousness, and everything shall be added unto you." May God Almighty bless you in this study. The Truth will make you free if you will only study.

The influence of the senses has in most men overpowered the mind to that degree that the walls of time and space have come to look solid, real and insurmountable. Yet time and space are but inverse measures of the force of the soul. A man is capable of abolishing them both. The spirit sports with time. —*Emerson.*

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Adjustment

HARRIET DOANE PRENTISS, Philadelphia, Pa.

WHEN one can interpret disappointment, failure, wrecking experiences and distress as an urge to the promotion of growth, will he not cease to hold an attitude of bitterness toward conditions of an adverse character, and accept them as a necessary means to the unfoldment of character?

Are there not thousands of people who would ride the waves of prosperity and self-indulgence, if they were permitted to do so, without contributing one iota to the advancement of civilization, or adding to the general welfare of mankind?

Is it not resistance to the energy which is trying to express itself in us, that brings some of the problems which confront us, and which seem overpowering in their influence?

If we were living according to the fundamental principles of life, and keeping in rhythm with the harmonious vibrations of the universe, would our experiences not be more satisfactory?

The plan of life is unmistakably for growth, advancement and the better development of our faculties. We are permitted to move forward, comfortably and without friction, if we choose, but progress is necessary, and must be accomplished under the law of primal energy, which is ever urging us forward to our goal of perfection.

We must sooner or later accomplish the purpose of our existence, and come to an understanding of the part we are to play in the equation of life.

It is mal-adjustment which causes the friction and disturbance so apparent in life, and which robs it of its charm.

We must be well poised and finely balanced in order to express the best of what we are capable, and fulfill the object of our creation.

We are too careless in our selection of ideas, words, people, occupations and desires, accepting too often the standards of others and our own unworthy mental attitudes.

The only influences worth our consideration are those of a constructive character. There should be a constant mental adjustment, an orderly arrangement of ideas, and all unprofitable jarring, discordant thoughts should be cast aside, and those substituted which would be of advantage in the upbuilding of character.

Is there one of our acquaintance who would feel satisfied to have an inventory taken for one week of every mental suggestion that is permitted to enter his mind? How many feel that they are capable of evicting every thought of a useless character which enters the mind?

We are all striving for better conditions! Let us realize that the only possible way to achieve them is through the power of thought, and that present limitations can only be overcome through spiritual awakening.

Emancipation from every form of discouragement, adversity and distress will come when we have prepared the way. Man may at any time outgrow his present limitations by an unfoldment from within. There is no end to the possibilities of mind; its resources are inexhaust-

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ible, and one is free to choose whatever quality he may desire from God's bountiful supply. If we do not use the principle for constructive purposes we can blame no one but ourselves for the accomplished results, as no one but man has power to weave his destiny for himself.

God supplies what we ask for, or placing ourselves in an attitude to receive, the responsibility resting where it belongs, on man and not on God, our bountiful Father gives generously of his store, and we are entitled to the gratification of every desire.

If we would grow in grace and righteousness we must be careful in our selection and seek only the things which promote the welfare of the universe and our own development toward truth.

SHALL SURELY COME HOME TO THEE

Has it not occurred to you that you have no right to go, unless you are equally willing to be prevented from going? O, believe, as thou livest, that every sound that is spoken over the round world, which thou oughtest to hear, will vibrate on thine ear. Every proverb, every book, every by-word that belongs to thee for aid or comfort, shall surely come home to thee through open or winding passages. Every friend whom not thy fantastic will but the great and tender heart in thee craveth, shall lock thee in his embrace. And this because the heart in thee is the heart of all; not a valve, not a wall, not an intersection is there anywhere in nature, but one blood rolls uninterruptedly an endless circulation through all men, as the water of the globe is all one sea, and, truly seen, its tide is one.—*Emerson.*

A PRAYER IN NEW THOUGHT

Father of our spirits, I praise Thee for the love and joy, peace and power, steadfastness and courage with which Thou hast filled the atmosphere which surrounds our spirits.

By love, obedience and usefulness may my spirit be kept sweet, prepared always to receive what Thou hast to give. But help me to place more emphasis on giving than on receiving. I would remember that Thy purpose for me is that I should radiate love and all the qualities contained in the spectrum of love.

I *will* that the light Thou hast poured into my soul from time to time in beautiful thoughts, in the companionship of friends, in communion with Nature, all the sunshine and joy Thou hast stored in my soul, return to Thee in looks and words and acts of love toward my fellowmen.

For this it was given.

In a word—

Now I breathe in Thy peace, Thy power, Thy love. Today in my life, in my work may I radiate forth toward all with whom I come in contact the sunshine Thou hast poured into my life.—*Blanche Wolford.*

Lack of knowledge, faith and hope causes failure. Whining pessimism due to greed and envy causes failure. Carping criticism of all that is high and good, pure and sweet, causes failure. Dishonesty, meanness, selfishness and immorality cause failure. Scorners never succeed to a great extent, because knowledge and wisdom are essential to success, "and the scorners delight in their scorning, and fools hate knowledge." If you desire to make your life here a complete and miserable failure, just leave God out of it.

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Sowing and Reaping

WM. E. GIBSON

SPRINGTIME and summer suggest planting and harvesting. Almost the world over, mankind recognizes the necessity of sowing if a harvest is to be expected, but many are not aware of the factors in the sowing or of the wisdom and judgment to be exercised by the sower if good results are to be expected.

To the agriculturist the factors of first consideration are the sower or farmer himself, the soil and the seeds. If these factors are ample there is at least a reasonable prophecy of success. The farmer must be prudent, both in the scope of his project and in the details of procedure. If he is thus prudent he selects the best possible soil in which to plant his crop and also sees that the soil is put in the best possible state of cultivation, the state most conducive to prompt germination and rapid growth. He then selects and plants seeds that are of the best varieties and such as are free from disease spores and rot.

He must now husband the crop through the weeks to harvest time. Aside from culture requirements he must guard it against pests of every kind. Hence "Eternal Vigilance" must be the watchword of the successful farmer. But is this vigilance possible? The farmer must work long hours, must sleep, and have recreation. At some unguarded moment the mischief may be done. The crop may be destroyed, the year's labor lost.

How can the sower prevent such mishaps? He cannot stand on ceaseless guard against insect pests and thieves. It is evident that he must trust a part of his outlay all the time and all of it a part of the time. But to what—to what must he trust? To luck? to chance? to fate? to providence?

Probably some one of these terms will suffice for many individuals; but for me the farmer must trust to God, but not the God whose wrath he fears, for that God is Himself gone mad. He must trust to the God Love, the God Life, the God Light; the Ever-Present, the All-Powerful and All-Knowing God. Nay the All-Embracing God.

If the sower allies himself with this God he is allied with "Eternal Vigilance," a God whose eye never slumbers, whose energies never weaken, and whose judgments never falter.

Life—your life, my life, every life—is but a series of sowing and reaping. The reaping of to-day is the sowing of yesterday. The sowing of to-day will be the reaping of to-morrow. To many this is an awful picture, to others a beautiful one indeed.

"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." If he sows ignorance he will reap error. But all sowing brings forth many fold. The wheat and corn seeds bring forth from ten to an hundred fold, the mustard seed brings forth many thousand fold. The reaping is the same in kind but multiplied in quantity.

This law applies to every avenue and every plane of human endeavor. There is this also: An act once performed is easy to repeat and several repetitions give it momentum or a sort of sowing by which it is performed almost without a conscious mental impulse. It thus be-

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comes what we call habit. Hence, sow acts, you reap habit. Habits are ruts cut through the mind by repeated acts. The many habits that furrow our mental planes are the many classes and shades of acts that have played upon the mind.

Understand that a thought once thrown into the vibration is a real thing and that every act is born of a thought. Habits so shape and color the mind as to determine the character of the individual. Character determines one's destiny. It is as impossible to rise above one's real character as it is for water to flow up hill.

Sow the acts of life and you reap habits, sow habits and you reap character, sow character and you reap destiny. This is universal law. The unobserving is forced to observe its conduct. Then why not act upon the observation? Why will men, with eyes wide open, seeing a law so natural in its trend and so perfect in results, not conduct themselves so as to get the best results at all times? Why not sow the seeds of goodness and of kindness and continue until the sowing becomes a habit? Why not sow nothing else but good, and sow good until it radiates from you as the rays from the sun?

Most men and women desire this glorified state, but why do so few attain to it in any considerable degree? The reason is obvious. Men trust to their own strength, to their own wisdom. Man's strength and wisdom are Omnipotent, but only when linked with Omnipotence by proper understanding, but when separated they are as a branch separated from the vine.

Let us revert to our agricultural picture: Successful reaping depends upon successful sowing; successful sowing depends upon the sower, the soil and the seeds. He who sows the seeds that shall bring forth a successful career must conform to the laws of perfect good. He must therefore go to the source of all good—to God. But here is the rub: Men usually go to books, to each other's experience, and only in the day of despair go to God. Let men reverse the method of thinking. Consult God first in every undertaking by affirming that "God does lead them and teach them how and what to do, and give them wisdom to follow." Then they have unfailing wisdom. But why is it that so many though willing are unable to pray this first simple, natural prayer for God's help? This prayer is a recognition of the truth that God is your partner and ever-present help in all of your affairs. Why is it, I ask, that so many though willing are unable?

Mankind, as a rule, has a mistaken idea of God, a mistaken conception of self, and because of these misconceptions cannot communicate with God. Men neither know God nor themselves. They conceive of God as a personage, somewhere, in some mysterious place called Heaven. Remember that while Jesus tells us to seek the Kingdom of Heaven, he also tells us where to seek. "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you"—not in some place or space nor in some measure of time, but in you. It is *now in you,* and that now is the *eternal.*

Men are deluded by the idea of a dual power: God on the one side and the devil on the other. This conception is false. Every life warped by this false conception is adrift, a dupe of fate, of chance. It is the bad seed, the seed of error that our fathers sowed in the wilderness of the past, the fruits of which have set the children's teeth on edge.

O, brother, get this foundation thought fixed in your minds: God is the All-

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Embracing Good. The All-Power, the All-Presence, the All-Science is God.

The devil is a human creation and the thoughts of evil that follow in his wake are human creations. Fix your minds, I repeat, upon this thought of the All-Embracing Good and you sow seeds whose fruitage chokes out all devils and evil, seeds that shall bring forth the trees of life, the leaves of which shall be for the healing of the nation. Get this thought once immovably fixed in your mental grasp and you are yoked with Christ. You then pull together; "The yoke is easy and the burden is light." Good will become the ruling passion of your life. With God as a partner you cannot make mistakes.

The soil for your sowing when God is your partner is ever ready. It is your brother's loving heart. Some seeds may seem to fall among stones and others among thistles, but sowing with God is sowing in Love. Love dissolves the stones, consumes the thistles and brings forth its kind.

When the sower is prepared the soil prepares.

What are the seeds that you can sow? And how, and where, and when will you sow?

First of all sow Pure Thoughts, Good Thoughts, Loving Thoughts. Carry sunshine to every mind you touch by thought, word and act. Think Joy in the place of sorrow. Think Smiles in the place of tears. Think Success in the place of failure, Health in the place of sickness. Think Life, Eternal Life, in the place of death.

In speaking, speak wisely, gently and lovingly. Say those things to your fellows which cheer and brighten their minds. Encourage them by approving, gentle touches, but never bore or flatter; for boring is heavy and flattery is poisonous. If at any time you find yourself becoming diseased in thought go back to your inner self, your Heaven, and ask God (Good), who is ever there, to direct you even in your conversation.

Sow Good Deeds, Deeds of Kindness, and in sowing let the same spirit that prompts you to serve the king also prompt you to serve the pauper. Let the same spirit that prompts you to give a thousand to famished India also prompt you to give a morsel of bread to the hungry cripple at your door.

In real life sowing is sure and reaping is just as sure. Every moment of your conscious existence you are sowing, sowing thoughts some of which are expressed in mental impresses, some in words and some in deeds, but all will bring forth for your reaping.

Reaping is the same in kind as the sowing. Sow Good, reap Good. "They that sow evil reap the same." Sow anger, hatred, malice, jealousy; reap wrecked nerves, poisoned blood and fear. Sow fear, reap cringing, shrinking, servility, reap discouragement, despondency and all manner of diseases.

Reaping is the same in spirit as the sowing. "He that soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly, and he that soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully." Be narrow minded and conniving in your thinking and you hedge in the vista of your highest possibilities; magnanimity and tolerance broaden the outlook.

Hold up your best thoughts and expressions, either in speaking or writing, for highest prices and you corner your own market.

Reserve your deeds of kindness for conspicuous occasions and dress parades in newspaper columns, and you limit your possibilities for conceiving the greater

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ideas that breed the great deeds of life, for you fill your mind with false glare and this dims your mental sight.

You are to sow and you will sow whether you intend to sow or not. Your part is to direct the sowing. This you can do and you have all the help you need. The Ever-Present and All-Wise God is your friend. In everything recognize the indwelling Good as your friend and guide. Let your morning salutation be Thanksgiving and Affirmation, thanking Him for the blessings of the night and affirming that He directs your every undertaking during the day. Let Him and Him alone be your counselor day and night.

Like Enoch of old, walk with God and you will discover that God walks with men.

Your happiness or misery hinges upon your choice, choice of the truth or error. "Be not deceived, God is not mocked. Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.

"Sow to the flesh (external life), reap corruption. Sow to the spirit, reap eternal life."

The idea of putting off pay day until after you are dead, and do not need pay—in other words, until you get where you can not need anything—is absurd. Jesus said: "The Kingdom of God is at hand. He sent His disciples out to preach, telling them, Go and preach, heal the sick and tell them that the kingdom of God is at hand.

It is not what you *do,* but what you *are,* that marks your place in society. No matter how menial your occupation may be, dignify it, and the world will quickly recognize your true value.—*Virginia R. Humphrey.*

GO IN TO WIN

If you want to believe in yourself, if you want an aim in life, ask, *believe,* and it will surely come to you. In the meantime, do the thing that lies nearest at hand, and do it in the best possible way, and with all the joy and interest that you can put into it. Keep reminding yourself that every well-spent day points to a better day ahead. Have an aim for one day at a time, and make that day the best possible. In time you will find a sort of action running throught your days that will constitute a real aim in life. To believe in yourself, *affirm belief,* and keep on affirming it no matter what your feelings. *Act* as if you believed in yourself. To assume a virtue and act as if it were yours, is to make it yours. The more love you can radiate, the more joy you can put into your useful work, the more your life will *"count"*—remember that. Go in to win and stick to it. Health, happiness, and success are yours, and you are on the road to realization.—*B. M. C. in Nautilus.*

PRAYER

Prayer is the atmosphere in which the Christian lives; the key which opens the door of heaven; the wire which connects us with the great white throne; the gate through which we enter into the presence chamber of the Eternal; the highway on which we meet the King in his beauty; the pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night which leads us through the wilderness of this world to the bright Canaan beyond; the valley in which still waters flow, and Easter lilies bloom and in which He, whose name is wonderful, revealed himself; the golden stairway by which the angels convey the longings of our hearts up to our Heavenly Father. —*Henry Alexander Lavely.*

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If It Is True

OLIVER C. SABIN

If it is true, as alleged by the friends and champions of Christian Science, that it does give the information through Divine Love to destroy all sickness, all illness of every kind and character, and every kind of inharmony connected with man, either in the mental or physical, or financial; and if such fact, if known to the people at large and practiced by them, would relieve the world of all sin, of all suffering, of all poverty and of all sorrow, what an universal blessing it is?

The adherents of Christian Science affirm that the foregoing statements are true, and that Christian Science does do and perform, or give the information to do and perform, all of those things, and that emancipates mankind from all the ills incident to this material life.

The mere enumeration of such an array of facts to a person who does not know anything about this Truth is almost enough to paralyze (if we may be allowed the expression) his comprehension, because it is so foreign, so much beyond what we have been taught to believe, that the human conception can hardly measure such a condition of affairs.

The writer of this article was, perhaps, as much of a bigot, if we may be allowed the expression, as any person in the world upon the subject of religion, but my bigotry was in the line of no religion rather than too much. I had studied the subject of the Vicarious Atonement as ordinarily taught in the churches; that God, in order to have His own wrath satisfied, had required His Son to step into the breach and suffer death that I might have life. This doctrine I did not believe, and could not believe. I stayed in the churches during my youthful years, and found it was impossible for me to be governed by my fear, so gave loose reins to the whole business and threw the churches out of my mind; but I am now thoroughly convinced that that doctrine was not taught by the Bible. Jesus did not come to reconcile God to man, but to reconcile man to God. That God is Love, and that our Savior came through love for man and not to reconcile God to man. He came to show us the Way to the Father, and to show us how to live, and to show us how to overcome the original sin that was committed by our first parents, that we might have Eternal Life through the perfect understanding of God's perfect love. Christian Science shows by the true status God's relation to man, and in furtherance of that shows us how to live lives of perfect Christianity, so that we do not have to grope along in the darkness; but we know that our Father is a God of Love, a God of Goodness and a God of Happiness, and He is our Father and protects us in all ways and under all circumstances. It gives us a closer and more intimate knowledge of God and proves the position which we take by the healing of our sick, the destruction of our sorrow, the removal of our poverty, and the giving to us of the perfect liberty, the liberty which is given to the children of God. In other words, "these signs" do follow us, and we thereby know we are believers, for we fill the requirements of a believer.

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HARRIET DOANE PRENTISS

LIFE

What's this that fills
My being with its thrills?
Is it life? Life
Freed from all strife?

'Tis new found joy
To know I can employ
This life, so free,
By trusting Thee.

Fresh hope I feel
As things appear more real.
When soul partakes
God's love awakes!

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The Faith of Moses

DR. J. W. BUSH, Columbus, O.

"BY faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt; for he had respect unto the recompense of the reward."—Heb. 11:24-26.

We are all, to some extent, acquainted with the history of Moses, the lawgiver of Israel. We remember that he was born when the Israelites were in bondage, when a decree was in force that many thousands of the Israelites should be killed in infancy; that he was placed in an ark by his mother and hidden on the brink of the Nile, among the rushes; that he was rescued by the daughter of Pharaoh, king of Egypt, and adopted as her own child, and, by the providence of Almighty God, his own mother, a slave, was employed by the princess to care for and watch over him.

Thus adopted into the royal family of Egypt, Moses had before him all the preferment, all the opportunity for attaining grandeur and glory, that would naturally come to him as the grandson of Pharaoh, the king of that great country. But we are told, in language just quoted, that when he came to years—when he reached his majority, we would say; when he considered himself free to choose his own course—"he refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season."

There was demonstrated in this refusal to be called "the son of Pharaoh's daughter" the sublime spirit of the man—his integrity; his true, genuine manhood, when he had just passed through the period of youth. He was not required to take oath that he was of royal extraction; all that was required of him was to be silent, to be submissive to the wishes of his foster mother, and occupy the position in the royal household of Egypt that would naturally be his. But he would have known, after he learned that he was the son of a slave, that the world was deceived with reference to him; that he was practicing deception by acquiescence, and the principle of true, genuine, sublime manhood revolted at the thought. What did Moses reject when he refused to be called "the son of Pharaoh's daughter?" He rejected all the privileges, emoluments, and glory that would naturally attach to his position as a prince of the house royal; he rejected the wealth of the wondrous country, where constant streams of golden treasures were pouring into coffers already overflowing; he rejected the pleasures of Pharaoh's royal palace, with its ease, its elegance, its revelry; he rejected the prospect of being sovereign of all that land. Being legally adopted, there was, of course, a prospect of his wearing the royal crown, occupying the throne of the Pharaohs, and swaying the scepter over Egypt; of being buried in the tomb of the Pharaohs, and having his name go down to posterity as

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an Egyptian sovereign. What did he accept instead of this? He accepted the position of a slave—one of a nation of slaves—and finally accepted voluntary, but necessary, banishment from Egypt, and become a sojourner in the land of Midian—a stranger in a strange land. He had a checkered career. Forty years he spent in Egypt; forty years a fugitive, a laborer in the wilderness between Egypt and the promised land.

What was his reward? What position did Moses really occupy? He was the friend and confidant of Jehovah. The God of Infinite Love, Infinite Good, Infinite Life, Infinite Power, chose him to be the leader of the children of Israel, and he led three millions of people—the people to whom he really belonged—out of bondage, through the wilderness, and to the bank of Jordan—the grandest leadership in the history of the world. He was the sublimest, the greatest, lawgiver this world has ever known. He was permitted to stand on the summit of shaking Sinai, shrouded in somber clouds that were riven by vivid lightnings, while the thunders rocked the earth, and receive from the hand of Almighty God the Tables of Stone on which was written the law that has been, is, and is to be, the foundation of the laws of civilization in every age, country and clime. God watched over Moses and cared for him to such an extent that he lived one hundred and twenty years; and though he bore great responsibility and had many cares, his one hundred and twenty years were years of uninterrupted health, strength, one hundred and twenty years of vigorous youth.

What manner of death did Moses die? God permitted him to live one hundred and twenty years—thrice forty years—then called him to Mount Pisgah's height, to Nebo's loftiest summit, and there permitted him to view the promised land. We are told that when the time arrived his eyes were not dimmed, his natural force not abated. The same eagle glance before which Egypt's haughty king had quailed forty years before was his as he stood on Pisgah's height, the same noble bearing, the same strength of body and mind—a youth of one hundred and twenty summers, standing there with the world spread beneath his feet. What unutterable thoughts must have been his as he looked upon that scene—at the Jordan rolling at his feet; at the sweet fields of Canaan; at the smiling valleys; the silvery streams flashing back the rays of the sun; the mountain peaks lifting their heads toward the sky; and far away, at the head of the Jordan, grand old Hermon, veiled in misty clouds! While his soul was filled with rapture at this the sublimest sight the vision of man ever beheld, the hand of God was laid upon the heart of that youth of one hundred and twenty summers, that heart was stilled, and Moses went on to live in another happy sphere. No pain, no fever, no agony, no fear in dying, no struggle; simply a youth of one hundred and twenty years, standing on the top of that lofty mountain, with the rest of the world spread out in beauty before him—his soul is filled, his eyes are satisfied—and without a moment's warning the summons comes, and he falls asleep without a quiver, without a murmur. He has the towering mountain for his couch, the bending heavens for his shroud, and the Lord Almighty for his companion, no other being there, and God himself buried Moses in some lonely spot, unmarked, unknown, that his tomb might never be desecrated, while the *real Moses* lived

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right on in the service and enjoyment of the "happy God."

Men thirst for glory that will linger after they are gone. Did Moses have this recompense of reward? Ten thousand people—men, women, and children—know Moses today as the lawgiver, the leader of Israel, the meekest man of all the earth; ten thousand people know him today in every sense in which he would wish to be known for every one that had known him now had he been willing to practice the deception that would have given him the crown, throne, and scepter of Egypt; yea, millions know Moses today—know him in the unerring love-light of God Almighty's eternal truth—whereas, had he practiced that deception, in all probability not one person beneath the stars in this generation would have heard of him. He had simply lived as the son of Pharaoh's daughter, had been esteemed a prince, and, perchance, had swayed the scepter over Egypt, he had gone to the tombs of the Pharaohs, and been forgotten long ago.

More than three thousand years have come and gone since Moses fell asleep, and yet the civilized world today knows him and each succeeding generation that will be born will know him as one who preferred "to suffer affliction with the people of God rather than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." But the afflictions he suffered were nothing to be compared with the good things, the pure things—health, happiness, peace and plenty—he enjoyed with the people of God. Such was part of the reward Moses received, through the power of God Almighty.

The choice that confronted Moses confronts every responsible person—the choice between the pleasures of so-called sin and the trials and triumphs and joys of the people of God—and there is given us in the Book of Books every assurance that if, like Moses, we esteem the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures and sinful pleasures of this world, we shall in no wise lose our reward, either now or in the future, but shall have health and prosperity, and the sweetest, because the purest, joys earth can give, and the unalloyed bliss of God Almighty within us both now and forever.

CONVINCE THE SUBCONSCIOUS MIND

Whatever you convince the subconscious mind that you are, that you will become. This is the verdict of modern science; and although it may appear to be a startling statement, it is nevertheless a clear-cut demonstrable fact. Convince the subconscious that you have more strength, or that you have greater ability, and you will find that more strength and ability will immediately begin to develop in your system. Convince the subconscious that you are well, and you will become well. Convince the subconscious that you are still a young man, and you will begin to feel young, look young and express more and more of the qualities of those who are young. The reason is that every subconscious conviction becomes a subconscious action; and every subconscious action tends to create or build up that very condition that was embodied in the conviction from which it sprang.

Never bear more than one kind of trouble at a time. Some people bear three—all they have had, all they have now, and all they expect to have.—*Edward Everett Hale.*

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Absent Treatment

IF we were to ask any minister in this city whether it was necessary for his prayer to be effectual, in the blessing of the President of the United States for example, that he should be present with the President where he could lay his hands on him, the reply would be, unquestionably, that it was not. This prayer of ours, which we call treatment, does not require the presence of those who are prayed for in order to give it effect, but God's blessing follows the prayer to those for whom it is given, and is as effectual as if the party were present.

If, when we consider that God is Omnipresent, fills all space, and that wherever life is that that life is God manifest, we can see and understand that God is everywhere, and that there is no such thing as absence.

The Evangelical Church teaches the truth more plainly and more effectively than any other system in the world. It tells in plain language the story of the science and how to demonstrate it. The truth belongs to no church organization, no combine owns it to the exclusion of anybody else, and it can be practiced in the name of one church as well as another, for it is the truth that does the work.

Our Savior had no church, but He taught the truth, gave it out to the world plainly, and told His disciples to go into all the world and teach the religion He taught them, giving as the evidence of the Truth which they were teaching certain signs which should follow those who believed, among which he specified: "In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover." That promise is in force and effect to-day the same as it was when our Savior made it. It is the effect of the Truth which does the work of healing. Our Savior said, "You shall know the Truth and the Truth shall make you free."

Our Savior also said that whatever you ask in My name, believing, it shall come to pass.

It is incomprehensible, when we consider that this world is filled with the sick and dying, that persons have to be coaxed or persuaded to investigate this great Divine healing method.

This is the same method by which Moses healed Miriam of leprosy, and the prophet cured the Assyrian general and brought the child to life. The same laws, universal, unchangeable, by which those so-called miracles were performed, are in force to-day, and have been in force always, and there never was a time when they did not have the same power that they have now.

This is the same doctrine that our Savior practiced and that He taught His apostles, and which He told His disciples to continue after His ascension into heaven.

When we look at the history of Christ and the reception meted out to Him for His work of love, we are not so much astonished at the greeting given by mortal mind to this great Truth. Our Savior was crucified; His disciples were whipped from city to city, imprisoned and tortured, and all of them, save and except St. John, died a violent death for

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attesting to the Truth which our Savior taught them.

Error fights the Truth. We see this in all the ramifications of human life and human passions, and all we can do is to work, pray without ceasing, love our enemies and do good unto those who despitefully use us, for Truth will be triumphant, and there can be no failure.

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers,
But error, wounded, writhes in pain
And dies amid her worshipers."

Our duty is plain. The command is explicit. It is to go into all the world, preach the gospel and heal the sick.

Statesmen, in the interest of a medical trust who seek to absorb the liberties of the people in controlling the treatment and healing of diseases by law to their own peculiar cult, will find their work abortive, for God Almighty is behind this work. It is along the lines of His teaching to mankind for thousands of years, and doctors cannot control, cannot enslave, and cannot poison the minds of the people and force them to become their subservient tools.

I exhort my friends, and I exhort my readers in whatever land they may live, to assert the liberty and manhood guaranteed by God Almighty Truth, and practice it in love. If they will do this their lives will be a benediction to the age in which they live and a monument for future generations to venerate.

"Throw out the lifeline across the dark wave,
There is a brother whom some one should save;
Somebody's brother: oh! who then will dare,
To throw out the lifeline his peril to share."

HEAT ONLY A MENTAL CONDITION

It's easy enough to keep cool. All this sweltering and suffering with the heat here in Washington is absolutely unnecessary.

Just don't think about the heat. Keep your mind on other things.

It is only the idle and unoccupied who suffer from the heat.

People who are busy and keep their minds on their work don't have time to think or complain about the weather.

Suffering from the heat is to a great extent a mental condition. Avoid all persons who want to know "Is it hot enough for you?"

Keep your mind off the heat all the time. Don't think about it for a single minute.

The more people worry the hotter they get. If they would only go along just as they do when the thermometer is down to normal, they would have no trouble.—*Dr. Harvey W. Wiley.*

Jesus Christ says, "Men do not light a candle and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick, so it giveth light unto all that are in the house." What is the light that has to shine? It is the teaching of Jesus Christ. What are these teachings? They are the teachings of the true realization of the perfect Truth which heals. Jesus Christ says you shall know the Truth and the Truth shall make you free. This Truth is the light of the world. You are the light, you are the proclaimers of this light of the world. You are the light, you have this light. You are like the city set on a hill; the world sees you and you must teach this Truth that has been given to you, that your Father in Heaven may be glorified.

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Health Influenced by Thought

A SEMI-INVALID, on being complimented upon her greatly improved health on her return from a visit, said: "Yes, I have improved greatly, because I have been visiting friends who were not all the time talking to me about my health."

What a great injury we do people who are struggling to overcome ill-health by continually asking them how they feel, suggesting the sickness image, thus compelling them to center their minds upon their troubles when they ought to be kept entirely out of them.

Nothing else is more helpful than holding the thought of robustness, the strong, vigorous thought, the ideal of health, completeness, physical and mental harmony constantly in the mind. It is natural for us to imitate the ideals which we hold persistently, and, if we keep the health ideal constantly in the mind, if we refuse to harbor the sick thought, the weak thought, the discordant thought, we shall strengthen their opposites.

We cannot be physically vigorous until we hold the vigorous thought, until we regard all sickly and weakly thoughts as the enemies of physical integrity.

It is well known that inflammation, or trouble of any kind anywhere in the body, is aggravated by concentrating the mind upon it.

Professor Bell, inventor of the telephone, told me that when driving in the provinces in extremely cold weather, when he was in great danger of having his feet frozen, he was able to send an extra supply of blood to them by concentrating his mind upon them, and thus saved himself a very painful experience. He says that by powerful concentration of thought he can cause temporary congestion of the blood vessels in the extremities, and thus make the warm blood circulate where he was cold before.

Professor Elmer Gates performs a very interesting experiment by immersing his hands and arms to the elbows in separate vessels filled with water just to the point of overflowing. By withdrawing his thought absolutely from one hand and concentrating it on the other he so expands the blood vessel in the latter, by sending an extra supply of blood to it, that the water in the vessel in which it is overflows quite perceptibly. To further prove this power of thought concentration, he transfers the thought from one hand to the other without changing their positions until the other vessel overflows.

Now, think of the consequences to a young girl who is told by her family and everybody who knows her that she has inherited a tendency to consumption, and that she must be very careful about taking cold, or exhausting herself. She naturally concentrates her mind upon her lungs, aggravating, increasing every bit of congestion caused by a cold, worrying lest every little exposure to a draught will develop the latent dreaded disease.

There is nothing which will ruin the digestion and cut off assimilation of foods quicker than worry and anxiety over one's physical troubles.

We are beginning to realize the tremendous power suggestion has upon the mental and physical processes. If you live in constant terror of a dreaded disease, concentrating your mind upon a supposed weak point in your organiza-

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tion, and are all the time thinking and worrying about it, you are likely to develop the very thing you fear, even if there is no tendency whatever in your system to it.

It is cruel to keep reminding people of any real or supposed weakness, because most of us are very sensitive about anything relating to our health. Many people are haunted with the idea that they have something within them, some seed of hereditary disease, which will ultimately kill them. What a terrible thing it is to go through life with a conviction that there is a latent trouble within one which is going to develop and ultimately prove fatal!

On the other hand, what tremendous uplifting power, what a perpetual tonic there is in holding the thought that we were fashioned after a perfect and immortal model, that we were intended for long life, happiness and splendid careers; and that all this is dependent upon the ideals we hold and insist upon living up to.

There is a creative power in perpetually holding the thought of the thing we long for, desire most, and in insisting on the thing we ought to be.

Health, not disease, is the everlasting fact, and if we know that harmony must ultimately triumph over discord we shall succeed in creating an attitude of mind that will insist upon health ideals, happiness ideals, success ideals. And if we can persistently hold these in the thought, they will ultimately work themselves out in the life.

The trouble with us is that we do not have enough faith in the perfection of the ideal, or in our possibilities. We are so warped by superstition, so influenced by the great streams of harmful suggestion that come to us, that we think we are poor, miserable creatures, subject to all sorts of hereditary influences which are liable to thwart our ambition. We live in mental slavery.

What we want is liberty of thought to form high ideals. There is no fact better established today than that we are largely the creatures of our thought, of the suggestions constantly held in mind. Most of us are so hedged by superstition, so limited by preconceived ideas, so influenced by the constant suggestions of others, which are full of disease, hereditary influence, that we do not get out into the larger liberty of thought and freedom of action, where perfect health and harmony reside.

In order to escape this slavery, we must break the shackles of limitation and prejudice. We must protect the integrity of our thoughts from other suggestions.

There is an indescribable healthfulness and robustness in holding perfect life models in the mind, in allowing no discord, no dwarfed, pinched models, stunted ideals, or superstitious thoughts to influence us.

If we constantly hold the discouraged thought, the poverty thought, the thought that we are limited, that we have hereditary taint in the blood, that we cannot, after all, accomplish very much because of so many handicaps, of course we cannot rise into that self-dominion which brings mastership. As long as we expect limitation, believe in handicaps, in hereditary taints, in the limitations of poverty, these things will powerfully influence our achievement.

The time will come when the child will be trained to throw off the yoke of limitation, to free its mind from all handicaps, to break the chains of preconceived prejudices and superstitions.—*Orison Swett Marden.*

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God Healing

THE question, Does God through man in answer to prayer heal the sick? is one that should interest every person in the world. If it be true that the methods that the apostles used are still in force and effect, then all should know these methods and receive the benefits thereof.

We are commanded to preach the gospel and heal the sick. "Freely have you received, freely given." This is the method adopted by the Evangelical Christian Science Church, and we are sending broadcast to the world in print and orally the methods of healing the sick.

We are told that we shall know the Truth and the Truth shall make us free. It is the knowledge of the Truth which gives us freedom from sin, sickness, sorrow and poverty and all of the so-called ills of life.

This Truth belongs to no church. It is of God and from God, and belongs to all of His children, and in the practice of it there is no unusual method used. It is the plain, simple prayer of the Understanding, of the Knowledge of the Truth. We pray for the absent as well as the present. God hears us for the absent as well as for the present.

In the practical application of this Truth no one has the advantage of another, only as they are more firmly grounded in the knowledge of the Truth. It is the Truth that does the work; it is no human personality; it is God truth—God truth that makes us whole. God is the healer, not man. The Apostle Peter said on the Day of Pentecost, when speaking of our Savior, that God through Him had done many wonderful works, and our Savior Himself said that the works He did we might do, and among the last commands He gave to His disciples was to preach this gospel to all the world and certain signs should follow those who believe their preaching. See 16th chapter of Mark.

It is the object and aim of the members of the Evangelical Christian Science Church to spread this gospel of healing. The knowledge of it is free to all the world, to the end that the world may be manumitted from the so-called ills of life, and in every way possible we are doing this. Not only myself, but all of our workers throughout the entire civilized world are trying our utmost to preach this gospel of truth, this gospel of healing, this gospel of love.

OUR TALENTS

No two of us have the same opportunities or difficulties or duties, nor can we work out the same solutions. Each from her own angle must deal with herself in a unique manner. But we must go forward or we shall fall back. Even to keep in the same place we must run a little. Our small talent must beget another talent, and the two a third, and the three a fourth, and so on till the very end of life. This is the lesson of the talents, as fresh to-day, in city mansion, or seaside cot, in school or shop, as it was nineteen hundred years ago, when the great Teacher sat upon the Mount of Olives, overlooking Jerusalem, and told the simple story of his disciples in one of those last days before the crucifixion.—*Keeler.*

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GOOD NIGHT

Some things go to sleep in such a funny way,
Little birds stand on one leg and tuck their heads away;
Chickens do the same, standing on their perch;
Little mice lie soft and still as if they were in church;
Kittens curl up close in such a funny ball;
Horses hang their sleepy heads and stand still in the stall;
Sometimes dogs stretch out, or curl up in a heap;
Cows lie down upon their sides when they would go to sleep.
But little babies dear are snugly tucked in beds,
Warm with blankets, all so soft, and pillows for their heads.
Bird and beast and babe—I wonder which of all
Dream the dearest dreams that down from dreamland fall!

Child Lore.

God is Good, the only Good,
That Good is in you and me;
'Tis here and there, and everywhere
And in everything we see.

A TRIBUTE

Anita L. Sterne in "Our Dumb Animals"

Dear little silken, shaggy-haired friend,
In childhood's days my heart was yours
And yours was mine, your tail would wag
Its message from your proud all-fours.
At night you lay beside my bed and guarded me,
By day you waked me with a creaking chain;
You were uneasy, and your legs were ready
To stretch themselves, and romp and play again.
You were a friend I always knew just how to find,
We had no quarrels to cry over and efface;
Your ears were always keenest for my voice,
Your eyes would follow me from place to place.
Who wants a nurse, when dogs are faithful, too?
And, if your many deeds I should unroll,
Each reader would agree with me,
God gave to you a nearly human soul.

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Ranny's Fourth of July

IT was the 3d of July, in Revolutionary times, and the war had been going on for some years.

Ranny sat in a corner of the fence under a blackberry bush, and on his knee his pet hen, Beauty. Just beyond the fence was his home, and right down the road about half a mile shone the white tents of the British soldiers.

The father was too old to go into the war, and Ranny too young. And though he longed to enter as a drummer boy, he stayed to care for his mother and help about the place. So he worked hard and spent his playtime with his prize hen.

Presently down the road came a tramping of many feet and a long line of English soldiers stepped into view, the sun flashing on their guns and polished belts. The colonel in command stopped when he saw the chicken in the boy's hands.

"Get that hen and send it to the cook's tent for dinner," he ordered a soldier. Then, unheeding Ranny's protest, he rode on down the lane.

The boy threw himself in front of his pet, but with a blow from his gun a man thrust the lad aside, grabbed the hen by the legs and set out for the British camp, leaving poor Ranny lying on the ground shedding useless tears over the coming fate of his pet.

The lad felt too sad to eat any supper, but after the meal he set out alone for the English camp. By sunset he reached the sentinel, who refused to take a boy to the general's tent.

"But my business is very important," insisted Ranny. He was about to turn away when an officer in a fine uniform, passed by walking rapidly. He heard the conversation, and told Ranny to follow him to his tent.

"I am General Reed," he remarked, when he seated himself before a table in his tent. "What is your business?"

In a few words Ranny told him about the theft of his favorite hen. Touched by the boy's bravery in coming to the camp, the general had the hen brought in and given back to Ranny. Just then several other officers came in and stood around the table, so the boy put his hen under his arm and left the place.

But just outside he paused, for the men inside began talking about an attack they intended making at dawn on the American camp, fifteen miles away. As he hid in the shadow he listened to every detail of how the plan was to be carried out and the Revolutionary troops captured. Then he sped away unnoticed in the darkness. In a few moments he was in his father's stable, saddling a fast horse, while the hen was asleep on the roost in the chicken house.

Leaping into the saddle he dashed out into the night. Away, over hill and through forests, over streams and across meadows he flew, the fire striking as the hoofs beat against the stones. But at last the gallop fell into a trot, and a trot into a walk, then, just when the boy saw the lights gleaming in the American headquarters, the horse stopped, exhausted. Ranny leaped to the ground and sped down the road as fast as his feet would carry him. So fast that when he dashed into a picket he could only blurt

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out—"I must see the general at once—the British are coming."

In a few minutes he was in General Howard's room and the whole plan laid before the leader of the Revolutionary troops. Ten minutes later the bugle rang out the call to arms, and in a short time the men were on the march.

General Howard led his men into a bit of woods near the road and about a mile from the headquarters. Here they waited in silence. At dawn the long red lines of the British filed quietly down toward the deserted American camp, but they never arrived. For as they came by the woods the entire American troops poured a fire into their ranks, so that many were wounded and the rest taken prisoners.

As Ranny rode home in the morning with half a dozen soldiers as an escort of honor, he found his mother nailing a big flag to the gate-post.

"It's the Fourth of July," she said, "and before another comes along the English will be gone from our land."

So Ranny had a fine feast and spent a glorious Fourth, though at that date there was not much celebrating done. Yet as long as he lived the boy never forgot how he spent the Fourth in bagging a lot of British soldiers.

HOW WUZZY BECAME A HERO

"Oh! what are you going to do with those dear fuzzy little puppies?" asked little Helen Barbour of her brother John.

"Drown 'em, I guess, Sis. Any objections?" he answered.

Helen vanished into the house, but soon appeared looking very much pleased.

"Johnnie," she said, "what do you think? You remember that mother told me I could have two pets. Well, I have taken these puppies as my choice, and I shall call them Fuzzy and Wuzzy."

Helen took the rescued puppies to an outhouse, where she made them a comfortable bed in a soap-box. Here she put the puppies to sleep after they had drunk warm milk to their hearts' content.

It seemed to Helen as if every day Fuzzy and Wuzzy grew larger. Soon they were playful but awkward young collies. Two years have passed since their rescue. They are now full grown dogs, the pets of all the Barbour household.

During this awful overflow of the Mississippi river, through which we are now passing, Fuzzy and Wuzzy have distinguished themselves. Mr. Barbour, Helen's father, was watching the levee in front of his home one night, accompanied by Wuzzy. The good gentleman was very much fatigued during his long vigil, and was dozing a bit when Wuzzy heard a peculiar sound. The dog's instinct guided him to a part of the levee where he saw the water pouring through a muskrat hole, in what seemed to be the strongest portion of the levee. He ran to Mr. Barbour, caught him by his trouser leg and tugged with all his might and main in an effort to awaken him.

Helen's father woke up and was about to pat the dog on his head and tell him to lie down and go to sleep, when Wuzzy barked loudly and ran to the muskrat hole, where he stood and continued to bark. Mr. Barbour, not thinking anything serious the matter, did not follow him. When the dog saw that his master did not move, he ran to him, barked beseechingly at him, and ran back to the hole.

"That dog is certainly acting peculiarly," said Mr. Barbour. "I think that I will see what ails him." So he picked

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up his gun and walked to the spot where Wuzzy stood. His experienced ear caught the sound of running water and he looked anxiously to see where it came from. He saw the muskrat hole, and discharged his gun as a signal to his sons in the house. They hastily appeared, carrying spades, hoes, and sacks of earth.

The break was quickly mended, so that it did not do any damage. Thanks to Wuzzy, no lives or property were lost. The whole Barbour family praised the dog for having saved their lives, but doubtless when he did this brave act he was thinking of Fuzzy and their four dear little puppies at home.

Without this humane act of Helen's, a larger portion of Louisiana would probably be under water, causing a great loss of life and property. Thus we see that kindness is always doubly repaid.

A LITTLE BIRD'S SONG

Kathryn Wallace

There came to my window at break o' day
A dear little bird in speckled gray.
He sang so sweet, and stayed so long,
I went to the window to hear his song.
He flew away, and up so high,
He seemed to pierce the very sky.
But he came back another day,
And this I heard the birdie say—
"I'm always happy, I never fret,
Though the sky be dark and the day be wet.
I soar and fly, and sing my song,
And glorify God the whole day long."

If you could make a pudding wi' thinking o' the batter, it 'ud be easy getting dinner.

—*George Eliot, Adam Bede.*

WHEN I GO HOME

When I go home it will be evening,
And I shall hear my own dear people sing;
And see the lighted rooms, and take my place
As one of them, in that sweet time of grace.

When I go home I shall be very tired
Of struggling for the things that I desired;
But I shall be content to end my quest
Gaining the best things—peace, and love, and rest.

When I go home how sorry I shall be
Not to have brought more treasures back with me!
Yet, though I be a failure, worn and poor,
They will not turn me from my Father's door.

When I go home I shall be travel stained,
For winds have beaten me, and storms have rained,
And earth has clung to me by vale and hill,
But they will take me in and love me still.

When I go home—oh, will it not be heaven
To be restored, accepted, loved, forgiven?
Sorrow and sighing are for those who roam;
I shall have found my bliss when I go home. —*Marianne Farningham.*

How often in our blindness do we take a bit of our career and look at it apart as a finished history. We take a phase, incomplete, only begun, perhaps, for the completed and irrevocable whole.—*Miss Thackeray.*

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Astronomical Infinities

EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN in "Nautilus"

ALL poetry written since the development of phonetic alphabets fails and fades in the presence of that supernal poem, the differential and integral calculus. The amazing wonder of this poem is that it is dual, double, positive and negative. They separate into rivers and unite into a magnificent greater river, and this is ever flowing onward, only to be lost in the sea, the shoreless sea of eternity. Hegel, Lock, Kant, Spinoza, Hume, Hamilton, Stewart, Comte, Schopenhauer, Fiske, Fichte, Spencer, these and all others like them, sounded deeps, but they were not deeps because they did not soar into the stupendous realms of the calcules and integrate. And all poems merely hover around and about the omnipotent, the direct product of Creative Mind—the beautiful, the supremely beautiful, artistic, lovely and exquisite calculus.

Strange to relate, the mighty calculus itself runs beyond the highest powers of its inventor—Man. It soon enters infinite regions, realms and expanses, When a mathematician—far and away the happiest of all the human species—wanders along transcendent paths, flower-strewn, each lovely flower a number, integer or differential, comes to an end called infinite, he makes a sign or symbol as a stone set by a land surveyor. It looks like a figure 8 turned over on its side, thus ∞. A following mathematical explorer seeing this stops, returns, and beings research in some other direction, to save extremely precious time,—units in a human lifetime. No rhyme, no rhythm, no addition to a poem, no harmonic can be secured by striving beyond this ∞, this sympol of infinity. See this: the revelers in the splendors of this poem of paradise, in the calculus, have shown that we cannot in the present estate or phase of human mentation, think of the Infinite. It is beyond our powers as they now manifest to think of space or duration.

Time is now such a little word, that it may as well be either ignored, or applied locally to our one little isolated electron—the earth. Thus experts in the transcendent glories of the calculus do not now try to think of space or duration. Here is the strangest fact of all, these mind-soarers, the calculators, the very human who really use mind, have discovered the greatest discovery ever made. They cannot think of Mind. Here is the opening for another flight in thinking and writing the thoughts, a place, end, or turn, in the path or lane, within the mind maze.

Having given up present hope of thinking of mind, space, or duration, astronomers, armed with every mathematical aid, turn their strict attention to matter. And now they appear to have demonstrated that matter is not infinite. This is precisely the equivalent of saying that the sidereal universe has an end—that is, there are no stars "beyond the last one" in any direction. For all matter is endowed with gravitation. Then with an infinite quantity of matter in the stellar structure, gravity would be infinitely strong. From this it appears that flying suns in free space would move

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infinite velocities. But they actually move with speeds in between four and eighty miles per second. A few, less than half a dozen, move with velocities in between 100 and 200 miles per second.

It is easily shown by mathematics that a quantity of matter sufficient to make thirty-two billion suns like our own would be required to attract one of these rapid suns with an intensity able to set up this specific speed of 200 miles per second, at their computed distances from our sun. Even if the incoming sun toward the center of the existing structure of suns—stars—had been falling forever from a distance that is infinite. These are facts; but put in a turned over ∞ here, for we cannot think of forever or infinity. And we cannot think of thought. The reader may conclude that we are "all at sea," and we really are when we commence to try to begin to think of mind, space or duration. But, we are not in a sinking ship in unknown seas, when sailing between the simply astonishing limits of 1 and ∞. The Most accurate computations are now made in every branch of science, where one point is exposed to the relentless and mighty clutch of high mathematics.

But the mind functioning at present under the generic name human, has demonstrated that radiant energy moves in space with the set specific speed of 186,383 miles per second of what has been named time. This all pervading energy appears as light, heat, gravitation, electricity and magnetism. One would think that this velocity is infinite. In one sense it is, practically, since no mind within human limitation can think of a motion of 186,383 miles when a seconds pendulum swings once. But it is finite. For write a string of figures like this: 87591862971, entirely around the equator of the earth and let each unit—1—represent a year. Then the time represented would be an infinitesimal in comparison with an infinite time; also with infinite space if each unit expresses one mile. Gravitation may not be rightly in the list as given, since none knows what it is.

* * * * * *

All that I have said is as child's play when compared to zero. None can hope to think of zero or nothing. Thus 0 and ∞ are both unknowable. Alpha and Omega, beginning and end, are idle expressions. Useless, for none is able to think of either beginning or end. Matter then is either finite or gravitation ceases to act. Therefore the Milky Way is an actual ring of suns. And it may be supposed that space is beyond this finite circle, having a boundary. If space exists outside, we cannot think of infinite space.

FRIENDS WORTH WHILE

I want friends that are attracted to me by what they feel they know there is in me. I do not want friends who admire my ideas, and admire me in consequence. Such will be but a reflected friendship, and can neither be satisfactory nor permanent. I want to love people, not for what they have done, but for what they are. Some of the most worthy people in the world have no great deeds to parade before the scrutiny of man. They have not had time for great deeds; they have been too busily engaged in building a great life. True worth therefore is not always measured by deeds; it is what we are alone that can meet the final test. And this is why real friendship can only be based upon personal qualities, regardless of attainments or achievements.—*Efficiency.*

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Believe in Yourself

A writer in the Woman's Home Companion gives some very stimulating advice to timid people, and suggests a practical means of teaching one self bravery. He says:

"Believe in yourself. That is the way to make other people believe in you, and it is the way to become what you want to be. It is the people who have believed thoroughly in themselves and their missions who have made the world believe in them.

"It is interesting in this connection to recall the observations of a certain psychologist who was experimenting with chickens. His story of a timid chick and how it was trained to bravery points a lesson to the diffident. This chick was so timid that he ran from the least intrusion. If another chick picked at him he ran. If he was jostled by his brothers in a scramble for food, he withdrew from the scramble out of pure fear. But the psychologist set about teaching him to believe in himself. By enticing the other chickens with food he made them run from the timid chick. Presently the chick began to run after them; and as they ran away when he chased, he believed that they were afraid of him, and courage flamed in his breast. Little by little he got braver, and he chased harder. He was so set up that he began to attack the others in front as well as those in the rear. He was so used to having them run from him that he had forgotten what it was to be afraid. He became a fighter, and in the end the others ran from him in earnest. He was just the same chick so far as his physical powers were concerned—that is, the same in relation to the other chicks. Only one thing had changed—now he believed in himself, and the henyard was his oyster.

"Human beings are not very different from chickens. If you are afraid of the world, the world will misuse you. If you march valiantly forward, it will retreat before you. If you take the word 'fail' out of your bright lexicon, you do not fail. It all lies in what you believe you can do. Believe, then, in yourself. Never fear failure or hesitate to do a good thing because you think you would not succeed. Just gird yourself up, and go after what you want, and in nine cases out of ten you will get it."

FOR MEDITATION

I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable Soul.
—*W. C. Henley.*

In the mud and scum of things,
There alway, alway something sings.
—*Emerson.*

Minute a man stops looking for trouble, happiness looks for him.—*Irving Bachelor.*

I, grateful, take the good I find;
The best of now and here.
—*Whittier.*

The deeper I drink of the cup of life the sweeter it grows.—*Julia Ward Howe.*

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Between Sunup and Sundown

Between sunup and sundown some day
The thing that you've toiled for will come your way,
Just when the shadows may seem most deep,
It will come to your life with an instant sweep
Of splendor and glory—you'll find the goods
And you'll thank the good Lord that you're out of the woods.

Between sunup and sundown some time
You will find the rhythm and find the rhyme
Of life just flowing to fit the tune
That you prayed for often and hoped for soon;
Dancing and jingling 'twill come your way,
Between sunup and sundown some day.

Between sunup and sundown it comes,
Perhaps not marching to roll of drums,
Nor blare of bugles, but soft and true,
With all of its wonder to comfort you
And lift you up and set you on
To the glorious triumphs of light and dawn.

Between sunup and sundown, 'twill end,
The trouble and worry and care, my friend,
Maybe 'twill follow when long years wind,
And the way seems dark and so hard to find,
But out of the shadows when least you think
It will blind you with glory until you wink.

Between sunup and sundown some day
The fruit of your toiling will come your way.
Just when you feel in the depths and blue
It will swing from the shadows addressed to you,
And will smile and chatter and be so fine
That you'll dance clear over the county line.

—Folger McKinney in "Maryland Musings."

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Realization

REALIZATION is the soul assimilation of mental accumulation.

Therefore realization is factual consciousness.

Every avenue of culture, every path of attainment which leads to realization on any plane is worthy of our close attention and careful perusal, because until one actually comprehends a certain plane of his life through realization he does not manifest the life of that plane in completeness; he simply has not yet made it a part of himself.

Realization is so far beyond the plane of reason that to a truly awakened soul reason has become obsolete.

Realization is a soul attribute and admits of no compromise and knows no wavering.

A man may have so much information that it positively weighs on him, but another man with very little information may have such a profound realization of actual truth and thereby of his relation to life that he succeeds in his undertakings and becomes an inspiration to the entire race.

No man can teach, or, rather, no man can inspire another beyond the plane of his own realization. When the teacher actually knows a thing it is an easy matter to impart it to another, his thought is alive with it, his intention is full of its force, and being then a part of him it has entered his love realm and become a reality to him. Therefore it is his, and he has the right to express it and to give it as he wills.

The pages of a printed message are alive with the thought of the man who knows through realization whereof he speaks; his words carry a living energy of inspiration which is utterly lacking when he is writing in and from externals and apart from consciousness. The most commonplace phrasing becomes mighty when it is viewed with the eyes of realization. Take this platitude: "All is God." How many times have we read it and heard it spoken almost flippantly, and yet what a marvelous underlying force those three common little words carry. Truly, if one realized them, he would be beyond all sorrow and all confusion, because he would know all that there is to know, and, knowing all, he would be master of himself and of his conditions.

It is far greater *to be* than it is to act.

It is much more mighty *to know* than it is to speak.

"To be" means to be alive in God, and "to know" means to be one with all intelligence; if you and I are alive in that divine being and one with all else that knows, we carry a power that will save the race, aye, a power that will be a force of construction in the entire universe.

Verily, *God is*, and there is nothing else beside.—*Grace M. Brown.*

RESISTLESS POWER RESIDES IN MAN

Let every soul know that the only way to life, and health, and peace is found in learning that Resistless Power resides in man, and that its tide of helpfulness is set in motion by a Faith which says, "It shall be done."

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GENIUS REQUIRES WORK

Genius is a great ornament to a man. It is the exceptional endowment which may enhance all effort many fold, but it is only an innate force. It must be exercised; it requires activity to develop it. It requires to be worked in harness, as it were.

It has been said of Nathaniel Hawthorne that his genius was augmented by patient and painstaking effort. For thirteen laborious years he lived a hermit's life, practicing the art in which he perfected himself, so that he could give a wonderful product to the world. Robert Louis Stevenson practiced just as assiduously his chosen art of writing. Men who do not write seldom leave us records which show how industrious they are, but any one who can read in their great sum of accomplishment the items which make it has no difficulty in realizing that there have been steady days of never ending labor.

A man who has worked thus, and attained, has some reason to be impatient when a fellow man says, "Aren't you a lucky dog?" But waiting on luck never brought it. In one of Hawthorne's stories he says: "The contrast between him and his former partner may be briefly marked, for Brown never reckoned on luck, yet always had it, while Peter made luck the main condition of his projects and always missed it."

The men who come to depend upon ever variable circumstances are gamblers. Good fortune rarely comes by a single turn of the wheel. It is a cumulative thing. Evil fortune seems to be the same, for we say that it never rains but it pours; misfortunes never come singly, etc. A succession of days of hard work, unless there is persistence to the end, may not seem to amount to much any more than a half built tower would be satisfactory, but when some sort of completion is reached it is possible to realize how cumulative was each day's work.

The man of high ideals, who wishes to become great, reaches forward toward something very distant and durable. The fact that a distant goal will be difficult to attainment and the days long is a stimulus to him. And even when complete attainment is known to be impossible he will choose this end just as readily, rejoicing in the fact that he can spend his life in continuous labor for the sake of nearing it, and in a consequent living progress ever to the end. But even the well at the world's end has been reached.

The difference between men of very small place in the world and those of really high place is just this: The one can see only that which is immediately present, something that it requires but a single effort to get, not the long succession of efforts that reach out toward the greatest and best things life has to give as a reward for determined and unremitting industry.

The world is filled with prayers, prayers of every conceivable kind, and has been so filled as long as we have any history of man. There is something inherent in the being called man that requires an object of worship. That belongs to all the nationalities. Whether it be the ignorant savages of the jungles of Africa, the aborigines of Australia, or the wild men of our own forests, we find the same principle extant in them in some form or other.

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Generosity

ONE of the most sublime lessons of nature is that of generosity. She is prodigal in her art of giving, and this bountiful generosity is the secret of her infinite resources. The measure she metes is measured to her again, pressed down and running over. The paramount lesson of the Bible is that of generosity. Even God set the example of Divine generosity; for it is His good pleasure to give up His kingdom. Jesus saw the philosophical side of this great virtue, saying: "Give, and it shall be given unto you."

Nature is a spendthrift, but she hoards nothing. Man is the only miser. Nature cares no more for the gold hid in her hills than she does for the clay that adheres to the farmer's boots. To nature there is no discrimination in values; all of her infinite products are alike valuable to her. Poverty is introduced into the world by man's discrimination as to values. Let nature fundamentally discriminate between the value of a brickbat and a diamond, and poverty instantly becomes a cosmic law.

An atom of dust is as valuable to nature as a ton of gold, for the loss of the atom would disturb her equilibrium. Value lies in the use of things and not in the hoarding, and for this reason nature causes her products to spoil the moment they are hoarded. We may use them all to our heart's content, but when we hoard them they decay and wither away. This is the law of her infinite province. Things were not made to hoard, but to use. A dollar hoarded loses all of its intrinsic value, for its value is in exchange. Giving is the only thing that can ever eliminate poverty, disorder and distress, for nine-tenths of all the diseases and discord of life is caused by worry over monetary matters.

A person is richer by giving and greater by being broad, but we have not yet learned this art, for we are afraid to give, believing that giving diminishes our resources. The farmer knows that if you sow grain you get more grain, and if you sow dollars you get more dollars. God loveth a cheerful giver, for it is the law of increase. It is the Divine method of replenishing one's resources. The time is coming when money will be abolished, but, so long as we have a medium of exchange we should use it to enhance the happiness of humanity, and to promote its spiritual advance.

The mind that shares its inspiration with humanity is never unproductive, and the purse that is depleted for the good of humanity is never impoverished. "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth, but it tendeth to poverty."

THE USE OF TRIALS

A little girl who had long desired to climb a certain hill with her brother was at last permitted to do so. When she had reached the foot of the hill and saw the steep, rough hillside, she drew back and said: "Why, there isn't any smooth path up; it's all bumpy and stony." "But how would you ever get up to the top if it wasn't?" replied the brother. "The stones and hummocks are what we climb on."

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NO OBJECTION TO PHYSICIANS

The Eddy Scientists will not treat a patient if there is a doctor around, giving as an excuse that the doctors would claim the credit for the healing, and thus cheat God of the glory. This is absurd. The Evangelical Christian Science healers depend on God for the healing, but they never object to the association of a physician. They believe that God can heal a sick person as well with a physician in the case as without, and that the idea of cheating God is simply absurd; that that cannot be done.

Furthermore, we are commanded to obey the law by our Savior both in precept and example, and the law makes it obligatory upon all persons who are treating so-called contagious diseases, such as smallpox, scarlet fever, diphtheria, etc., to report such diseases to the medical authorities, in order that the people at large may be protected against all such contagions. In all of the experience of the Evangelical Church there never has been one of our healers interfered with by the physicians, or by the law, because we have always insisted in all such cases except in connection with a physician, and if a physician was not employed, to refuse to take the case. The writer has treated hundreds of such cases, but never except in connection with a physician, and so far as he remembers never has lost a case from that kind of disease.

The hostility of these other Scientists to physicians has caused a widespread and, in many instances, a well-founded prejudice against that class of Scientific people, and we want our friends to understand this: That the Evangelical Church makes no objection to the presence of a good physician.

TREES AND WIND

No fairer sight these Summer days than the big green trees and the west wind playing together. They are as jolly companions as a small boy and a Newfoundland pup, and play very much alike. Now the wind seems to enjoy its wrestling and tumbling about with the big branches and making the leaves wave their hands and laugh. There is a hip, hip and hurrah, when the wind pitches in and bends the limbs down until they quiver with delight.

And then, when the wind, tired for a moment with the play, retires to get its breath, see the emerald branches resume their composure, and standing erect, with tranquil mien and joyful anticipation, banter the west winds to come on again. That defiance is beautifully tantalizing, and soon the wind, gathering its airy forces about it, leaps from its repose and snatches the branches and hurls them this way and that, and hugs and kisses them in the very riot of ecstasy until it grows weary and retires to await another banter. Didn't you ever see this lovely sight? Well, look out where the trees and blue skies meet. There's the playground.—*Ohio State Journal.*

Truth is within ourselves: it takes to rise
From outward things, whate'er you may
believe.
There is an inmost center in us all,
Where Truth abides in fulness. * * *
And, to know
Rather consists in opening out a way
Whence the imprisoned splendor may
escape,
Than in effecting entry for a light
Supposed to be without.

Browning in Paracelsus.

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Betterments for Women Work of Suffragists

THE last report of the minimum wage commission of Massachusetts brings to light figures regarding the pay of working-women in that State which are not very reassuring if one is disposed to ask how they live when the work day is over, how they meet the necessary demands of dress, the peremptory calls of sickness and all the actual needs just to keep life going.

For while the wage scale is lower for women than for men, there is no corresponding reduction in the cost of living; it is dollar for dollar all along the line.

In retail stores 60 per cent. of the women workers receive less than $8 per week, and in candy factories 93 per cent. earn less than that low figure. In laundries and cotton mills there is a similarly large proportion receiving less than that meager sum.

Figures are not interesting and we are very prone to skip them unless there is some special reason for a look at their meaning, and there is just such a reason when we read that 41 per cent. of the candy workers, 10.2 per cent. of the sales-women, 16.1 per cent. of the laundry workers, and 23 per cent. of the cotton workers earn less than $5 a week.

Surely there is a large class of women workers in the world in need of something to put into their lives a new element of hope, a better incentive to work, and a stronger reason for living.

Yet in many States where women have asked this year for the direct weapon with which to attempt to bring about better working conditions they have been met with the assurance that they are well protected as it is and have all the rights and privileges they need.

Now, everybody knows that legislatures will not, cannot, arbitrarily fix a uniform wage scale, sending woman's compensation up or down, just because it wills, one way or the other. And whatever else may follow in the trial of the ballot, it is not likely that uniform pay for men and women will be an immediate outgrowth. That will take time for adjustment.

But there is a mighty force in the mere matter of example, and when a woman once stands on the same level with man, legally and politically, in every State in the Union, it will not need the vision or the wisdom of a seer to predict many other changes that are not directly dependent upon the vote.

If one doubts it, one need only turn the pages of history, woman-history, in our own country, and note how one change in her status has brought about another opportunity for growth.

Now, they tell us again that all these betterments have come at the hands of individual legislatures, all made up of men who have yielded one thing after another in the way of better protection to women, particularly married women.

But did you know that those betterments did not begin, indeed, were not deemed necessary, until that early band of suffragists first pointed out flagrant inequalities in the written and the unwritten law and then went to work to bring about improvement? Those at all familiar with that bit of history know the opposition and the abuse they met, but,

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one after another, changes were made, each step making it easier for the next.

And as we read of women who work for long, weary hours, day after day, six days a week, for a weekly wage less than five dollars, at least some of us feel that it is the human thing to concede every step ahead that will tend to make the way of the working woman a bit easier.

Women are in the world of work, hard, telling work, and if there is even the barest chance of betterment by reason of equal status for all, it surely is time that the last mark of difference is wiped out for all time. Then if the wage scale is unchanged, if no hardships are cleared away, it will not be for lack of trial.

ONE WOMAN'S LESSON

Two poorly dressed little girls stood outside the garden of a handsome residence in St. Mark's avenue, Brooklyn, and gazed longingly at the beautiful white and scarlet peonies that bloomed within. Finally the temptation became irresistible, and the elder, scaling the low hedge that separates the garden from the street, proceeded to help herself to the flowers.

She had two of the blooms in her hands and was reaching for a third when a smartly dressed woman dashed out of the house and seized her.

"Now, you little thief, I'm going to turn you over to the police," she said.

"Oh, please, missus," begged the child, groveling at her feet; "oh, please don't get me arrested! I only wanted a few—and they looked so pretty."

But the woman was adamant. She was slowly dragging the child toward the sidewalk and repeating her threat about the police when a shabby looking man came along. He gazed at the two for an instant, while an expression of pained surprise came over his face. Then, raising his dingy derby politely, he inquired what the trouble was.

"Nothing," snapped the woman, "except that I caught this little thief stealing my peonies. And I'm going to teach her a lesson if I have to take her to the station house myself."

A curious look came into the shabby man's eyes. Then he began to fumble in his pockets. A few seconds later he held out to the woman an open palm on which two dimes reposed.

"If these'll pay for what damage she's done, I wish you'd take them and let her go," he said.

An indignant blush spread over the woman's face, and then it deepened—into a blush of shame. She relaxed her grasp on the little girl's arm and turned toward the house. Half way there she paused and turned toward the shabby one, who still held the two dimes in his hand.

"I'm sorry," she said, "and—I thank you."—*New York Evening Mail.*

God's whole system of work, if we might term it work, throughout the entire universe, is carried on along absolutely exact, scientific lines. The universe is governed by universal laws, created by God Almighty, if they were created; and everything works in unison with those laws. There are certain axiomatic facts, of course, that never were created. Two and two make four. That never was created, yet it is a fact. It is a self-evident proposition that proves itself, and so will all truth. No truth was ever created. Truth is forever. God is Truth, and all truths have been the same from the worlds without end, and will always continue the same.

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The Question Box

Bishop Sabin's Replies to Queries Respecting Christian Science

Question: Does it make any difference if a patient takes medicine while under Christian Science treatment? Or would it not be better not to take any medicine, but rely on God for the healing?

Answer by Bishop Sabin: That is a question to which I have given a great deal of thought. If you should say to the world that nobody shall have this science except those who won't take medicine and won't have it around them, you put the bars up to 95 per cent of all those who will come to you. In our practice the question whether a patient has a doctor or not is something that never comes into my mind, unless some specific thought calls attention to it.

I believe this, that it would be better, absolutely, to go without medicine if the world was ready to receive this Truth in its entirety, but we are told by our Savior to be as wise as serpents and as harmless as doves. Furthermore, medicine is not all bad; it is God-created, much of it, and there is much virtue in medicine. I remember seeing a snake bite a man's finger. He shook it off, dug up a root, chewed it and put it in the bite, and it destroyed the virus of the rattlesnake. Animals, in their various conditions, crave certain kinds of chemicals or vegetables that they need. The antelopes of the plains go hundreds and hundreds of miles to lick salt; a cat will go into ecstasies over catnip, and so with a great many other kinds of animals. There is no doubt but that the world has received a great deal of benefit from medicine, but it has been destructive of a great many lives. One of the most eminent of the French physicians in lecturing to his class said he believed it would have been better for the human family had medicine never been discovered; that he believed the doctors, by their unscientific prescriptions, destroyed more than the combine of them were able to help. That may be true. In our practice we do not prohibit; we simply go on and do the work of healing regardless of medicine.

We received a dispatch night before last to treat a serious case of appendicitis in a child. There was a doctor in the case, of course, and they were going to take the patient to Boston for an operation. In less than twenty-four hours after we received the dispatch the child was well. We paid no attention to whether they had a doctor or not, or whether the child took medicine or not. Where I think the doctor is injuring a patient I simply treat against medicine and all combines of human-made laws by the doctors or others. I think we have the power through God to control the disease.

My judgment is that the rule that we have adopted in the Evangelical Church is best; that is to say, if a person wants a doctor let him have him and let us do our work along metaphysical lines. We do not give medicine, and you, as students, are not taught to give medicine, but you, as my students, are taught to rely on God Almighty solely for the healing. That is all we have a right to rely on, and if they want to take medicine in connection with it, it is a matter for them, not for us.

Question: God has given us dominion.

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How is that dominion to be exercised, and how are we to obtain the full benefit of that dominion?

Answer: God has given to each of us dominion. That dominion means we have power given to us by God Almighty not only over one thing, but over all the earth and everything that is on the earth, and over every creeping thing that is on the earth, and the seas and everything that in them is. The birds of the air, the beasts of the fields, everything, you have this same dominion over. It belongs to us all, and the only way that I know for you to exercise it is to exercise it; that is all. Quit your nonsense and stop saying: "I can't." You become a set of moral cowards, and you are simply destroying yourselves when you say you can't. Some of the older ones of you will remember 'way back, after the war was over, there was so much talking about resuming specie payment, and Senator Sherman, of Ohio, said the way to resume specie payments is to resume. That is the way to use this dominion—simply use it.

Tender-handed touch the nettle,
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.

You have to have the vigor, the bravery, the fixed determination to command. Speak the word; that is the only way you can use your dominion; it is yours to command; it is not for you to stand back and say: "No; I cannot do this. You can, but I can't." That is the way to destroy yourself. Take hold and do, and you can have dominion.

If we would widen our horizon, we must live higher up.—*Ruth Berryman Ridges.*

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If you want reality, you cannot see it; the unseen is the real. If you want a shadow, you can see it. Things which are seen by the eye are temporal; things which are not seen are spiritual. I wish I could get you to realize that everything we can see is a shadow, and what we cannot see is the substance. Ah, sirs, I wish you really thought this. We should not be so worried and vexed if we said, "These are shadows."—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

No good thing is a failure and no evil thing success.—*W. C. Gannett's Favorite Proverb.*

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AT THE OLD CHURCH DOOR

So faithful, single-hearted, loving, true,
Free from all malice, selfishness and sin,
Forgiving injury and wrong;—are *you,*
Old Friend, to be no welcome guest within?

Well!—we'll leave you there, and humbly bow
Our heads in self-abasing reverence:
We call God's works great, little,—high and low,—
Vaguely defining soul and thought and sense.

Yet who can read the all-creating Mind,
Or know the miracles behind the veil?
The wisest and the holiest fail to find
How Will and Purpose can with God prevail.

"Dumb animal," they say,—and yet that eye
Speaks to my heart, and tells in accent clear
How Silence is the Voice that wistfully
Alone can breathe of Spirit-Power near.

Wait at the door!—the God that made thee sees,—
He loveth *all,* He spies out all our ways,
He hears each message on the passing breeze
Where every creature lives its life of Praise.

"The whole creation travaileth in pain,"—
Who knows what power in His Mercy lies?
Some day we shall our Paradise regain
And Life's great scheme unfold its mysteries.

Lie there and wait,—such Love will guide me true,
Such Faith will aid my vision more and more
To find the God Himself within,—and *you*
Shall be my Angel at the old Church door.

W. E.

COME TO THESE SCENES OF PEACE

Come to these scenes of peace,
Where, to rivers murmuring,
The sweet birds all the summer ring
Where cares and toil and sadness cease!
Stranger, does thy heart deplore
Friends whom thou wilt see no more?
Does thy wounded spirit prove
Pangs of hopeless, severed love?
Thee the stream that gushes clear,
Thee the birds that carol near
Shall soothe, as silent thou dost lie
And dream of heir and lullaby;
Come to bless these scenes of peace,
Where cares and toil and sadness cease.

—William Lisle Bowles.

YOUR FRIEND

If you have a friend worth having,
Love him: Yes, and let him know
That you love him ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow;
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead?

Scatter thus your seed of kindness,
All enriching as you go
Leave them; trust the Harvest-giver;
He will make each seed to grow
So, until life's happy end,
You shall never lack a friend.

—Selected.

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GROWING BETTER

The world is growing better, no matter what they say,
And the light is growing stronger of a radiant, new-born day,
And the world is growing kinder, each day more plain I see
The great eternal purpose working out what is to be,
And I know that sin and sorrow from our earth will disappear,
And I know that joy and gladness will take the place of doubt and fear,
And I know that ere Death lingers, when a conscious soul cries, "Stay,
Even you, O Death, I fear not; I am Master, go your way."
And I know, as we grow wiser, we shall learn the law of life
That love brings all things to us. Nothing good can come through strife.
We are slowly, surely learning what the Master came to tell,
That the Kingdom is within us, in the heart where Love doth dwell.
Yes, the world is growing better, kinder, wiser, day by day;
And the weary, heavy laden, find more helpers on the way.
Courage, then, O earnest workers, sow thy seed with lavish hand!
Wait the harvest! Hear the anthem! Peace on earth, good will to man.

—*The Character Builder.*

Immortal Love, forever full,
Forever flowing free,
Forever shared, forever whole,
A never-ebbing sea.

Our outward lips confess the name,
All other names above;
Love only knoweth whence it came
And comprehendeth Love.

—*Whittier.*

HOW TO BE HAPPY

Are you almost disgusted with life, little man?
I'll tell you a wonderful trick
That will bring you contentment, if anything can—
Do something for somebody quick!

"Though it rains like the rain of the flood, little man,
And the clouds are forbidding and thick,
You can make the sun shine in your soul, little man—
Do something for somebody quick!

"Though the stars are like brass overhead, little girl,
And the walks like a well-heated brick,
And your earthly affairs in a terrible whirl—
Do something for somebody quick!"

—*Selected.*

WAITING

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst Time or Fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it hath sown,
And garner up its fruits of tears.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

—*John Burroughs.*

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FRAUDS ADD TO HIGH COST

How much does the gullibility of the masses have to do with the cost of living? Look at the single item of $120,000,000, as part answer, which passed from the hands of the many into the pockets of the few last year, through "biting" at mail swindles! This sum of money thus thrown away represents a 4 per cent return on $3,000,000,000. The three billions would more than capitalize all the corporations that have fallen under suspicion of being in restraint of trade, and it is seen also that if their stockholders belonged to the "sucker-a-minute" class and had reinvested their dividends in mail-order allurements all would have been lost—as if three billions of capital had lain idle for the year.

The mail-order fraud business is not a new phase of crookedness. It has been in vogue ever since the paper money of civil war days made counterfeiting easy; but it is only within the last few years that it has been recognized as the most effective means of any to reap the richest returns on the smallest possible investment. Since then the schemes have been augmented startlingly, last year showing an increase of $50,000,000 over the previous year's total of ill-gotten gains. Although the Postmaster General inaugurated a systematic campaign against the swindlers a year or more ago, it does not appear that the many prosecutions and convictions since then have availed to deter the others from gathering in the shekels or lessening the number of beginners. It would seem imperative to adopt a more drastic means in order to put a stop to looting the public through government channels. Robbing the mails becomes rather inconsequential contrasted with robbery through the mails.

The loss to the public through fraudulent use of the mails is not, however, by any means confined to that device. The toll of misplaced confidence is several times $120,000,000. By means of the sale of bogus articles of general consumption and personal solicitation for investment in get-rich-quick propositions, thousands who might fight shy of trusting money in the mails are preyed upon with great assiduity and success. This branch of the business requires some capital, however, while a few dollars suffices to finance a plunge in the more surreptitious operations through perversion of the benefits derivable from the best and cheapest methods of facilitating business ever built up.—*Washington Post.*

THE LOWLY COMMONPLACE

To do the best I can from morn till night,
To pray for added strength with morning light,
To do distasteful things with happy face,
To try to keep the odds and ends in place,
And do these always with a cheerful heart,
Because in life they seem to be my part—

this is having no small share in making the world about us go smoothly. We may call it the monotonous round, the lowly commonplace, but it is work that from a little higher altitude shines out like a star. Whoever builds over against his own house is helping to build the whole wall that will make the city a safe and happy abiding place.

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A BLANK CHECK SIGNED

Dr. Chapman said that once when going abroad, a friend handed him a letter, asking him not to open it till he was well out at sea. This he did, when to his great surprise he found in it a signed check with the amount to be filled in left blank. With it was a little note with only these words: "Fill in as your needs may be." This is precisely the kind of a blank check signed by the Son of God, that Jesus handed to His disciples, and all believers, to be looked upon and used ever when they were far out on life's storm-tossed sea. They had faith in Him when He lived with them, and they saw His everlasting power. What they wanted they went to Him for. He could more than "make bread out of stones;" He could make it out of nothing. He could give them success at their toil with the nets, beyond their fondest dreams. He had done it again and again. He could bring money from a fish's mouth for the tax levy, and later on He could walk into the jaws of death and walk out of it in the completest triumph. They would not need to fear "death or taxes" any more than hunger or sickness. All diseases went down under the touch of Jesus, and were banished into their utter nothingness. While He was present with the group, they need have no anxiety or any want. It was all supplied richly out of the storehouse of the divine abundance, as Jesus reached into the larder of the Lord and called forth the power to make them overcomers in every emergency they ever had. Then He gave them a blank check on the bank of Heaven, signed with His own name. All the disciple and the believer is to do is to fill in and ask "in His name," and believe that God will do it. Our filled-in wish is indorsed by the Son of God's love and the Son of His almighty power. It need give us no worry, for the matter is alone between Jesus and God, and we know that as He said: "Father, I know that thou hearest me always." We believe, and, lo, we have; and the greatest thought that dawns upon us in our getting is that the Son is glorified. It is not in us, but in Him that the glory lies.—*Unity.*

THAT LITTLE COTTAGE.

'Tis the time of busy dreaming
When the smell of spring air's sweet;
When one longs to feel soft crushing
Of the country 'neath one's feet,
When the young green, fresh and tender,
Borrows gold from morn's sunshine,
And one thinks about a cottage
On the five-cent trolley line.

Oh, that pretty little cottage
With its vines about the side,
White and rose-wreathed in its beauty
Like a fair and bright young bride,
With the pure, fresh air about one,
Scented with the fragrant vine,
How we've often dreamed about it,
On the five-cent trolley line!

Just a little bit of country,
Just a smell of soil and flower;
Just a tiny lawn of velvet,
Just a small, green-hidden bower;
Just a little bit of heaven
For which cities make one pine,
Is that little wayside cottage
On the five-cent trolley line.

No service in itself is small or great,
Though earth it fill;
But that is small that seeks its own,
And great which seeks God's will.
—*Anonymous.*

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THE STORY OF THE HAND

Catherine Bierce Guthrie

The first movement of a baby's hand is a tight grip, so close it is hard to loosen; it draws to itself, says "mine." In time the eyes open to a great world full of attractions, the child looks at all with pleasure and interest, the hands are clapped in joy over so much to possess; clasped, stretched out in search of closer contact.

As the affections are aroused the hand learns to pat or stroke, it says my dog, my toy; love of possession is expressed in the caress.

The child treads the path of time a few steps and the clasp of friendship and the clinched fist of anger, the quick blow, the ready push, express emotion before the slower tongue has found any word, for touch is man's oldest means of expression and his most versatile sense.

Work comes to be done, and the hand, tool of the brain it has helped to fashion, learns to overcome and recreate the material world.

The ages pass, and more and more man learns to meet labor's demands with brain power, less and less with the hand. Gradually the hard, blunt, clumsy hand becomes supple, graceful, dexterous, easily expressing emotion, close ally of the brain. But not only has the brain developed; the heart also has been quickened and the hand learns outgoing motion. It neither draws to the self nor pushes away, but shares with all, no longer alone, for it has been thrilled with love. It is laid in soothing touch on the sick; it lifts the burden of the weary; it says, "Not my own, but my brother's need." The joy of giving flows through it; creative love fills it with power. It is open wide now. A few more steps on the path and the hand has forgotten to clinch and strike or close in possession; a power beyond brain, beyond heart, is directing now; it is the willing tool of spirit. It no longer expresses the plan of one mind, the emotion of one heart; now it fulfills the One Purpose.

This hand is raised over troubled waters, saying, "Peace be still," and the sea obeys. It touches the dead, saying, "Awake to life," and the spirit responds. The hand of the baby-self has become the hand of the selfless God.

YOUR FUTURE

Ask yourself what you wish your future to be. Then see yourself actually living in such a future. Make that mental picture so clear and so strong that you can see it every minute. The energies within you will then focus all their attention upon that picture; they will work for it constantly, with all the power in their possession; and as certainly as you are alive, you will be moving, steadily and surely, every day, towards that very future you have so vividly pictured in your mind.

The law is simple. The mind is a vast factory filled with willing workmen. Give those workmen the model of a greater man and a greater future, and they will make of you such a man, and make for you such a future. They could not do otherwise, because it is their business to build according to the model. They have no choice in the matter. They simply do as they are told.

Rugged strength and radiant beauty,
These were one in Nature's plan;
Humble toil and Heavenly duty,
These will form the perfect man.

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ASSAIL GARB OF GIRLS

Deeply impressed with the ante-mortem message of Nathan Swartz, the New York slayer, who tortured little Julia Connors to death and later committed suicide, that his crime was due to the way girls "get themselves up," Washington men and women who have made a life study of crime and its causes have agreed that there is so much basis for the statement that it should prove a warning to parents of young girls.

The tight-fitting dresses, the low-neck waists, the short sleeves, the silk stockings, and painted and powdered faces have a natural tendency to promote a feeling of sex consciousness, according to sociologists. Evil naturally follows, they say.

Mrs. Curry, superintendent of the Florence Crittenton Home and Mission, said yesterday that the Julia Connors murder case, with the subsequent confession of Swartz, should be a lesson to mothers and fathers, and should lead them to forbid their daughters to wearing tight dresses.

"This is really a very serious problem," said Mrs. Curry. "It is one which every mother should think about. It is one they cannot ignore and still be honest to their sons and daughters. It cannot be shoved aside with the statement that Swartz would have committed his crime no matter how girls and women dressed. That is possibly true, but there is something deeper behind it.

"No one can deny that the clothes worn by many women and girls today are particularly bad. Some of the dresses worn by some of the young girls one sees on the street are positively a disgrace, although often the wearers have honest and good faces. The girls know no better, but their parents should."—*Washington Post.*

BACK OF IT ALL

Sweet the exultance of song,
  But the strain that precedes it is sweeter,
And never was poem yet writ
  But the meaning outmastered the meter.

Never a daisy that grows
  But a mystery guideth the growing;
Never a river that flows
  But a majesty scepters the flowing.

Great are the symbols of being,
  But that which is symboled is greater;
Vast the Creation, and boundless,
  But vaster the mighty Creator.

Back of the song broods the silence,
  Back of the gift stands the giving;
Back of the hand that receives
  Is the sensitive nerve of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit;
  The deed is outdone by the doing;
Warm is the heart of the wooer,
  But warmer the heart of the wooing.

YOU CAN NEVER TELL

You can never tell when you do an act
  Just what the result will be;
But with every deed you are sowing a seed,
  Tho' its harvest you may not see.
Each kindly act is an acorn dropped
  In God's productive soil;
Tho' you may not know, yet the tree will grow
  And shelter the brows that toil.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

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Wit and Humor

Smart Sayings and Flashes of Fun From Many Sources

NOT HIS TROUBLES

"Well," remarked a distinguished Southern Senator recently, "there's enough doing in Washington just now to satisfy even the most rabid radical. But despite the deluge of allegations, investigations, recriminations and political claptrap, the old capital moves on imperturbably. Reminds me, in fact, of an old negro I knew once.

"This old fellow, according to report, was suffering more than his share of trouble; and, meeting him one day, I said: 'I'm sorry to hear of your distress, Uncle. If I can help you, you have only to tell me how.'

"'Wall, sah,' said the darkey, after a moment's reflection, 'yo'-all mought give de ole man a leetle 'baccy; but about dis yere distress—Ah doan' zactly on'stan' yo,' sah.'

"'Why,' I explained, handing him a cigar; 'distress means trouble. I want to help you.'

"'Trouble?' he repeated. 'Ah ain't got no trouble, sah, 'ceptin' a leetle rheumatiz.'

"'But isn't your wife dead?'

"'Yas, sah; ole Jane, she done pass erway.'

"'Wasn't your brother's barn burned?'

"'Yas, sah; Jake's bahn done got burned down ter de groun'.'

"'Isn't your son in jail for stealing chickens?'

"'Yas, sah; Zeke done got cotched by de law, sah, at de same time ma sister Lizzie's chile done die ob measles.'

"'Well!' I gasped. 'Isn't that trouble enough?'

"'Yas, sah; Ah spects it am; but dat's *dey's* trouble. All de trouble Ah got am a leetle rheumatiz.'"

JUST WHAT HE MEANT

Uncle Joe Cannon, former Speaker of the House, is fond of telling a good story, even when it is on himself. He related this one recently at the Capitol:

"Some years ago, when my daughter was fresh from boarding school, she had an idea that she ought to get gay with her old dad's manners, habits, customs and speech. We were sitting by an open window at home one evening, when I ventured to remark:

"'That air—' I got no farther.

"'Father, dear,' she interrupted, it 's vulgar to say "that air." You should say "that there," or, preferably, just "that.'"

"Well, 'this ear,' I attempted to resume, but was cut off again.

"'No!' said the dear girl emphatically. 'This here is better, if you must use such an expression.'

"'Now, look here,' I retorted firmly. 'I'm going to say what I mean. That air is bad for this ear, and I'm going to close the window.'"

TIME TO GET BUSY

Hungry Girl (one of a party of tourists who have arrived late at a country inn)—No fresh eggs? But you've got hens, haven't you?

Innkeepers' Wife—Yes, but they're all asleep.

Hungry Girl—Well, but can't you wake them?—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

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INDELICATE

Washington's cosmopolitan society contains many members whose dollars came too late to supply the advantages of early education. An illustration of this occurred last winter, at a dance given by one of the capital's most opulent dowagers. The lady's debutante daughter appeared in the ball room in an ultra decollete gown.

"Isn't it rather imprudent for your daughter to wear so low a gown on so cold a night?" remarked a "catty" young matron. "She's quite delicate, isn't she?"

"Mercy, no!" exclaimed the mother of the fair bud. "She's one of the most indelicate girls you ever saw."

"Yes; I observe she's dancing the grizzly bear," said the young matron with incisive sweetness.

MIXED METAPHOR

"And, citizens," yelled the anarchistic orator in his peroration, "don't forget that we are standing on the vortex of a verge, with no fulcrum to rescue us from the incubus that surrounds us!"

"Yes!" shouted an enthusiastic auditor. "And that the eyes of the *vox populi* are on it, ready to swallow it with a besom of destruction."

Then the meeting adjourned.—*Selected.*

DISAPPOINTED IN THE BABY

Aunt Edith.—And what do you think of your little baby sister?

Little Elsie.—Oh, I'm dreffully disappointed in her.

Aunt Edith.—Disappointed?

Little Elsie.—Yes. Why, she doesn't look a bit more stylish than the baby our washwoman got last spring.—*The Lookout.*

DREW'S GOOD ADVICE

A story of John Drew's wit is circulating on New York's rialto.

Mr. Drew, at a New England luncheon of turkey and pumpkin pie, had the ill fortune to be seated by a bore and a failure.

This bore and failure, a tragedian, lamented the fact that he couldn't get a place as "lead," and put the blame upon the press.

"There's a conspiracy of silence against me," he said. "A universal conspiracy of silence. What ought I to do, Drew?"

"Join it," said Mr. Drew, nervously twisting up his mustache.

WORTH MORE TO HIM

"Ah were in de wah, suh!" asserted the colored man who was begging.

"Did you stand your ground when a real battle came?"

"No, suh—Ah done run!"

"What? Did you run at the first shot?"

"Yassuh. An' if I'd know't it were comin' I'd run befoh hit wah fired."

"This is a horrible confession of cowardice. Do you consider your life worth more than other people's lives? Is your life worth more than that of your brave captain, or that of your intrepid general?"

"Yassah. It was wuth more to me, suh!"—*Cleveland Plain-Dealer.*

WHOLESALE

Kate—That Bragson girl claims to have made a thousand refusals of marriage.

Ethel—That's true. When Gus asked her to be his wife she replied: "No, a thousand times no!"—*Boston Transcript.*

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What We Shall Be

It Doth Not Yet Appear—To Enter Heaven One Must Become as a Little Child

MARY W. FRY in "Unity"

GOD has put symbols and pictures all about us that show forth the mysterious workings of his spirit, which we may see if we will take the trouble to open and use our eyes; if we can get away from our exalted sense of our superior intelligence and ability as grown men and women and be willing to look at them with the earnest, eager eyes of a child. But in our ignorance we throw dust in our own eyes, and shut ourselves within an armor of intellectual pride and self-sufficiency, puzzling ourselves mightily with the big words and high sounding phrases we roll out, and forgetting or utterly failing to grasp the meaning of what the great Master meant when he told us that the way, and the only way, to enter the kingdom of heaven, is to become as a little child.

Think for a moment what it means to be a child, a sweet, unspoiled, natural little child; all soft, plastic, biddable, nonresistant, eager to learn, clear-eyed and unafraid, trustful and happy, living each day as it comes, ever ready to help, and with eye single to the glory of God, always about its Father's business, which is its own unfoldment, its business as well. If you have no children of your own, go into a kindergarten some day and see and profit by the attitude of the wee folk, so that your eyes may grow bright with wonder and delight as little by little the kingdom is revealed to them.

* * * * * *

So far as we know, man is the only one of God's creatures that can hold back and refuse to obey the call, that can resist and struggle, thus making his growth—and grow he must when the summons comes, whether he will or no—long drawn out and painful, instead of easy and spontaneous. So, too, he is the only one who appears to be at all conscious of what is happening to him, who can learn to see and know and to work with God's plan for him intelligently.

But man does not need to fight and struggle in a vain effort to unfold himself in his own way and time. God will give him his work day by day, just as he gives him his food, and he will unfold as simply and surely as the plant unfolds, if he is obedient to the voice within. If he watches God work, and holds himself still and workable in his hands, there need be no limits to his possibilities of development. So shall he love God with all his soul and mind and strength, and so fulfill what the Master says is the first and great commandment. And how else shall any soul do this except by finding within himself this perfect image in which he is created; except by finding the kingdom of heaven (omnipresent love) which is within him, and letting it fill him—body, soul, spirit—until he is radiant with life, love, wisdom, beauty, within and without, thus realizing his destiny as a child of God and joint heir with Jesus the Christ to all the privileges of his high calling.

* * * * * *

What are sin, disease, pain, earthly love, poverty of mind or body, birth and death except the results of man's unsuc-

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cessful attempts to satisfy that which is of God with the husks of material things; with shadows and shadows of shadows, turning, shifting, changing always before his eyes, ever eluding his grasp or turning to dust the ashes in it, satiating but never satisfying? What are these but the proofs of the unreality of the things he is seeking for himself, that he is seeking to be or become, while all the time God sees in him only the perfect image which is his thought of him, stands ready and willing to bring it forth, to shine through and illuminate his own thought, until he shall see himself as God sees him and awakes in his likeness, to the richness of his heritage as his child, and to the enjoyment of all the Father has prepared against that day. The struggle, the suffering, the distortion, the destruction do not seem to God as to us, since he knows they are real only in so much as we believe in them, and can last no longer than we insist on holding them; for as soon as we know beyond question we do not wish them, that they have no reality nor substance, being chaff which the wind can drive away, just so soon will the chaff be consumed in the unquenchable fire of his undying love.

And how shall you love your neighbor as yourself? By seeing him, no matter what he seems to be or thinks he is, the child of God; splendid, beautiful, free, which he is really, potentially, and by so doing help him to unfold, to fix his eyes on the glory of God and so be transformed from "glory to glory." Shall you go to him and tell him of his high estate? When the chance is yours, when you think the time is ripe for outward speech, but often the work can be done best in the silence. If you hold your vision of him as perfect, radiant, your silent, loving thought will do the work often more swiftly and surely than any outward word you might speak.

If, out of the bounty of God's love to you, you can say to each one that comes your way, appear he never so degraded, so personally disagreeable and unpleasant, "You are God's child. He made you and he loves you, and has put within you the power to be beautiful, strong, wise, pure and good. He will bring this into manifestation when you are ready to let him work in and through you, when you are ready to do your part by obeying his every word." If you will send loving thoughts such as these out to each one, irrespective of what he seems, you will be doing God's work in the world and in his way. But in no case can you or must you try to force his unfoldment, or set a time for it to come. That is God's business and his. God being eternal, knows not time which passes away.

PROVERBS AND PHRASES

Doing one's best at each moment is all there is of life.—*Lilian Whiting.*

What a young man earns in the daytime goes into his pocket, but what he spends in the evening goes into his character.—*Dr. Cuyler.*

Man-like it is to fall in sin,
Friend-like it is to dwell therein;
Christ-like it is for sin to grieve—
God-like it is all sin to leave!
—*Longfellow.*

Some people dread far more the social frown which follows the doing of something conventionally wrong than they do the qualms of conscience which follow the doing of something intrinsically wrong.—*Herbert Spencer.*

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Family Conference on Truthfulness

IT was very clear that something must be done with Bobby. Something! Why, it would seem that everything had been done with the child, from washing his mouth with soapsuds to flogging his little fat legs, but still he—told lies; some small and rather insignificant, some out of all proportion to his size. His mother had exhausted her capabilities; both brain and arms were tired and discouraged. Bobby's father took up the matter, and, after telling a peculiarly shrewd and evidently well-studied falsehood, eight-year-old Bobby was called in from his play for a conference with his father and mother in the sitting room. He came jumping in, bat in hand, for the game was just in the crucial stage.

"What d'ye want, father?" he panted.

"I want to talk to you, Bobby. Put your bat in the corner and sit down."

Bobby obeyed with a sigh. He had a foreboding that something unusual was about to take place, or he might have argued the question. As it was, he glanced doubtfully at his father and mother. There was a discouraged, unhappy look in his mother's face, and in his father's eye he could plainly see a solemn determination that was not exactly reassuring.

"Bobby," began his father sorrowfully, "your mother complains that you have a very bad habit of telling lies. Don't you know, Bobby, that it is very wicked to tell lies?"

Bobby swung his feet and chewed his tongue vigorously while his father propounded this question.

"What does mother tell 'em for, then?" asked he, squarely.

"Why, *Bobby*," began his mother in horror.

"Yes, you do, mother! You know you do," blurted Bobby, stoutly.

"Robert," warned his father sternly. "Be careful what—"

"She does, father, and so do you. You both do!"

"My son, be quiet at once. I shall have to punish—"

"Why, Bobby," interrupted his mother, "when did you ever hear me tell a lie?"

"You've told three today," he announced bluntly. "You said you'd whip me if I told another lie, an' I told two just to see, an' you never whipped me at all. An' you said I couldn't have no cake if I run away, an' I run away, an' I got the cake all right. An' you told Mrs. Smith you'd be so glad if she'd come over, an' afterwards you said you hoped to goodness she wouldn't come, 'cause you didn't like her anyway. Ain't them lies?"

Mother's eyes fell beneath Bobby's searching arraignment. "Well, Bobby," she stammered, "I—I—didn't mean—"

"Well, mother, I don't either," asserted Bobby. He realized that he was getting the upper hand, and was ready for more worlds to conquer.

Bobby's father spoke rather reproachfully. "I am very much surprised, Lucy, very much surprised to hear—"

"You needn't scold *her*, father, you tell 'em, too."

"Not another word, Robert! Not another word, or I shall punish you severely. When did I ever tell a lie?"

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"You promised the preacher you'd go to church last Sunday, an' I heard you tell mother afterwards you told him that just to get rid of him, and that you didn't mean to go at all. An' you said if I'd weed the onion bed you'd get me a new rubber ball. I worked awful hard, but you didn't get me any ball."

Bobby's father looked at Bobby's mother sheepishly. "I didn't think. I—I—forgot," he stumbled.

Bobby's bright eyes saw the mutually sheepish look pass between his father and mother, and knew he was master of the situation.

"I forgot, too," he replied. "I guess the whole family forgets," he added, glancing wistfully at the bat in the corner. As far as he was concerned, it was time for the conference to adjourn.

"That is all for this time, Bobby. You may go now," said Bobby's father, trying to look stern and parental.

Bobby grabbed the bat, and with a whoop rushed out of the door.

Then Bobby's father and mother had a conference in the sitting room all by themselves.—*Anna Porter Johnson in "American Motherhood."*

BOOK NOTICE

We are in receipt of a book written by A. Van der Naillen, entitled "The Strenuous Life Spiritual." The book contains one hundred and twenty five pages of excellent reading matter, and is printed in good type on fine paper and is well bound. The price is one dollar and it is on sale at Woodward & Lothrop's, Washington, D. C.

Knowledge is power; but it is power only when it really is knowledge.

AFFIRMATIONS FOR THE NIGHT

Divine Love, thou art watching over me while I sleep and keeping my life at one with thee.

Omniscience, thou art instructing me in all the ways of Being. I trust myself with thee while I slumber as when I wake.

Thou art teaching me righteousness and truth, and unfolding to me all the secrets of my life and being.

Thou art teaching me wisdom, health and love, that I may manifest them and glorify the Good.

Thou art waking me to the consciousness that I am in unity with thee in spirit, soul and body.

Infinite Love, thou art living and moving in every atom of my being while I am in perfect repose.

Thou art surrounding me with every care and protection while I rest in peace.

Divine Wisdom, Life and Love, thou art mine.

CAN BE NO MATERIAL REMEDY

For a few centuries our men of material science have taught that diseases were material in character and cause. They have built up a science with matter and material law as cause and cure. Men have accepted their conclusions and millions never doubt their accuracy. Yet all this science is an assumption and imposition put upon men in the same manner that the law of the Sabbath day was put upon them. The whole science of material remedies for material diseases must go, because there never was a material disease, consequently there could never be a material remedy. All diseases are mental and the remedy must be of like character.—*Exc.*

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THE FATHER WILL BE THERE

The first step in anything we may wish to do is to seek divine assistance. That is the first and most important, be it work pertaining to the mind, soul or body. Whether we are beginners in the spiritual life, or have reached the heights, God will work with us. The Father's voice may be heard if we listen.

When you look into the future, do not be anxious about methods and means to carry out what the future moment may demand. When you come to that place, the Father will be there; the limitless powers of Infinite Life will be there; Faith, Love and Judgment will be there; the light of your highest spiritual nature will be there; all of you will be there. Why be anxious? Listen for the voice of the Father. It will say, "This is my Son, my chosen; hear ye him."

The Star shines, is shining brightly now. Though the atmosphere be thick and murky, and obscures its rays, there are enough unto whom have been given the power to see its shining light to save the world.

Look for the light; it is within thee. Hesitate not to trust it, however strange its guidance may seem to be.

SUPERSTITIONS OF SENSE

We are full of those superstitions of sense, the worship of magnitude. God loveth not size; whale and minnow are of like dimension. But we call the poet inactive, because he is not a president, a merchant or a porter. We adore an institution, and do not see that it is founded on a thought which we have. But real action is in silent moments. The epochs of our life are not in the visible facts of a calling, our marriage, our acquaintance of an office, and the like, but in a silent thought by the wayside as we walk; in a thought which revises our entire manner of life and says, "Thus hast thou done, but it were better thus." And all our after years, like menials, do serve and wait on this, and according to their ability do execute its will. This revisal or correction is a constant force, which, as a tendency, reaches through our lifetime.—*Emerson.*

THROUGH STRUGGLE AND ENDEAVOR

Through struggle and endeavor, we pass (in manifestation and expression) from good to better, best. But "At the heart of Being is Celestial Rest." The One includes all. Nothing is outside of or beyond it, and nothing is excluded. The crystal dewdrop has never been really separated from the crystal sea into which it seems to glide. It is individuated in perfect sphericity on a rose-petal, reflecting the sun in the heavens. At the same time, it is as truly immersed in that sun's light, and in the infinite ocean of ether bathing the globe, as is every drop of water in the sea immersed in and one with the sea.

While progress is impossible without struggle and endeavor, it is equally impossible without power. And power is born in the silence. Power and poise, harmony and happiness, are found in balanced activity. This balance is to be sought and found in meditation—the frequent and regular meditation that unites the individual superconsciously with the heart of Being—the eternal, exhaustless and imperative center of gravity, or universal magnet.—*Paul Tyner in Unity.*

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ROMANCE OF THE TREES

Everyone ought to cultivate a friendship for trees, and along with his animal friends have a few tree friends. He could do no better to commemorate an event in his family life than to set out a tree and name it with the name of what he would remember—have arbor days of his own.

Where a family has been sentimental enough to do this you will find trees about the house, named John, Henry, Susie, Clara, etc., in memory of the birth of the child. You will see a tree somewhere near the gate called the telephone tree, because it was planted the year the telephone was put in the house.

There will be another tree somewhere near that called the free-delivery tree, commemorating the year the mail was first brought to the door. There will be also some small trees, among them the auto tree, in memory of the first automobile owned by the farmer, and the air tree, to remember the thrill experience upon seeing the first aeroplane.

What romance and interest this adds to rural or suburban life!—*Farm and Home.*

THERE'S ALWAYS A WAY

There's always a way out, but doubt can't find it. Fear is blind in the dark. Only the light of courage can penetrate gloom. Every labyrinth has its path to safety. If Alexander hadn't cut the Gordian knot, some man would have untied it. Tangles are only hopeless to panicky fingers.

A minute of judgment is worth a day of energy.

SECRETARY KNOX ON PEACE

Secretary of State Knox, before the graduating students of the University of Pennsylvania, said:

"We have reached a point where it is evident that the future holds in store a time when wars shall cease; when the nations of the world shall realize a federation as real and vital as that now subsisting between the component parts of a single State; when by deliberate international conjunction the strong shall universally help the weak, and when the corporate righteousness of the world shall compel unrighteousness to disappear and shall destroy the habitations of cruelty still lingering in the dark places of the earth. This is 'the spirit of the wide world brooding on things to come.' That day will be the millennium, of course; but in some sense and degree it will surely be realized in this dispensation of mortal time."

God is faithful, ever faithful,
He will surely keep His word;
To the uttermost fulfilling,
Ev'ry promise I have heard.

God is faithful, this my refuge,
When the storms of trouble rise,
Help is coming, swiftly coming;
Speedy answer to my cries.

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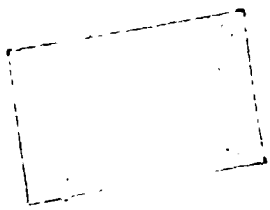

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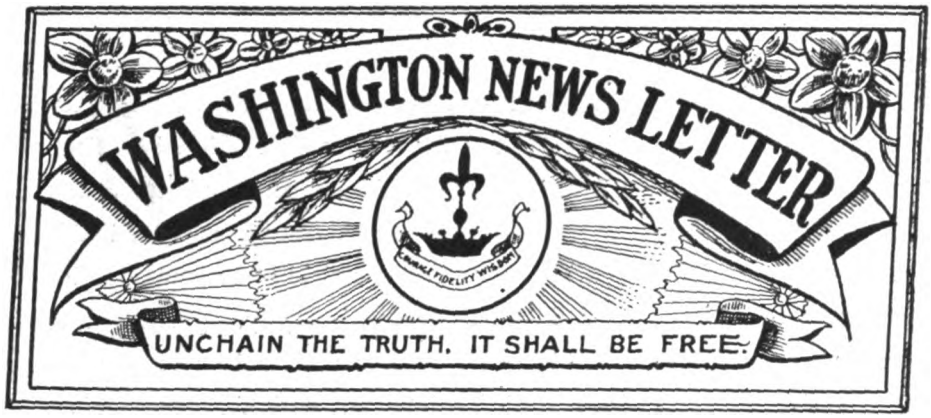

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Back to the Work for Truth

The summer is gone and the harvest is ended. The morning-glories, sure harbingers of autumn, beautify the porch trellises, the hop-vine displays its wealth of clusters over the garden fence, pear-tree branches bend with the weight of fruitage, Rose of Sharon, the asters and the zinnias tell in the language of the flowers that the time of the sere and yellow leaf is close at hand, the summer tourists are flocking back from seaside and mountain resorts to the cities, the desk, the school-room, the workshop.

Within a short time the work of our church in Washington will be resumed. Our lecture work at Atlantic City and Portland, Maine, has been completed and we have returned to the Capital refreshed and invigorated by the change of scene and the ocean breezes, encouraged by the

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success of our mid-summer labors and determined that greater effort and endeavor than ever before will be made to advance the cause of The Truth that Makes Men Free.

From our experiences during our lecture work and from our world-wide recent correspondence, we are led to the conclusion that the cause of the Truth is winning wider and more decisive victories throughout the world than ever before.

Enthused and stimulated by these auspicious signs of the times, let us of the Evangelical Christian Science of Washington, and our brothers and sisters of our far-flung propaganda in the United States and in other lands, resolve to put greater activity, greater enthusiasm, greater zeal and more abundant faith into our work than ever before. Doing this we will achieve unthought of victories, and bring blessings to ourselves and to the world at large.

Lovingly yours,

Oliver C. Sabin

Bishop.

Valley Lilies

These are the white china teacups
The fairies drink from at tea,
When they fold their wings in the shadows
And are quiet as they can be.
And sometimes they're bells that jingle
In the velvety silence of sound
To warn the wee fairies that people
Are somewhere snooping around.

They're loved by old-fashioned people,
And they lie so sweetly at rest
Sometime in the darkness all lonely
In a stilled, sweet hand or a breast.
That delicate odor exhaling
Is morning from some charmed sea
That came in these cups enchanted
From a garden in Arcady.

Whenever the fairies are thirsty
They pick up a lily and run
To gather a dewdrop that's falling
Before it is caught by the sun.
And when they are ready for dinner,
And the table is set in the dell,
They touch, like the wind does, a lily,
And listen to hear its bell.

I love them for all that's simple
And true in nature, and wild,
And the light imagination
They waken in every child.
For never a valley lily
Hung down from its delicate stem
But it wakened the thought of fairies
Through the whole long day for them.

—*The Bentztown Bard.*

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The Denials

Lecture Delivered by Bishop Oliver C. Sabin Before the Evangelical Christian Science Church, Washington, D. C.

THE subject of the lecture to-day is that part of our prayer which we term THE DENIALS. In a general way we must deny everything that we do not want. Carnal mind, malicious animal magnetism, and all similar evil thoughts are assertive; they assert their power, they assert their supposed rights, and they come at you in every conceivable way. Our Savior was taken up on the mountain to be tempted, and was shown all the world by this carnal mind. The devil spoke to Him and said, "You can have all the world you see; the people of this world are all worshippers of me; they are worshippers of carnal mind, of evil, and you can have all if you will do as the others do—fall down and worship me." You must always have the same answer on your lips which our Savior had. He, when tempted by carnal mind in any conceivable way, said, *"Get thee behind me, Satan; for it is written thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve."*

I will tell you some incidents along that line to show you how effective this prayer to God Almighty is. Once, while I was studying in Science, I think it was along about 2 o'clock in the morning, after I had finished my night's work, and was getting ready to retire, I sat thinking, and it seemed as though a strong man had taken hold of me with his left hand by my throat and the right hand seizing my heart, and it felt as though he was squeezing the very life out of me. It was the first experience I had ever had of the kind, and I never dreamed such things were possible, but the thought came to me, "It is the devil," and I got onto my knees and asked God to drive that devil out, and I asked Him in the name of Jesus Christ. It went out as quick as I spoke the word.

About three years ago I received a letter from a person in Australia, who had been afflicted in that way and in similar ways for forty years. They wrote for treatment, and I knew at once what the symptoms were, and what the cause was. I immediately sent them my book "Christology," with the Vibrating Treatment in it, and wrote them how to take the treatment, and commenced to treat him against malicious animal magnetism, this universal evil that goes everywhere; that is nothing but wickedness. As Solomon tells us, man is as prone to evil as the sparks to fly upward, meaning this carnal mind, this malicious animal magnetism. I received a letter soon after from the wife in Australia, stating that, after the treatment commenced, the man had been perfectly well. I now read a portion of the letter:

"My husband has improved wonderfully, and may every blessing be yours. He can now read fairly well, and has only had a couple of slight attacks since treatment commenced, which were soon conquered. In every way there has been a great change for the better with him. He has been working ever since the treatment commenced. Oh! what joy and comfort it has brought to me. This blessed Truth has set me

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free! I shall never forget the tidal wave, as it seemed to come to me from over the sea, when you were treating. I used to see it in my mind, coming like a great sheet of water, in the air, right into our house, and for hours afterwards the lovely influence made it seem as if I was in a lovely garden of sweet-scented roses. This is the nearest I can describe it to you. I do not know if you have ever heard of or had an experience like this before.

"I cannot tell you in words how grateful we are to you. I must tell you how bad my husband has been. He has been ill for forty years, and was given up in England before he left there, and the doctors have been battling with death ever since with him. He came to Australia and tried everything, but was finally told there was no hope for him. He heard of this Truth, which he loved so much, and we used to pray to God to send a helper, and sure enough your little booklet, "Divine Healing," came along, sent by somebody, and it caused me to write to you. I do not think he could have lived another month if we had not written at once to you.

"He seemed about ready to pass on, and was losing all hope. I told him, after your treatment commenced, that I could see the mighty waves of pure thought coming from you, which gave him courage and new life, going to battle, which he did with God's help through your instrumentality."

There is a lady in this town, whom I have in mind, who was affected in the same way. She came to me and said it seemed as though she was choking to death; something seemed to be choking her heart out. I treated against this animal magnetism, this universal evil that is traveling everywhere, and in fifteen minutes she was relieved, and perfect, so far as I know, and she has been perfect ever since.

Now, mind you, this is given out by no human personality. I am talking about malicious animal magnetism. It is something that comes up and fights you when you try to do good. Persons have come to me and said, when we held our meetings in the afternoons: "Well, I was coming Sunday afternoon, but I went to sleep, and slept clear through the service," or "It seemed as though I could not come there; a thousand and one things held me."

People have come here and listened to lectures and then have been driven away by this universal thought of evil that fights Truth. If a person gets drunk and swears at everything that is good, pretending he is a man, of course he is all right for the devil, and the devil is not saying a word, but pats him on the head and says: "You are all right; go along and sneer at these good people who are working in Truth; and say what you can against them, and then everybody will know you belong to me, the devil;" and if you do that, the devil is very much convinced that you belong to him, and you do not have any trouble. Or, if you go out and have a good time with the boys, drink whiskey and do everything that is mean, it is all right. But let a person stand on his integrity, determined to fight evil in every shape, form and manner, and what is the result? These people who are always cheating, swindling and drinking, and doing everything mean, hate that class of people. Then this universal evil, this unseen enemy, fights you at every conceivable step. Mark you, the remedy for that is: *"Get thee behind me, Satan; for it is written thou shalt love the Lord thy God, and*

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Him only shalt thou serve." Let that prayer go down into your heart and all the cohorts of the devil cannot have any effect on you—not a particle. It makes no difference what shape it may come up against you in, it cannot have any power or effect over you. Why? Because you deny and denounce its potency.

Remember this, that God Almighty is your strength and your life, and your all. Therefore, in your Denials, deny everything that is evil, deny all and everything that you do not want, and deny it in the name of Jesus Christ; deny its power, and deny its existence, and you will see it will pass away. When you are attacked with a pain, deny its potency, and see how soon it will vanish.

That is the experience of every Scientist. It occurs with every one of us, time and again. The first time I was told to deny pain, I thought it was a very strange thing that I should deny something that was downing me for years, periodically almost, and made me take morphine and go to bed and stay there for a week to get rid of it—an awful pain caused by indigestion. When I was told to deny it, it looked to me like the very perfection of absurdity. I said that I could not do that, because I knew I had it. The healer whom I was employing told me to deny it anyway. "You do not understand," she said, "but mind me, and you just deny it anyway, and do it because I tell you, and see its effects." I did it, and, directly after I denied as directed, these pains kept going away, and I could feel them leaving me. I kept on denying them, saying, "You are a lie, a lie, a lie," and by and by they would pass away.

I do not suppose you will understand me,—that is, all of you,—but I am going to tell you why we can deny these thoughts and tell the Truth. You remember that we taught you that God was spirit, and that man is His image and likeness. Therefore, if God is spirit, man being His image and likeness is a spiritual being, and we have instructed you in the lectures that have been given to this effect. Now, when you come to the Realization that you are a spiritual being, you can realize further that a spiritual being cannot have a pain; therefore, when carnal mind says to you that this manifestation called pain is real, you ask what it is. I answer it is nothing. It is nothing but carnal mind and the effect of the five senses; it is very much something in your carnal senses, as we all know. It is very much something for the time being; but if you will hold to the thought that you cannot have a pain, because you are a spiritual being; that this pain is nothing more or less than carnal mind, deny it and denounce it; as the devil was discomfited by the Savior upon the mountain of temptation, so our pains will be discomfited by that denial. The Denials with this Realization will destroy it. That is the way to prove this Science; that is the way to prove what I say to be true. It is the proof of the proposition, and it is only proved by actual results. Now, try it, and then you will understand it. Those who do not understand complain of our teaching, because we say there is no reality in matter, no pain, no disease, more than they do at any other one point; they do not understand us. To the carnal mind, the five senses, it is very real; and if it is not destroyed by the Truth, it will destroy the body—pass it out. In reality, when you come to the bottom facts, it is nothing, because God is all, God is good; man is His image and likeness, the reflection of God,

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and can be nothing but spiritual. The real spiritual man is perfect, and the realization of that Truth is the Truth that destroys all error.

RICH WITHOUT MONEY

If one is too large to be measured by the dollar mark, or to be inclosed in his estate; if the wealth of his personality has overflowed until all his neighbors feel richer for his life and example; if every foot of land in his community is worth more because he lives there; then the loss of his property cannot materially shrink his inventory.

If you have learned to be rich without money; if you have, by the cultivation of your mental powers, gathered to yourself a treasure of indestructible wealth; if, like the bee, you have learned the secret of extracting honey from the thistle as well as from the rose, you will look upon your losses as a mere incident, not so very important to the larger and fuller life.

It gives a sense of immense satisfaction to think that there is something within us greater than the wealth we acquire or our material pursuits; that there is something about us better than our career, better than living-getting, money-getting, fame-getting; that there is something which will survive the fire, the flood, or the tornado which sweeps away our property, which will survive detraction, persecution, calumny; something that will outlast even the dissolution of the body itself. That is, nobility of character, the sweetness and light which have helped people, which have made the world a little better place to live in.—*Success.*

INJUSTICE NOT OF GOD

Affirm that the Spirit of Love now works perfectly in and through the individual; constantly holding the thought of the Divine Presence being Omnipresent, and realizing also that only Love can come from the One Source. Affirm that condemnation is not from God. Therefore, affirm, "I condemn no one." After that affirmation, or a similar one, let this affirmation follow: "Love controls all things." Also affirm that God's Love is Omnipresent, Omnipotent and Omniscient. Send thoughts of love, peace and blessing out into the universe.

Let us never lose sight of the thought that God is a God of Love and Justice. Yes, even more than this, for God is Love, and God *is* Justice. It would be unwise for one to expect to receive justice, forgiveness, love, and any good from another when one is not willing to reciprocate. Should we any more expect to receive these things from God when we are unwilling to show love, forgiveness and justice to our fellow-men? Certainly not! The Divine Law of Justice works both ways at the same time. It can work only one way. It must complete its circle of giving and receiving. Just as soon as one lets this law work in and through him by forgiving those who trespass against him, those who seemingly are his enemies, those who are unjust and do not express their true selves, then the Divine Law of Love will forgive him. It is really an even exchange. "As a man soweth, so shall he reap." When, and in the degree, we express forgiveness, in the same degree we receive blessings, peace and forgiveness.

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Evangelical Christian Science

MRS. O. E. THORNILEY

IT gives me a great deal of pleasure to be here today. My object in coming was to bring you good tidings, good news—to tell you a few things about EVANGELICAL CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

In commencing the study of any science, and especially that of Metaphysics, the student must bring to his work a mind that is entirely free from prejudice. He must be willing to be taught. We never could learn to read without first learning the letters of the alphabet. Having done this, we learn how to put letters together to form words. Nor can we learn mathematics without first learning the multiplication table. So it is with Metaphysics. We must first learn the fundamental principles, and then we can understand what is meant by Christian Science.

If in my discussion I shall advance thoughts that are new, do not do as so many have done and say "I don't believe it," but let us study together and see. The human mind cannot be forced to believe anything. It can only believe by being convinced, or by testimony. It is the duty of man to investigate for himself.

There are three fundamental principles upon which Evangelical Christian Science is based. First, it is called "Science" because everything that God Almighty has ever done has been scientific, from the creation of the very atom that is so small that it cannot be distinguished without the strongest glasses to the worlds which move in their orbits. In all their systems there is perfect exactitude, perfect science. The mathematician can tell you the very minute, if not the second, when an eclipse will commence to show itself across the moon or the sun. Everything is governed by perfect rule; and if you understand this science or rule, and understand the principles upon which it is based, you can see the reasonableness of it.

Now the very first thing that you have to learn is, "Who is God? What is God? What are His powers? What has He promised to man?"

The second thing to learn is, "Who is man? By whom created? What were the purposes of his creation, and what are his rights and privileges?"

And, third, you want to know the language with which God the Father, Creator, can be approached by man, the child.

All is based upon these three general divisions, God and man and the language between the two.

In taking up the first division, God, we have some hard questions to answer. Our idea of God will now be very different from what it was in our earlier life. I was taught that God was a Supreme Being, sitting on a great white throne somewhere, presumably in the sky some place, and that He wore a large gold crown and beautiful white robes, and that all around Him were the angels ready to bring to Him the messages of good or bad conduct; that everything that I did was recorded in a very large book; that, some time or in some place I would have to die, and thus at the end of time all of these things would be brought up

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against me, and if I had lived so that my good deeds overbalanced the bad, I would then be permitted to enter heaven. If, on the other hand, more bad than good, I would have to be cast into a furnace of fire and there burned forever.

Now, this Science teaches us that God is Omnipresent Love, and that He so loved us that He sent His Only Son into the world that we might *not* perish, but to have everlasting life. Then how absurd to think of our Father, God, doing such thing as sentencing His children to unending torment!

This Science teaches that God is everywhere, always. If that be true, He could not be sitting on a throne, for that would certainly be some one place.

We are also taught that God is Life, not that He has Life, but that He *is* Life. Everywhere that we see Life we see God as God manifest; for all that we see that has Life is but the manifestation of God's Creation.

Again, God is Love; not that He has love or does love, but that He *is* Love, and everything on the earth or in the universe is governed by Love. The power of love is simply supreme, absolute. If you want to conquer an enemy, instead of harboring thoughts of anger or hate, hold the thought of Love and the result will be that he will be your best friend.

I want to impress upon your minds, if I can, this omnipresence of God. We will suppose that this room is the universe. Of course, you understand that if it were it would have no sides or ends; you could travel forever through it and yet there would be no end, and yet, no matter where you might go, God would be there.

Now, since God is Spirit, Life, Love and the All-Good, everywhere, we as His children must certainly live, move and have our beings in this All-Good. Man was created in the Image and after the Likeness of God. Then, if God is Spirit, man must of necessity be a spiritual being; else he could not be in the Image and Likeness of God. So if you can realize that you are a spiritual being you can readily see how absolutely impossible it would be to be sick unless you believed in it, for Spirit, God, never can be sick. Take the human body, for instance. If, a year from now I should again see all of you who are now here before me, I would see the same persons, but I would not see a particle of those bodies that are before me now. Your bodies would all have passed on, and new bodies would be there. With every breath we draw we take on that which makes new bodies, and with every breath we exhale we throw off the old. God has endowed us with power and dominion, the power to choose, and the thing for us to do is to choose that which we would like to see manifested.

You now realize that you are spiritual beings and you can readily see the importance of filling your minds with proper thoughts. You should constantly throw away the thought of growing old, or of being afflicted in any way, and should think only of being healthy and young and vigorous.

I am quite sure that there is not one here who would not prefer to be perfectly well. The thought that takes possession of your mind fills up and makes the new body. If you are constantly thinking of growing old and feeble, that thought will surely take possession.

If this be true, then why not think the things that you wish to see realized or manifested? Think good thoughts, think of health and happiness, of prosperity

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and of harmony and just see how soon all will begin to manifest them. Stop thinking about dying and think about living. Take as true the Blessed Jesus' words when He says, "I come that ye might have Life and that more abundantly. Whosoever believeth on Me hath passed from death unto Life." When God Almighty breathed the breath of Life into our nostrils, He made each of us a Living soul that will live forever. It is for you to train your thoughts and minds so that you can go on in the advancement of Life.

Before going any further, I want to impress upon your minds, if possible, that God never changes. His laws are immutable, unchangeable. Any change that is to be made is in us. We must bring ourselves into the attitude of receiving. We come to God as little children, trusting and knowing that all things are ours already; and knowing that what we ask for we shall receive. But before we ask we must understand that God is all good, and that nothing but good exists in reality. Any so-called evil seems real until it is confronted with the fact that God never created anything but good.

Jesus has told us that we are heirs of God, the Father. If that be true, what shall we ask for? We can have all that is good, for we are heirs to it. There is some difference between heir and heir-apparent. When one is an heir-apparent he is waiting for his father to die so that he may come into his possessions; but with God and us it is not so. We are already in possession of everything, and just as soon as we get that into our consciousness, all is ours, Life, Love, Health, Prosperity, Perfection.

Jesus said, "Be ye perfect even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect." Don't you see that it is not only our privilege, but our charter right, to be just as perfect as Our Father, Creator?

Again He says, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God (Good) and all things" mark you—"all things"—shall be added."

We, as Evangelical Christian Scientists, take and teach the words of Jesus Christ literally. We believe that He meant just what he said. When He came into this world He was the most wonderful philosopher, and the one who lived the life of the most perfect knowledge and understanding of any that ever lived upon the earth. He was, verily, the Son of God; or God, Himself, manifest in the flesh. When He sent His disciples out, He told them to preach the Gospel to the people, to heal the sick and to tell them that the Kingdom of Heaven was now come; not that it is to come some far-off day, nor that you had to be sick and then die in order to see it, but that Heaven is here now; that it is within you.

Heaven is a condition of mind. When we can realize that we have perfect health, and have everything that is good here, why should we have any desire to go off somewhere, some time, we know not where or when?

Jesus said, "In My Father's house are many mansions." There are mansions everywhere. This earth is one and every other world is one, and wherever the universe is, where God is, there is Life, and Life is everywhere.

Now, friends, I find that my time is exhausted, but there is so much more that might be said, I would urge you all to investigate for yourselves. You do not have to believe me, but try it for yourselves. Study the Life of Jesus Christ, and see for yourselves how scien-

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tific all of His teachings are. There is no human personality in this, our religion, but it is for everyone who will study and find out for himself or herself. After you have found it nothing can take it from you, for it is the priceless pearl.

I hope to be with you again, shortly, for I feel that the harvest is ripe, ready for the reaper; that God will bless the seed that has been sown today and that it will bring forth an hundred fold, and that God will fill your hearts and minds with the consciousness of His wonderful Love.

KEY THOUGHTS

Healthy, clean, kind thoughts will not make you sick.

Expect always the best. It will modify, if not transform, the worst.

Creation is involved in the union of lives; destruction in the separation of lives.

We are blind to our own faults, but our sight sees the faults of others very much enlarged.

We build the road to the Consciousness of our Immortality by making perfect our daily conduct.

It is the mental action that is the important thing, for if that is right the right physical action will follow.

Repeat no word of scandal; repeat no word of ill! Recollect that your true mission in this world is to enlarge the good and make it grow!

The "other life" is but the next morning to the day before. Was your mental room ill or well kept? You will find everything in it just as you left it the day before.

Pain and pleasure will alternate until we attain perfect and permanent joy in the realization of the consciousness of the goodness of the Universe as a Whole.

Become one with the Universal by excluding none from your love and sympathy, and thus wield the power of Universal Law. All the powers of Nature will then obey you and be subservient to your Divine Will.

We who know the Truth of Life must first change the world in ourselves internally, before the world can be changed in others externally. If we know the Truth of Life and do not live it, we are as a light-house set upon a hill, in which the light has gone out.

If one hates you, all the more reason to send him love from your being to counteract it. And, recollect, Love is the God that saves those lost in hate. You lose yourself in hate, and find your Divine Self in Love. This is the Christ that saves you—not a man, but the Divine Principle of the Universe.—*Lucy A. Mallory.*

A PRAYER

W. E. Gordon

Father, let Thy Love, Thy Peace, Thy Strength vibrate through the corridors of our hearts, our bodies and our souls, to cleanse, to heal, to make sweet and clean and free from guile.

Forgive us, that we may *forgive;* love us, that we may learn to *love;* lead us into that fullness of strength and faith that will forever remove the dark shadows of fear, hate and discord.

Help us to forget the past, to unfold Thy image from within, to become free and unselfish.

Father, Thou knowest our every need: give to us our daily bread. We ask of Thee; Thy will be done.

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Religion Should Be Practical

Lecture Delivered by Bishop Oliver C. Sabin Before the Evangelical Christian Science Church, Washington, D. C.

THE definition that I will give you this morning of religion, while it is not in accord with any lexicographer exactly, is sufficiently correct for us to build upon.

"Religion is the outward act, or form, by which men indicate their recognition of the existence of God, to whom obedience is due; an overruling power, by whom our destinies are directed and controlled; a system of faith."

If we take a panoramic view of the religions of the world as they have come up to us from history and through history, we can see that a mist has been thrown around the subject by interested persons, who have invariably made it the engine of private advancement, or public advancement, and always on the side of oppression. I think the religion of the world and the history of the world will bear me out in this assertion.

The oldest religion of which we have any record, and the record of that is very dim, is the religion established in the Indian empire when that country was overrun by the Aryans of the north. For a few centuries the Aryans taught a fairly good system of morals. Some of their tenets recognized the one and true God, but, through a system of caste inaugurated by the priesthood, the common people were enslaved through their prejudices and their fears, and they have continued enslaved until the present day, with but little variation for the last thirty centuries.

A religion was established in the Chinese emperor by an edict of the emperor who lived about four hundred years before Christ. This edict declared that the religion of Confucius should be made the religion of the empire, and by it Confucius was made a god. The selfish thought in that edict was that Confucius taught only the three great moral tenets: First, Be honest; second, Obey your parents; third, last and most important of all, Be loyal to the reigning dynasty, king or emperor, whatever he may be called.

In all the religions of the world as history presents them you will always find that there has been a wheel within a wheel. We think that we have many divisions today, but the divisions in the Christian religion through the first century after our Savior were also very numerous, and there was more of this so-called Orientalism existent and taught in those days than there is now. They had their Vedantas and their second coming of Christ and their apostles from God; the woods were full of them. They had the open road to perfect happiness, and wherever you find those religions there has always been one result—the enslavement and depression, the ignorance of the people and the upbuilding of the priesthood, who have taken advantage of this system of depression, as we may term it, to their own advancement and gain in power and wealth.

The Roman Catholic church when it first started was upon good lines, but, by and by, the church became strong and controlled not only the spiritual

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consciences of the kings and the rulers and the people, but after it became very strong it concluded that its hierarchy would not only rule consciences, but would become the literal rulers of the world; and, without going into names, dates or particulars that cost many bloody wars, the assumption on the part of the Pope was that he had the right to displace this king for that or another for this—in other words, they could do just what they chose; but there was not a vital spark left in this religion after it lost its hold, and the world sank under the pressure, and we have for about substantially ten centuries what history calls The Dark Ages, brought on only by the usurpation of so-called religionists for the purpose of building up a caste for the enslavement of the world and the benefit of the caste.

The religions of today—I ask the question—Are they practical? What do you see? You see the plain words of our Savior and the promises He made utterly ignored, and the person who teaches them and claims that they can be fulfilled and are being fulfilled all the time is regarded with more repulsion, more hatred, bitterer persecution than the infidel and the atheist who denies the existence both of God Almighty and His Son. We claim a practical religion. We claim that God Almighty is real; that He is not a mystery; that He is not something for us to fear; but that He is a real entity and existent help now, and takes us by the hand and leads us along the pathway of life, preventing us from stumbling.

But what do the world's religions do today? Go into their churches and you will hear this doctrine of endless punishment preached—a doctrine that is so abhorrent it has never been thought of by any other religion than those of the Christian type, and introduced only by the followers of Jesus Christ. There is not one word of it in the old Jewish Scriptures; there is not one word of it uttered by Jesus Christ, although they claim that there are certain Scriptures that lead that way. It can't be true, because it is contradictory, absolutely, to the whole life and teachings of our Savior. He came teaching the doctrine of love; that God is love, not that God has love, and loves you and me, but that God *is* love, and that this love that exists in your heart is nothing but God manifest. Love is the only power that does things in God Almighty's universe. It is by love that God does everything, because God is love. It is by love that you as a healer, or demonstrator of the Truth and teachings of Jesus Christ, do your work. The person whose heart is filled with hatred, vindictiveness, wickedness, can't heal anybody. He can't ask a prayer that will be answered. The millions of prayers that go up today that are unanswered have their soundings in hatred, in vindictiveness, in the belief of evil, and that evil instead of good is the controller and converter. There is a thousand times more teaching that sickness, sin, death and worry, and all of the human evils of so-called life are brought upon you by God Almighty for the purpose of converting you than there is of the beautiful doctrine of love; that all is love, that all is good, and that all the manifestations to the contrary are evil, unreal and do not exist.

The one who teaches upon the one hand the converting power and the beneficent power of evil can't heal the sick. There is no God Almighty in that. That is of the devil, if there is one. It

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is evil; it is carnal mind. But we do everything through love, through good. Can you pull a streak of darkness from a sunbeam? Can you convert the truth into a lie? Can you turn the sunshine into darkness? You can do any of these things as quickly as you can make God Almighty a synonym of evil, that good may come. Why that is the most pestilential doctrine that the world ever saw. It is the foundation of each of the evils that are now destroying the human family.

Our religion is practical. We take this doctrine of love and carry it out. Here we are. What is the command? Love God with all your mind, might and strength, and love your brothers as yourselves. Place yourself upon the platform of love, and then you do things, but you can't do things in any other way. Our Savior told His disciples, "If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." If you have done wrong, do right. That is what it means. Throw evil out of your consciousness. Let nothing but love be within you; be full of love, love for God and love for your fellow. Ask whatever thou wilt and it shall be given unto thee. That is the doctrine of practical religion.

How do we know it? We know it by the fruits of the tree. We know it by absolute demonstration. A religion that is not susceptible of being practically demonstrated is utterly worthless, is worse than worthless. Now I don't know but that a religion that teaches its soundings in hatred and the belief in eternal punishment is worse than no religion. I would hate to say that, however. There are certain germinal thoughts in every religion that lift up the world. Followers of any religion believe in God Almighty supreme, although they may not know what God Almighty is. To them he is a personal being, but they believe in Him; they believe in the teachings of Jesus Christ, and that lifts up the world.

You take the Mohamedan religion. You would think it was the vilest religion that ever cursed the earth, and yet it has vitality in it that has stood the test. It recognizes the one and only true God. That is vitality, and there is enough of a germ in that thought to make it live. But the farther we get from hatred, from malice, from vindictiveness, the more do we make our religion practical.

Take God into your confidence. Now when you go to pray you don't have to feel as though you had to pray to somebody away far off, and didn't know where or what He was, but you recognize in your consciousness who you are. You are the child of God Almighty; you live, move and have your being in this omnipresent life, omnipresent love, omnipresent good, for the life within you is God manifest. It used to be something difficult for me to understand how it was that we could be in God and He in us, until I learned what God is. God is love. It isn't that God *has* love, as you or I, but that God *is* love, and the love that manifests in you is God manifest. It goes through you, and you live in it, for God is omnipresent, everywhere. He fills not only all space and all bodies and all conditions in this world, but the whole universe, everywhere. God is omnipresent life. Life is everywhere, because God is there.

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Now, when we come to realize that, we know who we are and what we are. We are God's children. We know we are His heirs. We know that all of the good things that belong to Him belong to us. We know they are inexhaustible as is the sunshine. All can be filled, and yet the diminution is not one particle. That is what we realize, and that realization comes to us, and it proves our religion to be true.

Now this perfect religion, this practical religion of ours, enables us to demonstrate over the inharmonies of life. If you want to control the animal kingdom, love it. If you want to control a vicious horse, love him, pacify and quiet him.

That is the doctrine of love. Love is the conqueror. Take a wild, vicious animal and you can control it through love perfectly. Take a balky horse, for instance, and go fighting him. What is the result? He will fight back. It is the same principle that our Savior told to Peter on the night in Gethsemane when he smote the ear off the servant of the high priest. Jesus put the ear back and healed it, and said, "All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." If you throw out the vibrations of hate, you reap the crop, and you build up opposition on the other side.

If you love the man who thinks he is your enemy, and throw out to him the vibrations of love, instead of hating you he comes to the realization of what he is, and who he is, and what you are, and he loves you. Solomon says, "You heap coals of fire upon his head." That means love. Throw out the vibrations of love, and nothing can hurt you. If a man had his arm raised to strike you he could not put it down. God Almighty's love protects you. Call on your protection and nothing can harm you.

Call on the divine power through love and you are protected. You can't fail. It is so with all of the other conditions of life. If you are poor and in a suffering condition, as you think you are, throw those thoughts out of your consciousness, come back into the thoughts of who you are and what your rights are, affirm that you have them and they belong to you, and thank God Almighty for it, and see how soon the manifestation will come.

But you can't do it doubting. You have to do it with the understanding, when you ask, that you are going to receive. That gives you power. The apostle James tells you you can't ask wavering and doubtful. If you do you haven't the power.

Oftentimes I have thought of the success that comes to some of our younger people in this work. They have wonderful demonstrations. When I was a youngster in Science I sometimes had most wonderful demonstrations; and I really didn't know whether I believed or not, when there came along the answer so quickly that my heart was filled with rejoicing. My experience, I doubt not, is the experience of every healer. They have wonderful results. Oftentimes it is the only way through which evidence is made perfect in the perfect worker. But remember you have to reduce everything to the line of practicality. God is your friend. Love Him. And why can't you love Him? All the good comes from Him, and He stands ready to heap more and more on you as you will receive that perfect love. Now, why can't you love a being of that kind? To me, God is the sweetest character in all the universe. That carries out the command

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that you shall love God with all your mind, might and strength. It is the same thought that Moses told the children of Israel as he was forecasting the history in the future. "As long as you love God He will sustain you. But if in your heart you ever go back on God you are turned off into the darkness pell-mell, ruin, and you go forth the blind leaders of the blind; you will fall into the ditch of destruction, of misery, of sorrow, of ruination."

And then you read the history of the Jewish people, and see how it was fulfilled in that prophecy. It is so with you. The same universal law belongs to us that belongs to the nations. Whenever we love God and follow in the footsteps of our blessed Savior, and do as we are told to do, blessings are ours, and the fullness of happiness and the perfection of good are manifest in our lives. But let us go off into the byways and the dark stream of carnal mind, and the buffetings and the sorrow and the sin and the destruction that will overcome us will sweep us into the vortex called death; and in the sweet by and by God Almighty's love may come to us, but when and where I know not.

Make your religion practical. Love God; love your brother; be honest; be upright; be straight; do good; do right, and all will be added unto you.

It is a matter of regret that the most benevolent of human beings are usually more easily moved to reclaim vice than to protect virtue; to bury the dead with pomp than to sustain life comfortably; to cure disease than to promote health; to repair wrong to sustain right. Oh, the pity and folly of it!—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

HARMONY

"Earth is but the shadow of Heaven,
And things therein are each to other like."

Just as the one secret of elocution is that the voice is always true to the thought; that it expresses exactly what is in the mind, neither more nor less, so the outward life expresses exactly the thought of the true life within.

Just as of the vibrations of the ether those known as light and radiant heat are the only ones directly perceptible to the senses, so only certain of the manifestations of the Spirit are perceptible to the senses.

And as in telegraphy it was supposed that a wire was necessary to carry messages from one point to another, so it has been the common belief that outward and visible means were necessary to enable one to communicate with another.

But in Marconi's latest discovery, a transmitter properly "tuned" can pick up the Herzian waves of ether and convey them so that they can be picked up by another transmitter similarly "tuned" many miles away. So the true thought incarnated by the word—spoken or unspoken—may be transmitted over infinite space and picked up by the mind rightly tuned.

When all minds are thus tuned, a wave of harmonious praise will roll round the Universe, the burden of it being.

"God is Love—His wisdom brightens
All the path through which we roam."

We need more light, more love, more fresh air, better understanding of the needs and care of the body, less doctoring; more sanity, less superstition; more faith, less of gloom, more of life, less of death.—*The Open Road.*

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Power

HARRIET DOANE PRENTISS, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE force of life comes from within, and one must ever keep the way open, so that the stream of power may flow from the source.

Everything proves that soul is not an organ, but the animating principle that exercises the organs.

When one knows how to use this power, life should be as free from friction and distress as a growing flower, and with an understanding of spiritual laws, everything could be accomplished easily.

We have had in Christ a living example of man's sovereignty over all conditions, and the way has been pointed out, so that no one need lurk in ignorance or remain asleep to his inherent possibilities.

As a teacher, however, one can only point the way. The awakening of the individual comes from within.

Anyone can rouse himself to better things when he becomes conscious of his silent power.

We relate ourselves to various conditions by the mental images we carry in the gallery of the mind, and these invisible qualities embody into material realities.

This reduces living to an exact science, and the results which are realized are the reflex action of one's mental realm.

If it were my desire to be surrounded by opulence I should see myself in an attractive setting, and hold the picture until it materialized.

I do not mean by this to merely wish for a thing, but to really see one's self on all occasions in the desired position, and thus prepare the way for its manifestation.

Activity is necessary in every instance in order to complete the attraction, as passivity will not accomplish the work.

To hold these mental pictures will place one en rapport with the condition desired. By so doing one sends out a vibration which will make the connection. The opportunities will then appear, by which they can be made a reality.

Never expect to hold one image in your mind and realize another.

There is ample demonstration that we are living in a world governed by law, and that chance plays no part in the equation of life.

The seasons roll on with exact precision eternally, and every seed planted brings forth after its kind. We put a seed in the earth and leave the development to that invisible worker which moulds it into a perfect product.

Mental seeds are perfected in the same way. We plant a thought and it is brought to visible life by the same principle. We cannot see the activity of its accomplishment, but we know the result will always manifest itself and fulfill the expectation.

Small annoyances are the seeds of disease. Happiness the seed of health.

Some one has said if we would be well we must kill out resentment, regret, impatience and worry. Ponderous and marvelous machinery is sometimes thrown out of gear by small obstructions. The unpleasant thoughts destroy

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the rhythm of the system in the same way.

Disturbance of mind is the cause of inflammation and congestion, and to turn one's mind inward by analyzing every impulse and negative sensation is a dangerous process. "Sow a thought and you reap an action. Sow an action and you reap a habit. Sow a habit and you reap a character. Sow a character and you reap a destiny."

WHY HE LOOKED HAGGARD

Who is that sad, disconsolate-looking fellow?

He is a man who has made a study of rules of health?

Whose rules of health?

Everybody's rules of health. That's the trouble with him. He's been trying to live up to them.

What does he do?

Everything that he is told to do, and when he isn't doing anything else, he worries because the rules are so conflicting.

And it is undermining his health?

Of course. It would undermine anyone's health.

What are some of the rules?

Well, here are two of them: "Eat only a light breakfast" and "Breakfast should be the best meal of the day."

What are some of the others?

"Run or walk two miles before breakfast" and "Never attempt to do anything on an empty stomach."

Any more?

"Take a cold bath the first thing in the morning" and "Remember the shock to the system of suddenly encountering cold or heat is very injurious."

Anything ese?

"Never use a pillow" and "The most refreshing sleep is that when the head is elevated."

Is that all?

Oh, dear, no. There are hundreds of other rules. For instance: "Do not get in the habit of sleeping in the daytime" and "Always take a nap in the afternoon;" "Eat only at meal times" and "Eat whenever you are hungry;" "Eat no meat" and "If you would be strong eat plenty of fresh meat;" "Get up at five o'clock every morning" and "Sleep until thoroughly rested, no matter how late it is."

I'm not surprised that he looks haggard and ill.

Neither is anyone else who knows what he is trying to do.

THE LITTLE THINGS THAT YOU HIDE

Glaring follies are only temporarily distressing. The instant they become sufficiently prominent to attract attention, they invite timely criticism.

It's the little things that you hide, the mean, tricky, selfish, secret, soul-biting, heart-eating, brain-draining microbe habits—which you alone know and which none but you can deal with—that drag you down in your prime and your pride.

Self-control is the key to the cure. Anybody can withstand a colossal temptation. True mastery lies in the battle with ridiculous and infinitesimal indulgences—none important by itself, but, like coral insects, pitilessly, unflaggingly combining their harmful mites until they erect a reef within your nature upon which opportunity and hope founder and are forever lost.—*Herbert Kaufman in Washington Star.*

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Divine Freedom

DR. JOHN D. MILES

DARKNESS turned into light, old age a myth, wrinkles removed, poverty put to flight, the devil annihilated, sin overcome, the blind can see, and the sick are healed.

The above looks well and sounds well, but is it for me? says a reader. Yes, dear friend, All Good is yours under your charter rights, you being a legal heir of God, who created every thing that was created. "And God saw everything that He had made, and behold it was very good." With God there never was a beginning, there can never be an ending, He being omnipotent, omnipresent, omniscient, eternal and everlasting.

Sacred history tells us that man was created in the Image of his Creator, with power and dominion over all the earth. Man was made male and female and told to multiply and replenish the earth. And "there was heard a great voice out of Heaven saying, God shall wipe away all tears and there shall be no more death." Hence the question, Whence came evil? that appears to beset the path or life of mortal man. Jesus answered that question when He said, "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murderers, adultery, fornications, thefts." "These are the things which defile a man," and common sense tells man that these evils do not exist or have any place in Spirit, Life, Love; therefore, do not exist except in mortal mind of man. In Spirit Life there is no sin, darkness, sorrow, pain or death; therefore, no eternal hell, and as the devil could not exist without a hot-house, he is annihilated. Mother Eve, in making her morning toilet, never discovered any wrinkles. Why? Because God had not created them. Then wrinkles are a myth and do not exist.

All being Spirit there can be no poverty, no lack or want. God is our supply. "In Him man lives, moves and has his being," therefore poverty cannot be real, it is a mortal manifestation of wrong thinking. "As a man thinketh so is he." If we desire poverty, all that is necessary is to think it, and the crop will be very bountiful. There is no age. All is now. A man is no older than he thinks he is. Some men at forty have a belief of age, while others are young at eighty.

The mission of the Evangelical Christian Science metaphysician is to continue in the good work begun by our Redeemer, keep in tune harmony with the "Universal Spirit."

Paul said, "For other foundations can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ," which is the corner stone in the foundation of Divine Science, and we being descendants of the disciples, we are told to unchain the Truth and "preach the Gospel to all the world." And Jesus ordained twelve that they should be with Him and that He might send them forth to preach and teach, with power to heal the sick and cast out all manner of evil. St. Mark, 3:14, 15.

In order to obtain and realize the beautiful results as Christ did when He fed the hungry multitudes, we must first seek Spiritual aid from within. We are told to seek first the kingdom of God, and to ignore material things, thus cast-

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ing our burdens upon the Lord, trust our heavenly Father and have the Faith which takes right hold of the invisible substance and brings it into our material lives as well as our Spiritual Lives, so that our desires are brought forth into actuality.

We have a beautiful illustration of the value of faith in the life and achievements of George Muller of England, who gathered from the slums hundreds of poor children, raised, educated and placed them in honorable positions in life through Faith.

All are ours for the asking, if we will have Faith and trust the Omnipresent Power that so richly clothes the lilies and feeds the sparrows. Keep in harmony with the invisible Life. Have faith in God and nothing good shall be impossible unto you. "Be not afraid, only believe," "Thy faith hath made thee whole."

Remember that the Spirit that makes one diligent, strong and faithful and brings the realization of our prayers, is the Spirit that leads to health, harmony and prosperity.

The body is living, perfect, divine substance. This is the true and correct view. But through wrong thought, false mental images of it, it may appear sick, limited, distorted. This seeming, this untrue thinking, is the disease itself. The *belief* in disease is the *disease*. Healing is a mental process—a change in mental conceptions and beliefs in sin, sickness and limitation, to a knowledge of the Truth. Healing is the transformation of thought, through which we see all substance as it really is in fact, in truth —pure, perfect, whole, harmonious.—*Charles Edgar Prather.*

SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS

Of all the nations of the earth, America is the most wasteful of the lives of its citizens. Seventy-five thousand of our people are killed each year by accidents, of which number 35,000 are workmen slain while engaged in their daily occupations. If we add to these figures the number of the wounded and crippled in industry, we shall find that Mr. Mercer, of the Minnesota Employes' Compensation Commission, is not far wrong in claiming that industry now kills and cripples more each year than did bullet and shrapnel in any year of the Civil War. Of all American industries, coal mining is the most hazardous. From three to five thousand coal miners are annually killed outright, and the number of killed and seriously injured combined amounts to from 8,000 to 10,000 each year in the United States. Since 1890 more than 30,000 coal miners have been killed and more than 80,000 have been seriously injured. In the single State of Pennsylvania in the year 1907 alone more than 1,000 miners were killed, leaving nearly 1,000 widows and 3,410 children under ten years of age.

Now, this would be a frightful story to relate if it were necessary and inevitable, but as a matter of fact it is not at all necessary. The leading mining experts both of America and Europe tell us that it is perfectly practicable to prevent most of this loss of life. Mr. Joseph Holmes, Director of the Bureau of Mines, declares that three-fourths of this loss can be easily prevented.—*John Randolph Haynes, M. D., Special Commissioner of Mining Accidents.*

Our character is our will, for what we will we are.—*Archbishop Manning.*

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Love Is King

Love is the great disciplinarian, the supreme harmonizer, the true peacemaker. It is the great balm for all that blights happiness or breeds discontent. It is a sovereign panacea for malice, revenge, and all the brutal propensities. As cruelty melts before kindness, so the evil passions find their antidote in sweet charity and loving sympathy.

The sun encourages and calls out qualities in the tender germ and young plant which the storm and the frost would destroy. Kindness, encouragement, praise, will call out of a bad boy or a dull pupil and stimulate qualities which scolding and rebuffing and repression would blight and ruin.

Pupils will do anything for a teacher who is always kind and considerate; but a cross, fractious, nagging teacher so arouses their antagonism that he often proves a bar to their progress. There must be no obstructions, no ill-feeling between the teacher and the pupil, if the best results are to be reached.

Many a mother's love for her children has undoubtedly stayed the ravages of some fatal disease. Her conviction that she was necessary to them, and her great love for them, have braced her, and have enabled her to successfully cope with the enemies of her life for a long time.

One mother I know seems to have the magical art of curing nearly all the ills of her children by love. If any member of the family has any disagreeable experience, is injured or pained, hurt or unhappy, he immediately goes to the mother for the universal balm, which seems to heal all troubles.

This mother has a way of drawing the troubled child into the zone of perpetual harmony. If it is swayed by jealousy, hatred, or anger, she applies the love solvent, the natural antidote for these passion poisons. She knows that scolding a child, when it is already suffering more than it can bear, is like trying to put out a fire with kerosene. What it needs is an antidote for the flames, not more fuel.—*Orison Swett Marden, from Success Magazine.*

TO PUT OLD AGE BEHIND US

To live peacefully while strife is raging around us is the part of wisdom. We can only exert a telling influence from above; therefore, in the midst of furious excitement, the successful general always keeps calm and cool, and because of such supreme self-control he can pour oil on the troubled waters and being himself unperturbed by psychic tempests, can bid the most violent mental storms to cease.

WHAT COUNTS FOR CONQUEST AND CHARACTER

Get interested in what you can do, instead of fussing away mind and heart on what you can't do. It is not so much what you do as how good-willingly you do it, that counts for conquest and character.—*Elizabeth Towne.*

"With all thy getting, get understanding."

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HARRIET DOANE PRENTISS

A SECRET

There is a secret we may learn,
By which our souls expand and grow.
It brings a peace sublime and deep—
'Tis just the power of letting go.

Let go of trouble, care and strife,
While in your heart the love-tides flow.
With joy renew the cells of life;
Bid anguish flee—just let it go.

To feel the presence of God's love,
The thrill of heart and mind aglow;
To know the freedom of your soul,
Release the tensions—let them go.

When thoughts are bound and in a groove,
And clouds look threatening below,
Lean firmly on the breast of God;
His love sustains where'er we go.

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The Philosophy of Success

Lecture Delivered by Bishop Oliver C. Sabin before the Evangelical Christian Science Church, Washington, D. C.

TO be successful one must realize who he is, that he is the child of God, endowed with power and dominion, and that that power and dominion belong to him, and belong to him by virtue of God Almighty's gift. Those persons who tell you, "It is not for me; you may do it, but I can't," are committing mental and moral suicide. God gave each of us the same power and the same dominion. One had one talent, another two and another five, but he who used the fewer talents was blessed as much as the one who had the greater number. It is a God-given right, but it must be used.

The world has been suffering in error on account of the status of womanhood, which I desire to place in the record here. For a great many centuries woman, wherever the story of creation has been believed as Moses gave it, in the Garden of Eden story, has been the football of conditions, and has been made to be and to suffer because of the story.

Now this is error. She has the same rights, the same power and the same dominion that man has, her other half. God created man, male and female created He them, each being equal to the other, and in no place has God ever given one the dominion over the other.

The Mohamedan religion was established about six centuries after our Savior's advent into the world. They made this stricture greater. They threw a veil across the face of the woman, so that nobody was permitted to even look at her face, and at times the law was so severe that if she ever permitted a man to look into her face, she was taken out and killed, decapitated, destroyed. But it is all error of man's creation. Therefore, when I am talking to you this morning, I talk to the women as well as to the men. Each of you must follow the philosophy of success in accordance with fixed rules, and each of you will be equally successful.

Woman labors under greater disadvantages because she has been dominated so long that she has become cowardly, become timid; she has become afraid. Now in all of God's works, and in all that He has laid out for us to do, there is no room for the coward. There is no place for the coward. Take the man who is successful; he is a man who believes in himself. A woman is the same. You never saw a woman tower above her fellows in any department of life that was a coward. If she is an artist, if she is a literary person, if she is a singer, a musician, she has confidence in herself; and it is only by virtue of that confidence as the structure upon which she builds that she could be a success. And it is so with man. You take a man of business and go into his store, "How is business?" "Very poor, very poor; I am afraid of the future." Now it is only a question of time when the red flag will be in front of his door, and the auctioneer will be pounding off his goods to get him out of business; and it is only a question of time when many such men will go to the almshouse. They fail

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because of lack of self-confidence, self-reliance, a belief in themselves.

Now, you must remember one thing: In all of your thinking, and in all of your preparations, as you think, conditions are created.

You take a boy and let his dreams be of success, I do not care what it may be; it may be along the lines of finance, education or oratory; as a lawyer, doctor, whatever it may be; let him continuously think along those lines, and by the time he is ready to bud into manhood, his realizations have been accomplished, and the thought has created the conditions which he so much desired.

This is a universal fact, and it is a universal truth, unless the subject himself, by his own laches, or cruelty to himself, you might term it, permits himself to be downed, crowded out, by virtue of what we term fear.

Our Science helps us very much. After we have arrived at the age of intelligent realization we know then much which before came to us only by virtue of our inherent disposition, and we know that if we want to be successful we have to go to God Almighty; we have to ask; we have to seek; we have to knock. In other words, we ask through the objective mind; we will term it the five senses; we seek through the subconscious, or the mind that has power to discriminate mind that has power to discriminate infallibly between good and evil, the mind which has the power to assimilate either, and has not the power to resist when it is placed against it, except through the higher mind or the super-conscious, which is the mind of God Almighty.

When we come into this thought and become cognizant thoroughly of our rights and privileges, when we want anything we ask, we seek and we knock. We ask by virtue of this realization; we demand; it is ours by right; and when you ask God for anything you do not go to Him like a beggar; you do not go begging for that which you already have, either. You go to God, thanking Him that He has already given it to you and that it belongs to you, and that God does manifest it to you along the lines for which you pray. The result will be every time, without a failure, an affirmative answer, unless the fault be with you.

Dare to be brave, and if the devil stands at the door in any shape or form, denounce him, holding to God Almighty and His promises, and you will win every time. "Get thee hence, Satan; for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord Thy God and Him only shalt thou serve."

That is the doctrine, that is the principle, that is the practice; in order to be successful you have got to believe in yourself. Practice what you know. The soldier who goes to the front and is put upon a station amidst danger and goes to sleep upon his beat, as it is termed, is a very dangerous guardian, and is so considered, so much so that the military law pronounces the sentence of death if he is caught asleep upon his beat. And so it is with you in this field of mental advancement. If you go to sleep upon your beat you die mentally. Only those succeed who follow the command to go forward. In all of God's creation there is nothing asleep but the dead, and Jesus Christ says, "Let the dead bury the dead. Follow thou me" That is what you have to do, and that is the truth and that is the philosophy.

Do not, when you go to God and ask, worry whether you are going to receive an answer to your prayer. Know that you are going to receive it. Know that

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God's promises are certain. Do your part and commit your ways unto the Lord and trust, and then let God Almighty's salvation come to you in his way; and you will never be despondent.

Take the man in the world of business who believes in himself. He is the man that controls. He is the man that wins. He is the man that creates. He is the man that the under-million will bow down to. Why? Because he has the imperious mind that believes in itself. He bids for homage and he always receives it. Some men are always looking for a job. Other men never look for jobs, but they create.

Some men are the natural creators of conditions that employ labor. Other men, by their own self-dwarfing, always belong to the list of those who serve. Every man and every woman is responsible largely for their present condition because of their own manner and way of thinking. Woman, as I said in my preliminary remarks, has suffered more or less from this universal thought that has been holding her down, but thank God Almighty that is lifted. It took the English speaking people a long time to dig out what we term charter rights, or magna charta privileges; the rights to which we are all entitled, the bill of rights so recognized in the constitutions of all civilized nations. They came little by little, here and there; a little liberty was gained here, a little more yonder, until finally the rights and privileges became recognized law altogether dominant as it is in England and the United States today.

It all came by the aggressive, self-assertive people, people who demanded that their God-given rights should be restored to them; and they always win. They are bound to win.

Now you can take this same thought and carry it into every department of life. It is just as well to have a healthy body, a young body, a healthy mind, a vigorous mind, a mind that reaches out away beyond what it did in the ordinary, as it is to go along moping through the world, bowed down with pains, aches and sufferings. It is as you will have it.

When you are attacked, if you run to the pillbags, the apothecary shop or the doctor, you will go as old Asa did; finally they will gather you unto your fathers. But the man who stands and dares them in their teeth, dares them in their eyes, he is the man that wins out; and I do not believe it is possible for any person on the face of the earth to die, if he trusts God Almighty and Him alone. I do not believe it is possible. But the trouble is our long years and centuries of education. It is so much easier to go to some apothecary or something, and take something or other for your stomach, or a pill for this or a pill for that; or a plaster for your back, or something else, than it is to bid defiance to the devil of evil that comes in and attacks you. Why? Because you have been so long taught to believe it.

Now, before I ever heard of Christian Science I had an old homeopathic doctor that I would go to when I was attacked every once in a while with this or that complaint, and I remember about the last time I ever went to him, I said "In thirty minutes I will be well." I took out my watch and in thirty minutes I was perfectly well. The next time I thought of it I was well. It was because I believed in his medicine, it cured me. The medicine, I do not suppose, had any more effect on me than if I had drank a little clear water and believed in it.

Get this established error out of you.

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Come to God Almighty; know that you are His perfect child and that you can't be sick. Stand by your guns. Remember the story of Bunyan, when the poor pilgrim strayed on his way; as he walked along he was confronted by Apollyon or some disastrous condition or circumstance, but he hung on and was faithful. If he stumbled and fell he was taken down and whipped with many stripes. Finally he would get back into the right road and be victorious.

It is so in our life here in the world. If we but have faith and work for the one consummation, there is no such thing as failure. But if we fall, if conditions become so disastrous that our spirits are whipped, then the devil runs over us roughshod, and we are pulverized by the wheels and the heels of power down us and destroy us. Oh, how I have suffered for the lack of this being placed in practice! I will tell you there is only one way, and that is to take God Almighty and stand by him; and if you do not do it, as sure as the sun shines, you will be bowed down and crushed. It does not make any difference if it is I or someboly else, it is the same law, the same inexorable law; it never fails.

Now take your choice. Whom are you going to serve? Are you going to serve God Almighty and be faithful and be true to your faith and your trust, or are you going to allow them to lead you by the nose, your friends surrounding you, and drag you down and finally bury you in the dirt? I tell you there is only one road to success, and that is the straight road that God Almighty has given us to follow, remembering always and everywhere that all things must be tempered with love; that all creative power is love, and that our actions must be governed by the rule of love God and love your brother. Carry it out into practice. Dare to do right; dare to be honest; dare to be sincere, and go forward on the line that is laid out for you, and you will have achieved "The Philosophy of Success."

ASPIRATION

Rose M. de Vaux-Royer

Why should I pause to look at little things?
Why should I let them stop me in their passage?
Were it not better holding always high
Our vision on the point we would attain to?
And live on in that altitude where we
No more are tortured by the tired earth-groanings,
Or weary word-voicing of pain, foreshadowing
That out of which we grow to fuller being.

In grandeur the new-born ideas sweep down
And hold in spell-bound reverence the unvoiced,
Brave utterances of thought from mind and heart
That bid us stand out in full majesty
Of soul, resplendent!

I soar away on clear-clipped wings of love
To realms ecstatic, breathe the breath of God,
And lie in rapt embraceure of a new
And lasting light—intelligence divine—
Awaiting but the spark within to rouse
In comprehension!

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You and the Conventional

WM. E. TOWNE in "Nautilus"

WE are mentally lazy and imitative.

That is why we are like sheep and follow along the channels some leader has marked out.

The leader always possesses individuality. He is not a sheep. He is strong because he has initiative and originates action. He does not accept the ready-made suggestions afforded by the policies and the conduct of those around him. His mind is not controlled by suggestions of the conventional.

Nine out of ten, if not ninety out of a hundred, accept, without question, the religion and politics of their fathers. It is far easier to follow a worn path than to create a new one of your own. Or to consider whether the path you are following is the true one.

Only some great upheaval can pry the average mind loose from its favorite ruts. But strength of mind can only be developed by engaging the unknown. The sheltered tree is not the most rugged. The mighty oak that stands alone, in the open, is the standard of strength. It sends its roots deep. It spreads its arms wide. Against it the strongest winds do not prevail.

So the genius is always the one who uses his mental and physical powers. He is self-dependent, in thought at least. He stands alone, mentally if not in a material sense. He leaves the ruts. The conventional does not hypnotize him. He develops from within outward. He is himself. He does not simply reflect the conventional ideas of the tribe.

No man becomes a genius or a man of power unless he stems the currents of world thought. Unless he questions and decides according to his own reason and understanding and intuition.

Genius can never develop until the mind is free enough to follow its own thoughts. The conventional always stifles anything like a genius. Imagine Edison as having spent four years at college as a young man and then becoming a college professor. Would his genius have ever blossomed forth? Imagine Theodore Roosevelt as having become a dentist at twenty-five, and settled down in a city of six thousand. Would his genius for leadership have ever carried to the president's chair?

Those who become great, under our present modes of thinking, and under our present ways of educating the young, are those who feel a mighty urge from natural ability. We do not make it easy for genius to develop. We do not encourage genius by our customs. We do not welcome originality. As it is now, no one but an intense egotist has courage to do his own thinking and follow his genius to success. Only an intense egotist has power sufficient to overcome mental laziness and get away from the currents of conventional thought.

"Serve God and be cheerful." Live nobly.
Do right and do good. Make the best
Of the gifts and the work put before you,
And to God without fear leave the rest."

—*William Newell.*

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THOUGHTS ON HEALING

The teaching of Truth is healing. If those who come for healing had the consciousness of the Truth, they would not ask to be healed, for that consciousness is health.—*Mrs. Martha J. Stark.*

God is Health, and Health is Harmony expressed. It depends upon my recognition of God in me whether I express that Health. This is accomplished through thinking with God, or letting God think through me as me.—*Charles Edgar Prather.*

Relax the thought and body, and be willing to be the avenue through which Spirit will manifest Wholeness. Our work in healing lies largely with ourselves. We must be willing to give and to receive—be the open channel through which Spirit will work, expressing its divine harmony.—*Josephine S. Preston.*

I believe in beginning with the Source on every plane of expression. Point out the *identity* of the soul; make it see its Source and its work. When a body is in a place where it has to be handled by a healer, declare the *fulness* where there seems to be lack. We all use the same basis—that of the Omnipresence of God, including the unity of the individual with the Source. Consciousness of this Truth heals.—*Mrs. Ada Brown Fay.*

God IS. That is my religion, my basis of healing. If one were less inquisitive and more contented it would be better. If we actually know that God IS, when some one comes to our door we will not see them as wanting healing, but as someone wanting to be told about God. The less we think about disease, about the body, the better our healing is. The cases on which there is a great deal of time and laborious thought spent are often the ones which might be called failures.

When you go out in a great wave of love to people you have done the best. There is not a careless indifference, but a supreme indifference which comes from knowing God. It is an indifference as to results as results. We cannot pass judgment on any case, that it is a failure or a success.—*Mrs. Maud Fletcher Galigher.*

TO BE A SUCCESS

If you are ever a success it will be because you take hold of yourself and develop yourself and direct yourself in ways useful to the world about you.

The world pays nobody except for work which it wants done.

If you do better work than your neighbor, you can command better pay—if you demand it.

The world isn't going to give you better pay unless you (1) work for it, and (2) believe it your right, and (3) insist upon having it.

But if you never do good work till the world pays you high wages you will never get high pay. You have to do such good work that the world will wake up and take notice that you are the one who does that good work—you have to do this whether you receive pay for it or not.

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion, and in solitude to live after one's own; but the truly great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—*Emerson.*

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Mercy

SHAKESPEARE, by the inspiration which is divine and which betokens the true poet who is as much a teacher of God as any prophet, puts into the mouth of Portia, that beautiful woman-judge in the *Merchant of Venice*, this definition of mercy:

"The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest:
It blesseth Him that gives, and Him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptered sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God Himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice."

Jesus Christ teaches mercy from beginning to end. From the first utterances in His ministry through that wonderful Sermon on the Mount when he gives this beatitude, "Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy;" to the extreme, sometimes called transcendental plan of returning good for evil, of blessing those that curse you, of loving your enemies and praying for those that persecute you, commanding, "Be ye merciful as your heavenly Father is merciful."

When questioned as to his position toward the old law he quotes a striking word from the prophets concerning the divine choice of mercy rather than sacrifice: "For I desired mercy, and not sacrifice; and the knowledge of God more than burnt offerings." Hosea 6:6.

The knowledge of God reveals to us that the old idea of returning evil for evil was to this end, that evil might be destroyed by proving so obnoxious in its fruits; but because it was based upon the belief that evil was just as real as good, the old law missed the mark, for evil has never ceased by evil any more than darkness is put out by darkness. Evil passes away only as the good displaces it by its persistency; therefore we have the teachings of Jesus Christ of non-resistance toward evil, instead of "a life for a life and a tooth for a tooth," as the old Mosaic law presented it.

Good is all there really is, the only presence and the only power, and true ness to this principle means that we shall meet every appearance and expression of evil with the opposite of good. Now this does not mean that we shall sacrifice good in our expression of mercy. There are some people who think they are justified in a sentiment of sympathy and mercy at the sacrifice of justice, but we are never to separate justice from mercy; these two must go hand in hand. Those who think they are merciful and yet are not just, are merely weak and sentimental, and may seem to miss doing the good that they intended to do, because they have not

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seen the way to be just and kind at the same time. We are truly merciful when we are truly just, and the spirit reveals to us how in our hearts "mercy and truth are met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other."

"Shall not the judge of all the earth do right?" That judge is in us, one with divine Intelligence, and able to rise above the ordinary judgment of the world and to judge not according to appearances, but judge righteous judgment; that judgment which looks back of the false deeds to one that is the true one, who has never done an evil thing, and is pure and perfect as it was in the beginning. This divine Intelligence within us shows us that the thing that does falsely is in ignorance and only as it is instructed will it cease from its false motives and its false actions. With this light in the heart we understand how our prisons and our so-called reformatories will yet become schools for the true teaching and training of criminals out of their ignorance and misunderstanding of themselves, and so out of their tendency to crime. When wrong-doing is looked upon in the same light that diseases are regarded now, instead of punishing the bodies and warping the minds and crushing the sense of justice, men will see every wrongdoer as a case for healing and instruction, to be brought to himself, to know his origin, that he is not a sinner, that he is not an evil creature, but divine, with holy and high ideals to be carried out and established here on the earth. Then the intention of the old law will be really carried out, and men and women will cease from false motives and false actions, because the truth has enlightened them and shown that miserable things are not what they have really desired.

The mercy of God is exercised through the hearts of men, and in order to realize this mercy that is without limit in its goodness, and never changes but is eternal, we must come to the supremely merciful stand ourselves, so that we wish for the salvation of every being upon the face of the whole earth; and, so wishing, see that in the Divine Mind it is already accomplished.

"Is the arm of the Lord shortened that it cannot save?" Is there any limitation to the devices of the Divine Mind, or the love of the Divine Heart to draw men into the ways of light and happiness? Have the means and the methods all been exhausted? We know better. We know that the Divine One will know no failure, and no cessation of the operation of good, until every last one shall come to the knowledge of the truth and, therefore, to perfect safety from committing any further errors and drawing upon himself the result of errors committed in the past.—*Master Mind.*

BIRTH OF THE ROSE

"God Thought and the Rose Was Born"

Rose M. de Vaux-Royer

A perfect thought hung, hovering, in the air,
Seeking expression visible, and found
A chaste young shoot of green from virgin ground
All budded—and gladly entered there.

He filled her soul with beauty, and at morn
Drew warmth of love from the young Sun-God's ray,
The dew from night, the secrets from the clay;
She sighed—the petals burst—a rose was born!

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The Mermaid's Comb

ONCE upon a time there was a lovely green island in the ocean, all around which ran a wide reef of white rocks. The waves would dash high against them and send the spray foaming up into the air, till it sounded like the sighing of mighty winds. And the fishermen would shake their heads and say that the mermaids were singing their songs to call the storm from over the waters.

On the shore in a grass hut lived little Pulo and his father. The father was a fisherman, but had broken his leg in saving a friend's life from the rocks, so now he was poor and without work. There was little in the hut to eat except the fish that Pulo caught near the shore, so the boy used to wander in his sorrow by the beach and listen to the mermaid's song.

One day as he went along he saw at a little distance something shining in the sand, and when he picked it up he found it was a beautiful silver comb all studded with jewels, so that it flashed brightly in the sun. Pulo knew it would bring a big price from the white men who came to buy shells, so he was about to run home with it when he heard a voice call him and turned back.

"That is my comb and I cannot return home without it," said the voice. And the boy saw before him on a wet rock a lovely lady whose body ended in a fish's tail—she was a woman from the waist up and a fish from the waist down. That is what is called a mermaid. Her long, golden hair hung in tangles about her wet shoulders, and her eyes were red from weeping.

"I lost my comb yesterday and have been away from home all night," she cried. "I think you have found it; will you give it back?"

Pulo looked at the shining comb and thought of the money it would bring, of what it would do to help, now that his father was sick and the rent due on the little hut.

"It is your comb; certainly you can have it back," he said, placing it in the mermaid's hands. She seized it eagerly and sank below the waves.

A second time Pulo turned to go, and a second time the voice called him. Looking back, he saw the mermaid swimming back to the shore. In her

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hand was a suit of fish skin and this she threw at his feet.

"Put that on and follow me," she said. Pulo obeyed, and soon stood dressed in the fish skin garments.

"Come," she said, and sprang into the waves.

Pulo followed her and sank beneath the water. But the water did not strangle him at all—it just seemed like air—and he found it was very pleasant to go down, down, down till he felt the soft sand beneath his bare feet. The mermaid took his hand and led him to a great cave in the rock. It was almost covered by sea weed, but when they were within he saw it was a huge chamber of solid stone with an arched roof and that all about on the walls were gleaming pearls. Some were as large as an oyster shell and were a bright pink; others were small and shone in all the colors of the rainbow.

The mermaid went to a corner, took up a basket woven of weeds and piled it high with pearls of all colors.

"Take these home with you," she said, as she placed the basket in Pulo's hand. "They will bring you riches from men who come to buy, and I know that you are poor and honest. Had you not given me back my comb I could never have returned home till I found it and might have died on the sands of the shore."

Then she led the boy out of the cave and gave him a blow on the heel that sent him up to the top of the waves in a moment. In a few seconds he had thrown off his fish suit and grabbing the basket of pearls sped to his father's side.

"Look, look, father, what I have brought," he cried, spreading out the shining pearls on the ragged cover.

That evening a white man called and bought four pearls for which he gave a great deal of money. With this they bought a nice home, sent for a good doctor, and soon the sick father was well. Then with the rest of the pearls he bought many boats till he had a large fleet under him, so that for the rest of his life Pulo was a captain over many men. And from his honesty and kindness came the good fortune which lasted as long as they lived.

OLD ROVER

Old Rover is the finest dog
That ever ran a race;
His ear so quick, his foot so fleet,
And such an honest face.

My playmate he, in ev'ry sport,
The moment I begin,
He's always ready for a race
And always sure to win.

One day he stole my hat
And ran across the plain,
While loudly laughed a man and boy
Who saw me chase in vain.

So tired, at last, I sat me down
Upon a green grass-plat,
When, quick, old Rover turned about
And brought me back my hat.

At home, abroad, where e'er I go,
There Rover's sure to be—
There never was a kinder dog
Than he has been to me.

—*From an Old-Time First Reader.*

What though ten thousand faint,
Desert or yield or in weak terror flee!
Heed not the panic of the multitude;
Thine be the captain's watchword—
Victory.

—*Horatius Bonar.*

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Snowball and Her Mail

VENITA RUTH DUDGEON

A CROWD of curious heads were bent over the little fox terrier that wiggled in her master's arms and whined a pitifully human cry while she kept her eyes riveted on the departing train.

No amount of petting served to cheer the lonely dog and, with the exception of a few candies and nuts her mistress had left her, she would eat nothing, but would run from one window to the other, jump on the sill, and peer out eagerly as if expecting her loved one any moment. Mrs. Palmer, her mistress, had gone to a distant city, however, not to return for some weeks.

These actions continued for days. Mr. Palmer told his wife in every letter how the poor "baby" was behaving. He became worried, for he, too, loved the faithful pet; yet there seemed to be nothing to do but humor the dog in every way. Snowball, for that was the dog's name, recently had been allowed to go to Mr. Palmer's office, where she cuddled up in the large arm-chair or spread herself full length on the desk. Here, again, it was apparent that she was grieving for her absent mistress.

One morning, when the mail was brought in, the dog first curiously examined the packet and then began to brush the letters one by one from the desk. Suddenly she barked significantly, jumped to the floor with a square envelope in her mouth, and chased around the office making the queerest little noise. Then she put it down with her paw securely upon it, and sniffed and snorted as if to say, "I knew it was from my mistress." The dog had taken possession of the letter which really did come from the one whom she pined for. Mr. Palmer had to be very severe in order to get it from her.

Mrs. Palmer was greatly amused at the news of this demonstration of affection and wisdom, so henceforth she rubbed her fingers over all the letters, and Snowball, in turn, was allowed to pick them out of the packet. This worked like a charm. Snowball became so interested in looking over the mail daily that her grief turned to expectation and she was again interested in the things around her.

One day Mrs. Palmer sent some peanuts, each of which she handled, and put carefully into the box, nuts and candy being Snowball's favorite indulgence. So there was no more starvation from grief, for the frequent arrival of some thing she liked served to cheer the faithful dog and caused her to feel that her mistress was not so far away after all.

Prayer does not consist in words, but in actions; and the gods help him who helps himself. But he who expects that the gods should do for him that which he ought to accomplish for himself, does not know how to pray, and will be disappointed. Prayer means the rising up in our thoughts and aspirations to the highest ideal; if we do not rise up to it, we do not pray. If we expect our highest ideal to come down to us, we expect an absurdity and impossibility.—*Franz Hartmann.*

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INVEST YOUR DAY

Organize your twenty-four-hour day on an efficiency basis. Systematize the essentials of your life, and remember that recreation is just as essential as work; that every exhalation of energy must be followed by an inhalation of spiritual energy. Systematize your time and work with a view to finding yourself every morning a little stronger and brighter than you were the morning before. Work and play for power, spiritual, mental and physical. Not merely for the sake of turning off work.

Invest your energies, mental and physical, instead of merely spending them. A day's time and energy properly invested makes each succeeding day a day of greater power and joy.

And see that in all your work you recognize the cosmic principle that your best good comes through serving the other fellow's best good. Money is not the end of existence. Money is not the end of business. Work accomplished is not the end of existence, nor of business.

All of life is for the individual, not the individual for work accomplished.

Money is a measure of power and usefulness and it comes with interest to the man who makes himself more and more radiantly useful to the human beings with whom he comes in contact.

Always remember that there is virtue in merely keeping still—not holding still forcefully, but becoming progressively still within, first in body, then in thought. The center of quiet power will grow, if one fosters this habit, so that in due time one can turn more directly to the calm place within—a calm spot within the hurricane, it may sometimes be.

The foregoing statement, namely, that we should stop thinking with the brain, gives a clue to this calm spot within. At first thought this statement seems a strange one, for it might be asked, how can we think otherwise than with our brains? We all know by experience, however, the difference between forcing the brain to think and simply following the meditative development of thought. One reason why we do not readily fall asleep at night, and do not sleep restfully when we do at last lose consciousness in slumber, is found in the fact that we take our problems to bed, turning them over and over, eagerly seeking a solution. The brain thus gets into a whirl, and we cannot stop thinking when we would. On the other hand, there are times when our consciousness is revelational in character, when there is a spontaneous flow of thought that comes without effort.

IF THOU WORKEST AT THAT WHICH IS BEFORE THEE

If thou workest at that which is before thee, following right reason seriously, vigorously, calmly, without anything else to distract thee, but keeping thy divine part pure, as if thou shouldst be bound to give it back immediately; if thou holdest to this, expecting nothing, fearing nothing, but satisfied with thy present activity according to nature, and with heroic truth in every word and sound which thou utterest, thou wilt live happy. And there is no man who is able to prevent this.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

"It is easier for the man who has faith in himself and the Law, to scale the heavens, than it is to make a freeman or a truly good citizen out of a man or woman who is afraid to think and judge for themselves."

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Extract from Lecture by Bishop Oliver C. Sabin

THIS religion, denominated by many as the New Thought, belongs to no church, no coterie, or sect; but it is the God Almighty Truth, and belongs to the entire family of man. The ministry of the Evangelical Churches throughout all Christendom, and notably the Episcopalians, are openly teaching, preaching and adopting many of the methods taught by our Church, in this, that they have come to the forefront as advocates of God healing through the mind as well as through medicine.

It is only a few years past that the Christian ministry would not have this. They did not believe it. But the world is moving forward, not only in mechanics, in aerial navigation, in electricity, but also in the thought world. Things today are plain and susceptible of demonstration in the world of thought that are more phenomenal than is the fact that aerial navigation will soon be accomplished.

Man is learning to be free; free from the fear of sickness, sorrow, want, and all inharmonious conditions. He is learning in a very large degree to take God into his confidence, and ask, seek and knock in an intelligent way, with the assurance that his prayers will be answered, and answered instantaneously. If we but trust God and put ourselves under His guidance and direction, and allow Him to lead us in all of our affairs, failure will be impossible; success will perch upon the banner of every student, every merchant, every artist, every man of literature, and all those who are following honorable professions; and instead of having a world, as we have today, bound down in sickness, in sorrow, in poverty, the bright light of God's liberty will shine throughout the entire world, and the whole family of man will enlist under its banner, and be successful and happy.

The time is coming and will soon be when this thought of Universal Love, as taught by our Savior, will control the whole world and the children of men will be living in happiness and contentment, in the perfect and full enjoyment of all the blessings which we are entitled to by virtue of our charter rights. I mean by charter rights that God, when man was created, gave him power and dominion over the earth, the air, the sea, and all that in them are, and man was commanded to go forth and exercise that power and dominion and to subdue the earth. Whatever rights were ever given to one of God's children have been given to all, and none can say that the first parents had any more than the last child that was born. God, the impartial, loving, beautiful Father, loves His children all alike. He has no favorites one above the other; but we all have and are entitled to the same rights and privileges, the same power and dominion; and the only reason why some do not enjoy it as well as others is either because of their own laches or the conditions under which they have been born and reared.

The time is coming when this will be the only thought. All the churches will adopt it. The ministry everywhere will be healers of the sick, and go hand in hand with all those who are working for the good of mankind.

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It is a source of pleasure to me to be able to state that our books and periodicals have gone throughout all the world; that many branch churches and organizations have been established in every continent; and that in Australia, South Africa, the Island of Ceylon, they have publications along the lines of the new church, all teaching the same Universal Love as is taught by us in Washington.

THE EVILS THAT NEVER ARRIVE

Did you ever stop to think how many of your troubles in life vanished the moment you forgot them? How many difficulties so grave you never, never could have overcome them, failed to trouble you because you didn't think of them till afterward? How many wrongs for which you "never, never would speak to her again" are now so vague that you no longer can remember what they were? Why not hurry along to that blessed oblivion some of the trials which oppress you now?

Does your present problem loom too large and real to be so simply set aside? Are the immediate obstacles to your success so hopeless? Test them by this: Recall some past event of pleasing outcome and conjure up the various things which might have happened to interfere. With just a little time and imagination you will discover a dozen excellent reasons why it shouldn't have happened, and yet . . . It did happen, didn't it? Why should your present fears prove any more substantial? Why not forget them now instead of afterward?

"Some sorrows there are can be cured
And the sharpest you still have survived;
But what torments of pain you endured
From the evils that never arrived!"

THE PURPOSE OF NEW THOUGHT

To show that beauty, and honor, and kindness, and love, and joy are in the hearts of men; to recognize the good in social, business, and public life; to find in individuals and in families the secrets of the life worth living, and then to tell these secrets to other individuals and families; to search out and tell in simple, direct language the romance of self-sacrifice, of noble endeavor, of high achievement, of devotion to others—not forgetting the humble and obscure while admiring the brilliant and famous; to spread the contagion of good until men and women and little children in every great city and every remote hamlet shall be caught in the epidemic; to come close to the hearts of these men and women and little children, and draw them, if we may, into close mutual sympathy and helpfulness; to encourage their work and their play; to arouse enthusiasm; to awaken ambition; to guide this enthusiasm and this ambition into practical, worthy, successful effort; this is the great purpose, in part at least, of New Thought, of the higher, better, truer thought, of the spiritual health and healing movement of our day.

In my younger days, when a student, I frequently asked my mother to awake me at a certain hour, and she invariably did so. I could depend on her, and in the time of examination stress I could lay me down and sleep, assured of being awakened. So I can lay me down and sleep, being certain that in the morning I shall awake in His likeness, for Christ is our redemption. We have the sure promise of His word that those who suffer with Him shall also reign with Him.
—*John Robertson.*

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Right Thinking

Seek Ye the Kingdom of Heaven and All Other Things Will Be Added

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

HALF the intelligent world is today ready to admit that thought can help or cure mental maladies. The other half of the world, in the next century, will be obliged to admit that all maladies are mental, and that thought, therefore, can cure all diseases. Wrong thinking is responsible for every unfortunate condition on the earth.

Right thinking, persistent right thinking, can remedy them all. The greater number of people who come to realize this law, the sooner the results. Remember that your mental power is like the water in a great reservoir. If you pierce a thousand holes in the reservoir and let the water filter through them all on waste places, you will have none left to turn a mill or supply a city.

Set a watch upon yourself today. Decide upon some one purpose you desire to make manifest itself as a result.

Assert that this purpose is manifesting as a result. Then picture to yourself its perfect consummation, just as Cyrus Field kept the perfect ocean cable in his mental picture room for thirteen years, despite continual failures. No doubt he had many other thoughts during that time. He was obliged to think of food and sleep and garments to wear, and domestic matters. But always that other thought was dominant.

If he had let the water in his mental reservoir dribble away in ten thousand idle meaningless ways, he would never have attained his ideal. As you set a watch upon your own mind you will be surprised and humiliated to find how often your thoughts drift away from the object you have in view. The result to be desired depends wholly upon how persistently you bring back your concentrated mental powers to their goal.

A cat sat six hours, with scarcely one movement, intent upon the coming of a mouse from a cupboard. The mouse came.

If you want health or the power to heal others, or any thing in life absolutely as the cat wanted that mouse to come out, it will come.

Be careful what you want. For an unworthy wish will prove a boomerang and beat you to earth when it gets into motion. Thought, like electricity, can be used for good or evil, for all healing purposes, or for destruction. But if for the latter end, the result to the sender is worse than destructive.

Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven, and all other things shall be added thereunto.

But remember the kingdom of heaven is within you.

Thought is the key to this kingdom.

Know this now.

The whole world will know it in the next century.

And keep in mind this law: that just as many moments as you give to talking or thinking of poverty, disease, crime, misery and evil doing, just as many words as you give to gossip, criticism and faultfinding, just as much of your

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vital force as you give to fear, anger, gloom and resentment (toward individuals or fate), just so many hindrances and delays you make for yourself in the way of obtaining your desire.

Words are great forces in the realm of life;
Be careful of their use. Who talks of hate,
Of poverty and sickness, but sets rife
The very elements to mar his fate.

When love, health, happiness and plenty hear
Their names repeated over day by day,
They wing their way like answering fairies near;
Then nestle down within our homes to stay.

WHY HE WAS CHOSEN

It is said that when the pope's agent traveled all over Italy for samples of the work of all the great painters, the famous Giotto took a piece of chalk and drew a circle with one turn of the wrist. The agent protested, but that circle was all he would give him. When the pope saw the circle and heard the story, he examined it carefully and critically, then exclaimed: "Let this artist be sent for; he has done a simple thing so perfectly that I am sure he is the very man to paint the pictures I have in mind." The grace that does not aim for perfection in small things will not reach perfection in large things.

Love truth, but pardon error. The mortal who goes astray is still a man and thy brother. Be wise for thyself alone; compassionate for him. Achieve thine own welfare by blessing others.

HAPPINESS

Happiness: To look at the future without flinching; to know the rocky road ahead and have a desire to jump: the will to rise above the material; to be content to breathe fresh air and defy conditions; to accept all as good; to believe in your fellowmen and stretch, loyally, a hand to one less aware of the ways of Life, for he who takes his lot too seriously, dies.

And envy not—you don't even know whether or not the fellow you believe better off is really so—you have no way to tell. Then don't envy him, it makes bad blood—physiologically and metaphorically.

Use all that Nature gave you to the best advantage, as a good mechanic his tools.

Don't let big things or little things that come to pass interfere with you—how useless when you cannot help their intrusive presence. Don't cause them to leave traces on your brow. Wrinkles are bad for the looks of you and for the good of your peace of mind.

Don't play scholar to the vicissitudes of Life, but be their Master. Learn the game of living and play it fair and square.

Man has been called a child of circumstance, the plaything of fate, but the truth is that man owns himself, and the circumstances which surround and enfold him shift and change as the wind blows. The man who *governs himself* shapes and fashions the conditions which are about him. Every motion he makes is a new event evolved from himself which makes another point of light in some constellation glowing in the firmament of his life.—*Dowd.*

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Treatment

BISHOP OLIVER C. SABIN

WE are the perfect children of God, created in his image and in His likeness, living, moving and having our beings in God, and are perfect as God is perfect, because our life is in Him and from Him and of Him, and these evil material manifestations can not touch us nor harm us, because God is love and God's love covers us to do the waters the sea; and nothing but perfect love can come near us; nothing but perfect love surround us; God leads us in everything; He leads us by His wisdom; He protects us with His power; supplies us with His goodness; in our outgoings and in our incomings, God Almighty's power sustains us. He watches over us and cares for us, and the very hairs of our heads are numbered; a sparrow falls not to the ground without His notice. Omnipresent love, infinite knowledge, everlasting perfect love, it covers us, takes care of us, watches over us, and God gives us the realization and spiritual understanding to realize the Truth; and He fills our hearts with love. Love is the power which unlocks the dominion, and He gives us perfect love and through that we have absolute dominion of God's blessings. He destroys every belief of inharmony and error and gives us the realization of the Truth that all such is a lie, unreal and untrue, because God is all and God is good, and that there is no evil and can be none, because there is no room for anything but God, for God is all and God is good. Therefore, we denounce and deny all discord, all evil, and drive them into the darkness and blackness of oblivion of materiality, and turn our faces towards the eternal Truth and eternal light of God Almighty's love. God blesses each and every one of us here today; He sends us away perfectly healed; He baptizes us with His holy spirit; He gives us the knowledge of the Truth which makes us free. He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty, and therefore no evil can come near us, around us, or about us, for we do dwell in God.

We thank Thee and we praise Thee, Oh, Father; we praise Thee and we rejoice that Thou hast given us this knowledge which makes us free. All in the name and through the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

A RESOLUTION FOR TODAY

"I will not speak an unkind word today,
From the sun's bright rising until it sets,
Nor in the mystic darkness of the night.
I will not bear a tale from house to house,
Perchance to wound a heart already sad.
Nor shall a thoughtless word escape my lips
To those I love; nor will I part from them
In anger, knowing that the tragedies
Of today may bring oblivion to ears
That never more can know my heart's remorse.
I will live in harmony with the great
Universe and all that breathe therein,
Trying to make them glad that I was born,
Thus will I be at peace with my true self."

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LOVE TEACHES

What does Love teach? All the knowledge that is in this world, and all worlds, Love taught.

Love teaches first understanding. From understanding issue results, wrongly called patience, endurance, courage, unselfishness, hope, faith, charity. These names are but different terms for understanding.

One is not patient when he understands. One is not being patient when he does not get angry with a horse because it is not a bird. He is not patient, he understands. So when the soul loves much its understanding is great and has no need for patience.

When one loves much he desires to give all his attainments of spirit, soul, mind and body, and all his possessions to the one he loves. Therefore, he cannot be said to be unselfish when he does that which he desires to do.

When one loves much he perceives the whole and true nature of the one he loves. He understands—that is, knows the nature of the loved one.

He who loves not sees not the nature of man, but his conditions, good or bad. He does not understand, therefore he has to be patient with those in his life.

He has to be brave, for there is much that he fears, as he does not understand. One is not counted brave because he is not afraid of the handkerchief he holds in his hand. He understands. So the one who understands Life, and living man, does not fear man.

To the extent that one loves, to that extent he understands.

Love teaches everything and every one. Whatever a man knows, he has been taught that thing by love.

If a man loves little he gropes his way through life like a blind man. He is continually running against things that hurt him. He stumbles over nothing and falls. He passes his dearest friends without seeing them. The thing that he longs for the most lies under his very feet, but he passes it by unseeing.

He creates desires, and when they answer his call he turns away from them, not recognizing them as the things so ardently looked for.

He hears voices, but he can not understand their words. Or their speech is unknown to him.

He begs to be shown the way, and many hasten to direct his steps, and the sounds but confuse him. Without sight, without hearing, he roams about the world.

He does not love enough to understand.—*Alma Gillen in Expression.*

THE UNSEEN POWER

There are more things in Heaven and earth than we can dream of, or than Nature understands; we learn not through our poor philosophy what hidden chords are touched by unseen hands. The present hour repeats upon its strings echoes of some vague dream we have forgot; dim voices whisper half-remembered things, and when we pause to listen—answer not. And who can tell what secret links of thought bind heart to heart? Unspoken things are heard, as if within our deepest selves was brought the soul, perhaps, of some unuttered word. But, though a veil of shadow hangs between that hidden life, and what we see and hear, let us revere the power of the Unseen, and know a world of mystery is near.—*Adelaide A. Procter.*

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The Story of Caleb

CHARLES EDGAR PRATHER

WE read in the Bible about a man who was discouraged about himself and who said, "Man was born in sin and conceived in iniquity." We have thought we were worms of the dust, but now we see that we are formed in God and of God, we must be like God, and that includes not only the spiritual and mental, but the physical. A good illustration of this lesson today is the story of Caleb Caleb means confidence, capability; and Caleb was of the tribe of Judah, and Judah means trust, looking on the bright side, optimism. See how closely they are related. It is necessary to be optimistic to be confident. Caleb followed the Lord. That is he followed the highest vision of Truth. He did not permit himself to judge by appearances. He was one of the twelve, there being one from each tribe, whom Moses sent into the Promised Land to investigate. They came back and reported that it was truly a goodly land.

They said that fruit grew in the valleys so abundantly that there was more than enough to supply the people. They brought back some of these fruits, and one bunch of grapes was so large that it had to be carried on a pole between two of the men. But they said that while the country was so rich and fertile, still there were giants there and they could not take the place. They said the people there were opposed to them. The people became excited and discouraged and disappointed because this was the land which God had declared they should inherit, and yet they had been wandering in doubt and confusion and fear for forty years, and here every one, with the exception of Caleb and Joshua, said they could not go in and take it.

That is just what you and I are doing all the time. We say we see the ideal, that we are the children of God and as such inherit all the Father has, but not now; after a while. So Caleb stilled the people and said, "Let us go over and take it. We are able." Joshua said, "Yes, let us go." Joshua means savior, very much akin to confidence, courage, faithfulness. They were the only two of the original company who went into Canaan and possessed it.

But after Caleb and Joshua had made their report and declared their confidence in their success in attaining the realization of that ideal which had always been held up to them to attain, Moses said God had instructed him that Caleb should inherit Mount Hebron. A mountain signifies a high consciousness. When Jesus had any difficulty to overcome the Bible says He went up into a high mountain to pray. That is, He went up to the high consciousness within himself, and from there He received power, so much that He declared that all power was given unto Him in Heaven and in earth.

But the thought I want to call your attention to is this: Caleb was forty years old when he went with the others as a spy. He went over into Canaan with Joshua, he followed his highest vision of Truth always, he judged from the inner standpoint and not from the external conditions, and yet he never

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claimed his inheritance until forty-five years from that time. We are doing that same thing today. We say we know that God has promised us all things and that we are living up to the highest we see, and yet we do not seem perfect. Our bodies seem sick, we have troubles, there are things which seem to be limiting us, we seem to be bound in poverty, and yet we say we know God is our Father. We are exactly like Caleb. We are in the Promised Land and yet we do not get the fruit of it.

Caleb did that for forty-five years. That made him eighty-five. Then he went to Joshua and said, "I am now eighty-five years old. You remember the time Moses promised me a goodly inheritance in this land. I have been faithful, have followed God the best I know, and now give me my inheritance." The point is this: that before he could come into possession of his inheritance he had to *claim* it and he had to say, "Let me have it now." So Joshua blessed him and gave him Mount Hebron, and that is true today. The descendants of Caleb are in possession of that country.

You see, he was living in the future just like we do. We hope to become well and happy and prosperous. The great lesson is this: claim your inheritance now. You know you are in God, of God, like God. Claim your divinity now. Some people say we do not believe in the divinity of Jesus. Certainly we do. Jesus was divine, and whatever Jesus was you are. That is the point. The Christ is the consciousness, the God knowing within you, what you are and from whence you are, and this is the power which transcends all other power. Do not forget that Christ is the consciousness, or the activity of Spirit within you by which you know.

FORGET IT

If your wife makes a cake and it is a failure, do not tell her about it; she knows it. Tell her that her failures are better than any other woman's successes, and eat the cake; ask for a second piece. She will try her very best to make good cake if she has a husband who is worth making good cake for, and your husband will try his best to please you if you are worth pleasing. If no one seems to care about pleasing you, you can easily guess why. Set to work at once to make yourself worth pleasing. If you think other people do not love you enough, never mention it. It is a thing to be ashamed of. It shows that you are not winning their love.

Therefore, do not mention it when other people have not treated you right. What good can you do by telling about it? You will only cause somebody else to be mistreated by telling the story, and you will spread the evil. No matter how much you have been misused, keep it to yourself. Never mention it; forget it. Stories of misuse, of ill temper and quarrels only cause other people to misuse each other, lose their temper and quarrel. If a friend has mistreated you, never on any account tell it to anybody. When you mention that friend, let it be to tell what a good time you had with him on some other occasion.—*Wallace D. Wattles in Nautilus.*

When Nero advertised for a new luxury, a walk in the woods should have been offered. 'Tis one of the secrets for dodging old age. For Nature makes a like impression on age as on youth. Then I recommend it to people who are growing old against their will.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

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Affirmation

AN affirmation bears the same relation to Soul Culture that an axiom bears to mathematics. It is to be taken as Truth, not reasoned upon, but accepted. Thus held, it will mould the expression of life into its own likeness. The "I" is the ego of the person who affirms. As one says, "I am happy," when all goes well with him, he is to learn to say, "I am happy," when all seems ill with him. He will thus, by Auto-suggestion, produce in himself that mental state which is happiness. Affirmations are spiritual gymnastics by which one may grow into self-control. When they are repeated, or held in mind, other and injurious thoughts cannot come in. Thus by *conscious* choice one becomes Master of Fate.

Mental Scientists deal with That-which-is—with positives. We have nothing to do with that which is not—with negatives. What I am, and what I possess form the base upon which rest all Affirmations. The primary Affirmation is—I am. As fast as I learn myself I will add a word to these two; as, for instance, I will soon say, I am life! Later, I am health! Ultimately, I am whatever I think I am.

Affirmations bear the same relations to the Art of Living that tools bear to all the mechanical arts. Workmen must learn to use their tools. So in this greatest of Arts and deepest of all Sciences—the Science of Mind and the Art of Living—one must learn to use Affirmations.

Beginners in Mental Science often say: "I affirmed that I was well and it did no good!" No doubt. A person expects to try a straight line often before he can draw one; to try the problems in mathematics often before he can solve them. All experts in every line have gained power by practice. The greater the power the longer and more persistent the practice. The athlete, foot-ball player, pugilist, have practiced long and hard; have concentrated upon their work and earned their success.

There is no power of more value than the mastery of the body and environment so as at all times to be happy and healthful. For this reason this power of self-mastery is not lightly won. Since it is mental *science*, it must be learned; since it requires no practice, it is an *art*.

To acquire a knowledge of how to think and what to think, requires attention, and will and concentration to think it, when it is known. Be it understood that New Thought is not a mere intellectual perception of Truth. It is not a mere Affirmation of set phrases. To think that it is so is for one to think all the smith needs to do is to hammer his anvil and all the author needs is to take up his pen.

Hammer and anvil, pen and paper, are necessary tools, but to know *how* and *what* to do with these tools is important; but even this is of little value till that which is known is *done*. To repeat Affirmations carelessly and intermittently will as soon bring one to health and success as looking at the swimmer will make a swimmer.

The theory of Affirmation is the Law of Suggestion—*I am that which I think I am*. I am to learn what is necessary for me to think that I may be success:

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that I may be health; that I may be happiness. Having learned *what to think* and *how to think,* I have but *to think it* to be that which I wish to be. It is necessary to think in Affirmations.

When am I that which I think I am? While I think it. How long am I that which I think I am? As long as I think it. Until I form the habit of thinking that which I wish to be, I shall at times be that which I do not wish to be, because at those times I think that which I do not wish to be.

This is the place and power of Affirmations. By them we create the mental habit of thinking in the line we desire and thus create the objective expression we desire. Each repetition of an Affirmation causes a change in nerve and brain cells. They vibrate to the thought. We create a physical memory that automatically directs our thinking in the chosen channel, just as we have unconsciously created one which now instinctively says "I am pain," "I am weak."

Here is the Law of Self-Direction: *Affirm that you are that which you desire to be till it becomes a habit to think you are that which you desire to be, and you will then be that which you desire to be. I am success when I habitually think "Success."—Henry Harrison Brown in Now.*

All the follies and shams of the world are seen through the editorial and reportorial rooms, from day to day, and I only wonder that journalists can believe anything.—*Talmage.*

The high prize of life, the crowning fortune of a man, is to be born with a bias to some pursuit which finds him in employment and happiness.—*Emerson.*

PERSONAL MAGNETISM

Everybody is carrying an atmosphere all his own, or all her own. You have been in a gay circle of friends when the door opens and a new comer enters. All at once the temperature in the room seems to drop. Conversation begins to lag. The spirit of all seems to be stricken with a blight. Some one has brought a chilling atmosphere into the room, and all have felt its unpleasant influence. You can recall experiences of just the opposite kind. There are persons whose coming is always a signal for increased animation and good fellowship. No gathering is dull after they arrive. They are looked for to "break the ice." They diffuse warmth and gladness. They are the makers of joy who are blessing the world every step of the way. A freezing atmosphere is to be shunned. It destroys the life of friendship and strikes inward, destroying the one who carries it. Cold formality, aloofness, lack of wholesome enthusiasm constitute an atmosphere of misery. "He that hath friends must show himself friendly." His friendliness must have initiative and a good hearty assertiveness. There must be about it a generous warmth that spreads its pleasant glow around those who come within its influence.

It is necessary, with deliberate intention, to give our friendliness rather than to wait, expecting to reserve it. Too many are willing to respond to friendly advances but are slow to make them. "If thy heart yearn for love, be loving; if thou wouldst free mankind, be free; if thou wouldst have a brother frank to thee, be frank with him."

The secret in success is to do all you can without thought of fame.—*Addison.*

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Expect Great Things of Yourself

We Cannot Get Away From Our Thought—We Must Be Like It

STOUTLY assert that there is a place for you in the world, and that you are going to fill it like a man. Train yourself to expect great things of yourself. Never admit even by your manner that you think you are destined to do little things all your life. If you practice and persistently hold the positive, producing, opulent thought, this mental attitude will some day make a place for you, and create that which you desire. Bear in mind that nothing will come to you without a sufficient cause, and that cause is mental.

Thoughts are forces, and by them we create ourselves and our conditions. These little force points are constantly chiseling, molding the character, fashioning the life. We cannot get away from our thought. We must be like it.

Whatever we long for, yearn for, struggle for, and hold persistently in the mind, we tend to become—tend to, in exact proportion to the intensity and persistence of the thought. We think ourselves into smallness, into inferiority by thinking downward. We ought to think upward, then we would reach the heights where superiority dwells. It is not to be said that the man whose mind is set firmly toward achievement actually appropriates success, for he is success.

I never knew a man who had a small, belittling estimate of himself to do a great thing. We can never get more out of ourselves than we expect. If you expect large things from yourself, and demand them, if you hold the large mental attitude toward your work, you will get much bigger results than if you depreciate yourself and look only for little results.

Hold the thought of superiority and you will become superior. You will never become a giant if you only make a pigmy's claim for yourself: if you only expect a pigmy's part. There is no law which can cause a pigmy's thinking to produce a giant. The statue follows the model. The model is the inward vision.

The deed must first live in the thought or it will never be a reality; and a strong, vigorous concept of the thing we want to do is a tremendous initial step. A thought that is timidly born will be timidly executed. There must be vigor of conception of an indifferent execution.

Your own estimate of yourself, of your ability, your standing, the weight you carry, and of the figure you cut in the world, will be out-pictured in your appearance, in your manner.

If you feel very ordinary you will appear very ordinary. If you do not respect yourself you will show it in your face. If you feel poor, if you have a skim-milk opinion of yourself, you may be sure that nothing very rich will manifest itself in you. Whatever qualities you attribute to yourself, you will manifest in the impression you make upon others.

On the other hand, if you always contemplate the very qualities which you long to possess, they will gradually become yours, and you will express them in your face and manner. There must

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be superiority in your thought before it can be expressed in your face and your bearing.

Never allow yourself to think meanly, narrowly, poorly of yourself. Never regard yourself as weak, inefficient, diseased, but as perfect, complete, whole. Never even think of the possibility of going through life a failure or a partial failure.

Failure and misery are not for the man who has seen the God-side of himself, who has been in touch with divinity. They are for those who have never discovered themselves and their God-like qualities.

Much of the poverty and lack of social position among people of the working class in this country today are due to their own sense of inferiority. Instead of standing up in an attitude of manliness and independence they take it for granted that they are inferior. If there is anything a level-headed, spirited employer despises it is a truckling, pandering, apologizing attitude in his employes. He likes to have those about him approach him on the equality of manhood. He instinctively despises those who bow and scrape. He can never respect the leave-it-all-to-you employe. He likes the one who stands up for his rights, and who makes him feel that he is a man and expects to be treated as a man. Your own mental picture of yourself is a good measure of yourself and your possibilities.

Many people queer their success at the very outset by expecting that they are going to fail, thinking that chances are against them. In other words, their mental attitude is not favorable to the success which they are after. It sometimes even attracts failure. Success is achieved mentally first. If the mental attitude is one of doubt, the results will correspond. There must be persistent faith, continuous confidence, in order to win. A wavering, doubting mind brings wavering, doubting results.

There are many people who are habitually successful. Everything they touch seems to turn out well. They start out with the expectation of succeeding, with full, complete confidence that they are going to win, and they do.

I know of no other habit which would bring so much of value to our lives as that of always expecting that the best will happen to us instead of the worst; of taking it for granted that we are going to win out in whatever we undertake.

One of the worst things that can ever happen to a person is to get it into his head that he was born unlucky and that the Fates are against him. There are no Fates, outside of our own mentality. We are our own Fates. We control our own destiny.

There is no fate or destiny which puts one man down and another up. "It is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings." He only is beaten who admits that he is inferior, who voluntarily takes an inferior position because he thinks the best things were intended for somebody else. This is all nonsense. The world belongs to him who can conquer it. Good things belong to those who can take them by force of purpose and tenacity of determination. There is no power which parcels out good things to a favored few, and gives you and me inferior things.

We are very apt to think of men who have been unusually successful in any line as greatly favored by fortune and we try to account for it in all sorts of ways but the right one. The fact is that their success represents their ex-

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pectations of themselves—the sum of their creative, positive, habitual thinking. It is their mental attitude outpictured and made tangible in their environment. They have wrought—created—what they have and what they are out of their constructive thought and their unquenchable faith in themselves.

Whenever you see a person who has been unusually successful in any field, remember that he has usually thought himself into this position; his mental attitude and energy have created it; what he stands for in his community has come from his attitude toward life, toward his fellow men, toward his vocation, toward himself. Above all else, it is the outcome of his self-faith, of his inward vision of himself; the result of his estimate of his powers and possibilities.

If the people who are down in the world, who are side-tracked, who believe that their opportunity has gone by forever, that they can never get on their feet again, only knew the power of the reversal of their thought, they could easily get a new start.

Erase all the shadows, all the doubts and fears, and all the suggestions of poverty and failure from your mind. When you have become master of your thought, when you have once learned to dominate your mind, you will find that things will begin to come your way.

The cause of whatever comes to you in life is within you. There is where it is created. The thing you long for and work for comes to you because your thought has created it; because there is something inside you that attracts it. It comes because there is an affinity within you for it. Your own comes to you; is always seeking you.—*Orison Swett Marden in Nautilus.*

THOUGHTS ON HEALING

When we are working with people who consider themselves ill there may come the temptation to let disease become a power to us. I used to ask myself. What is healing? Sometimes we are apt to try to change the body; to imagine that someone really has the consumption; that certain environment is binding and holding one from being free and perfect; whereas, the only healing is to restore ourselves to the divine consciousness. The healing power does not go through us to the patient. God's eternal order IS, and the one who asks for treatment really has nothing the matter with his body or his conditions. The only trouble is in his thought.

When we treat we are not trying to change anything but our mental vision or conception of things; and when we know absolutely that there is but God and God manifest, the Perfect Life and its Activity, and go to our patient in that consciousness, we see absolutely nothing to be done. Healing is getting the right conception of Life and its processes.—*Miss Nona L. Brooks.*

Every rose is an autograph from the hand of the Almighty God on this world about us. He has inscribed his thoughts in these marvellous hieroglyphics which sense and science have been these many thousand years seeking to understand. —*Theodore Parker.*

Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things.—*Philippians* iv, 8.

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UNCLE JIM

BY J. G. MILLS, BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

Folks thought Uncle Jim was poor;
They judged him by his clothes;
And I know well he wasn't rich,
As far as money goes.

But he was rich in other things
That money couldn't buy;
His heart was full, and very full,
Of truth and love and joy.

This showed itself upon his face,
And spread itself around;
I always thought that where he lived
Was surely holy ground.

Uncle Jim, he seldom talked;
Hardly ever spoke;
And folks who seemed to know him well
Thought he was quite a joke.

He just smiled a sunny smile
At all the folks he met;
It went right through you like a flash,
A smile you can't forget.

Folks thought Uncle Jim was poor;
They judged him by his clothes;
But he was richer than them all,
And this the good Lord knows.

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"The Lord Is My Shepherd!" Is He?

PERHAPS no passage of scripture is more quoted than this line from the Twenty-third Psalm, and certainly none contains more promise and none if Faith is present has more of comfort.

"The shepherd careth for his sheep." In Judea in the time of Jesus the shepherd had not an easy time. He must not only find "green pastures" and "still waters," he must be on the watch for robbers and destructive animals. He must care for lambs in dangerous places. He must stay with them, return the stray ones and safely fold them at night.

This conception of Universal Goodness as the Good Shepherd contains then the idea of protection, shelter, food, supply every way and loving oversight. It inculcates supreme trust in a Living Providence. But when it is uttered does it really express this trust?

Few are there among men who are not uttering some form of plaint showing a distrust of the Shepherd's power, wisdom or love. There lies a fear in the breast that things and conditions will not be best for us. We mistrust supply and begin to hoard for a rainy day. We mistrust goodness and cry for mortal oversight and love. We mistrust wisdom and seek in various ways for knowledge. We are not in green pastures, but are in fields of nettles and worry. We are not by still waters, but surrounded with billowy seas or roaring torrents. We trust not the fold at night and beat the bars of it as if it were a prison and at the same time declare "The Lord is my Shepherd!" The daily lives of the mass who on Sunday so proclaim causes us to interpret their term "Shepherd" as jailer, tyrant, persecutor.

We are as sheep that continually stray from the fold and are searched for and brought back wounded; sheep who break away from the care and watchfulness of shepherd and get into mountain dangers, besieged by beasts and lost amid jagged rocks. And then we blame the shepherd.

Stop! Remove the scales from eyes and in Faith look about. The pastures are the green ones, the best ones and the waters still. We are at all times there. The barrenness and disturbance are within ourselves. The mistrust, doubt and fears have been our masters, and what we think along these lines we are. As colored glasses color all the landscape and ringing in the ears destroy all melody, so within ourselves this unbelief has created every ill condition.

The Lord *is*. Today he is! Now he is! What? He is to me that which I decide him to be. When I decide he is my shepherd and in perfect trust accept conditions then I am in green pastures for He has nothing else. I created all else. His creations are good—for he is the Good-in-me. When I express Goodness all is good. When I am at Peace all waters are still. We are too negative in regard to ourselves as Goodness. When I affirm I am Goodness! and thus create the mental habit of Goodness then all within and about me is good.

But this affirmation must have its foundation in Faith. I must know this as I know two and two are four. I must trust the Principle of Goodness as I do

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the Principle of Mathematics, and in this Trust and Faith I will ever rest in the midst of Supply, material, intellectual and spiritual.

The Shepherd always does his part. The sheep must do theirs. And here we often neglect our part and instead of gathering the food supplied all about us we fold our hands, leave Him to do it all. The sheep have to nibble. The grass is there, but they must pluck it; must toil for it. They must earn it by doing their part of the labor.

Occasionally even among New Thought people and constantly among their patients I find this folding of hands in the thought: "He doeth it all!" No supply, no health, no happiness till I do my part. Leave in God's hands what belongs to him to do and take it for granted that He does it—that it always is done, and turn attention to what I must do. I must do my part in Faith and know the end is good for me. With every faculty express the Love and Truth I am and then I am doing my part and feeding in the green pastures I unfold. Therefore to all who say "The Lord is my Shepherd!" I answer—The sheep must do their work. Yours is to nibble. —*Now.*

VICTOR HUGO'S PROPHECY

For four hundred years the human race has not made a step but what has left its plain vestige behind. We enter now upon great centuries.

The sixteenth century will be known as the age of painters, the seventeenth will be termed the age of writers, the eighteenth, the age of philosophers, the nineteenth, the age of apostles and prophets.

To satisfy the nineteenth century it is necessary to be the painter of the sixteenth, the writer of the seventeenth, the philosopher of the eighteenth and it is necessary to have the innate and holy love of humanity which constitutes an apostolate and opens up a prophetic vista into the future.

In the twentieth century, war will be dead, the scaffold will be dead, animosity will be dead, aristocracy will be dead and dogmas will be dead, but *Man will live.*

For all there will be one country—that country the whole earth; for all there will be but one hope—that hope the whole heaven.

All hail, then, to that noble twentieth century which shall own our children, and which our chidren shall inherit!

Our young people are diseased with the theological problems of original sin, origin of evil, predestination and the like. These never presented a practical difficulty to any man, never darkened across any man's road who d id not go out of his way to seek them. These are the soul's mumps and measles and whooping-coughs, and those who have not caught them cannot describe their health nor prescribe their cure.—*Emerson.*

Healing must be spontaneous. We cannot have rules and regulations. The attitude, the consciousness, is what we need, for it is Health. Each case is individual. Sometimes one must be told to let go, another to take hold; one needs the greatest patience, while another needs firmness. The strongest work is done when we go deep in our souls and bless from our highest consciousness, without any personality or feeling.—*Mrs. Maud Fletcher Galigher.*

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Vril

Thought-Power the Possible Successor of Air, Water, Steam and Electricity

HUMAN progress has been accomplished by the use of finer and finer forces, and each time we have learned to utilize a subtler energy than heretofore used we have made a wonderful stride in civilization.

This view is one we have not usually accustomed ourselves to take; we usually associate solidity and strength as if they were synonymous terms, but a little observation will readily show us the fallacy of that idea.

The waves of the sea, which are fluid, will raze the decks of a ship in a few moments, twist and bend the strongest iron stancheons as if they were but wires. The winds may blow the masts of a ship overboard in the twinkle of an eye, yet winds are but air, a gas. Water, a fluid, is tearing down the hills of Seattle, Wash., and making the city level at a rate impossible to the solid pick and shovel. When we look at the great locomotives with their extremely heavily built train and we admire their ponderous bulk, do we ever realize that the reason why they have to be so solidly built is because they are to be acted upon by an invisible, elastic gas—steam?

The waterwheel was of no use as a power producer except when in direct contact with a stationary source of energy, a waterfall. Windpower was better, it could be used as a force of propulsion all over the world, but was fickle and uncertain. Steam was more nearly ideal, as it is procurable at will almost anywhere, but required ponderous machinery to be moved around wherever the force is to be used, as best illustrated by the locomotive, which is such a movable power plant. Electricity may be transmitted for many miles by means of a little wire and can be used anywhere along that line; it may be stored, bottled in fact, and taken along; it may even be transmitted from place to place without wires along the all-pervading ether.

We have now shown that man's progress in the past has been accomplished by the utilization of forces of increasing subtlety—water, air, steam, electricity—and that the increasing utility of each of these forces is further enhanced by the facility with which it may be transmitted and utilized at various places. The latest advancement being the transmission of energy from a central source to various points without visible material connection, as in wireless telegraphy.

Having reviewed past accomplishments, it must be evident that the further progress of the human race depends upon the discovery and utilization of a yet finer energy transmissible with still greater facility than either of the forces yet known.

What is that new force—what will it accomplish in the advancement of the human race—and along what lines are we to look for its discovery? Such is the natural threefold question, and we shall attempt to answer.

In his "Coming Race" Bulwer Lytton gave us an inkling of what that coming force will be. Like all other such stories it has never been taken seriously, but regarded only as the fantastic imagination of a clever writer. Jules Verne's stories

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met with a like attitude of admiration for his vivid fancy upon the part of the public, yet how much in them has already been realized? "Around the World in Eighty Days" is too slow for the twentieth century globe trotter. Submarine navigation and bird-like flights are facts today. In truth, the human mind is incapable of imagining anything that cannot be achieved. That seems an extravagant statement, but is it not justifiable in view of what has been done? And something akin to the Vril of Bulwer must be discovered before man can take the next great step in advancement. True, great and marvelous discoveries lie ahead of us in the further exploitation of the forces we already possess, but the next Great Step depends upon the discovery of and the preparation for the use of the coming force. Attempts at making the steam engine were made many centuries ago by the ancients before we succeeded in the latter days. Electricity was known in a very small way also by them, but it took a long time to ripen these ideas sufficiently to make them directly available for use; similarly, while we go ahead and exploit the forces we know we must also prepare for the coming force and if we can find it we may be able to find the means of using it the quicker. Let us look a little closer at Bulwer Lytton's Vril; it may be that beneath the fantastic garb a valuable clue is hidden.

Vril was a force generated within each of the beings of our story; it did not depend upon outside machinery which cost money and could be had by a favored exclusive few but not by the majority; all without exception possessed this power from birth to death.

This is certainly a yet higher ideal than even a central power station. No need for elevators when everybody levitates at will. No need of street cars or railways when everybody can move swiftly and easily by his own inherent force, no need of ships when a man can move through the air without such cumbersome contrivances as those which move upon the surface of earth and water, and see how much less resistance he will have to overcome who flies through the air as the bird does than if forced to depend upon an aeroplane or similar contrivance.

Like all other forces Vril could be used as a means of destruction; it was swift in that also, so exceeding care would naturally be required of one who used it. He must have self-control in highest degree, for if he were to give way to temper dire disaster would surely happen. If ever we are to use such a force as that we can see how absolutely essential it will be that we be good and kind and make no enemies. Our lives would be in the hands of others to an extent undreamt of now.

When we look within ourselves to see if it is possible that an energy of that description be incipiently growing, we cannot look very far before we are forced to recognize the fact that a power having vast possibilities is there—Thought-power. Our ideas take shape as mental pictures which we form with great facility and afterwards crystallize into material things in an exceedingly slow and laborious manner as cities, houses, furniture, etc. All that is made by the hand of man is crystallized thought. —*Rosicrucian Christianity.*

The tongue is prone to lose the way,
Not so the pen, for in a letter,
We have not better things to say,—
But surely say them better.
—*Emerson.*

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BALTIMORE'S SATURDAY AFTERNOON

Baltimore, where have you gone today?
All of the afternoon at play,
Till down where I go through the blazing street,
Nothing but shadows and gleams I meet,
And maybe a few belated like me
Who look down Light for a glimpse of sea,
As the ships give glimpses that anchored there
Send us the spell of the salt sea air.
Baltimore's Saturday afternoon,
Off they travel to train and boat;
Music of love with its sweetheart tune
Throbbing its lay in the lifted throat.

Baltimore, where have your people gone?
Here is a block with no soul thereon;
There is another with one or two,
And so all the heart of the city through,
A magical piper has piped away
My friends and neighbors to hill and bay,
Till only the lonely streets and I
Are left 'neath the blaze of the hot July.
Baltimore's Saturday afternoon,
Hurry to market and let's be gone
Down to the valleys that dream of June,
Or over the rivers that drift to dawn.

Baltimore, where are the folk I meet
Day by day on the crowded street?
Avenues empty of life and cheer,
And I like a mariner stranded here,
With only the stores and the vacant den,
A glimpse of Light and the wharves again,
Silence and smother of sun and steam,
And me and my heart in the lonely dream.

Baltimore's Saturday afternoon,
Closed at one and away to sport,
Out to the Park of the Druidic rune,
Or Federal Hill and the ancient fort.

Baltimore, where are the smiling lips
Of little Miss Baltimore, where she trips
Up sweet Charles and beneath the sun
Through the traffic of Lexington?
Dancing, maybe, her way to-day
Into some heart on the Chesapeake Bay;
A-swing in a hammock, for all I know,
Beneath some tree where the violets grow.
Baltimore's Saturday afternoon,
Ah, what magic of silent streets,
Dim deserted to join the boon
Of summer frolic and country sweets.

Baltimore, where are the crowds I love?
Here is a silence as soft as dove!
None come over the bridge to stroll
As oft they do in the days of gold,
When autumn freshens the air with chill;
And none come tripping from Charles street hill;
Only the heat and the sun in town,
And Light street there where the ships go down.
Baltimore's Saturday afternoon,
Mother and Dad and the babe away.
Swept in the swing of the summer rune
Up the river and down the bay.

—*The Bentztown Bard in Baltimore Sun.*

Be peace on earth.
Be peace on earth.
To men of gentle will.
—*Thackeray.*

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BROTHERS AGAIN

We shall be wiser men
When we learn to be brothers again.
We shall be sweeter and true,
When not the matching of thew,
The contest of muscle and brawn,
But the lifting of souls to the dawn
Is the measure by which we weigh
Our progress toward the day.

We shall be sweeter folk
When we learn to help with the yoke
Each other must bear, the grind
Of body and heart and mind.
We shall win more than now
When with tenderly touching the brow
We pass to a brother the zeal
Of how we can love and can feel.

We shall be greater in strength
When out of the darkness at length
We rise over carnage and roar
True victors of self once more,
Forgetting our own in the fire
Of the unextinguished desire
To be to mankind as a grace
In our own time and our place.

We shall be singers all
When once we have heard the call,
And sprung to its summons—the cry
Of the hatreds born of the lie
Of life passing out at the last
On the slow-rolling waves of the past,
While shoreward to us comes the sweep
Of love from the ultimate deep.

We shall be truer men
When battles are fought again
With roses instead of swords;
When we are, indeed, the Lord's
Anointed, and going forth
By east, west, south and north,
To cry as bond brothers to all
Peace, peace, from the uttermost wall!

—*Folger McKensey in Maryland Musings.*

WHAT OF THAT

Tired! Well, what of that?
Didst fancy life was spent on beds of ease,
Fluttering the rose leaves scattered by the breeze?
Come, rouse thee! work while it is called today!
Coward, arise! go forth upon thy way!

Lonely! And what of that?
Some must be lonely! 'tis not given to all
To feel a heart responsive rise and fall,
To blend another life into his own.
Work may be done in loneliness. Work on!

Dark! Well, what of that?
Didst fancy dream the sun would never set?
Dost fear to lose thy way? Take courage yet!
Learn thou to walk by faith and not by sight,
Thy steps will guided be, and guided right.

Hard! Well, and what of that?
Didst fancy life one summer holiday,
With lessons none to learn, and naught but play?
Go, get thee to thy task! conquer, or die.
Learn it then patiently.

No Help! Nay, it's not so!
Though human help be far, thy God is nigh,
Who feeds the ravens, hears His children's cry.
He's near thee, wheresoe'er thy footsteps roam,
And He will guide thee, light thee, help thee home.

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JUST BREATHE

Don't take a stimulant. Just breathe. This is the advice of a doctor who does not believe in the old medical policy of mystery, but who undertakes philosophically to explain to any patient why such and such a remedy should be beneficial.

"When you are 'let down,'" continued this physician, "don't take a cocktail. Just breathe. Put your finger on your pulse and get its rhythm. During eight beats draw in the breath, breathing deep and low, and forcing the diaphragm down first, then filling the upper lungs. Then exhale this breath during four beats of the pulse.

"Now, if you are working with a piece of machinery, say a typewriter, what do you do to make it run more smoothly? You don't put a lot more oil on it, and gum and clog it all up. You clean it first. You can best clean the blood by breathing. The blood passes through the lungs, and it needs and expects to find plenty of fresh air with oxygen in it. If it can't find perfectly fresh air, it needs more air which is not perfectly fresh. It needs to be cleaned by contact with the air.

"Once in a while hold the lungs full of breath as long as you can without expulsion. In doing this you are simply cleaning the machine. You are cleaning the blood. At the same time you are giving that little fillip to the action of the heart and the nervous system which you thought you were giving when you took the cocktail. In the latter case you didn't clean the machine. You simply ran it a little faster and gummed it up a little more. You can get the same results, the same feeling of exhilaration and of accomplishment, without taking the cocktail, and at the same time the machine will steadily improve in its running quality. Breathe the best air you can get, and plenty of it. It is as necessary as food. The heart and lungs act involuntarily. In a hurried business life they become too involuntary. In that case don't take a cocktail; just breathe."—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

WHAT TO DO WHEN SLEEPLESS

When you actually find yourself sleepless, the best thing to do, at that particular time, is nothing whatever; and the more thoroughly and completely you do it, the better. Just make up your mind what you are going to do next day to prevent a repetition tomorrow night, and resign yourself to the situation. Remember, it won't do you the sightest harm in the world to lie awake in a comfortable bed, in a well-ventilated room, for one, two, or even three hours at a stretch, provided you keep your muscles quiet and your mind at rest.

If your mind wants to think, let it. It won't do you any harm, and there are few of us who do too much of that useful process during our waking hours. Just try to turn it into interesting, profitable, and entertaining directions. The man or woman who cannot enjoy a couple of hours with his or her own thoughts has sadly wasted his opportunities.—*Woods Hutchinson, M. D.*

Would you have a constant, calm, spiritual strength which will be a continuous power to overcome all grief, woe and misery, and make you blessed? If so, beloved, come and fellowship with us in holy love, and forever cease to exist in struggle and strife.

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DO NOT YIELD TO DISAPPOINTMENT

Never yield to disappointments, they are designed, they will come. Welcome them as necessary evils, portentous of coming good. As a cloud which darkens the glorious brightness of the sky, descends in copious and refreshing showers, so do the clouds which darken our mental visions gradually clear away, discovering to us more plainly our moral weakness, and what "short sighted mortals we are." Never yield to disappointment—it is cowardice to shrink—arouse the dormant energies of the soul; nerve thyself for the conflict, and your good genii will conduct you safely through the voyage of life. For what is to hinder the satisfaction, or intercept the expectation of him whose abilities are adequate to his employment? By attention he can bound the circuit of his own influence. Observation instructs him whom he should trust. Manly firmness, accompanied with conciliatory kindness, are characteristics of a mind too noble for any one to indulge the vain idea that they can be tempted, or deceived, either by hope or fear.

Never yield to disappointment. It is vain to contend against necessary and inevitable evils. When they happen, they must be endured. What can be more in opposition to reason and true greatness, than to be the slave of fear. We may despise the imputation, but fear is the strongest passion, and subdues and governs the will, more completely than all others. Let us cease to consider what perhaps may never happen; or be perplexed by the development and progress of events over which we had no control. Then the power of fear is weakened. Faith cheers the wounded spirit, gladdens the heart with peace and quiet. It is not given to man to know the connection of cause and event, therefore, when our plans have miscarried and our most ardent desires crossed, we may console ourselves by the hope of future recompense.

A WORLD OF PROGRESS

What is this world but a world of progress? And what is the statesman worth who is afraid to fight in the front ranks? The liberty of the world is not yet effected. Half the world is yet in chains, half the world is yet under kingly government. We must go ahead, and, though I can do but little, I shall do what I can; and if, when I am dead, there sprouts any vigor from my bones and my grave to help forward posterity, to proclaim the same doctrines of universal liberty and universal suffrage and universal disenthralment from kings, I shall be satisfied. The Goddess of Liberty is represented in ancient statues as a very nice little goddess, but very small. I want her to grow—to put on the habiliments of mature age—until she can embrace within her folds every nation and every tribe, and every human being within God's canopy. I care not what you say of radicalism; these are my principles, and with the help of God I shall die with them. I ask no epitaph—I shall have none; but I shall go with a pure consciousness of having tried to serve the whole human race, and never having injured a human being.—*Thaddeus Stevens.*

As thou sowest, thou shalt reap. Smite, and thou shalt smart; serve, and thou shalt be served. If you live and serve men, you cannot by any hiding or stratagem escape the remuneration.—*Emerson.*

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Wit and Humor

Smart Sayings and Flashes of Fun From Many Sources

NOT A HARD JOB

Rastus was honest and industrious, but, in the opinion of the new minister, unsociable.

"Neighborliness, my dear friend," said the dominie, "is brotherliness. Do you take the trouble to see much of your neighbors?"

"Ah reckon Ah sees as much of them as they sees of me," Rastus replied.

"Perhaps," said the clergyman. "But do you love your neighbor as yourself?"

"Ah reckon I does, pahson," Rastus replied, "but you know, sah, I ain't p'tic'larly stuck on myself, neither."

GOOD FOR THE GIRLS

Miss Charlotte W. Dunn, assistant superintendent of a Boston hospital, in which three thousand babies are born each year, declares that girl babies are being born taller and with more vitality than ever before in her experience, while boy babies are barely holding their average of years—which may be regarded as the latest development in the feminist movement.

FROM FAME'S FORUM

According to fiction, old Bluebeard was the original "lady-killer."

Paul Revere was the first "night rider" to gain prominence in this country.

Atlas goes down in history as the greatest "hold-up" man of ancient times.

Had it not been for the "black hand" the heavyweight championship of the world might still be in the possession of the Caucasian race.—*Lippincott's.*

NOT ALWAYS THE SAME

"What is your name?" asked the new teacher, as she was taking a roll call of her new pupils before disbanding for the summer.

"It's Jule."

"No, not Jule, but Julius," said the teacher, for she disliked abbreviations. "Next boy, what is your name?"

"My name's Bill, but I suppose I ought to say Billious."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

WANTED COMPANY

"I know what I wish I was, mother," Dick said one day, when his big brother had gone away and the little boy across the street was ill. "Well, dear," said his mother, "perhaps you can be it. Mother will help you. Is it to play soldier?" "No, indeed! I just wish I was two little dogs, so I could play together.—*Mother's Magazine.*

WOULD BE TERRIBLE

"The doctors are going to operate on her."

"What's wrong?"

"Something about the coat of her stomach, I understand."

"I hope they don't find it out of style. She'd never get over that."

CAUTIOUS

"Why do you always insist on talking about the weather to your barber?"

"You wouldn't have me talk about anything as exciting as politics to a man who is handling a razor, would you?"—*Washington Star.*

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PROGRESS AND RACE MIXTURE

Dr. Woods Hutchinson, prolific writer upon all manner of subjects dealing with the public welfare and the public health, is not worried about the ever-increasing influx of immigration. The doctor spent his last year's vacation abroad studying sanitation and the sources of our immigration in southern Europe, and these are a few of the ideas he brought back with him:

"There is as much an American type today as there is an English type or a French type. The population of the United States is no more mixed than any of the great European nations, with the possible exception of the Scandinavians—Norway and Sweden.

"Every race that ever amounted to anything was always mixed, and therefore always progressing. Any nation which shuts itself up and receives nothing from the outside world must perforce degenerate.

"When many races meet, the tendency is for the community as a whole to shed off the defects and retain the good qualities of its component parts.

"If you were to take a hundred men of half a dozen different races, shave their heads and color them all a dead black, it would be impossible even for an expert to pick them out correctly. In seventy-five per cent. of the cases you could not tell to what race they belonged. They would be infinitely more human than anything else."

EQUIPPED

Manager—Yes, we need a man; it's in our packing department. Had any experience?

Applicant—I've taken lessons in boxing, sir.—*Boston Transcript.*

LAUGH LAST—LAUGH BEST

A laborer who was digging a trench in London, laid his coat on the ground nearby. Two fellows thought they would play a joke on him, so they drew a picture of a donkey on the back of it. When quitting time came the man noticed the picture on his coat and the grinning fellows lingering near.

"Which of yez wiped yer face on me coat?" he asked.

ONE OF 'EM

"What!" began the father, explosively. "You want to marry my daughter? You, who haven't a penny on earth? You, who aren't worth a picayune? You, sir, let me ask you this: Don't you know that my daughter is accustomed to all the luxuries of wealth?"

"Y-yes, sir," replied the suitor, miserably. "But ain't I one of 'em.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

PUZZLE

Mrs. Knicker—Does your husband read the paper at breakfast?

Mrs. Becker—Yes, and I don't know why; everybody has a seat.—*New York Sun.*

A BLOOD RELATION

"Mamma, is Aunt Jane a blood relation?"

"Yes, dear."

"Is she one of the bloodiest we have?"—*Life.*

THE REVISED VERSION

Superintendent—Johnnie, can you tell me how many wives Solomon had?

Johnnie—Please, sir, he had 700 wives and 300 porcupines.—*Mother's Magazine.*

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Our Many Selves

RUTH CAMERON

"DID you ever know such a bright girl as Eleanor?" said the lady-who-always-knows-somehow, as she smiled and nodded to a young girl who was passing down the street.

"Bright!" sniffed the authorman's wife. "Well, that's the last word I would ever apply to her. I think she's a perfect stick. I never heard her say an interesting thing."

Yes, they were talking about the same girl. There was no mistake about that. Where was the mistake, then? Nowhere. There wasn't any. These two people were simply unconsciously illustrating the psychological fact that our friends in our presence are what we help to make them, as well as what they are themselves.

Only the exceptional human being is a fixed personality, appearing the same to every one whom he meets. Most of us are variables, the product of our own personality times the personality of the person we are with.

Surely you have noticed this phenomenon in yourself, even if you haven't exactly classified it.

You have a friend who is vivacious and full of fun, always seeing the amusing in everything, always ready to laugh at any attempt at wit. In this girl's company all the vivacity in you comes to the surface. You laugh at things which would never occur to you as amusing under other circumstances, and you are so witty that you are actually surprised at yourself.

The next day you are in the company of a conventional-minded person whose outlook on life is as heavy and serious as your other friend's is light. Today there is not a sparkle of wit in your conversation. Nothing amuses you and you talk bromidioms and conventionalities as naturally as you talked witticisms the day before.

Now, could anything be more unlike than these two personalities who have inhabited your body in this short time? Is it strange that these two friends probably have a totally different idea of you?

An even more subtle influence of a friend's personality which I have noticed is that we write a very different letter to different people.

Recently I had occasion to write half a dozen notes to different people on much the same subject. To some I wrote easily and chattily; for others I could only produce a stiff and formal epistle. Nor was the difference merely caused by the varying length of our acquaintanceships. One of the notes which I struggled over the longest was to a woman whom I have known all my life. And one of the easiest to write was to a comparatively new friend. It was simply the influence of their congenial or uncongenial personalities reaching me through space and making it difficult or easy to chat with them.

And yet more than that—I found myself writing to one girl in the same extravagant, half-sincere vein in which she would have written to me; and to another with the ultra frankness which is her distinctive characteristic.

Really, it is an interesting study—this effect of other personalities on ours. And

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if you fancy I am talking unmeaning theories, just take the pains to observe yourself in this matter, and I think you will change your mind.

NO LACK OF OPPORTUNITY

It is a common complaint of the idle, the incompetent, and the unsuccessful that there are no such opportunities nowadays as were enjoyed by the successful men who got their start forty, thirty, or twenty years ago. "I never had an opportunity; I haven't had half a chance," is the chorus of the disappointed and the disgruntled, as they condole with one another over the decadence of the present day and seek a reason for their failure.

The "good old days" which these unsuccessful ones lament were not more filled with the opportunities than the golden days of the present. Opportunity is in the air. It is all around us, everywhere.

Never were the rewards of merit richer, or half as rich, as they are today. Never was there a greater demand for ideas, never were they better paid for. And it is the men of ideas who make opportunities if they do not find them; it is the men of merit who deserve opportunities that must educate themselves to recognize and avail themselves of their chances when they come.

Sooner or later Opportunity knocks at every man's door. It does not find every man at home. If the door be not opened, it passes on. It must be watched and waited for—and it is worth while!

As the sun fertilizes the earth, and affection quickens the heart, so is the remembrance of God in the varied wonders of creation.

THE NEW UNIVERSE

But now one of God's age-long hours has struck, and the universe has become a thing of the past. That world has gone. That God has gone. That man has gone. That loss has gone. That salvation has gone. That heaven and hell have gone. The night is past, the sun is risen, and the morning is here. No power can turn back the hand on the great dial of God; and the hand inevitably marks a new hour in God's great day. Let us wake up, then, and note what o'clock. The one age-long search of men is the search for the secret of life. The changes and readaptations are necessary stages of growth. Nothing is lost; for all partial truths are taken up into the completer statements. The world is not old, and hastening to decay. Humanity, like young Hercules, has only strangled a few serpents in its cradle. Its labors and conquests are still ahead. So, while others talk of the night's coming, "in which no man can work," we will answer the question as to what o'clock it is in religion, that it is only morning. The great day of God and man is before us; and its light shall but be merged into the glory of that country of which it is said, "Thy sun shall no more go down."—*Minot J. Savage.*

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